

## **Marrying 411**

### Chapter 411

#### Message To Cherise

The sturdy padlock on the entrance filled Cherise with a sense of unease. In broad daylight, the locked gates and the eerie absence of any signs of life puzzled her. Had her Uncle returned and wanted to remain unnoticed?

“Uncle! Aunt! Grandma!” She stood at the door, desperately pounding on the iron gates of Shaw Manor.

As the sky began to drizzle, Cherise remained at the gate, her voice now hoarse from shouting.

However, there was no response, and a feeling of unease washed over her, causing tears to well up in Cherise’s eyes.

“Uncle, Aunt, Grandma! Open the gate! It’s me, Cherry! I’m back!... Uncle, Aunt, Grandma!” Cherise’s voice, tinged with a sob, echoed in the rain.

Damien stood by her side, holding an umbrella, and remained silent. He knew she would have to face the truth sooner or later.

“Cherry?” The rain was coming down harder, and a man with an umbrella rushed over from a distance. “Stop knocking. Your Uncle’s family has already moved out.”

Jack was growing increasingly concerned and reached out to guide Cherise. “Let’s go to my place; we can talk there.”

Cherise looked up, her gaze distant. “Jack, do you think my uncle doesn’t want me anymore?”

“Of course not!” Jack took a deep breath and turned to Damien. “Come on, Mr. Lenoir, even if Cherry’s acting a bit out of sorts and doing things impulsively, why haven’t you stopped her? Instead, you’re going along with all this craziness!”

Damien furrowed his brow and then walked over, gently lifting Cherise and following Jack back to their home.

“Auntie Sarah, Sky, Tay, and Mrs. Shaw left several days ago,” Jack explained as they sat on the doorstep, looking at Cherise, who remained lost in thought. “Elvis mentioned that they wanted to find refuge.

“I tried to convince him and told him our village would protect them, and the people here have the utmost respect for your family. But he insisted on not involving the villagers and chose to move away

Cherise sat in the chair, allowing Jack’s wife to gently dry the rain from her head. “What else did my uncle say?”

“He mentioned that you should live your life to the fullest.”

Jack lit a cigarette, took a deep drag, and let out a heavy sigh. “He knows you’re a sensitive soul,

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“He also said.... Wait, I have something to show you.” He retrieved his phone. “Elvis mentioned that this video is for you.”

Cherise accepted the phone in a daze. On the screen, her Uncle’s face appeared.

He sat by the stream near the village entrance, looking serious. “Cherry, I had Jack show you this video. I believe that by the time you watch this, I’ll either be behind bars or no longer around. But don’t let sorrow consume you; we all have our own journeys.”

“The truth is, I haven’t done a whole lot of good in my life. The one thing I don’t regret is not sending you away thirteen years ago.”

“You’re a kind-hearted kid, maybe a bit naive, but that’s okay.”

“I couldn’t bear the thought of you being dragged into a life filled with hidden agendas and criminal activities.”

“But Damien, he’s a good man. Live a happy life with him. He’ll take care of you and keep you safe.”

“And if you ever find out the truth about what I arranged for you thirteen years ago, please don’t lose heart and think of divorce, okay?”

“When I discussed marrying you to Damien with Old Mr. Lenoir, I aimed for reconciliation.

“We’ve made his grandson unhappy for too long. It’s time we made amends.”

“Stay with Damien, and don’t worry about my affairs.”

“Your aunt and grandmother, they’re all innocent people. Don’t go looking for them. I’ve provided enough financial support for your aunt to start fresh with Sky and Tay.”

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Chapter 412 Jumble Of Memories

“Don’t interfere in other people’s lives. Do you hear me?”

“Uncle,” Cherise sobbed.

Cherise wept uncontrollably, her eyes fixed on the man on the screen.

Memories of sitting on her uncle’s lap and begging him not to send her away flooded her mind.

“Silly girl,” her uncle had assured her, “I won’t have the heart to send you away.”

“Don’t forget that you begged me to keep you here.”

“Promise me you’ll never search for your biological parents.”

Cherise, who was seven at that time, nodded her head. “Alright.”

“You are the best, Uncle Shaw. I promise I won’t find them!”

Cherise’s tears streamed down her cheeks, her gaze fixed on Elvis’ face on the screen.

Uncle Shaw... is the best person I know.

But she didn’t feel like the best daughter.

She had never called him ‘Dad.’

But to her, he had always been her father.

The rain pounded the ground like a relentless drumbeat.

Cherise bolted out of Jack's house and sprinted towards the Shaw family's home.

She flung herself at the heavy metal door and clutched the lock; her vision blurred with tears.

"Also, Sky and Tay."

"Plumkin."

"I want to go home..."

Memories from the past flickered through Cherise's mind, playing out like a film reel.

When Cherise was five, she tightly gripped Sky's and Tay's hands as they strolled through the garden.

Grandma chuckled softly as she rocked back and forth in her chair. "A kid trying to take care of a kid. What a big kiddo you are!"

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"Of course I am." Cherise said proudly.

Aunt Sarah washed berries and set them out to dry. "She's just like her uncle, always trying to act like a grown-up.

Elvis sauntered over to Aunt Sarah with a mischievous grin, his bare shoulders gleaming in the sunlight. He picked a berry from the bowl and popped it into his mouth. "Was I like that?"

Sarah swatted him playfully on the back. "These are for the kids, Elvis. Put it down!"

Grandma's lips curled into a fond smile. "Sarah only has eyes for her own kids," she said with a twinkle in her eye.

"Elvis, come over and get some from me." Grandma said.

Cherise's face lit up with a grin as she held onto Sky and Tay's hands. "Uncle Shaw is still a kid at heart!"

The next montage played-Cherise, who was fifteen years old, had just been accepted into one of the most prestigious high schools in town.

Her eyes filled with tears as she clung to her grandmother. "I don't want to go to school. We don't even have enough money to survive."

Sarah tapped Cherise on the head gently. "Even if we are poor, we don't need you to be the breadwinner. Your uncle can earn enough for the family. Don't worry about it!"

"That's right."

Sky pouted as he worked on his homework. "Tay and I won't even be able to get into school. We'll need you to care for us in the future, sis!"

Elvis kicked Sky lightly on the shin. "What nonsense are you talking about? Don't you think you'll be able to get in with such a smart sister?"

Cherise's mind was a jumble of memories, playing like a movie before her eyes.

Cherise leaned on the front door, her face streaked with tears and rain.

They had been such a happy family in the past.

But Uncle Show left And Aunt Sarah remarried Grandma... Will Aunt Sarah's new husband treat Grandma kindly? Will he be nice to Sky and Tay? Is Aunt Sarah truly happy after leaving Uncle Shaw?

Tears streamed down Cherise's cheeks, unbidden. "It's all my fault..."

"It's my fault"

If she had died when she was six, then none of this would have happened.

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Uncle Shaw wouldn't have started the fire and gone to jail. Aunt Sarah wouldn't have left either....

"It's not your fault, Damien said firmly.

Damien wrapped his arms around her and hugged her tightly. "Don't blame yourself."

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Chapter 413 Took Care Of Out Of Pity

"L"

Cherise stood motionless by the door, unaffected by the pleas of others.

Rain poured down on the town relentlessly and mercilessly.

The water rose, reaching Cherise's waist.

Yet, she remained on her knees, unmoving.

Jack had gathered almost every villager in town to try and convince her.

But she remained firmly rooted to the ground.

Everyone praised Cherise for being a dutiful child, one of the greatest blessings in Elvis's life.

But Cherise knew she didn't deserve that reputation..

Her knees had not left the ground since the rain began, and she remained as steadfast as a rock. even amidst the rumbling thunder.

Eventually, the rain stopped, but Cherise continued to kneel.

Even Damien couldn't persuade her to stand up.

Her stubbornness was intimidating.

Dusk had fallen.

"When will you stop being so foolish?"

A cold, indifferent voice echoed from above. Cherise looked up in disbelief, "Aunt Sarah!"

'Slap!'

Sarah slapped her across the face without hesitation.



Cherise's head spun from the harsh blow.

She struggled to lift her head, her gaze fixed on Sarah before her.

Sarah appeared thinner and more fragile than the last time Cherise had seen her.

Sarah stood before Cherise, her gaze filled with arrogance. "I wouldn't have known you were here if it weren't for Mr. Lenoir. Have you lost your mind?"

Cherise stood frozen in shock, tears streaming down her cheeks. "Aunt Sarah..."

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She lunged at Sarah, her drenched body wrapping around Sarah's legs.

Sarah turned her head away, her eyes shimmering with emotion.

Nevertheless, she took a deep breath and composed herself before speaking coldly. "Who are you calling your aunt?"

"Cherise, you have your biological parents and real uncle and aunt. Elvis and I have no relation to you whatsoever."

Cherise froze, her bloodshot eyes reflecting her conflicting emotions. "Aunt Sarah..."

"Are you

abandoning me?" Cherise asked, her voice trembling.

"Why should I keep you around?"

Sarah chuckled under her breath. "I have two sons of my own."

"You're just a child I took care of out of pity. You're no different from a stray animal."

Sarah's gaze was cold and indifferent. "Was I wrong to abandon you when I no longer needed. you?"

"Save your tears for my funeral. Perhaps then I might appreciate them. After all, you're such a sentimental fool."

"Now, go live your life as you wish."

"But Aunt Sarah..."

Tears welled up in Cherise's eyes. "Did you remarry?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"Yes," Sarah replied curtly.

Sarah took a deep breath and shouted, "Stop this charade! And don't ask your husband to find me again. I just want to live my life in peace like everyone else."

"I don't need your pity. My new husband and I are happy."

Cherise's tears flowed freely. "What about Uncle Shaw?"

"That's none of my concern."

Sarah regained her composure, her icy glare piercing Cherise. "I'm a simple, powerless woman from the countryside. I'm not capable of caring for or helping Elvis,"

“I just want to ensure my children have enough to eat.”

“If you’re dwelling on the past,”

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Her face filled with frustration, she glared at Cherise. “You should go find him.”

“He was the one who took you in and raised you. He didn’t want to let you go.”

“You should be grateful to him, not me.”

After a moment, Sarah sighed softly, saying, “Elvis is most likely still alive. If he were dead, he would have come to me in my dreams.”

“Don’t cry. Your husband is capable, and so are your biological parents.”

“With their help, you’ll be able to find him.”

Chapter 414 An Interesting Family

She turned away from Cherise, trying to hold back the tears that were about to spill. “By the Sky, Tay, and Grandma really liked the gifts you bought last time.”

“They were grateful that you still remembered them.”

She walked away as soon as she conveyed their gratitude.

She was afraid that if she stayed, she wouldn’t be able to hold back her tears.

way,

Cherise knelt on the ground and watched Sarah's silhouette as she walked away. "Aunt Sarah...

"If I find Uncle Shaw... I'm willing to..."

"Let's save that for later.

She continued to walk away, leaving behind only her cold and indifferent silhouette.

Cherise knelt on the ground, her head bowed, overwhelmed with guilt and despair.

"Thank you for taking me in."

"I will find Uncle Shaw."

In the car outside the Shaw village.

Sarah got into the car. "Mr. Caldwell, I've said what I needed to say. Can I go now?"

"Fine."

Jacob leaned against the driver's seat and glanced at Sarah. "Aunt Sarah, I don't understand why you had to be so harsh to her."

Cherise's petite figure curled up in a corner, but her cries were drowned out by the rain.

Sarah leaned against the car window and closed her eyes slowly. "How else was I supposed to say

it?

“You could have just told her that you haven’t found another man and that you’ve had a hard time taking care of Sky, Tay, and Grandma.”

“The Cherise I know would offer to help.

Sarah chuckled bitterly. “I don’t want to burden her,” she said solemnly.

“She has her own life. One day, she’ll have her own children to take care of.”

Jacob started the car. “You’re a fascinating family,”

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“I remember that people in this village value filial children who can take care of their families. That way, they have someone to rely on when they’re older.

“But now you’re saying you don’t want to burden Cherise.”

\*Please explain why you took Cherise in all these years.

Sarah grinned as she stared out the window. “Mr. Caldwell, I don’t know if I should tell you

Jacob smiled wryly. “Go on.”

“I was going to say...

Sarah glared at him, her eyes flashing with anger. "It's none of your business!"

this."

"What does my decision to care for Cherise or her choice to take care of me have to do with you?"

"I like this girl, so I cared for her like a pet. Does it bother you that I want her to have a good life?"

"Is it something you have to interfere in?"

Jacob was stunned by her sudden outburst of anger.

He shook his head in disbelief.

"Aunt Sarah, I understand this must have been difficult for you since I brought you here so late, knowing your husband is missing.

"However, I don't think I should be yelled at for it."

"That's just who I am!"

Sarah rolled her eyes. "That's enough talking! Take me home!"

Jacob shook his head and pressed harder on the accelerator.

When they arrived at Sarah's house, Jacob handed her a letter. "Damien asked me to give you

this.

“I know you have your pride to protect, and you wouldn’t want to be a burden to Cherise.”

“He’s just lending you this money”

“Remember to repay him.”

Jacobs drove away after giving her the money.

Sarah’s lips curled into a soft smile, with a trace of guilt flashing in her eyes as she watched the car disappear into the night.

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Elvis, I’m sure Cherise will go find you now that I’ve made it clear to her. You have to stay strong I’ll wait for

you.

Sarah finally stopped sobbing after Sarah left.

She looked into Damien’s eyes. “I want to find Uncle Shaw.”

Chapter 415 Bodyguard’s Uniform

Damien remained composed and pulled her into an embrace. “Your uncle is now technically my uncle as well. We can search for him together.”

“Okay...” Cherise sniffled. “When I went to the Wool Residence yesterday afternoon, Zachary assured me that my uncle wouldn’t be in jail or dead. He promised to ensure his safety.”

The young lady then lifted her head and met Damien's gaze. "Do you think Zachary..."

"I'll obtain the CCTV footage from the airport."

Damien reached out and gently rubbed Cherise's head. "You need to concentrate on your final semester exams."

"I'll help you find your uncle once you're finished."

"Alright..." Cherise took a deep breath, her hands tightly clenched around Damien's neck as she considered her response. However, her mind went blank, and she fainted in his arms.

"If Elvis and Sarah had even a hint of wickedness in them, Cherise wouldn't have grown up so well."

"Exactly."

Damien shook his head.

"It's unfortunate that a kind-hearted girl like Cherise ended up with such parents."

In front of him was the CCTV footage from the airport that Mr. Hampson had obtained.

It showed Elvis, dressed in a bodyguard's uniform, following behind Zachary and Kareen as they boarded a private jet prepared by Damien and Mandy.

He had forgotten to consider that Mandy might not recognize Elvis.

Mandy must have assumed that Elvis was simply a bodyguard!

"Since he's part of the Miles family, it will make things easier."



Lennon shook his head.

“The head of the Miles family is Charisaa. She’s a shrewd negotiator.”

There were numerous rumors surrounding Charisaa.

It was said that she was the wife of a powerful man, but during a business trip with him, she fell into a trap set by his enemies.

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That night, five or six men assaulted her.

She experienced the most humiliating ordeal of her life.

One of the men happened to be the head of the Miles family.

Any person would have been devastated and lost hope after such a humiliation..

But Charisaa was different.

She divorced her previous husband and became Connor’s lover.

Initially, Connor knew that she sought revenge and kept her captive.

However, she gained his trust through her innocent demeanor.

Three years later, she went from being Connor’s prisoner to his wife.

Within two more years, she had won his heart, and he willingly transferred his assets to her.

Charisaa had Connor under her control. She forced him to step down as the head of the Miles family and took over the position herself.

After Charisaa assumed control, Connor mysteriously disappeared.

The other wealthy individuals who had conspired against her that night also vanished.

From that point on, Charisaa became known as a cold and resilient woman.

However, most people only knew her name. They had never seen her and were unaware of her birth name or who she was married to.

“She’s an enigmatic woman.”

Chapter 416 She Had Never Seen Him Like This Before

After hearing Charisaa’s life story, Jacob couldn’t help but exclaim, “Wow! She’s one terrifying villain if she endured the things that would have broken others.”

“And Elvis has her daughter.”

Lenon furrowed his brows and turned to Damien. “Do you think she would let Elvis go if Cherise begged her to release him?”

Damien closed his eyes, deep in thought. “I’m not sure.” As Cherise’s husband, he didn’t want her to ever have contact with such a person.

Cherise had been running a fever all day. When she woke up the next day, she realized she only had one day left until her final exams started.

Cherise was overwhelmed with thoughts about finding her uncle, and she couldn't focus on her exams. She even contemplated skipping them.

"I don't want to study anymore."

She took a deep breath and pushed the pile of revision books onto the floor, scattering them everywhere.

In the past, her studies had always been her top priority.

Cherise knew that getting good grades would prove to her family that she was working hard and that they didn't need to worry about her.

She always wanted her family to have a better life.

When she started high school, her teacher told her she would have to study hard to escape her mediocre life and provide for her family.

Cherise took this advice to heart, and for years, she had dedicated herself to her studies in order to give her family a better life.

But now...

Cherise couldn't even protect her family, nor could she return to the family she loved.

"Cherry!"

Hearing the loud bang from the study, Damien burst through the door and pulled her into his embrace. "What happened?"

His low, gentle voice brought tears to her eyes, and she struggled to maintain her composure. She bit her lip and looked directly into his eyes. "I don't feel like studying anymore."

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"Okay."

Damien forced a smile and hugged her tightly. "If you don't want to take the exam, we won't."

He cupped her face, gazing intently into her eyes. "Let me show you something."

Cherise nodded and leaned against his chest.

He carried her to the other side of the study and gently placed her in a chair. He opened his laptop and showed her the footage of Zachary with Elvis.

"It's okay if you don't feel like taking the exam. I can take you to find Zachary right away."

Cherise's eyes widened in shock as she watched the CCTV footage.

Uncle Shaw...

She had never seen him like this before.

All these years, she had only seen him in worn-out farmer's clothes.

He only wore the clothes Aunt Sarah stitched or the overalls he bought from the market.

This was the first time she had seen Elvis in a full-fledged bodyguard uniform.

He wore a cap and exuded strength, looking nothing like the laid-back uncle who enjoyed cracking jokes.

Cherise's hands clenched into tight fists.

So... this was Uncle Shaw's true nature?

He had only mentioned being in the army, never delving into his past.

"If my people had thoroughly investigated, your uncle was most likely Zachary's family's bodyguard," Damien said, taking a deep breath and patting Cherise on the head. "It won't be difficult to find him. Do you want to go now?"

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Chapter 417 He Did It Intentionally

Cherise nodded, understanding the situation. "I see."

"So... it's that simple." She had initially expected finding her uncle to be as challenging as finding a needle in a haystack.

"Zachary never intended to hide it from you, Damien explained with a faint sigh as he leaned to the side, retrieving a cigarette from his pocket.

"When he came to Adania, he traveled with me on my plane. And when he left, he took a flight on Mandy's private jet to the Tanners."

“Do you think someone like Zachary, heir to the Miles family, couldn’t afford a plane ticket?” Damien inquired, raising an eyebrow.

Cherise was taken aback, and her eyes automatically shifted towards Damien. “So, you’re saying…”

“He did it intentionally,” Damien affirmed.

“He wanted both of us to know that he had arrived in Adania and took Elvis away.”

Cherise pursed her lips. “But what was his intention?”

“I haven’t figured that out yet,” Damien admitted with a hint of a smirk. “But, Cherry, it’s quite clearly a trap.”

“Are you planning to go?” Cherise asked.

Cherise turned her attention to the computer screen, watching Elvis as he departed with Zachary and Kareen’s luggage. “I’m going. I don’t know what Zachary is up to, but my uncle is with him. Even if it’s a trap, I have to go,” Cherise said, her gaze unwavering,

With determination in her voice, Cherise glanced at Damien and added, “Honey, you don’t have to come if you find it too risky. Let Blake accompany me—that should be enough.”

Cherise shook her head a second later. “Actually, never mind. I can handle it by myself. Though Zachary is a bit peculiar, I doubt he’d resort to anything excessively harmful.”

Damien took a deep breath, raised his head to gaze at her, and a hint of amusement danced in his eyes. “What are you talking about? You are my wife, Cherry. Whatever happens, I will be there for you. You think I’d let you handle all of this alone?”

Cherise was momentarily stunned. She lifted her gaze to meet Damien’s, her eyes glistening with unshed tears.

Cherise sniffled and flung herself into Damien's arms, embracing his sturdy frame. "My darling. you're the best!"

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Damien smiled wryly, extinguishing his cigarette before affectionately pinching her cheek. "So, are you sure you want to give up on your exams to search for your uncle?"

Cherise bit her lower lip and remained silent.

"I don't want to influence your decision," he continued in a deep, solemn voice.

"If you choose to skip the exams and look for your uncle, I can take you there tomorrow. Although, I believe if you approach your uncle with outstanding grades, he'll be even happier, Damien suggested.

Cherise bit her lip. pondering for a moment.

She recalled what Zachary had said over the phone when he left Adania.

He said she had to bring top scores in all subjects to see him. If she fell short, he wouldn't meet her.

Back then, she thought he was just making a silly and heartless joke. But she wasn't sure anymore. Zachary was a person she couldn't quite understand, and she wondered if he had been serious. about his words.

She looked up and regarded Damien with a crestfallen expression. "But I've only had less than a week to study... And the exams are tomorrow... I'm worried..."

"Don't be," Damien reassured her, tilting his head to plant a tender kiss on her forehead. "You can do it."

Chapter 418 Daughter Of Miles And Tanner.

Cherise nervously bit her lip, her worry evident. "But I'm still afraid, I..."

"I'll study with you, alright?" Damien lifted her up and gently placed her on the desk, planting a soft kiss on her earlobe. "Here's the deal-I'll quiz you on the book's contents. If you can't answer correctly, I'll give you a chance to continue studying and another test in the evening

"If you still can't answer correctly on the second test... let me do it ten times. Does that sound fair to you?"

Cherise's face instantly turned crimson. "You... you..."

"This way, you'll be motivated." The man smirked as he kissed her and added, "Ten times for each question. Let's see, I wonder how much practice I'll get tonight..."

"I'm going to study!" The young girl hurriedly moved to the floor, gathering her books. She retorted, "You rascal! I have an exam tomorrow, and you're thinking about these things!"

Although Damien often teased Cherise for not being exceptionally bright, when it came to studying, she was genuinely quite adept. She had diligently sat in the study throughout the afternoon, committing all the book's content to memory.

After dinner, Damien settled on the study's carpet, holding her class notes. He started a series of quizzes.

Cherise reclined with her head resting on his thigh, stifling yawns as she answered all the questions with utmost accuracy. Not a single mistake, not a single omission.



Damien was mildly astonished. He reached out, pinching her fair cheek. "You have such an impressive memory."

"Mm." Cherise nodded proudly. "Not only is my memory remarkable, but I'm also exceptionally skilled in calculation and logic."

She blushed a little, her lips pursed. "But I still struggle to understand things sometimes.."

"My teacher always said that I had a natural aptitude for learning. But..." She pressed her lips together. "I aspire to be an outstanding cardiac surgeon, and simply relying on a strong learning capacity won't be enough."

Cherise sighed, her tone carrying a hint of sadness. "I'm only a freshman, and I haven't delved deeply into many specialized subjects yet. I'm nervous about what lies ahead." With that, the young girl took a deep breath and resumed reading her books.

Damien wore a faint smile. "You'll become an exceptional cardiac surgeon. After all, she was the daughter of Charisaa Miles and Beckham Tanner.

\*Thank you, I'll strive for it!" Cherise beamed and nodded, then returned to her studies.

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The following day was the final exams. Frances woke up early to prepare a special, extravagant breakfast for Cherise.

Blake watched as Frances arranged a spread of delicious dishes in front of Cherise and asked, "Why is her breakfast so much more extravagant than mine?"

"Because Miss Cherise has an exam today!" Frances beamed and playfully tapped Blake's head. "Today is especially important, so Miss Cherise needs to enjoy a hearty meal to perform well!"

“I want it too.” Blake persisted eagerly.

Helplessly, Cherise pushed her breakfast towards Blake and said. “You can have anything you like.”

The boy’s eyes lit up. “Really!?”

“Absolutely!” Cherise grinned and nodded.

“Thank you!” The boy promptly moved Cherise’s food to his side and eagerly began to dig into the feast.

“Miss Cherise, this...” Frances appeared somewhat sheepish. “Should I fetch more...”

“It’s fine.” Cherise smiled at Frances. “It’s just an exam; there’s no need to overindulge. Are you not afraid I’ll have a stomach ache in the exam room?”

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## Chapter 419 Prodigious Assassin

Frances finally nodded in agreement and quietly stepped aside. Cherise enjoyed her breakfast while keeping a watchful eye on Blake. She remembered her first encounter with Blake when Nicky had come to her school to torment her.

This young man not only dealt a heavy blow to Nicky but also took him to the rooftop garden, almost throwing him over the edge...

During that initial encounter, Cherise's impression of Blake was nothing but fear and cruelty. However, over time, she came to realize that he was actually a simple and endearing boy.

On the way to school, Cherise asked Damien about Blake.

"He was taken into the assassin organization at a young age and treated like a lab rat. He had training but no friends, which is why he appears the way he does now," Damien explained as he drove, gripping the steering wheel with his hands and a faint smile on his lips. "Why this sudden interest in Blake?"

Cherise's lips tightened. "Blake used to be... an assassin?"

"Yes." Damien continued to drive with an unceasing grin. "A prodigious assassin."

"Three years ago, when he was ten, he could ruthlessly eliminate trained attack dogs at the assassin base. So the organization tried to have him assassinate people."

Cherise's eyes widened in sheer disbelief.

A ten-year-old... taking lives....

"I was his initial target and his ultimate one. Damien looked forward, the unrestrained grin revealing itself. "Those who sent him to kill me probably assumed I was blind and had limited mobility."

To any trained assassin, I was an easy target. That's why they sent Blake to assassinate me, thinking a single, young, and trained assassin would be enough to take my life. But Blake not only spared my life, he became part of my team."

Cherise was speechless with shock. She had always sensed that Blake was different from other children and possessed immense power. However, she never imagined that Blake, who stayed by Damien's side, had such a backstory....

“Is it really that astonishing?” Damien parked the car and helplessly looked at Cherise. There are even more staggering and legendary stories than this. If you want to hear more, I can gradually tell you.”

Cherise quickly waved her hand. “No, I don’t-I don’t want to hear anymore.”

Blake was one of the few people closest to her, yet she remained oblivious to the details of his

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past....

Cherise had a feeling that the stories of the other people might be even more absurd. However, she preferred not to delve too deeply into such matters. She feared that hearing these stories. would dampen her zest for life.

So, Cherise took a deep breath, swung open the car door, and grinned at Damien. “I’m off. Good luck to me!”

Without waiting for his response, she grabbed her backpack and dashed onto the school campus.

Damien stood in place, watching her disappearing form with a helpless smile on his face.

Damien couldn’t help but worry that if a small tale about Blake’s history was already challenging. to accept, coping with the harsh reality of her biological parents’ shared history and the fact that they would never reconcile in this lifetime would be even harder.

The man subtly shook his head. When the girl’s dwindling silhouette finally vanished from his view, he returned to the car.

As soon as he closed the car door, his phone started ringing. It was a call from Lennon. “Damien, someone has arrived at the company.

“Who?” He knew Lennon’s judgment well. If the person in question wasn’t of great importance, Lennon wouldn’t have urgently contacted him.

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Chapter 420 A Heart-to-heart With Mr. Lenoir

“Maeve,” Lennon began, taking a deep breath. “She wants to meet you, and I mentioned that today might not be very convenient for you...”

“Did she say anything else?” Damien inquired.

Lennon replied grimly, “She insisted that if you don’t appear before her within an hour, she’ll head to Cherise’s school and disclose your relationship to everyone...”

“I’ll head back right away.” Damien closed his eyes briefly, and his hand holding the phone. trembled slightly. The dreaded day had finally arrived.

Cherise spent the entire day taking her exams. After finishing her last test in the evening, she stretched lazily. Just as she was about to turn on her phone, Lucy rushed over.

She wrapped her arms around Cherise. “Lennon just messaged me. He said that after your exams tonight, don’t rush back home. First, head to Lenoir Manor

Cherise furrowed her brow. “The Lenoirs?”

“Yes.” Lucy scratched her head, not entirely comprehending Lennon’s message. “He mentioned. that you should have a heart-to-heart with Mr. Lenoir.”

“Seems like something has happened to Damien, and they need Mr. Lenoir’s help to resolve it.”

“Given Damien’s strained relationship with Mr. Lenoir, they want you to step in.”

After a brief consideration, Cherise nodded. “Alright.”

Lennon was Damien’s best friend, and he wouldn’t deceive her. Furthermore, Damien’s character was such that even if he faced difficulties, he wouldn’t seek assistance from Mr. Lenoir. Winning the favor of his elders required her intervention.

After bidding Lucy farewell, the young woman hailed a taxi to Lenoir Manor.

On her way there, she passed by a clothing store. Cherise glanced down at her usual attire-jeans and a white T-shirt. Deciding to make an impression, she asked the driver to stop by a boutique and changed into a modest and sweet ensemble.

A long pink skirt and a white chiffon blouse made her appear endearing and delightful.

“I’ll be returning home late tonight.”

Cherise, having finally turned on her phone for the first time that day, received a message from Damien. She stared at the screen momentarily, her lips pursed in contemplation.

So, something profound had indeed transpired, something beyond resolution?

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Otherwise, Damien wouldn’t have informed her at noon that he’d be home very late.

After closing the chat, Cherise hesitated momentarily but dialed Lennon’s number.

“What happened to Damien that he couldn’t handle it alone?”

“His sister...” Lennon shut his eyes. “His sister came to the company.

As he spoke, Lennon heaved a sigh. “In any case, Cherry, after you have that heart-to-heart with Mr. Lenoir, let him know that Damien’s sister has caused a commotion at the company.”

“Mr. Lenoir will know what to do. Remember, don’t divulge anything else!”

Cherise nodded, taking his words to heart.

However, what she hadn’t anticipated was encountering someone she wished to avoid as soon as she arrived at Lenoir Manor’s gate-Tristan.

“Oh, isn’t this little Cherry?” Tristan stood with his arms crossed, eyeing Cherise, clad in a long pink skirt, his gaze growing more sinister.

Tristan hadn’t seen her in a while, and Cherise seemed to have gained some weight. The parts of her that were already plump were even more tempting to his eyes.

He sauntered closer to Cherise, wearing a cold smile. “Where’s Damien? Wasn’t he accompanying you?”

“Did you come alone?” The grin on his face widened, causing Cherise’s face to turn pale.

She had crossed paths with Tristan less than ten times before, but each encounter left her with unpleasant memories.

Taking a deep breath, she bypassed him and made her way toward the entrance. “I’ve come to see grandfather.”