

## **Marrying 401**

### Chapter 401 Drop The Lawsuit

Damien had been and was good to her.

But she...

She had...

"It's not your fault!" Zachary took a deep breath, his eyes locked onto hers. "I promise you, Elvis won't end up in prison or die. But you need to keep yourself together now."

"Think about it. What else does Damien have left now?"

"Why doesn't he want to meet his sister? Do you really think Damien is unaware of what happened back then?"

"He's avoiding his own sister for your sake."

"If you also walk away because of baseless lies, what will he have left?"

"He's let go of his hatred and is trying to move on with his life for you. If you can't do the same..."

"Then, you don't deserve him!"

Zachary's rapid words left Cherise completely stunned.

"1..."

Tears still clung to her cheeks, but Cherise was determined not to shed any more. Zachary's stern reprimand had left her feeling somewhat dazed.

Zachary gritted his teeth and bellowed, "Mandy, Blake, get in here!"

Startled by his loud voice, Mandy, who had just finished packing, hurried into the room with her backpack.

Meanwhile, in the study room, Cherise had become a weeping wreck.

Zachary pushed Cherise towards Mandy, "Take her to Damien's car"

Mandy hesitated, almost mentioning that Damien wasn't waiting outside. However, when she caught the man's gaze, she felt a twinge of apprehension and refrained from asking questions. She swiftly, with the assistance of Blake and Mr. Kolson, guided Cherise out of Wool Manor.

After all the commotion, only Zachary and Maeve remained in the study.

The room hung heavy with an unsettling silence and tension. Maeve wheeled himself to the window, observing the tree shadows swaying in the breeze outside.

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"Why bother helping them? Separating them would only serve your interests."

There was a hint of contempt in Macve's voice. "I heard that Ariel's condition for you was granting the headship of the Miles family to anyone who brings her daughter back."

Turning to face Zachary with her cold gaze, she said, "Don't tell me you have no interest in becoming the head of the Miles family."

“You’ve been on a wild goose chase looking for Cherise for over a year. If you didn’t intend to marry her, why go to such lengths to find her?”

“Now that you’ve found her, you’re not making any moves to win her over, but instead, you’re trying to make her reconcile with my brother.”

Maeve shook his head in exasperation. “I’ve never seen anyone as foolish as you. You know, we could have formed an alliance.”

“I don’t need to team up with someone like you,” Zachary said, crossing his arms and leaning against the door with a cold expression. “I’ll achieve what I want through my own efforts. I don’t need to depend on a hideous freak like you.”

A flicker of anger crossed Maeve’s face. “Who are you calling a ‘hideous freak’!?”

“You! Your actions are nothing short of monstrous, and you certainly look the part,” Zachary commented indifferently.

Maeve, her patience running thin, asked, “Why are you here?”

Zachary let out a yawn. “By the way, I didn’t come here today to watch a Lenoir family soap opera.”

“Then, why did you come?”

“For you to drop the lawsuit.” He raised his hand, pointing his finger at Maeve. “I’m talking about

Elvis Shaw’s case.”

“He holds great importance for our family head.”

“So, you must retract the lawsuit. Otherwise, it will lead to a confrontation with the Miles family.”

Maeve held onto the wheelchair's armrests tightly. "Why go through all this trouble to bring back a bodyguard who's now worthless to the Miles family

"Laws exist everywhere, and every family has its own code of conduct."

"He's let our family head down, so it's our family head's duty to decide his fate."

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Chapter 402 Stop Endangering Ourselves

"You don't have the authority to challenge our family head's decision, Zachary asserted.

Meanwhile, as Mandy and Blake left the Wool Residence, Damien's car was already waiting at the entrance.

"You actually came," Mandy remarked, her lips pursed. She opened the passenger door and gently guided Cherise inside. Glancing at Damien, she added, "I should have asked you to come in earlier."

Pursing her lips again, she said, "Your sister might have revealed more than she should have."

"I know," Damien nodded and closed his eyes. "Go ahead, both of you. I'll handle this on my own."

"Well, then," Mandy sighed, shut the car door, and walked away. Cherise sat in a daze, her body rigid in the passenger seat, her gaze fixed on the horizon.

Damien put out his cigarette, fastened Cherise's seatbelt, started the car, and said, "Hold on tight."

Cherise zoned out, unable to find the right words for Damien. Countless thoughts filled her mind, but she lacked the courage to express them. Instead, she pretended to be lost in thought while tears continued to flow uncontrollably. She felt utterly helpless, as if crying was her only option.

"You..." Damien let out a faint sigh, pressed down on the gas pedal, and merged onto the city's outer ring road. The speed quickly reached its maximum, the wind roaring past their ears, and the speedometer displayed an alarming velocity.

Cherise watched the rapidly passing trees outside her window, and finally, she snapped back to reality. The car's speed on the dashboard had reached a dangerous level.

She bit her lip hard. "Have you lost your mind?"

"I have."

Damien's deep voice carried a hint of self-mockery. "Cherry, would you die with me?"

"Damien!"

Cherise clenched her teeth. Her face, red from crying, now turned pale with tension. She glared at him. "Slow down!"

"No." He sneered, accelerating the car stubbornly.

Cherise's heart pounded with anxiety. At this speed, the slightest mistake or collision could have catastrophic consequences, leaving them beyond any hope of rescue.

"Stop the car!" she shouted, biting her lip to hold back her tears. "This is madness!"

deal ears, she took a deep breath and continued, "Who was it that

whispered in my ear last night about wanting to have a child with me on our farm?"

"At this rate, how can we even think about having a child?"

Damien chuckled softly and downshifted, reducing the speed. "But you cried."

"I'm not crying anymore! Slow down!"

He shifted down another gear, but the car still maintained a pace faster than the average vehicle.

Cherise, with a racing heart, took a deep breath. "Damien, can we please calm down and have a conversation instead of risking our lives like this?"

"Sure," she relented. "Let's have a proper conversation instead of playing with our lives like this!"

Damien's deep gaze lightly brushed over her. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, I am."

Gradually, the car slowed down. Cherise's heart, which had been pounding, finally eased. The vehicle came to a stop on the beach by the sea.

Damien got out of the car, circled around to her side, and opened the door.

Cherise, gripping the door handle tightly, started to feel nauseous. The intense fear had momentarily overshadowed her physical discomfort. But with the car stopped, all the unpleasant sensations returned, and she felt as if she might be sick.

#### Chapter 403 Apart From My Family, You're The Kindest To Me

After finishing vomiting and regaining her composure, Cherise slumped against the car door. She accepted the water Damien handed her and began rinsing her mouth.

"Feeling better now?"

"Mm." She looked at him, still slightly annoyed.

Damien nodded and settled her down on a rocky patch by the seaside. Cherise observed the sea at noon for the first time.

The distant coastline stood out against the clear sky, and the sea and sky blended seamlessly in various shades of blue, creating a tranquil panorama. By the sea, the gentle breeze offered a sense of comfort.

He embraced her from behind, allowing her to rest against his chest. "Let me guess why our lovely and gentle Mrs. Lenoir was crying.

"Probably because she believes that if she hadn't made that impulsive decision and fallen ill back then, her uncle wouldn't have resorted to such wicked acts to gather the money needed for her treatment. That way, my sister and I wouldn't be in this mess, right?"

Cherise's heart sank, and she bit her lip, nodding in silence. In the end, she felt responsible for everything.

What right or entitlement did she have to be by Damien's side, enjoying his kindness and affection, when his tragic life was primarily her fault?

“But...”

He nestled closer, resting his chin on her head, savoring the scent of her hair. “You know, those who aimed to harm Maeve and me were lurking around, with or without you in the picture.

“Do you really think that if you hadn’t fallen ill and your uncle hadn’t done what he did, my sister and I would’ve had an easy, worry-free life?”

Cherise’s entire body tensed up. It was so obvious that even a child could see it. But if her Uncle Elvis really did those things to Damien and Maeve...

How could she ever come to terms with this painful truth?

She couldn’t bring herself to blame her uncle for what he did for her sake.

And as for comforting Damien? Cherise felt she had lost that right after what her uncle had done to him and his family.

Her thoughts were all tangled up. With a deep breath, her voice shook as she said, “Damien... My

dear...”

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Cherise sniffled, her thoughts veering toward a topic she couldn’t quite articulate. Divorce seemed impossible to broach, even though it was on her mind. Her nose and eyes stung as tears flowed uncontrollably.

She didn’t want to leave Damien; he was her source of joy and the cornerstone of her life. But her guilt weighed heavily, rendering her speechless.



“Why did you stop using those endearing names?” Damien retorted with a hint of bitterness in his voice.

He chuckled softly, wiping away the tears that clung to the corners of her eyes. “It’s okay. You don’t have to call me ‘my dear’ if you don’t want to.”

“I’ll call you ‘my dear’ whenever I want.”

He held her close and gazed at the distant sky. “Listen, my dear.

“In my life, I won’t marry anyone else besides you. If you decide to leave. I won’t stop you. I promise you that.”

“But if you choose to leave, I’ll be all alone until the day I die.”

Cherise’s heart ached deeply. She sniffled, biting her lip and wrestling with her tears.

“No, you won’t. You have Blake, Mr. Kolson, Frances, and Mr. Hampson. And there’s Lennon, and...

“But they’re not you, my dear.”

He gently nibbled on her earlobe and whispered, “When you went inside with Mandy and the others, I was contemplating what I’d do if you wanted to leave me.”

Cherise pressed her lips together, her breath catching in her throat. “So... Have you... thought it through?”

“I have.”

He smiled. “In this world, apart from my parents and sister, you’ve been the kindest to me.”

## Chapter 404 Seaside Villa

"I'm going to start by seeking revenge on Raymond for what he did to my parents. Then, I'll do everything in my power to bring down the people who helped him, even if it means sacrificing myself. If you no longer want me, I'll be with my parents in heaven."

Cherise was shocked and quickly covered his mouth. "You... stop with all this nonsense!"

Damien smiled softly and kissed her hand. "My dear, I cannot imagine my life without you."

He held Cherise in his arms, gently kissing her, reflecting her determined and unwavering gaze. "I have been contemplating this for quite some time."

"I have come to realize... I cannot live without you any longer."

The man leaned in and whispered softly into Cherise's ear. "If you are wondering whether I despise your uncle... well, I used to."

"For the past thirteen years, I have harbored resentment towards the man who took my parents away, kidnapped my sister, and forced me to pretend to be sick."

"But when I discovered that he started the fire to ensure you received the necessary treatment, my hatred diminished."

"As time went on, I realized that if you despised your uncle because of me, you would choose me over him and stay... I made up my mind to let go of that hatred."

Cherise stood there, completely taken aback, her eyes fixed on the man before her, her face displaying astonishment.

For a brief moment, she found herself speechless, unsure of how to react.

Damien had never opened up to her in such a profound way. The sincerity in his gaze was undeniable, leaving her with absolute certainty that he had no intention of letting her go,

But...

Tears welled up and rolled down her cheeks, and she turned around, burying her face into Damien's chest. "1... I don't want to leave you either..."

"Silly girl, then let's not part ways.

Damien embraced her tightly, showering her with kisses. "Let's leave the past behind us."

"You and I... cannot change the past."

"But the future... we still have a long time ahead of us."

He playfully nuzzled her like a child. "How about we make a deal?"

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"I have endured thirteen years of ridicule, pretending to be blind because of your illness."

"How about, as payback, you tolerate me for thirteen years? Let's make it a twenty-year- arrangement with interest. Spend twenty years with me first, and consider it settling the score, okay?"

Cherise found his calculation rather amusing. "What kind of math is this?"

"So, my wifey," the man rarely used such an endearing term as he looked at her. "is that a deal

Damien's captivating, husky voice, along with his adorable expression, left Cherise completely defenseless.

She couldn't resist and shrugged, smiling. "Alright, I promise."

Damien gently lifted her chin and kissed her lips. "Perfect! We have a deal."

With a smile, he suggested, "This place is a seaside paradise. I have a villa nearby that I haven't stayed in yet. How about we go there now?"

Cherise was momentarily surprised, then remembered that there was no coastline in Adania.

In fact, he had driven her to the seaside in Yatesville.

But...

"When did you buy a villa?"

He was never the type to interact with strangers, let alone go through the trouble of purchasing a

villa!

"A few days ago."

The man gave a slight, warm smile. "The house is under your name."

“Why mine?”

He crouched before her and motioned for her to hop on his back. “Because I didn’t want you to walk away from me.”

He lifted her onto his back gently, a faint smile playing on his lips. “Seaside villas don’t come cheap. I spent over six million on this.”

Chapter 405 We Will Never Part

“I’ve just bought this villa for you, and you’re already thinking about divorcing me?”

“Then I’ll tell everyone you’re a love con artist!”

Cherise was left speechless.

She playfully tapped his forehead. “What’s going on in that mind of yours?”

“Not much,” he replied.

The man carried her to the entrance of their seaside villa, used his fingerprint to unlock the door, and skillfully transported her to the master bedroom on the third floor.

The master bedroom had floor-to-ceiling windows with a view of the sea outside, where the soft sunlight poured in, giving the room a unique charm.

He gently laid her down on the plush, spacious bed and leaned over her, kissing her with a mixture of tenderness and passion.

As his kisses traveled lower, Cherise immediately sensed a change in the atmosphere.

She quickly pushed his head away. "What are you... doing?"

"Doing... You... of course."

Cherise was confused. What's going on? Weren't we just in a tense situation a moment ago?

She thought Damien had brought her into the room so they could have a snack and find some comfort before going to sleep.... but this wasn't the kind of sleep she had in mind!

"You know, Lennon's theory on marriage was that the fights and making up both happen in the bedroom."

"Well, it seems we've just had a little argument. So... Damien continued kissing Cherise with a mischievous grin.

Cherise was dumbfounded.

Can I choose not to make up then?

But she had already been deprived of that choice.

The man's kisses traveled down her neck and eventually stopped at....

"Don't..."

She eagerly clutched the bedsheets with her fingers. "Stop kissing..."

lowever, the man, as if he hadn't heard her, pulled her into the abyss.

Sunlight poured in through the floor-to-ceiling windows, causing Cherise's face to blush. She gritted her teeth. "At the very least, could you close the curtains..

"Don't worry. No one can see,"

He let out a light chuckle. "Don't hold back. If you say what I want to hear, I might close those curtains for you."

Cherise had never encountered someone as shamelessly bold as Damien!

Eventually, the curtains were closed, not because Cherise pleaded for it, but because Damien had become overheated from the relentless sun.

The seaside sun was scorching, and he had been working out in bed!

After a long day, Cherise, utterly exhausted, devoured a box of cereal and then fell asleep like a log.

Damien sat at the edge of the bed, gazing at her peacefully sleeping face, and let out a soft sigh.

Her eyes were still swollen, a testament to how much she had cried earlier.

"My sweet, silly girl," he murmured with a gentle, resigned smile, "You're an angel with teary eyes too, you know."

He leaned down and placed a loving kiss on her lips.

"Damien..."

Cherise, halfway between sleep and wakefulness, clung to his neck, her voice carrying a touch of dependence. "I don't want to be away from you..."

"Then we will never be apart." He embraced her and pressed a kiss to her forehead.

Meanwhile, seated in a cafe, Mandy glared intensely at Zachary, who sat across from her, casually sipping his yogurt. "Put that down already! Seriously?! How can you stay so calm and do nothing about it!?"

"Do something about it, can you?"

Zachary regarded her with indifference. "Getting all worked up won't solve the problem."

"Who said getting worked up won't solve the problem?"

Mandy was on the verge of losing her temper!

Upon returning home, she had expected Maeve and Clinton to give her a hard time. To her astonishment, Maeve went directly to Cherise and bombarded her with a barrage of bizarre

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Mandy herself found it difficult to accept, and she could only imagine how bewildering it must have been for Cherise, who had never experienced such chaos in her life.

Zachary looked at her coldly. "You're the one getting anxious."

Chapter 406 Unharmmed



“Does getting all worked up and resentful help you solve any problems?”

Mandy remained silent.

“Well, shouldn’t you at least show some concern for your friend in a situation like this? But look at you!”

She gestured towards the five empty yogurt bottles in front of Zachary. “You’ve already consumed so many drinks, and you don’t seem to be in a hurry!”

“They’re not my friends. Why should I be concerned?” Zachary set down the yogurt and lazily laced his fingers behind his head. “They’re your friends, not mine.”

Mandy shot him an exasperated look. “You...!”

“If they’re not your friends, then what are they?”

“Tools.”

Zachary smiled faintly and raised his hand to signal the waiter. “Bring me five more bottles of yogurt.”

“Yes, charge it to this lady’s tab.”

Mandy was once again exasperated and left dumbfounded.

Once the following five yogurt bottles arrived, the man gave a nonchalant yawn and turned towards Mandy. “Okay, quit it with that overly concerned expression.”

“Damien isn’t an idiot. A grown man like him, if he can’t handle a simple, innocent bunny..

Then, he wouldn’t be worthy of being the heir of the Miles family.

With that in mind, he stretched lazily and directed his attention back to Mandy. "You're leaving for the Tanner family in Europe in a few days, right?"

Mandy shot him an irritated look but stayed silent.

"Can I join you on a private jet? I want to go too."

Cherise had a nightmare. In her dream, her uncle, Elvis, kept apologizing. Then Maeve's unsettling face berated and sneered at her, saying. "You're not worthy of my brother! Never!"

"Hey, Cherry..."

"Cherry? Cherry dear..."

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Suddenly, she heard a deep and husky voice repeatedly calling out to her. And the soothing voice gradually chased away the unsettling and twisted face of Maeve.

In the end, she saw Damien standing by the sea. He stood there, a towering and commanding figure. He smiled at her, calling her name time and time again.

All the anxiety and sorrow in her heart disappeared in an instant. Cherise rushed towards Damien, arms wide open, shouting, "Hubby, I will never mention the idea of us parting again. Even if the world conspires to keep us apart, I won't..."

Before Cherise could throw herself into Damien's embrace, a person holding a knife appeared behind him.

The person with sinister intentions would stab Damien, but the latter was unaware.

Cherise panicked and rushed over, pushing the assailant aside.

However, in the ensuing struggle, the knife ruthlessly pierced Cherise's palm, drawing blood.

In a sea of crimson, she could still hear Damien calling her name, "Cherry... Cherry... Cherry...!"

"Damien-!"

Cherise abruptly opened her eyes.

"I'm right here, my dear."

Damien held her tightly in his arms. "You had a nightmare."

"I was calling out to you the whole time. Did you hear me?"

In her groggy state, Cherise quickly examined her hand and found it unharmed. The Damien before her was also perfectly fine.

It had all been a dream!

With relief, she embraced Damien tightly. "Hubby, I saw... you-

He grinned and kissed her lips. "Your dream was not real."

"You've been sleeping all afternoon and throughout the night."

"Are you feeling hungry?"

Cherise raised her head, only realizing she was still in the luxurious villa Damien had recently acquired.

But it was already the following day.

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Chapter 407 Table Salt

In Cherise's memory, every detail from the previous day played out like a vivid scene. She couldn't help but blush, her face resembling a blazing crimson sunset, yet she nodded with a sweet smile and said, "I could use a little something to eat."

"I'll make some pasta for you," the man offered.

He responded with a warm smile and gracefully made room for her. On the bedside table behind him sat a plate of bolognese meatball pasta.

Cherise gazed at the dish and then back at Damien. "Did you... make this?"

It was evident that this was his first attempt at preparing a meal for her.

"Yes," he confirmed.

A sheepish chuckle escaped him. "I gave it a try; it might not be as good as your cooking, but it's edible."

Cherise found herself in stunned silence. Her eyes widened in disbelief. He... actually cooked for

me?

Damien, having been born into a life of privilege, had never felt the need to enter the kitchen, let alone acquire cooking skills, as he always had cooks and helpers at his disposal.

Even after their marriage, their house had never been without a chef. He was the kind of who never went near the kitchen.

person

But now... Cherise took a deep breath, picked up her fork, and took a bite. It was decent, though it seemed he had forgotten to add salt.

"I'll get some salt; it's a bit bland," she said, trying to get out of bed.

However, Damien raised his hand to stop her. "Let me do it." He double-checked, "You want salt, right?" Cherise nodded.

The man rose from his seat and quickly made his way downstairs.

In less than a minute, he returned with a bottle of table salt and handed it to her.

Cherise hurriedly added some salt to her pasta and gave it a stir. However, there was an

unexpected sweetness to the taste.

Perplexed, she took a pinch from the small bottle of salt Damien had handed her, and it, too, turned out to be sweet. It was sugar!

She couldn't help but laugh at the irony. Sugar again!

Taking a deep breath, she got out of bed. "I think I'll get the salt myself."

Damien reached out and placed a hand on her arm. "I'll go. What do you need?"

Cherise furrowed her brow. While his sudden culinary efforts were surprising, he seemed particularly helpful today, and a vague sense of foreboding began to creep into her heart.

With a deep breath, she gently pushed his hand away. "It's okay. I can handle it."

And with that, she hurried downstairs, wearing pink bunny slippers.

As expected, when Cherise reached downstairs, she detected a strong burnt smell wafting from the kitchen.

Cherise furrowed her brow and followed the source of the odor.

What she found wasn't a kitchen; it was a war zone. Utensils were scattered everywhere, and even the once-sturdy iron pots had been reduced to charred ruins. The trash can was overflowing with black and yellow, egg-shaped casualties.

Cherise turned her gaze toward the man standing near the stairs.

Damien cleared his throat, a tinge of embarrassment on his face. "I was taking the trash out, but then I heard you calling from upstairs, so I hurried back."

Cherise stood there in stunned silence, her eyes fixed on the chaotic kitchen.

He had wrecked more than just the eggs she saw....

She could practically feel her temples throbbing.

Taking the salt, Cherise headed back upstairs to finish her meal. She then tied on an apron and began the challenging task of cleaning up the kitchen.

Initially, Damien tried to help. However, each time he approached the kitchen, Cherise gently redirected him to the sofa.

“Focus on your own responsibilities, and I’ll handle this mess.”

“You can participate in a video conference with your colleagues or listen to their phone updates.”

“No need to interfere in the kitchen”

#### Chapter 408 A Serious Talk With Elvis

Cherise had a lingering fear that the more Damien tried to help, the messier things would become, and she might lose her temper.

Feeling somewhat helpless, Damien settled onto the couch and sent a message to Lennon. “Hey. You told me that if I personally cooked for her, it would touch her, right?”

Lennon quickly replied, “Yeah, I said that.”

“Think about it: someone like you who knows nothing about cooking, venturing into the kitchen. to prepare something special for her, playing the role of the family chef for the day. She should be truly touched by that, don’t you think?”

Damien furrowed his brow in contemplation. He glanced over at the kitchen, where a woman was scrubbing a burnt pot with a stern expression. "It doesn't seem like she's touched at all. If anything, she looks a little angry."

Lennon was puzzled. "Really?"

"Your Cherry has always been someone who values emotions, a sensitive girl. How can she not react to such a heartfelt gesture?"

"Hmm."

Damien sighed. "She might not let me set foot in the kitchen again."

Lennon was taken aback and finally asked the burning question. "Damien, do you even know how to cook?"

"Nah, not really,"

"I managed with the pasta; it took me three attempts to get it right. But the meatballs? Over ten tries with three different pans."

Lennon was taken aback.

"Cherry might not be unimpressed; she might just be worried about the state of the kitchen."

After tidying up the kitchen, Cherise took a deep breath. She returned with a stack of instant noodle cups from the supermarket, placing them on the coffee table.

"Hey, if you ever feel like cooking for me again... you can make these. They're pretty straightforward."



She picked up an electric kettle and calmly explained, “Just open this, pour in hot water, close the lid, and wait for three to five minutes.”

“These are super easy eggs.” Cherise produced a few vacuum-sealed eggs. “You can use these as

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well.”

Her sincere gaze and composed expression left Damien feeling... somewhat foolish.

Damien took a deep breath and offered a smile to Cherise. “Alright.”

He privately resolved to never cook again in his life. It was the first time he had been so thoroughly underestimated by his adorably silly wife.

Cherise noticed that Damien seemed a bit upset, linked her arm through his, and gave it a comforting shake. “Honey, I’m not teasing you for being clumsy.”

“It’s just that everyone has their own strengths. When it comes to cooking and handling the kitchen, I think it’s probably better if I take care of that. What do you think?”

This time, it was just pasta, and he had already ruined two pots. If Damien tried something more complicated next time, he might turn the whole kitchen upside down.

“Okay.” Damien nodded, feeling somewhat disheartened.

After a short silence on the couch, Cherise lifted her head and looked at him. “And, dear, we should go back to Adania.”

“I have an exam in three days, and I’m running out of time to study.”

“And... I want to see my Uncle.”

Damien heaved a sigh of relief and replied, “Alright. It’s time to have a serious talk with him as well.”

He knew how important Elvis was to Cherise. He understood that Elvis wanted nothing more than for Cherise and him to find happiness together,

Sometimes, no matter how much Damien said, it couldn’t compare to a single word from Elvis.

This bond between Elvis and Cherise had deepened over nineteen years.

So, from every perspective, it was crucial for Cherise and Elvis to have a meaningful meeting.

The man pulled her close, gently kissing her forehead. “Get ready; we’ll go back soon.”

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Chapter 409 Hitching A Plane Ride.

“In the afternoon, we’ll go see your uncle,” he suggested, noticing Cherise’s slightly swollen eyes. “You wouldn’t want your Uncle to see you like this, right? How about using a warm compress, and once you’re feeling better, we’ll head over, okay?”

Cherise hesitated for a moment but then nodded in agreement.

She hurried upstairs, holding a towel soaked in hot water. Just as she placed it on her eyes, her phone started ringing. It was a call from Zachary

He seemed to be in a noisy and crowded place.

“Hey, Bunny!” The voice on the other end of the line was still clear, with a hint of playfulness,

Cherise pursed her lips. “Hmm.”

Honestly, she was grateful to Zachary for what happened the previous day. When she was in the study at the Wool Residence, Maeve’s words had deeply affected her.

At that moment, she genuinely believed that she wasn’t good enough for Damien and that breaking up with him was the best option.

Fortunately, Zachary arrived just in time. He gave her a firm shake on the shoulders and used comforting words to help her overcome her profound sorrow.

It was he who reminded her of the love she shared with Damien.

Cherise took a deep breath, her tone somewhat playful. “What’s up?”

Before, when Zachary annoyed her, she often found him irritating. She had even suspected that Zachary might have hidden motives, especially with the somewhat ambiguous term ‘Bunny’ he used to address her.

But now, Cherise felt she might have judged too quickly.

Zachary wasn’t as carefree as he seemed on the surface. At least, in a real crisis, he could be relied

upon.

“I want to bid you farewell.”

The man chuckled softly. "Hearing your cheerful voice, I guess everything is good now, right?"

"God knows how easily influenced and gullible you are, Bunny!"

Cherise blushed a little. She smiled and asked, "Are you leaving now?"

"Yeah."

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Zachary grinned, "I'm currently at the airport."

"I'm here on a mission to bring someone back, and I've already found that person, so I won't have time to join you in your studies this time."

"But, if you ever want to see me in the future, you'll have to score perfectly in all your final exams; otherwise, I won't pay you a visit!"

Cherise pursed her lips. "I'll be back in Adania in a few hours."

"Are you leaving already? I won't be able to see you off..."

"No need to see me off."

Zachary smiled and said, "Well then. We'll meet again soon."

"All good things must come to an end. It's time for us to go our separate ways."

The man's tone shifted into surprising seriousness. "Value the time you have with Damien. If your bond with him is tarnished by someone like Maeve, you'll be the one who loses out."

With that, he decisively ended the call.

Cherise listened to the sudden dial tone on the phone, feeling somewhat perplexed. Why did she get the feeling that Zachary was more mysterious than she had previously thought?

Meanwhile, at the Adania airport, Mandy, holding her luggage, looked at Zachary and the stern-faced Kareen beside him with disdain. "You two can't be serious about hitching a ride on my flight, seriously?"

"Yes." Zachary nodded, wearing a sly grin, and casually placed his hand on Kareen's shoulder. "Ms. Wool, please consider our situation. We weren't given a generous budget for this trip!"

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Chapter 410 Arriving At The Shaw's Village

"Hmph." Mandy pursed her lips and joined the stream of people heading through the security checkpoint.

"Let's move," Zachary spoke indifferently, turning to the person behind him.

"Of course." A middle-aged man dressed in black with a matching cap approached. He efficiently collected the suitcases held by him and Kareen, saying, "Let's go, Mr. Miles."

"Hey, Uncle Elvis." Zachary crossed his arms, glancing at the man's back, shaking his head slightly. "I never expected that after all these years, you'd still recognize me

Elvis paused for a moment, holding the suitcases. "Of course, I remember.

"I took care of you when you were young."

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"You saved my life as well." Zachary sighed softly, approached Elvis, and gave his shoulder a reassuring pat. "You have nothing to fear; I won't harm you. Aunt Ariel is very fair and just. She remembers exactly what deserves recognition and what calls for consequences."

When Cherise and Damien arrived at the Adania Detention Center, it was well past one in the afternoon.

As Cherise exited the car, she meticulously checked her appearance, determined to conceal any traces of her earlier crying spell. Smiling, she linked her arm with Damien's and entered the detention center.

"You're here to see Elvis Shaw?" The police officer furrowed his brow deeply, looking puzzled as he looked at Damien. "Didn't you already know?"

"Know what?" Cherise was perplexed.

"Elvis Shaw has already been released." The police officer placed a closed case file before Damien and Cherise. "A woman named Maeve Lenoir personally confirmed the withdrawal of the charges against him.

"It was a case from thirteen years ago, which was difficult to investigate due to the lack of substantial evidence. And now, the only witness has declared that she's dropping the charges. So, our superiors decided to release him immediately."

The police officer checked the time and said. "He left early this morning, and he should be back home by now."

Cherise was stunned, and a burst of joy flickered in her eyes. Joy surged through her as she heard about her uncle's freedom!

She eagerly held Damien's hand. "Let's go to the Shaw's village to find my uncle, shall we?"

1/2

Although she didn't understand why Maeve had withdrawn the charges, if she was willing forgive her uncle and not dwell on the past, Cherise was ready to thank Maeve personally.

"Sure." Damien frowned, started the car, and drove towards the Shaw's village.

Everything unfolding seemed to be an uncanny series of coincidences. Damien gripped the steering wheel, narrowing his eyes as he pondered the circumstances, his mind brimming with suspicion.

Just yesterday, Zachary had met Maeve, and now she had withdrawn the charges against Elvis. The Miles siblings had hastily departed from Adania.

Throughout the years, Damien had preferred to remain in the shadows, silently observing and orchestrating the lives of those around him.

However, this time-

Whether it was the Tanner family or the Miles family, both left him with a sense of unease.

The Miles family, in particular, appeared mysterious, their true intentions obscured.

Damien couldn't discern what the head of the Miles family sought or Zachary's true desires.

This feeling of being manipulated left him feeling stifled and powerless.

This marked the first instance in his twenty-six years of life when he had felt this way.

The man firmly clutched the steering wheel.

If it turned out that the head of the Miles family was Cherise's biological mother, then this potential mother-in-law of his, whom he had never encountered, was clearly a formidable force.

After more than two hours on the highway, they finally arrived at the Shaw's village.

To Cherise's astonishment, the gate to the Shaw Residence was tightly closed.