

Marrying 511

Chapter 511 Sins of the Past

She glanced at him indifferently and said, "I appreciate the favor you did for me."

"But let's be clear-I don't owe you anything."

"I helped you, and now we're even."

"Indeed, indeed."

Raymond scoffed, his gaze landing on the newlyweds on the stage. I must admit, I find it all quite fascinating."

He chuckled softly. "Unless I'm mistaken, you know Damien is Hansen Lenoir's son."

"You orchestrated the downfall of his biological parents years ago, and now your daughter is his bride. Does that sit well with you?"

"So, is this the sole reason for your sudden interest in conversing with me?" Charisa retorted.

"My past with Hansen has no bearing on his son."

"The flawed intelligence you supplied back then led us to eliminate not only Hansen but also his spouse."

"I've been burdened with guilt ever since."

“Just because someone is despicable doesn’t mean their family shares their traits,”

Her stone-cold gaze fixed on Raymond, “I have nothing further to discuss with you.”

“As you wish.”

Raymond’s face darkened as a colossal rage surged in his chest at her blatant dismissal.

He drew a deep breath, “Mrs. Miles, I approached you with good intentions; why the hostility?”

“This Damien isn’t as innocent as you think he is.”

He gestured

Damien ly to Tristan, standing behind him, and frantically said, “Look at my son’s eyes!

“Indeed.

him!”

Charisa nodded, “Why did he spare one?”

Raymond was dumbfounded and quivered with frustration.

The woman shifted to a more comfortable position as her gaze slowly focused on Cherise and

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Damien, exchanging rings in the distance, “Why did your son only lose one eye?”

She turned her head, and her lips curled into a cold icy smile. “If I were Damien, if someone tormented me, tormented my wife... she snorted.

“I wouldn’t just take one of his eyes,”

“I’d take both eyes at the very least and might even create a dish from them,” she snickered menacingly.

Raymond felt his stomach drop, and his blood went cold.

A cold malevolence permeated the room, and every word she uttered carried a sinister threat.

Raymond shuddered as her words sent a chill down his spine.

“Leave if there’s nothing more.”

Charisa dismissed him again and sneered, “If you vex me, I’ll make sure your son loses his other eye as well.”

She smiled wryly at Raymond and asserted, “Trust me, I’m capable.”

Behind her seemingly genteel smile lurked a sinister and chilling intent.

Raymond felt a chill creep up his neck. He rose hastily and slinked away.

Unbeknownst to Charisa, upon his departure, Raymond retrieved a recorder from his pocket.

He intentionally broached the subject of Hansen during their premeditated conversation.

It was all to ensure that whoever listens to the recording learns that the person responsible for framing and killing Clark was none other than her, Clarisa!

Upon leaving the venue, Raymond handed the recorder to Tristan. "Maeve didn't attend the wedding today, did she?"

Tristan nodded, "I saw her this morning. She told me that she wouldn't attend this wedding."

"She even attempted to dissuade me from attending."

Raymond gave a faint smile..

He gestured towards the recorder in Tristan's hand, "Edit the content and forward it to Maeve."

"Hurry, it must be done before the banquet."

Tristan appeared perplexed, "Why?"

Chapter 512 Maeve's Return

"Why?"

Raymond sneered and looked back at the lively and enchanting wedding behind him.

"If Maeve discovered everything after the wedding, few would know even if she sought revenge."

"But today is different."

The entire elite of Adania was present.

Everyone connected to the Tanner family was here.

Everyone associated with Miles was here.

In such a lavish wedding banquet...

He wanted everyone to know that this wedding was a sham!

He wanted everyone to witness how Cherise and Damien break up!

The wedding was still going on with full enthusiasm. It was a lively celebration.

In front of their loved ones, Cherise and Damien exchanged vows with the priest officiating. They then served tea to their parents and close family members in gratitude, including Charisa, Beckham, Mr. Tanner, and old Mr. Lenoir.

In the evening, a grand banquet ensued.

Cherise graced a fitted red dress, while Damien appeared in a navy-blue suit with gold accents.

No lighting engineer was necessary; their casual presence stole the spotlight, making them the most prominent figures of the night.

The banquet commenced.

Cherise and Damien walked arm in arm, raising a toast to each guest individually.

“Tired?”

During a toast, Damien leaned close to Cherise and whispered.

Cherise nestled into his arm, her lips curled into a joyful smile, and said, "Not tired."

She was overjoyed to share such a romantic and significant moment with everyone.

How could she be tired?

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The man smiled subtly, "I'm glad to hear."

He lifted her chin gently, his voice tender with a hint of teasing, "Remember, tonight is our wedding night."

Cherise was slightly taken aback.

Wed... wedding night?

She looked at his face in astonishment, "You're thinking about that now..."

"This is exactly when I should be thinking about it."

The man smiled as he leaned closer to her, "Who believes that abstaining on the wedding night. brings fortune and happiness?"

"Tonight, my dear, is the real wedding night."

Cherise was left speechless, so surprised that she couldn't find the right words to express herself.

"How do you...

How did he know what she was thinking back then?

The man smiled subtly. "Aunt Wanda told me."

Cherise was speechless.

She turned to look at Sarah, laughing and chatting with Charisa at the table.

How could Aunt Wanda... reveal everything?

"Alright, onto the next table."

The man's deep voice echoed in her ear.

Cherise turned her head and hurriedly followed him to continue with the toast.

Midway through the toast, a murmur swept through the crowd, "Who is that person over there?"

Cherise furrowed her brows slightly and glanced in the direction the person was pointing –

At the banquet hall entrance stood a woman in a white dress.

She wore a face mask, and her slim figure exuded a regal air, inspiring reverence..

There was a moment of silence in the hall.

Almost every guest turned around to look at the woman at the entrance.

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A security guard hurried over and inquired, "May I ask who you are...

"Maeve Lenoir."

The woman's thin lips parted slightly as she enunciated her name.

An uproar erupted in the hall.

Maeve Lenoir's name was familiar to many.

The public's knowledge of her ended with the fire thirteen years ago.

It was widely believed that she perished in the blaze..

Chapter 513 Cherise's Sacrifice

Contrary to widespread belief, she was very much alive.

The security guard stared in disbelief at the woman standing before him.

Maeve confidently strolled into the venue and announced, "Today is my brother's wedding day."

"As his sister, how could I miss the chance to bless my beloved brother and my dear Cherry personally?"

Maeve's sudden entrance sent a chilling breeze throughout the venue, enveloping it in an eerie ambiance.

Cherise furrowed her brow and instinctively shifted her gaze towards Damien.

There was a spark of joy flickered in his eyes.

When the wedding invitations were sent out, Maeve had declared her absence from the event,

Her reason was her dislike for Cherise.

Though she had initially opted out of the wedding, Maeve's unexpected presence had caused some upheaval..

Was her apparent distaste for Cherise a sign of genuine concern for Damien?

Damien released his grip from Cherise's hand and walked towards Maeve.

Finally, he stood before her and said sternly, "Hello there, sister."

"Hmm."

Maeve retrieved a red envelope from her pocket and handed it to Damien, "This is a token of my sisterly affection."

Her brown eyes swept across the room and asked wryly, "Aren't you going to offer me a seat?"

Damien hesitated as he scanned the room.

The venue was nearly at total capacity.

Charisa's formidable presence left an empty seat beside her.

Damien frowned, turning to Charisa, "Maeve, you see..."

"Then I'll have that seat."

Maeve smiled and said coldly, "I can also foster some rapport with this in-law."

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As the celebrations continued, Damien failed to notice the momentary darkness that flickered in Maeve's eyes.

The banquet continued in a blast.

Damien and Cherise soon raised a toast to the Fuoco family's table.

A woman in an elegant white dress rose, her lithe figure grinning at Cherise. "Cherise, do remember who I am?"

"I'm Melanie Fuoco.

Cherise furrowed her brows, fixed her gaze on her, and muttered, "I remember."

Her outstanding quality was her remarkable ability to remember things.

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She remembered Melanie, the second daughter of Fuoco Corporation, who had attempted to sign Ian Philips and establish a private clinic for him.

Fueled by her hatred towards Cherise and Damien, she and her family believed that the Lenoir family had failed to take responsibility for her sister.

But what brought someone of her stature to their banquet today?

“Of course, I came to extend my blessings to the both of you.”

Melanie smiled, her eyes twinkling.

She stood up and raised her glass to Damien, “My sister wasn’t fortunate enough to be with you. so I can only wish Ms. Shaw well.”

Damien glanced at her indifferently, refilling Cherise’s empty glass with wine.

Cherise initially focused on Damien but then turned towards Melanie.

In the corner of her eye, Melanie’s hand grasped a gleaming silver weapon from the table.

Cherise’s heart dropped, and her eyes widened in shock at the dangerous glint.

It was... a dinner knife!

The atmosphere grew taut as Melanie, ready for a menacing act, directed the knife toward Damien’s heart. Cherise swiftly intervened, and the imminent peril hung heavily in the charged.

air.

Pain-surged through her heart.

Melanie had exerted a great deal of force.

The sharp dinner knife pierced through Cherise's palm.

Chapter 514 Blood in the Celebration

Cradling Cherise, he bellowed, "Jacob!" His hoarse voice pierced the air.

Chaos erupted in the venue.

It wasn't just Jacob.

Almost everyone in the room stood up and rushed over.

Charisa, plagued by poor health and consumed by worry for Cherise, knew that standing up would result in fainting.

While everyone else rushed to attend to the bride's injuries, her biological mother remained calmly seated at a distance.

Maeve was seated next to her.

"To the hospital!"

After inspecting Cherise hand injury, he declared decisively, "It appears to have damaged the tendons and bones. We must get to the hospital!"

"Alright!"

As Jacob's words echoed, Damien scooped Cherise into his arms and uttered, "Don't be scared, Cherry."

Cherise's face was blanched from the agony.

But she smiled wearily at Damien and murmured, "I'm not scared."

"It's just a little painful... but I'm okay."

"How would you be?!"

Damien's voice faltered for the first time, "Don't speak, I'll take you to the hospital!"

"What about the wedding?"

The girl asked deliriously as cold sweat beaded her forehead.

"Postpone it or reschedule."

Damien held her tightly and sprinted towards the exit, "You are the priority."

"Your hand is equally important as well!"

A piercing scream echoed through the venue as Damien carried Cherise toward the entrance.

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"Murder!!!"

"Ms. Charisa Miles -!"

The voices sent chills down everyone's spine.

Cherise's eyes widened in disbelief as she struggled to escape Damien's grasp. "My mom!" she shrieked.

Damien's frown deepened, acutely aware of Charisa's fragile state.

If he doesn't let Cherise down now....

He tightly clutched the squirming girl and swiftly dashed back into the venue.

The atmosphere inside the venue was sickeningly unpleasant, as the central area was filled with the stench of blood.

Charisa was nestled in Beckham's arms.

A crimson stream gushed relentlessly from her wounded stomach, staining her pristine white dress.

And beside her stood Maeve, concealed behind a mask, wielding a knife as Zachary firmly gripped her neck.

Zachary's firm grip on Maeve's neck drained the color from her lips.

She would meet her maker with just a little more pressure from Zachary,

Cherise leaped out of Damien Lenoir's arms and cried hysterically, "Mom-!"

Charisa, gasping for breath, gazed at Cherise's blood-soaked hand with aching sorrow and muttered, "Silly girl."

"Your hand is so important. Go to the hospital."

"But your life is more important!"

Tears welled in Cherise's eyes as she held Charisa's hand and sobbed, "Mom..."

How could this happen? How could this happen?

She had just acknowledged her mom not long ago!

She had just forcedly accepted that her mom was about to leave her!

This was her wedding!

This was supposed to be her happiest moment!

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But her mom...

"Cough-!"

Maeve choked and gasped for breath under Zachary's grip.

Maeve smirked defiantly. "Avenge my parents at Dame's wedding... my life is a worthy sacrifice!"

Shut up!”

Zachary’s unyielding grip with a forceful grip left Maeve unconscious.

As the ambulance arrived, they hoisted Cherise, Charisa, and Maeve onto the stretcher.

Little did anyone anticipate that this wedding at the New World Restaurant would end with the bride injured and both the groom’s sister and mom unconscious.

Chapter 515 The Painful Truth

“Your parents’ demise was no accident but a scheme orchestrated by Aunt Charisa.”

Zachary lit a cigarette indifferently outside the hospital. “Aunt Charisa doesn’t make enemies.

for no reason,” he told Damien.

After taking a deep drag of his cigarette, he exhaled smoke, then met Damien’s intense gaze. He continued, “She once told me her only regret was not thoroughly verifying the information.”

“She inadvertently caused Hansen’s wife to be buried alongside him.”

“On that fateful day, her sole intention was to eliminate Hansen.”

Damien sat rigidly on the bench, his fists clenched tightly.

He stared frigidly at Zachary and snarled, “I don’t recall my father having any disputes with the Miles or the Tanner family!”

“He had a bone to pick with Aunt Charisa.”

Zachary closed his eyes and sighed. "You must have heard."

"Once she took on the title of Mrs. Miles, her foremost objective was to eradicate the men who had once disrespected her methodically."

Damien's face went pale as Zachary continued. "Your father was one of them."

His words were like a sledgehammer that struck Damien's heart.

He clenched his fists tightly, gritting his teeth, and seethed, "You're lying!"

"Neither you nor me determine the truth."

"Those men from the past are all dead now."

"Only Aunt Charisa knows the truth about what transpired back then."

"If unsure, ask your grandfather whether your father traveled to Europe nineteen years ago in May."

Damien gritted his teeth.

Nineteen years ago, he was seven.

He was old enough to remember..

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He vividly remembered that his father went to Europe in May of the year he turned seven.

It was said that Dad went to Europe to bring Uncle Raymond back, who was idling and not taking life seriously.

But...

Damien couldn't fathom its true connection to the incident despite his journey to Europe.

He clenched his jaw tightly and vehemently dismissed the idea.

He didn't believe it!

He steadfastly clung to the memory of his parents' harmonious relationship.

No way...

How could it be...

An invisible hand seemed to twist his heart, causing unbearable pain.

"She's awake!"

The emergency room door swung open, and the nurse rushed out and announced excitedly, "They're all alive!"

"All three of them are alive!"

Zachary sprung to his feet, rushed over to where Cherise and Charisa were being wheeled out, and exclaimed, "Thank god!"

Damien couldn't shake the sense of mockery underlying Zachary's exuberant tone.

The last one to be wheeled out was Maeve.

Damien rose from his seat, his attention shifting between Cherise, Charisa, and the Tanner and Miles families surrounding them. He then fixated on the empty space next to Maeve./

He sighed, walked over slowly, and took Maeve's hand.

"Sister."

Maeve was so weak that she could barely speak.

As Damien walked toward her, tears welled up

It seemed her brother truly understood her!

"I know everything now."

in her eyes.

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Damien closed his eyes, and his voice trembled.

But even with his eyes closed, Maeve could see the pain etched on his face.

"Charisa... is the murderer who took the lives of Dad and Mom."

But Charisa was Cherise's biological mother.

Cherise recently pledged to care for and dutifully attend to her mom.

Maeve pursed her lips, held Damien's hand, and asked, "Do you still want to be with Cherise?"

Chapter 516 Whispers of Devotion.

Damien closed his eyes, and a teardrop trickled down from the corner of his eye.

His voice was low and quivered, "I don't know."

Cherise regained consciousness and immediately noticed her right hand wrapped in bandages.

"Mom!"

As Cherise awoke, the first image that flashed in Cherise's mind was Charisa.

The haunting recollection was etched in her memory as she recalled Charisa being carried away on a stretcher, soaked in blood, just before she lost consciousness.

Mom's health was already fragile.

Could she still endure?

"Aunt Charisa is fine."

Zachary rose from his seat, grabbed a pillow, and skillfully positioned it behind Cherise, allowing her to relax against the headboard easily. Reflecting on the unsettling incident, he remarked, "I don't know if Maeve hesitated at the last moment or if it was a mere slip of the hand."

“She didn’t hit any of Aunt Charisa’s vital organs; Aunt Charisa barely managed to pull through.”

“Thirsty? Would you like a glass of water?”

“Mm.”

Cherise breathed a sigh of relief, but when she reached for Zachary’s glass of water, she noticed his heavily bandaged right hand and gasped.

Zachary noticed this, too.

Sensing her concern, he approached with water and gently asked, “Feeling better?”

“Mm.”

The girl nodded.

Zachary set aside the water glass and explained, “Although Aunt Charisa’s condition isn’t critical, her health demands ongoing hospital monitoring. It will take another day to confirm no significant complications.”

Cherise nodded.

“Can I see her then?”

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“Let’s wait until tomorrow.”

Zachary smiled reassuringly, “Don’t worry, Bunny.”

“Trust me -Aunt Charisa is doing fine.”

“I grew up under her care. I care for her as much as you care for her.”

“If anything happened to her, I wouldn’t be sitting here idly chatting with you.”

Cherise pursed her lips, hesitated, and finally believed Zachary’s words.

“Where’s my father?”

“Where else could he be? He’s with Aunt Charisa.”

He chuckled lightly and poured a glass of water. He sighed while drinking, “Mr. Lenoir is devoted.”

“As Aunt Charisa lay unconscious, he clasped her hand, expressing his longing to be by her side in the next chapter of life.”

Zachary’s words trailed off.

Because Beckham also professed, “Ari, if you die, I will die with you.”

Zachary did not share this with Cherise.

Cherise had just recently accepted Aunt Charisa’s illness.

If she knew that Beckham was also contemplating.

Losing her newly acknowledged parents all at once would be too harsh for her.

Finally, Cherise pursed her lips and sighed, setting aside her worries.

After a while, she recalled something and lifted her head slightly.

She opened her mouth, intending to say something, but ultimately, no words left from her mouth.

“Do you want to ask about Damien?”

“Or do you want to ask about Maeve?”

Zachary shook his head lightly.

Her thoughts were unmistakably evident on her face; how could he remain oblivious?

Cherise pursed her lips and lowered her head as she muttered sheepishly, “I want to know about

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both.”

“Maeve is fine; she got a blow from me.”

“She’s already been discharged from the hospital and is back home.”

“Damien...”

Zachary paused.

“He returned to the Lenoir family with Maeve.”

Cherise was taken aback and suddenly looked up.

“He... went back to the Lenoir family?”

No way...

He should faithfully stay by Mom’s side, even if he weren’t worried.

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Chapter 517 The Painful Reveal

How could this be possible....

“Is he returning to the Lenoir family to care for some unresolved matters?”

“Who knows.”

Zachary shrugged and said, “Maybe he needs to verify something.

His demeanor turned severe as he fixed his gaze on Cherise, "But Bunny, I advise you to reconsider your relationship with Damien."

Cherise was taken aback. Her face turned pale as she murmured, "What are you implying...."

She and Damien had just celebrated their wedding.

They had just embarked on their journey of marital bliss.

They had just... started.

"I'm not one to interfere in your personal affairs."

Zachary shook his head gently and smiled, "Despite my affection for you, I've never intervened in your relationship with Damien."

"I'm not one to pry into others' business."

"But Bunny, between you and Damien..."

"There are too many hurdles."

Zachary sighed and spoke softly.

Cherise's heart clenched.

Yet, she managed to look at Zachary with a faint smile, "Why?"

"Aren't Damien and I doing well?"

“It’s just his sister that’s causing trouble...”

“Just because his sister is problematic, doesn’t mean he is...”

Zachary shook his head.

“Do you remember what I told you earlier?”

“Bunny, you should appreciate the times of ignorance.”

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“Because the more you discover, the less joy you uncover.”

“The more you unravel, the more evident the repercussions. You’ll eventually come to know.”

“Damien is already making decisions. I can’t keep you in the dark.”

Zachary took a deep breath and recounted his conversations with Damien about Charisa and

Hansen.

Cherise’s face stiffened, and her smile slowly faded as a cold and sorrowful look plastered.

“Mom... she...”

Cherise was in tears after hearing all of that.

“How could this be...”

No way...

Her mother, a woman of extraordinary aloofness and dignity, seemed unfathomable after enduring such an ordeal.

What kind of man was Damien’s father?

The facts remained undeniable, no matter how much she resisted.

The incident from the past had become the anchor of her mom’s entire life.

She had always wondered why her mom had contracted such a disease.

Why would someone harm her mom when she was young?

Now, everything fell into place.

The past incident changed her mom’s life and impacted her and Damien’s happiness.

Cherise clenched her fists tightly.

After Uncle Shaw started the fire, Damien forgave him, understanding that Uncle Shaw was a pawn in the events.

However, learning that her mom orchestrated the murder of Damien’s parents changed everything.

Damien’s father was the perpetrator who violated and harmed her mom.

Damien and Cherise should have been at odds.

But they found each other and fell in love..

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They celebrated with such a lavish wedding.

Cherise took a deep breath, looked up at Zachary, and said, "Since Mom knew about Damien's identity as Hansen, then why..."

"Aunt Charisa emphasized that parents should not let their actions hurt the child.

"If your love for Damien is sincere and irreplaceable, she's willing to accept your marriage to

him."

"Don't let her past connections with Hansen affect your happiness."

Zachary's words stirred a pang of pain in Cherise's heart..

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Chapter 518 A Mother's Sacrifice

Cherise's jaw gnawed, and her fists clenched tightly..

"Mom..., " she began.

She was willing to relinquish her identity, resentment, and possessions for her well-being.

Because she loved Damien, her mother chose to accept him despite his father's atrocities.

Cherise closed her eyes as warmth and sorrow swirled in her heart.

Charisa had truly devoted her entire existence.

The first half of her life was lived for Beckham.

The second half...

"Compose yourself."

Zachary inhaled deeply and turned to leave.

Cherise remained in the hospital room.

She leaned against the headboard, her gaze fixed on the distant pale wall. Her heart swelled with emotion.

Surprisingly, she reflected on the recent kindness bestowed upon her by her parents.

The tenderness Damien displayed during this time lingered vividly in her mind.

After a while, she opened her eyes and reached for her phone.

The most recent call log was from Damien.

The latest chat record showed that Damien reminded her to get enough rest and be the most. radiant bride tomorrow.

But the fate of this wedding...

She held her phone, hesitated for a while, and finally sent a message to Damien.

“Are you okay?”

The man on the other end of the phone swiftly responded, “I’m okay.”

Cherise pursed her lips and hesitated.

She struggled to convey her thoughts as waves of emotions paralyzed her, yet not a single word.

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escaped her lips.

Following their enchanting wedding at the New World Restaurant yesterday, Cherise and Damien discovered themselves in a state of wordless uncertainty, unsure of what to say to one another.

“How’s your hand?”

After a long pause, the man on the other end of the phone sent another message.

“It’s okay.”

“Are you at the hospital?”

“Yes,”

“Can I come see you?”

“Not now...”

“Okay.”

“I need some quiet time.”

“Okay.”

Cherise closed her eyes and slumped against the bed as if all her energy had been drained after ending the call.

Soon after, the door of the hospital room was pushed open.

Lucy and Mandy entered.

“Lulu...”

Cherise welled up in tears as soon as she saw Lucy.

Lucy walked over, hugged Cherise, and said gently. "If you want to cry, just cry."

"Mandy told me everything."

Cherise was brought to tears profusely by her friend's kindness at that moment.

"I don't know what to do..."

After nineteen years, she was reunited with her family, who welcomed her warmly. Beside her stood a man she had only known for a few months, ready to commit to a lifetime with her.

"Maybe you don't have to make a choice."

Mandy sat down and sighed. "Beckham said they can forgive Damien's family's sins."

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"But he hopes Damien can cut ties with the Lenoir family or Maeve."

Cherise lifted her tear-streaked face and sniffled, "Did Dad say that?"

“Yes.”

Mandy walked over, took a tissue, and wiped Cherise’s tears. “But with Damien’s personality... do you think he would be willing to cut ties with Maeve?”

Cherise’s heart dropped and twisted in agony.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

He probably wouldn’t be willing to.

If he severed connections with Maeve, he would only have Cherise.

And she was the daughter of the enemy who had killed his parents....

Damien wouldn’t consider choosing her, given the circumstances.

The young girl’s heart plummeted and shattered into fragments.

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Chapter 519 Farewell

“This too shall pass.”

Lucy gently patted her back and sighed deeply, “Everything always does.”

“Cherry, it’s up to you whether the grudges from previous generations should affect your feelings. for Damien, Lucy said.

In the days that followed, Damien respectfully kept his distance from Cherise.

She underwent surgery, faced nightmares alone, and visited Charisa – all alone.

“Cherry,” Charisa said, leaning against her bed’s headboard and smiling. “Don’t let my issues affect your life.”

“Mom...”

Cherise’s mind wandered as she gazed out the window. “I have been absent from your life for nineteen years.”

“In your future, too, I’ll remain absent.”

“Your dad is no different – he’s not one to take care of others.”

“Acknowledging him requires dividing your attention, and it’s not glamorous.”

“So, Cherry,” Charisa lowered her gaze, looked intently at Cherise, and said gravely, “I suggest you...”

“Consider this period of your life as a dream.”

“But remember, Damien must stay away from Maeve.”

Cherise bit her lip, held Charisa’s hand and was at a loss for words.

Her parents had both made great sacrifices for her.

She had thought that Damien was genuinely willing to sever ties with Maeve.

Then, perhaps there was still a glimmer of hope for them.

Cherise called Damien after leaving the hospital room.

“Do you want to meet?”

“Okay,”

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Cherise and Damien agreed to meet at her favorite coffee shop.

She was with Ian the last time she was here.

Ian had made her drink a cup of coffee that broke her heart that day.

Cherise felt an eerie sense of familiarity upon returning here.

Before she had finished her coffee, Damien walked in.

She hadn't seen him for a week.

He had lost weight and looked noticeably worn out.

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She admired how he wore the familiar black suit neatly while his face was adorned with light stubble.

He looked at her with obsidian eyes and croaked out her name, "Cherry," still radiating profound affection.

This was the first time Cherise heard him call her with such a strained voice.

"Hmm."

She raised her head a little, trying to muster her radiant smile.

But she couldn't smile.

In the end, her face was etched with more pity than tears.

Damien looked at Cherise's hand, still wrapped in gauze, and asked softly, "Does it still hurt?"

Cherise smiled, "Not anymore."

"That's good."

He took a deep breath and said in despair. This is what I owe you."

"What are you talking about?"

Cherise gave a bitter smile, raised her head, and looked at his cold countenance. "My mom said she wants to go to the Tanner family."

"She grew up in the Tanner family and wants to spend her last days there."

“I plan to go with her.”

There was a long silence in the coffee shop.

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Damien finally broke the silence, “When will you come back?”

“It depends.”

Cherise Shaw picked up her coffee, took a sip, and continued, “Maybe I’ll come back after saying goodbye to my mom, or maybe I’ll bring Uncle Shaw, Aunt Wanda, Mary, Sky, and Tay over there. and never come back.”

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Chapter 520 Broken Promises.

She raised her eyes, smiled at Damien, and said, “Take good care of yourself.”

Damien watched her silently, choosing not to say anything.

He looked at her with deep love but also with resignation.

Cherise felt a wave of guilt washed over her.

Since she had already decided, there was no room for regret.

The young girl took a deep breath and looked up to meet the man's dark eyes. "My parents' issues shouldn't affect our relationship," she said.

"I don't think your sister likes me very much, and I don't believe that will change anytime soon."

"They trust me with you but feel uneasy about me living with your sister."

Damien's gaze fixed on her as his hand tightened around the coffee cup, but he remained silent.

Cherise suddenly chuckled.

She drained her coffee cup and asked, "Don't you find it ridiculous?"

"How could you... how could you possibly sever ties with your sister."

"She is your only family."

"She took care of you for so long after your parents passed away."

"Although her actions were at times misguided, she was ultimately motivated by a desire to avenge your parents."

"Every move she made aimed to protect your family's interests."

"As such, severing ties with her seems unlikely for you."

She swallowed the tear that trickled down her cheek, her voice quivering. "So Damien, let's forget about us."

Cherise stood up, placed her coffee cup down, and spoke softly, "I have left the divorce papers with Lulu."

"Thank you for your care during this time."

"I am sorry, but I must break my promise."

She turned away, tears streaming uncontrollably from her eyes. "I failed to uphold our vows on

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our wedding day."

"I can no longer conceive a child for you."

"You... take care."

She was about to leave.

As she took two steps, someone grabbed her wrist.

His face was twisted with pain as he moaned, "Cherry, can't we go back?"

"We can't go back."

Cherise took a deep breath and explained, "Everything took an irreversible turn from the moment your father and his men barged into my mom's room."

Damien bit his lip, and his voice croaked, "There's a misunderstanding in this

“My father wouldn’t be that kind of person.”

Cherise took a sharp breath.

She fixed her icy gaze on Damien and asked sternly, “Are you accusing my mom of framing your dad despite your insistence that he’s innocent?”

“Why would my mom put her life at stake to frame your father?”

“Nineteen right?”

years ago, neither my dad nor my mom had any connection to the Lenoir family,

“Why would she frame him?” Cherise snarled..

Damien furrowed as he tried to console the angry girl. “I don’t doubt Miles’ family framed my father, but...”

There might be more to this matter.”

Cherise shook off his hand and retorted, “What more could there be?”

At this moment, Cherise was wholly consumed by sympathy for Charisa.

The words spoken by Damien were unbearable for her to hear.

As a woman, she struggled to comprehend the unbearable ordeal her mom must have faced back

then

She was unable to comprehend the existence of any covert information.

It was clear to her that Damien, being Hansen's son, had difficulty accepting the reality of his

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father's true nature.

But all the evidence had laid out before him.

When did Damien start prioritizing family over truth?

She sniffled as she wandered, "I might have overestimated you."