

Marrying 661

Chapter 661 Irrefutable Evidence

"I despise those who resort to deceitful tactics out of envy!" An enraged journalist in the front row stood up and hurled a cup towards Martha.

"Dr. Lane, watch out!" A figure dashed forward at the critical moment and intercepted the flying cup.

The porcelain cup hit the floor with a resounding crash and shattered into pieces.

Isaac, the man who had prevented the cup from hitting Martha, was now drenched with water. He shielded Martha behind him. "Dr. Lane, are you hurt?"

"I'm fine." Martha patted her chest and appeared visibly shaken.

Suddenly, her eyes widened in surprise. "Isaac! You're here!"

Excitement, anticipation, and above all, astonishment flickered in her eyes.

Isaac frowned slightly and nodded. "Yes, I was backstage."

"Excellent!" Martha still hoped to turn the situation around. She held Isaac's hand tightly. "Isaac, tell everyone! You must tell them! Tell them that you received a call from Cherise two years ago! Don't stay silent! Say something!"

Martha became even more agitated. Her knuckles turned white as she gripped Isaac's arm.

Isaac frowned and looked at Martha with a hint of disappointment. "Dr. Lane, no one knows. better than me whether the online recording is genuine. How could you stoop so low as to frame Dr. Shaw... by creating a new recording?"

"I did it for your own good!" Martha's eyes flashed with a hint of madness. "Didn't you delete that recording? I simply recreated one! This is enough to bring down Cherise!"

"But I didn't delete it." Isaac sighed softly and glanced at the podium, signaling someone.

Blake promptly played the second audio clip.

The pacing of this audio clip was slightly slower, and the voice did not resemble Cherise's as much as the first one. Furthermore, although the key points were similar, the tone and parts of the two recordings were different.

Cherise suspected that Martha had lost the original script two years ago. Thus, the wording in the new recording differed significantly from the one two years ago.

Still, Martha's ability to recall the original content vividly despite nearly three years showed

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how meticulously she planned this scheme.

Cherise could not believe Martha's claim that she did it solely to advance Isaac's career.

Martha must have thought that even if the surgery ultimately failed, Cherise would face punishment as long as Isaac spoke up.

However, she did not anticipate Isaac stepping forward and shouldering the blame himself.

After Isaac's recording finished playing, the room erupted into chaos once again.

The modification time displayed on the computer showed two years ago. In other words, this recording was the authentic one from two years ago. On the other hand, Martha's version was rerecorded to

frame Cherise.

Everyone at the press conference was stunned by the revelation.

The hospital director stared at Martha in shock. "You..."

They had worked together for twenty years. Without irrefutable evidence, he would never believe Martha would stoop to such means.

The reporters whispered amongst themselves.

Before coming here, these reporters only knew that Lermille Hospital would clarify the medical incident from two years ago during this press conference.

Chapter 662 You're The Most Absurd

No one expected the press conference to expose the internal power struggle at Lermille Hospital, revealing twists and turns that rivaled a prime-time TV drama.

What was revealed was so bizarre that even a novelist would not dare to include it in their stories.

People whispered among themselves. "Who would have thought that Dr. Lane, with her poised demeanor, is someone who cannot tolerate newcomers?"

"That's not true. It's not because she has an issue with newcomers. She can't stand those who aren't under her control!"

"It's terrifying... This is a hospital! Doctors have a duty to save lives. If the doctors engage in such conflicts in the hospital, the patients will suffer..."

The crowd continued to discuss amongst themselves.

Martha gritted her teeth. “I’m doing this for Isaac’s benefit and the good of the hospital!”

Now that the truth had been exposed, she could no longer maintain the facade. She shrieked hysterically. Tears flowed down her face. “Cherise is not as nice as you people think! She has trapped my most accomplished student, Isaac, in her web! She knew I didn’t like her, so she used this method to force me to accept her! In truth, she is the most malicious, the most despicable person in this hospital!”

Cherise merely laughed. “Dr. Lane, you might be overthinking things. I joined Lermille Hospital to be a good doctor, to treat patients properly, and to research complex diseases. I honestly don’t care whether you approve of me or not. Your feelings for me have no impact. on my work.”

Those words reignited the fury in Martha’s eyes, “If you hadn’t manipulated Isaac, why would he heed your every word? He’s my student. He should be following my instructions! I told him to perform the surgery according to the initial plan. He should have obeyed me!”

“But look at what happened. He insisted on bringing you in, claiming you’re the expert. He said he didn’t dare to operate without your approval!”

“Even though Dr. Carlin and I confirmed the feasibility of the surgical plan, he refused to proceed with the surgery without you!”

She pointed at Cherise angrily. “You have a way of manipulating people’s hearts!”

“A schemer like you claims not to care what others think about you. How absurd!”

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Martha had always appeared poised no matter the situation. Regardless of the duration of the surgeries or meetings, or how much others sweated, she maintained her elegance. Moreover, her makeup was untouched, and her expression was the most amiable.

But now, her hair was unkempt. Her eyes were filled with hatred and malice. She looked like a savage as she pointed at Cherise.

Isaac instinctively recoiled. This was not the mentor he remembered. His mentor was never

like this.

“It’s you who are the most absurd here!” A stern male voice sounded after Martha finished speaking.

Sitting next to Damien, Sven stood up and stared at Martha with a cold and piercing gaze. “Do you recognize me?”

Martha was startled and instinctively looked in the direction of the voice.

Through her disheveled strands, she saw a slender man. He looked vaguely familiar, but she could not recall where she had seen him.

“I’m Sven Stein, the patient involved in the medical mishap two years ago.”

Sven sneered at Martha. “During the surgery, I truly had no idea that such an accident had occurred on the operating table.”

“A few days ago, I saw the true report of my surgery from two years ago.”

The man narrowed his eyes, “I recall when I first visited the hospital, I asked Ms. Lane, who was then an authoritative expert, whether my minor health issue would affect the surgery.

“At that time, you assured me there was no problem, and your plan was foolproof.”

Chapter 663 She Lost Her Mind

“But in reality... the surgery went wrong due to the minor condition I had mentioned earlier.”

“Dr. Roebuck, who performed the surgery, was not informed about my unusual condition, which almost cost me my life on the operating table.”

Sven’s revelation sent shockwaves through the room.

Martha stared at Sven in disbelief. “I...”

“Dr. Lane.” Isaac looked at Ms. Lane with a sorrowful expression. “During lectures, you taught us that a doctor must take responsibility for every patient we treat. So, did you fulfill your responsibility towards Mr. Stein two years ago?”

Martha instinctively stepped back. “I...”

She had dismissed Sven’s concern as a trivial matter.

Therefore, she didn’t give it much thought or inform anyone about the unusual condition.

Despite the mishap in the operating room two years ago, the patient remained unaware and emigrated soon after being discharged...

She believed that no one would discover this and thought she could deceive everyone. However, to her surprise, Cherise and her team managed to bring Sven back.

Confronted by Sven's scrutiny, Cherise's watchful gaze, and Isaac's pained expression, Martha shook her head. "I... I didn't mean to. I just... I..."

She backed away from them. Her fingers anxiously gripped her hair as she repeated like a disturbed woman, "I did it for the hospital... I did it for the hospital... I..."

Her eyes and voice appeared frantic. It seemed as though she had lost her sanity.

"Isaac!" The hospital director frowned but still showed concern for his colleague of over twenty years. "Dr. Lane is unwell. Please take her away."

Isaac pursed his lips and nodded firmly before walking over to support Martha. "Dr. Lane, let's go backstage first..."

"No..." Martha gritted her teeth and glared at Isaac. "You're not the Isaac I know! You're Cherise's puppet! Get lost! Leave me alone!"

She forcefully pulled her hand from Isaac's grasp and retreated from him

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However, she forgot that she was standing on a stage with a five-foot drop between the stage and the floor.

With one misstep, Martha tumbled off the stage and lost consciousness.

The press conference descended into chaos.

Isaac quickly jumped off the stage and carried Martha in his arms. "Dr. Keeples, please continue with the press conference. I'll take her back to the hospital!"

Dr. Keeples watched Isaac walk away and let out a soft sigh.

After a while, when the reporters below finally quieted down, Mr. Keeples took a deep breath and resumed the press conference.

"It is now evident that Dr. Lane framed Dr. Shaw. Our hospital still needs time to decide on the disciplinary action for Dr. Lane. If there are no further questions..."

"I have one." A sharp female voice interrupted Dr. Keeples.

Gwenn, dressed in black, gracefully stood up from the back row. "I have a few questions for Dr. Shaw."

All eyes turned to Gwenn at that moment.

Dr. Keeples looked at her in surprise. "Miss, do you have any questions?"

"Allow me to introduce myself first." Gwenn smiled at Cherise, but her gaze remained cold.

Cherise narrowed her eyes, fearlessly meeting her gaze.

"I'm Gwenn, a reporter from EuroXY Times."

Chapter 664 Gwenn's Accusation Gwenn.

The name immediately caught the attention of all the reporters present, astonished that she had the audacity to appear at this press conference. Her article published in the foreign media had intensified the Cherise incident.

In her article, Gwenn portrayed Cherise as a doctor motivated solely by fame and profit. Her writing set the tone, leading to a surge in public complaints against Lermille Hospital.

Logically, Gwenn should have avoided today's press conference, let alone drawing attention to herself. After all, her role in instigating the situation was undeniable, and it remained to be seen if Lermille Hospital would retaliate.

However, despite the evidence presented on stage contradicting her article, she confidently stepped forward.

"I have been closely following this matter."

Despite the numerous eyes fixed on her, Gwenn remained composed, even elegantly smiling. "I am curious about one thing. As a doctor who deeply cares about her patients, why couldn't Dr. Shaw perform the surgery herself? Why did she have to delegate it to Isaac?"

Dr. Keeples frowned and picked up the microphone to explain. "Dr. Shaw's right hand suffered a severe injury, preventing her from wielding a scalpel or performing intricate medical procedures. She refrained from surgery out of responsibility for the patient's safety."

He took a deep breath and added, "Furthermore, Dr. Shaw's hand has fully recovered. Not long ago, she successfully completed a twelve-hour surgery on her own. Dr. Shaw is a responsible doctor. Are there any other questions?"

Dr. Keeples' words were resolute. They provided a clear defense of Cherise.

However, Gwenn simply chuckled, "Is that so? I have thoroughly examined Dr. Shaw's medical records."

Gwenn smiled at Cherise and continued, "Dr. Shaw, your medical records only indicate a knife wound from five years ago. And this wound had completely healed three years ago."

“To confirm your recovery, I even consulted several specialists in Europe. All of them unanimously confirmed that your injury from five years ago could have fully healed within a year and a half, and it would not have affected your ability to perform delicate tasks, such as surgery.”

Gwenn’s revelations sent shockwaves through the crowd.

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Cherise sat on the stage, her gaze fixed on Gwenn.

So this is why she is here today.

Only she and Zachary knew about her hand injury three years ago.

Once, Kareen accidentally stumbled upon them when she went to see Zachary.

At that time, Cherise instinctively hid her right hand, and Kareen did not notice anything.

Therefore, Cherise thought the incident had been forgotten. But as it turned out, every action had consequences.

Gwenn had chosen this moment to use this matter against her, especially with Damien in the audience.

Cherise clenched her fists tightly.

“This...” Dr. Keeples had not anticipated Gwenn’s preparedness. He hesitated before turning to Cherise.
“Dr. Shaw, this...”

Dr. Keeples had complete trust in Cherise. Over the years, whenever she mentioned seeking treatment for her hand, he had given his approval without question.

He had always believed that Cherise's hand injury stemmed from an incident five years ago. But now, he was perplexed by what Gwenn had brought up.

Chapter 665 Think Before You Speak

The reporters below the stage were equally perplexed.

"Dr. Shaw, could you respond to this directly?"

"Dr. Shaw, we hope you can address this matter..."

Cherise pursed her lips and looked at Gwenn. "So, what exactly is the point you're trying to make by bringing up all these issues?"

"I only want to confirm something." Gwenn smiled faintly. "Dr. Shaw, are you genuinely injured and unable to perform surgery? Or do you lack the mental fortitude to conduct surgery yourself? Perhaps you lacked confidence in your medical skills and used Isaac as a scapegoat.

Her smile gradually turned into a sinister grin, and her eyes gleamed triumphantly. "Dr. Shaw, either way, it proves you're unqualified to be a doctor."

"However, I wouldn't dare to speculate about a doctor's character recklessly, so I hope you can respond directly."

"If your hand is indeed injured, and you're unable to perform surgery, what type of injury was it, where did you get injured, and how did it happen?"

"If your hand is not injured, and you just found an excuse to avoid entering the operating

room..."

Before Gwenn could finish speaking, a reporter below the stage interjected agitatedly, “If she’s just making excuses to avoid performing surgery herself and let Dr. Roebuck bear the risk! Then she is unfit

to be a doctor!”

“Lermille Hospital should kick her out!”

Cherise sat on the stage and looked into Gwenn’s triumphant eyes. Her mind buzzed with thoughts.

My hand... was indeed injured and prevented me from performing surgery.

But... it wasn’t due to the knife wound I sustained five years ago.

It was a burn... from three years ago.

She closed her eyes, finally grasping Gwenn’s motive.

Gwenn was forcing Cherise to choose between her identity as the daughter of the Lunner and

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Miles family and her cherished profession as a doctor.

If she admitted she was not injured but was simply reluctant to perform surgery or that she made Isaac take the risk for her, then her career as a doctor would likely be over.

But if she publicly disclosed the reason for her injury three years ago...

Not only would the Miles family be disappointed in her, but even her grandfather and father would be.

She would become a laughingstock.

Even if they would not disown her, they would never be as close as before.

Cherise reopened her eyes and saw two foreign men beside Gwenn. They had readied their cameras to capture her reaction.

“Dr. Shaw.” Gwenn was still smiling. Her voice oozed triumph. “We are journalists from Europe. Anything you say will be watched worldwide once we broadcast it. You better think carefully before you speak.”

Cherise’s face instantly turned pale.

Damien frowned and looked at Cherise with a conflicted gaze.

He was also curious about what had happened to her.

In his view, everything would be resolved once she explained how her hand was injured. But what nobody expected was...

Cherise took a deep breath, looked up, and smiled at Gwenn. “Sis, I had trauma due to my mother’s death from heart disease and couldn’t bring myself to perform surgery. Didn’t you already know this? Why must you expose me before so many people?”

‘Clap! A phone clattered to the ground.

Not only the journalists but even Dr. Keeples was taken aback. His eyes were wide open with shock.

What’s going on?

This journalist named Gwenn, who published the defamatory article about Dr. Shaw online, is actually... Dr. Shaw's sister!?

Chapter 666 Choose Your Words Wisely

The journalists below the stage were shocked. They quickly prepared their devices to capture the contrast between Cherise's smile and Gwenn's pale expression.

They were intrigued by the sibling rivalry.

Gwenn had previously gone to great lengths to tarnish Cherise's reputation, and now she presented evidence to cast doubt on her hand injury.

It was hard to believe they were sisters.

At this moment, Gwenn stood at the back row among the audience and narrowed her eyes. She gripped her microphone and hesitated.

Cherise had sworn she would never call Gwenn 'Sis' after their intense fallout four years ago. Thus, Gwenn was taken aback.

The word 'Sis' had an unexpectedly powerful impact on the reporters.

Gwenn never imagined that Cherise would choose such a self-destructive method to end this. topic.

"Sis." Cherise suppressed her disgust and smiled at Gwenn. "I understand Dad and Grandpa's frustration with my prolonged absence from home because of my career as a doctor. However, I did not expect you to make me return in this manner."

Cherise stood up with a smile and turned to the hospital director. "Dr. Keeples, I will submit my resignation to your office this afternoon. Everyone is right. I am not suited to be a doctor."

After saying this, she grinned at Gwenn. "It seems my leisurely days are over. Sis, do you truly want me to return and compete with you for the family inheritance? I will grant you your

wish."

Gwenn was left speechless.

She had not anticipated that Cherise, who was cautious even during their arguments four years ago, would retaliate so swiftly. Cherise even openly acknowledged their relationship before everyone, turning what was supposed to be an embarrassing press conference for her into a shared humiliation.

Even Gwenn's colleagues looked at her in astonishment. "Gwenn, is Dr. Shaw really your sister? Why are you forcing her to return home in this manner?"

Gwenn clenched her fists at her sides. She scoffed, "Sis, it has been a long time since we last

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met. You have changed. I did not expect you to confess before everyone that you had Isaac perform the surgery for you due to your psychological issues."

Gwenn struggled to shift the blame onto Cherise, but Cherise was not having it.

Cherise smiled faintly. "Sis, we are even. I did not expect you to be the one writing scathing articles about me abroad. Furthermore, I did not anticipate you coming here to shatter my dream of being a doctor. Since I must give up my dream, I have no choice but to compete with you."

Gwenn gritted her teeth. "Cherise!"

She was genuinely angry.

How could Cherise drag me down like this?

I only planned to make her confess how she was injured three years ago.

Then, I would publish her words and reveal who she truly is. She cannot distinguish between right and wrong, love and hate!

Then, Grandpa, Dad, and everyone in the Miles family will be disappointed in her and realize she is unfit to be Charisa's heir.

However, I did not expect Cherise to promptly give up on her medical career and drag me down!

"Sis, choose your words wisely."

Cherise smiled at Gwenn. "As you know, everything you say and do now is visible to the world."

Chapter 667 You Did Your Best

"Of course, that includes Grandpa and Dad too."

Cherise took a deep breath before standing up from her seat and walking to the front of the stage. Then, she bowed to the reporters. "I sincerely apologize."

"I understand that all of you came here for some news, but unfortunately, it has turned into a family drama."

"It's true that I allowed Isaac to perform surgery on me because I lacked the mental fortitude. and was afraid of making mistakes on the operating table."

"I acknowledge that this was highly unprofessional, but I have gradually overcome it. I am now capable of independently performing surgeries."

"However, since the mistake has been revealed, I have nothing more to say. I will resign and leave Lermille Hospital."

The reporters exchanged uncertain glances, unsure of how to respond. Finally, a female reporter stood up. "Dr. Shaw, will you continue practicing medicine in other hospitals?"

Cherise shook her head. "This is a mistake that will stay with me for the rest of my life."

Then, she glanced at Gwenn and continued, "Besides, with a sister like mine, wherever I go, my

dark history will be uncovered and used against me. So, for now, I will not be practicing as a doctor."

"What a shame..." The female reporter sighed. "You cured my father's illness."

"Even though you were not the lead surgeon, you diligently visited my father every day after the surgery, providing him with postoperative psychological counseling."

"I believe that someone like you does not deserve to be labeled as a failed doctor, even if you cannot perform surgery yourself."

The female reporter looked at Cherise and continued, "Will you still pursue a career in medicine in the future?"

"I'm not sure," Cherise responded with a smile. "Take good care of your father."

With that, she turned to everyone below the stage and smiled at them, including Damien in the front row.

"Everyone, I am going to write my resignation letter. That is all for today. I apologize that you all had to witness this spectacle involving my family."

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After saying that, she turned around and left resolutely in her high heels.

However, Damien noticed her back trembling severely as she turned around. She could not help but react like this whenever she cried..

His brow furrowed deeply, and he swiftly stood up, striding to catch up with her.

"Ms. Gwenn, may I interview you?"

"What is your relationship with Dr. Shaw? Are you real sisters, half-sisters from the same father, or half-sisters from the same mother?"

"What were you thinking when you criticized your sister online?"

"Can you shed light on the rivalry between you and your sister?"

“Is it because you envy Dr. Shaw’s exceptional talent?”

Gwenn narrowed her eyes vengefully as a swarm of reporters surrounded her. Cherise, you will pay for this!

Upon reaching backstage. Cherise took a deep breath, held back her tears, and immediately began packing her belongings to leave.

She reassured herself. You handled everything exceptionally well just now. You did your best.

Confronted with unexpected setbacks, she felt she had managed things commendably, making Gwenn even more humiliated than herself.

But deep down, she could not help but feel a pang of sadness and regret.

After all, being a doctor had been her dream and pursuit for many years. Letting it go felt like a piece of her was being torn away..

However...

She had made numerous mistakes and could not afford to make any more. If her grandfather, father, or the Miles family discovered what happened three years ago....

Chapter 668 I Won’t Judge You

“Cherise.”

Just as Cherise’s hand touched the car door handle, a deep male voice resonated from

behind.

She paused, but continued to open the door. "I need to go home and rest. We can discuss everything else later."

As she spoke, Damien firmly grasped the hand she was using to open the door.

He furrowed his brow, gripping Cherise's hand with one hand while opening the back passenger seat door with the other. He immediately helped her into the car.

"I'll drive. You're not in the right state of mind. It's safer if you don't."

He promptly settled into the driver's seat and started the car.

Cherise pursed her lips in the back seat and watched his back. She tried to control her emotions. "I'm not upset."

"Just because you're holding back your tears doesn't mean you're fine."

Damien sighed softly. His knuckles were prominent as he gripped the steering wheel and set the car in motion. "I remember that being a doctor has always been your dream. You should know that once what you said at the press conference gets out, you might never find a job as a doctor again."

"I know." Cherise sniffled, looking out of the car window. "I'm fully aware of the consequences of my decision."

Damien's frown deepened. "So why give up? Why won't you reveal how you injured your hand?"

There was a tinge of tenderness and helplessness in Damien's deep voice. They had distant that they could no longer share secrets.

“Honestly, my hand wasn’t severely injured.”

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Cherise smiled as she gazed out the car window. She replied softly. “I’m just scared. My mom died of heart disease. My grandma, too, died of heart disease...

“The most important people in my life all succumbed to heart problems. I’m afraid to step into the operating room, fearing I’ll remember them and make a mistake I truly lack the mental fortitude for surgery. It has nothing to do with my injury.

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Although she spoke calmly, Damien noticed a hint of panic in her eyes.

It was the distinctive gaze she had after telling a lie. She was never good at lying, not five years ago and certainly not now.

Damien pursed his lips, wanting to say something. Eventually, he chose to respect her decision. “Since you don’t want to talk... so be it. But when you’re ready to talk, remember to tell me first.”

Damien did not take Cherise home but brought her to his presidential suite in the Syatt Hotel.

Upon entering, he whispered a few words to the attendant.

“I thought you would be taking me home.”

Once they entered the suite, Cherise slumped onto the couch as if all her strength had been drained.

“Your house is too small for you to hide your sadness. The kids will notice.”

Damien sighed softly. He sat down next to her and drew her into his arms. "Here, you don't have to pretend. You can grieve and cry freely. I'm the only person who won't judge you, mock you, or force you to hold back your emotions."

Cherise pursed her lips. She instinctively tried to wriggle free from his embrace. However, he held her even tighter.

With no other option, she gave in and rested her face against his chest. "I'm not upset, 1..."

A knock on the door interrupted her words.

"Mr. Lenoir, your wine has arrived."

Damien's brow furrowed slightly. "Come in."

At his word, the attendant entered with several women carrying an assortment of red wines.

Chapter 669 Are You An Angel?

An array of red wines and spirits adorned the coffee table.

Once the hotel staff left, Damien finally released Cherise and asked, "Which one would you like to drink?"

Cherise was momentarily stunned, realizing that Damien wanted her to drown her sorrows in alcohol. She didn't object to the idea.

Taking a deep breath, she replied, "I don't mind having a drink. But Damien, this doesn't mean my medical career is over. Instead... I'm embarking on a new journey!"

Seeing her maintain a tough facade, Damien smiled and gently poured her a drink. "Here you go."

Cherise sat up straight on the couch and accepted the red wine he offered before downing it in one gulp.

Silently, Damien poured her a second glass, then a third, a fourth...

Eventually, Cherise became so intoxicated that she slumped into Damien's arms, giggling. "Tell me, what kind of job can I do? I'm not very clever. What else can I do if I can't be a doctor?"

"I once considered becoming a lawyer, but I'm terrible at debating. Besides, I'm not very intelligent."

"What do you think I could do? Do you think I would make a decent nanny?"

Damien furrowed his brow at the sight of Cherise's drunken state.

He tenderly pulled her into his arms. "Work can wait. You should take a break first."

"Remember? You promised that if I helped you resolve the issues with Martha and Isaac, you would let the two children accompany me for a while."

Cherise gazed at him and nodded. "Yes, I made that promise!"

Damien smiled and continued, "Are you comfortable with the children traveling to Adania. with me?"

Cherise pondered briefly before shaking her head firmly. "No, I'm not."

Damien sighed helplessly as he observed her. After all these years, Cherise only resembled the girl he had first met when she was drunk.

Over the years, she must have learned many ways to protect herself. But how could she have anticipated that Gwenn would follow her to Lermille?

"If you're worried..."

Damien cunningly retrieved his phone and activated the recording function before asking gently, "Cherise, if you're concerned about the children traveling long distances... Why don't you come to Adania with us? You can join in the fun and keep an eye on us. How does that

sound?"

Cherise held a bottle of wine, thought for a moment, and finally nodded. "Okay."

"Damien... you're a good man."

Sunlight streamed through the window, bathing Cherise's face in a warm glow. Under the radiant sunlight, her flushed face, due to alcohol, appeared exceptionally beautiful.

Damien saved the recording on his phone with satisfaction and smiled at her. "When you said I'm a good man, are you putting me in the friend zone?"

Cherise was startled and quickly shook her head. "No... I genuinely think you're a good person... If it weren't for you..."

She gazed at Damien's face in a daze, smiling innocently at him. "If it weren't for you today, I wouldn't know what to do..."

"And also..." Cherise picked up the bottle, poured herself a drink, and downed it in one gulp. "Without you, I wouldn't have thought about so many things. I wouldn't have expected Dr. Lane to do such a thing..."

Then, she looked at him dazedly before reaching out to touch the sharp contours of his face. "Damien, are you an angel? Why is it that... whenever you appear, many of my problems seem to be solved..."

Chapter 670 You're Worth It

Damien couldn't help but chuckle and gently held Cherise's hand against his face. "Cherry, is it only when you're drunk that you reveal your true feelings?"

He laughed resignedly and leaned down to tenderly kiss her lips. "It seems I'll have to frequently ply you with alcohol."

When Cherise was sober, she would never disclose so much of her innermost thoughts to him. She would also never take the initiative to caress his face and show such intimacy.

Instead, she would hide her true self from him.

"Actually..." Cherise mumbled after Damien released her. Her face flushed as she affectionately gazed at Damien. "You're worth it. I don't regret my decision at all..."

She looked at him with a foolish grin. "I don't regret giving up on my dreams because you are worth it."

Her words made Damien furrow his brow.

She said she didn't regret her decision. Was it because it had something to do with him?

Damien pressed his lips together, cradling her face. His eyes reflected a hint of nervousness and confusion as he closely examined her expression. "What don't you regret? What makes me worth it?"

"I don't regret... my decision." She pursed her lips, still gazing dreamily at him. "You're worth it..."

Cherise giggled as she fell into Damien's arms, nestling her head against his chest. "You were worth what I did three years ago..."

However, she tilted her head and fell asleep before she could finish speaking.

Damien frowned and helplessly looked at the sleeping woman. "Three years ago..."

He wanted to ask her what exactly happened three years ago. But...

Seeing her tired, sleeping face, he ultimately gave up. He couldn't force her if she didn't want

to discuss it.

Moreover, she was already exhausted from the day's events. Now that she was finally asleep, he couldn't bear to wake her up again.

Damien sighed. He gently carried Cherise and placed her on the bed, tucking her in

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carefully.

After that, he glanced at the time and realized it was already past four in the afternoon. It was time to pick up the children from school.

He was about to ask Blake to keep an eye on Cherise when an unfamiliar ringtone echoed in the room.

It was Cherise's phone.

He gently took it out of her pocket and glanced at the screen. It was a call from Zachary.

He frowned and hesitated briefly before answering. "Hello."

"Hello." Upon hearing Damien's voice, the man on the other end fell silent for a moment. "Mr. Lenoir?"

"Yes, it's me," Damien responded calmly. "Mr. Miles, it's been a while."

"You haven't seen me in a long time, but I've seen you. I saw you on TV this morning."

Zachary sounded as mischievous and cheerful as he did five years ago. "How's Cherry?"

"I gave her a few drinks. She's asleep now."

Zachary chuckled dryly. "That's probably for the best."

"What happened three years ago?" Damien took a deep breath and asked.

Although he hadn't been in touch with Cherise for years, he knew Cherise and Zachary had always been close because of Charisa. Therefore, Zachary must have known what happened three years ago, even if no one else did.

"Cherry doesn't want me to tell anyone."

Zachary chuckled softly, "If it were up to me, I'd be more than willing to tell. you. But Cherry warned me that she would cut ties with me if I revealed it. I really like her. Of course, I can't bear to lose her."