

Marrying 681

Chapter 681 Maeve Meeting The Nephew And Niece

Damien's lips remained pressed together for a moment before he finally placed a hand on Isaac's shoulder with a helpless sigh. "I understand. Others might misinterpret her actions, but I never will."

He had witnessed Cherise in her most vulnerable and radiant moments. He knew the purity of her heart and would never misinterpret her intentions, not now, not ever.

However, her trust in him had undoubtedly diminished. But he understood, and he could afford to wait. He would take things slow and gradually work to mend past mistakes.

Meanwhile, as the plane soared through the clouds, Maeve, who should have been resting, sat propped up against her pillows, her eyes filled with warmth as she watched the little boy in front of her manipulating a Rubik's cube.

"You're Ren? But what's your real name?"

"It's Soren," the little boy replied, reclining in his seat with a hint of annoyance. This woman had been bombarding him with questions since they boarded the plane, and it was starting to wear on him.

"Soren..." Maeve echoed the name, clapping her hands in delight. "What a lovely name! And what about your sister?"

Serafina, a lollipop in her mouth, replied with a grin, "My name is Serafina."

Maeve furrowed her brows. "Why do both kids have their mother's last name..."

Turning to Damien, her tone laced with displeasure, she said, "Dame, wouldn't it be reasonable for at least one of the children to bear your name?"

“Why should they take the Lenoir name?” Cherise, seated nearby, shot her an indifferent glance. “From the moment they were born, they have been Shaws.”

Cherise had never hidden the true identity of the children. After all, with Soren’s striking resemblance to Damien, any other claim wouldn’t hold water.

However, these two children were solely raised by her, and her relationship with Damien was nothing more than a close friendship. The suggestion that they adopt the Lenoir name struck

her as absurd.

Did Maeve honestly believe her good intentions could sway the children towards the Lenoir family

Seeing Cherise’s growing irritation, Damien frowned and gently said to Maeve. “Maeve, these

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children are Cherry’s. For the past five years, she has raised them single-handedly. Their names and surnames are entirely her choice.”

Maeve’s brow furrowed further. She meant no disrespect to Cherise’s efforts, nor did she wish to create discord. However, she couldn’t help but think, “These children share the Lenoir bloodline, after all.”

Serafina’s eyes widened in surprise as she subconsciously pinched her arm. “Mommy, isn’t the blood in my body my own? Am I some kind of doll who became a person after a blood transfusion?”

The little girl’s mind conjured up images fueled by whimsical ideas from her cartoons. “Wuuu... Serafina is a toy person...” she mumbled in tears.

Cherise couldn’t help but chuckle as she lifted the little girl into her arms. “You’re not a toy person, my darling. Toy people don’t feel pain.”

With that, she gently pinched her daughter's bottom. "Does that hurt?"

The little girl's eyes welled up with tears. "It hurts!"

"Do you still think you're a toy person?" Cherise asked.

"Wuuu-No! Serafina is not a toy person because my bottom hurts! Now I need two lollipops. to make the pain go away!"

Cherise shook her head, amusement playing on her lips. "Little opportunist."

But even as she said this, she handed her another lollipop. "Those are the last two for today; no more candy, alright?"

"Okay!" The little girl excitedly hopped out of Cherise's arms, continuing to gaze at the clouds outside while enjoying her treat.

On the other side, Soren looked up at Maeve seriously. "Excuse me, Auntie Maeve."

Chapter 682 Bearing The Lenoir Or Shaw's Name?

"Just so you know, my Mommy isn't married to Mr. Lenoir yet," Soren declared firmly. "Since that's the case, we can only use our mother's surname. Even if they get married, changing our names isn't mandatory!"

A slight scoff escaped his lips. "I haven't known anyone but my mother since I was born. I've only known Mr. Lenoir for less than a month and refuse to change my name for a man I barely know! Let's put this discussion to rest."

Maeve was caught off guard, unsure of how to respond. "But..."

"If you insist on bringing this up again, we might have to consider jumping off the plane!" Soren threatened, his tone leaving no room for negotiation.

Maeve was surprised by his strong reaction.

Observing the two children, Damien exhaled a sigh of resignation. "Maeve, please stop bringing this up again."

With that, he moved to Serafina's side and joined her in watching the clouds drift by.

Maeve felt a pang of disappointment. Her suggestion was solely intended for Damien's benefit. Ideally, if Soren and Serafina had reconciled with their own biological father, they should have recognized their lineage and at least allowed people to know that they belonged to the Lenoir family.

However, not only did Cherise and the children reject her proposal, but even Damien. declined!

"It's alright," Charles said, taking her hand. "Damien and Cherise have their own reasons. They have their own lives, and we shouldn't interfere."

Maeve pursed her lips, leaning against Charles's chest in disappointment. "If Dad and Mom were here, they would have said the same thing."

"Shh, Charles said gently, covering her mouth. "Enough."

"The longstanding resentment between Cherise and Damien stems from the previous generation. Why bring them up?"

Maeve pouted, finally falling silent.

The plane continued for five hours, finally touching down at the Adania airport at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Tristan and a young girl dressed in jeans and a white T-shirt were there to greet them.

Clad in a black suit, Tristan stood at the exit with several bodyguards.

As Damien and the others emerged, he quickly directed the bodyguards forward.

Some pushed the bed while others handled the luggage.

Another bodyguard knelt down and asked Serafina, "Little princess, would you like a ride?"

Serafina's eyes lit up as she gazed at Cherise. "Mommy, that uncle is so tall! I want to..."

"No," Cherise replied with a frown.

Disappointment clouded the little one's face. "But Mommy..."

Damien, unable to resist her pleading eyes, finally relented. He turned to Cherise with a reassuring smile. "Don't worry, you can trust him."

As soon as his words left his lips, Serafina was already perched upon the burly bodyguard's shoulders.

Standing nearly two meters tall, the man carefully steadied himself, his hands firmly supporting Serafina's back. "Hold on tight, little princess!" he said loudly.

"Wheeee! I'm flying!" the little girl's joyous laughter echoed throughout the airport, spreading contagious cheer.

Soren watched with his arms crossed. After a while, he turned to Damien and said, "I want to do that too."

Damien was momentarily surprised. He quickly waved his hand to call another bodyguard over.

"I don't want them," the little boy pouted. "I want you. Squat down!"

Damien, taken aback by the unexpected request, hesitated. He hadn't expected Soren not to despise him.

After a moment, he regained his composure and walked over to his son, squatting before him.

Soren climbed onto his father's neck, holding his head, and said coolly. "Let's go!"

While Soren tried to suppress his emotions, Damien could still hear the excitement in his Voice.

He remembered his childhood when he enjoyed riding on his father's shoulders.

Chapter 683 Soren's First Horseback Ride With Daddy

Soren, now a precocious five-year-old, was experiencing the unfamiliar sensation of being in close physical contact with his father for the first time.

His father's heart overflowed with warmth and sympathy as he securely placed Soren on his shoulders and walked forward with newfound purpose.

“Wow, Ren, you’re riding a big horse too!” Serafina exclaimed with unbridled excitement as she watched Soren and Damien. “Next time, we should switch because I also like Mr. Handsome!”

Cherise and Charles walked behind, their faces shaking with amusement as they observed the children.

“So, Dr. Shaw,” Charles began, glancing at Marcy who was being held by the nanny nearby, “when do you plan to let the kids know that Damien is their father? Don’t tell me you’ll wait. until my

child calls me Daddy while these two still don’t know who their own father is.”

A smug smile played on Cherise’s lips as she looked ahead. “Do you honestly believe they don’t know who their father is? They are much brighter than you give them credit for.”

Charles sighed and continued walking. “You’re right.”

Suddenly, Cherise’s gaze shifted towards the exit. “Look, who’s that girl? Tristan’s girlfriend?” she inquired, her voice tinged with a frown.

Charles furrowed his brow as he followed Cherise’s gaze, his expression changing dramatically. “Why is she here?” he uttered, his voice betraying a hint of alarm.

Cherise couldn’t help but wonder when she saw the girl in jeans and a white T-shirt standing beside Tristan. If she wasn’t Tristan’s girlfriend, then who could she be? After all, someone who had the honor of picking up the Lenoir siblings with Tristan couldn’t just be a random person, right?

In the blink of an eye, the tall bodyguard carrying Serafina had already reached the exit.

“Brock, where did this little girl come from? What a pretty and sweet child!”

Brock, the bodyguard, smiled faintly, squatted down, and gently placed Serafina on the ground. “Here you go, Little Princess. This is your stop. I’ll let you off here.”

"Aye-aye, Captain!" Serafina exclaimed, jumping down with a mischievous grin. Not forgetting her newfound friend, she playfully patted Brock's shoulder. "You're like a giant! Can I ride with you again sometime?"

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Brock chuckled and nodded. "Of course, little princess."

The girl, struck by the repeated use of the "little princess" endearment for Serafina, frowned. "Why do you keep calling her that? Whose child is she?"

"She's mine," came a deep, masculine voice behind her.

The girl turned around, her eyes widening in surprise as she saw Damien and his mini-me, Soren, slowly approaching on Damien's shoulders.

"You..." she gasped, her eyes wide with astonishment. Her voice rose involuntarily, "Your child?! Damien, did your ex-wife have two children with you?"

Damien's brow furrowed as he crouched down and helped Soren off his shoulders. "Take your sister to Mommy," he instructed.

Soren hesitated, wanting to stay and listen, but ultimately complied. He walked over to his sister, took her hand, and urged her to come along. "Come on. Let's go, Sera!"

Once the two children were out of earshot, Damien offered a faint smile, one hand casually slipped into his pocket. "Yes. Cherry and I have two children together."

The woman's eyes widened further, her tone shifting dramatically. "Then what about Weena!" she exclaimed.

Damien responded indifferently, "What will happen, will happen."

The woman pursed her lips, about to retort, but then witnessed the little boy who had just led his sister away run towards a woman and raise his head to greet her with a sweet, "Mommy!"

Her face contorted in disgust. "You even brought your ex-wife here!?" she spat.

Brock, the bodyguard, frowned slightly and offered a gentle reminder in a low voice, "Please be mindful of your volume, Ursula. Do you want everyone to hear you?"

Chapter 684 Ursula And Rowena

Ursula finally gathered the courage to confront Damien. Her voice, filled with tension, broke the silence. "Damien," she began, "we need an explanation! Weena risked her life for you. She faced the flames alone, suffering burns in the process! She even donated blood, the very blood that kept you alive!"

Ursula tightened her fists and continued, "You can't ignore her feelings for you! You claimed to visit your sister in Lermille, and Weena, in her innocence, believed you. However, I suspected something was amiss and encouraged Weena to confront you. Even then, Weena was willing to step aside if you and your ex-wife were to reconcile."

"Her love for you is deep, yet here you are, flaunting your ex-wife and children in her face?" Ursula's voice rose with indignation.

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Damien's stride faltered. A sneer formed on his lips as he looked down at Ursula. "Firstly, my relationship with Rowena is none of your concern. Secondly, I have never made promises to her or considered her anything more than a sister. Thirdly, the compensation she has received from me over the years far exceeds what she has done for me. If you still think it's not enough, feel free to set me on fire again."

He continued, his voice devoid of emotion, "If you expect me to abandon Cherry and the children for Rowena's sake, then I'd say you're delusional."

With that, he dismissed Ursula and turned his attention to Cherise.

A tender gaze met Cherise's eyes as he engaged her in a gentle conversation, ignoring Ursula as they exited the airport. "It's been five years since you've been back. Do you miss this place?"

Meanwhile, Ursula remained rooted to the spot, her fists clenched, her lips pale from biting. Witnessing her distress, Charles walked up to her.

Looking up at Charles with resentment and confusion, Ursula voiced her frustration. "What's so special about his ex-wife?"

She knew that Charles was acquainted with the Lenoir siblings. However, she was unaware that Cherise was the doctor from Lermille, the one Charles had sought for Maeve.

Assuming Charles, like her, was unaware of this connection, she felt empowered to express her grievances freely "Do you know my sister saved Damien... and suffered burns on her feetes

With tears welling in her eyes, Ursula turned to Charles, her voice trembling with emotion

If it weren't for my sister back then, Damien wouldn't be here today How can he just reconcile with his ex-wife and disregard Weena's sacrifice like that? What else is left for her if he walks away like that?

Charles sighed, patting Ursula's shoulder comfortingly. "I remember Weena being independent not too long ago. I have no doubt she will find true love one day."

Ursula was taken aback, her eyes wide with disbelief. "Charles, even you... even you are charmed by Damien's ex-wife, thinking she's good?"

Charles frowned, his annoyance becoming evident. "What are you implying? Dr. Shaw is an exceptional woman; she and Damien clearly have a strong connection. Even though Weena saved Damien's life, she can't force him to leave a happy family, can she?"

Ursula was somewhat surprised by Charles's reprimand. In her memory, Charles had always been kind and supportive towards her and Weena.

"But..." Ursula stammered, attempting to defend her position.

"No 'buts'!" Charles interjected, taking a deep breath to control his emotions. "Was it Weena's idea or yours for Damien to be with Weena?"

Ursula was startled by the direct question and quickly replied, "It... it was me. Even if Weena didn't say it, I'm her sister; I know how much she likes him!"

Chapter 685 Aggrieved Ursula

Ursula persisted, her voice filled with anger, "And why would Weena risk her life to save Damien if she didn't have any feelings for him?"

As she spoke, a sense of injustice fueled her words. "Weena saved him. He should be grateful to her!"

Charles scoffed, his voice tinged with derision. "Heh. Do you realize how many lives. Damien's ex-wife, Cherise, has saved as a doctor? If saving someone means being indebted to them for life, then who would dare seek medical help in the future? It would mean marrying the doctor every time!"

Ursula was speechless, momentarily struck by the harshness of Charles's words. She fought back tears, swallowing the bitter lump in her throat. "I... Fine!"

With trembling fingers, Ursula pulled out her phone. "I will inform Weena that we have to leave immediately! Even with her injured foot, I'll wheel her out in a wheelchair and return. to our modest home in the city village. I'll find any job I can and support her! And no matter what, we won't trouble

the Lenoir family anymore! Because damn it, she was foolish to get herself injured and limp for saving this ungrateful person in the fire!”

Charles, deeply perplexed by Ursula’s outburst, frowned and gently held her hand. “Hey, did we ever say we wouldn’t cover Rowena’s medical expenses? Did we ever say we wouldn’t help both of you? You need to understand that repaying a favor doesn’t mean controlling. Damien’s marital life.”

He paused, his gaze unwavering yet kind. “If you truly believe you’re doing the right thing, then make the call. But remember, sometimes the one who feels most embarrassed is the one who walks away.”

He paused again, his voice taking on a sharper tone. “And you plan to solely support Rowena with your own earnings? Are you sure you can handle that?”

Ursula was left speechless. Of course, she didn’t really want to call Rowena, but her emotions had gotten the better of her.

Just then, Cherise approached them, wearing a coat and pushing a suitcase. “Damien, who is this young woman you’re talking to?”

“A friend’s sister,” Damien replied, walking alongside her without hesitation.

Cherise raised an eyebrow. “A friend’s sister? What kind of friend? A girlfriend?”

Damien’s response was immediate and decisive. “I only have an ex-wife, no girlfriend.”

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Then, a wry smile appeared on his face as he looked at Cherise. “But then again, an ex-wife can always become a girlfriend again; what do you say?”

Cherise shot him a glare and walked away, with Damien following closely behind.

Behind them, Ursula, observing Damien trailing after Cherise, angrily snapped a picture of their retreating figures and captioned it, "Look at this! Damien doesn't deserve your time and affection, Weena!"

Moments after sending the photo, Ursula's phone rang. A weak and trembling voice.

answered, "Lula, how many times have I told you not to go to the airport and cause trouble? Why won't you listen? Damien and his ex-wife..."

The voice on the other end trembled slightly, laced with a hint of both tears and helplessness. "Damien can be with whoever he chooses. It has nothing to do with us..."

Ursula, fixated on Damien and Cherise's backs, grew angrier and more frustrated with each passing moment. "No, Weena! This is absurd! You risked your life to save him three years ago because you cared for him! And he... that man is just an ungrateful person!"

Rowena's voice wavered between anger and helplessness. "Lula! Don't be ridiculous! I saved him willingly. You should leave there and come home now. After all, if he reconciles with his ex-wife, I'm happy for him, understand? Don't cause him any trouble, and... Whatever you do, don't mention my recent illness to him."

The moment Rowena finished speaking, Ursula slapped her forehead in realization. "Ah, right!"

Chapter 686 "More Drumsticks For Mommy; Fewer For Sera"

Ursula's eyes narrowed with determination. "Yes, I must confront him! You've been feeling unwell lately, even rushing to the emergency room twice this week. Yet, he returns with his ex-wife, lavishing her affectionately, without even a moment to spare for you! It's unthinkable!"

"No, Lula..." Rowena's voice trailed off as Ursula abruptly ended the call and stormed off, intent on confronting Damien and Cherise.

Back in her hospital ward, Rowena gazed at her heavily bandaged feet, a soft sigh escaping her lips. She had stood by Damien for three years, and now his ex-wife loomed as her first, perhaps her last, formidable opponent.

Meanwhile, after instructing Mr. Hampson to take their luggage home, Damien escorted Cherise and their children to the New World Restaurant.

This marked Cherise's first visit to the restaurant in five years.

As she

surveyed the familiar surroundings, memories flooded back. She remembered when she had encountered Mandy while savoring chicken legs with Lucy. Back then, Mandy had been a pawn in Maeve's game.

But the tables had turned. Now, Mandy held a prominent position within the Tanner family in Europe.

In truth, Cherise owed her peaceful years to Mandy's unwavering support. Though technically younger, Mandy acted with the maturity and protectiveness of an elder sister.

Alongside their grandfather Aaron, Mandy flawlessly steered the Tanner Group's European operations. The skills instilled in her by Maeve blossomed into a confident leadership, making her the very embodiment of the Tanner family's strength and resilience.

Yet, regardless of the occasion, whether she was interacting with business partners or shareholders, her introduction remained humble: "Hello, I am Ms. Charlotte Tanner's confidante and personal assistant at work, her trusted butler at home, and most importantly,

her dear sister."

As she reminisced, a smile touched Cherise's lips.

“Wow, this chicken leg is delicious! Tastes just like Mr. Handsome’s!” Serafina exclaimed, digging into her meal with gusto.

Soren, ever the cool one, remarked, “Perhaps Mr. Lenoir learned his culinary skills here”

Damien chuckled, placing a chicken leg on Cherise’s plate “Spot on. Ren You know I learned it to win your mother’s heart.”

Soren smirked, a hint of amusement in his eyes despite his feigned disapproval.

“No, no, no!” Serafina protested as Damien placed one, two, and three chicken legs on Cherise’s plate. “Mommy can’t eat that much! Give some to Sera, please!”

Damien chuckled. “Sera is a growing girl. You need to watch your figure, so there are fewer chicken drumsticks for you.”

Serafina’s pout deepened. “But Mommy is a girl too!”

“But Mommy looks better with a little extra weight,” Damien explained, his mischievously. “It keeps the other boys away, so she’s all mine.”

eyes winking

Serafina’s eyes widened, momentarily confused. Then, with a burst of anger, she declared, “You’re mean!”

Cherise cast Damien a helpless look. “Hey, you shouldn’t say such things in front of the kids, alright?”

Damien simply smiled. “She’ll understand when she’s older.”

However, their peaceful dinner was interrupted by the abrupt opening of the private room. door.

Cherise immediately recognized the girl who stormed in, anger etched on her face the same girl from the airport.

Still clad in jeans and a white T-shirt, Ursula seemed to have arrived in a hurry. Her locked on Damien as she declared, "You have no idea how difficult it was to find you!"

Chapter 687 The Mortis Sisters Feud

"So, it was Blake who prevented me from entering!"

While seated, Damien casually raised an eyebrow and clarified, "I didn't specifically instruct Blake to stop you; rather, I gave him a general order to prevent any interruptions."

Ursula's eyebrows arched as she scoffed, "Any interruptions?"

"Damien, are you suggesting that I'm a nuisance?"

Her icy gaze swept over Cherise and the two children in the room.

"Ah, I see. When your ex-wife and children are around, I'm practically invisible."

Upon mentioning Cherise and the two children, Damien furrowed his brows and questioned, "What is it that you want?"

Ursula smirked at Damien, "Rowena is in the hospital fighting for her life. Are you planning to visit her?"

Damien's face remained hardened as Ursula confronted him, "Hospital visits and Rowena, they seem to go hand in hand."

Ursula's words caught in her throat.

Right.

She scoffed, "So, you

know?"

"Ever since Weena met you, the hospital seems to be her second home."

"And you? You're here indulging yourself while she's alone in the hospital, struggling with her.

illness!"

Ursula pointed at Cherise's nose, scoffing. "You're Damien's ex-wife, aren't you?" Ignoring the two children nearby, she continued, "Ever since Weena met you, she's been constantly in the hospital!"

Im not interested in you and Damien's divorce, but the separation implies a lack of compatibility, doesn't it?"

"All of a sudden. Damien has my sister Rowena by his side, and you decide to make amends return to Adania with him, and bring along two children'

"Oh, the prodigal ex-wife returns only when there's competition for what used to be hers

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Cherise was utterly perplexed by Ursula's tirade.

She raised an eyebrow, glancing at Ursula's flushed face, "Perhaps taking a moment to collect your thoughts and having a sip of water might help. I'm not following what you're saying."

She really couldn't understand Ursula's frustration.

But to Rowena, these words were more than a challenge; they felt like a blatant provocation.

Ursula pounded the table angrily, looked at Cherise with a piercing gaze, and asked furiously. "What exactly are you insinuating?"

"Are you belittling me because of my age, suggesting I lack coherence?"

Cherise frowned slightly and snapped, "That's not what I was implying."

"That's precisely what you were implying!"

Ursula turned her head, her gaze filled with disdain as she snarled at Damien, "Are you going to allow your ex-wife to insult the sister of the person who saved your life?"

"Remember, without Weena, you wouldn't even be alive now! Do you have the leisure and time to rekindle your past romance with your ex-wife?"

Damien's brows furrowed tightly as he warned, "Ursula, keep it down, or you'll find yourself outside sooner than you think."

"Go ahead!"

Ursula retorted boldly, "This is the 5th floor; if you throw me down, I'll die!"

"Everyone will still see the real you, Damien!"

"My sister risked her life to save you, and you want to harm her sister for your ex-wife!"

The man stood still, his hands clenched tightly.

After a while, he took a deep breath and pulled out his phone; his voice was hoarse. "Blake, escort her out."

Ursula's eyes widened and she yelped. "I'm not leaving!"

I'm not leaving! I want to see what you'll say and do behind Weena's back with your ex-wife!"

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Before she could finish her sentence, Blake, dressed in dark blue, stormed in from the door and dragged her away.

"Damien! You'll pay for this! I'm going to tell Weena!"

"I..."

"Weena has been revived several times these past few days! And this is how you treat her..."

Chapter 688 The Return Of The Prodigal Ex-wife

Cherise stood still, her gaze fixed on the path Ursula had angrily stormed away from-the echoes of Ursula's enraged voice still ringing in her ears.

She smiled gracefully, stood up, grabbed her coat, and commented, "Mr. Lenoir, it seems you've had a successful five years."

"Being both the family savior and the dear sister-in-law. The kids and I will excuse ourselves then."

Cherise scolded and turned to the two children, "Let's go."

"We'll stay in a hotel tonight."

Initially, Damien had planned for the children and Cherise to stay at Lenoir Manor.

He justified his decision by citing safety concerns in the outside world and considering hotels too expensive.

However, Cherise didn't find hotels expensive; she found them inconvenient.

Damien insisted that if she took the children to a hotel, he would send Blake, accompanied by bodyguards, to secure the hotel entrance and conduct security checks on other guests, fearing potential harm to his children.

Given Damien's prominent status in Adania, he undoubtedly had numerous enemies.

Cherise found this arrangement troublesome, so she had agreed to stay at Lenoir Manor.

But now it seemed....

Sera's eyes

widened and exclaimed, "Mommy, didn't you say we would stay at handsome Uncle Shaw's house?"

Cherise smiled faintly and lifted Sera, "Uncle Shaw's girlfriend wouldn't approve."

She turned her smile to Soren.

Soren understood and hopped off the chair, grabbing Cherise's bag as he exclaimed, "Mommy, let's go!"

Damien furrowed his brow and raised his hand to stop Cherise, "Cherry, Rowena isn't my girlfriend, she's just..."

Just someone who saved your life, right?

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Cherise smiled at Damien; her clear eyes were filled with resignation. "Since she was injured saving you, you should take responsibility for her," she stated.

She paused for a moment, her eyes conveying a subtle meaning, and continued, "But, Mr. Lenoir, you should also take care of your future."

"Managing one lifesaver might be doable, but dealing with two might prove more. challenging."

Damien furrowed his brow and protested, "But Cherry, Rowena and I have never..."

"I understand."

Cherise looked up at him and smiled, "but she has feelings for you."

"She saved your life just to be with you.

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"Your indecisiveness is making everything difficult for us. I hope you figure things out."

She took a deep breath, her eyes filled with a hint of exasperation as she added, "Take care of yourself,"

"As for taking the children out to play... let's postpone that for now."

"Before making any decisions, consider visiting the person who saved your life."

Cherise remarked, and she picked up Sera and left with Soren.

Damien stood still, contemplating whether to follow and provide an explanation.

Yet, as he pondered.

She didn't seem to require his clarification.

From her recent words, she understood the entire situation.

She was a perceptive woman,

She clearly expected the issues to be resolved before being contacted.

The man took a deep breath, pulled out his phone, and dialed a number, saying. "Help me take care of her."

The man on the other end of the line was silent for a moment and deflected, "Damien, why should I babysit your precious children for you?"

Damien furrowed his brow as he thought of Lennon.

On the other end of the line, Lennon was silent for a moment, then his voice suddenly grew stern, "Damien, do you even realize why you lost her for five years?"

"It's because you failed to court her when it mattered and neglected to pursue her when you had the opportunity!"

"She's probably upset now, and you just let her walk away?"

Chapter 689 Come Home

"Do you still expect me to look after them for you? If I take care of the children and Cherise, they will become mine!"

"You wouldn't dare."

Damien's hand trembled as he held the phone. "Then go check on Rowena."

"And what about you?"

"I'm going after my darling."

He ended the call and stormed out.

As he reached the ground floor, he saw Cherise hailing a taxi with their two children.

He pulled her into his arms and roared, "Come home with me!"

Cherise frowned and pulled away from his grip. "Home?"

In Adania, the concept of home had long eluded her.

But her strength was no match for Damien's.

He held her tightly and whispered, "Cherry, you haven't been home for five years. Frances and the others miss you. Don't you want to come back?"

"And the tree you planted in the yard, and..."

He looked at the two little ones beside him and said, "They've never come back to see where we used to live."

Cherise struggled against his firm grip, glaring at him hotly. "I told you to settle things with

savior before coming to me!"

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"There's nothing to settle."

Damien's piercing gaze bore into Cherise and asserted, "I have nothing to hide from her; why should she affect our relationship?"

Cherise was surprised and a little confused by his firm and determined attitude.

He had always been a sentimental man in her memory.

It was surprising how coldly he treated his savior.

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Yet, to some extent, she had also saved his life once.

While Cherise was momentarily distracted, Damien took the opportunity to gesture to Mr. Kolson, who was standing nearby.

When Cherise regained consciousness, she found herself and the two children inside. Damien's car.

The driver, Mr. Kolson, thoughtfully lowered the partition, separating the family of four from the driver.

Cherise pursed her lips, looking at Damien helplessly, and admonished, "Aren't you afraid that your savior would be angry if you took us home?"

Damien held her hand tightly, his voice low but gentle. "She has no right to be angry."

"She should be happy for me."

Cherise pursed her lips, and a warmth filled her heart.

She knew Damien would never ignore Rowena and would always be grateful to his savior.

However, at this moment, his willingness to prioritize her made her genuinely happy.

“But she wants to be with you.”

She uttered the truth softly.

“Cherry.”

He tightened his grip on her hand and said, “You might find it disappointing if I claimed not to care about her.”

“But the truth is... even though she saved me, I won’t be able to repay her with my body. I can offer her everything I have except... my feelings.”

His dark eyes stared at her. “Give me some time; I will take care of everything”

Cherise pursed her lips and exclaimed, “That’s what I meant just now, you handle things with her first, and then the children and I

Managing your situation with her, spending time with the children and returning to Lenoir Manor aren’t contradictory”

The man’s voice was low and gentle, and he added. “Lennon was right?”

Chapter 690 Emotionally Drained.

“Five years ago, I trusted your words, believed we needed a break, and let you slip out of my life for five years,” he confessed.

“I promise, no matter what comes our way, I won’t let go of your hand again.”

Damien's intense and unwavering gaze mirrored Cherise's determination when she vowed to bear his child.

Cherise felt her throat tighten as she looked at Damien's determined face.

Finally, she could only sigh softly, "Alright."

"But I hope you can sort things out with her soon."

"I insist that we prevent a recurrence of disturbances like the intrusion by the Mortis sisters into our private space," Cherise said sternly.

Damien pressed his lips together and nodded emphatically, "I promise."

Finding solace in his words, Cherise sighed heavily, leaning her weary head on his shoulder, and murmured, "I'm just so tired."

She was exhausted.

After a long day's journey, she was not only physically tired but also emotionally drained.

Every day spent with Damien was a test of endurance.

As Mandy kept an eye on the Tanner family, the looming question persisted: What if shareholders discovered her amicable relationship with Damien? How would they react?

Yet, she couldn't bring herself to reject Damien.

The weight of pressure had led her here, convincing herself she was only taking the children

for a short vacation.

As she disembarked from the plane, she was immediately ambushed by the unexpected reappearance of his lifesaver.

The heartbreak that had shattered her five years ago was still palpable

But

She closed her eyes and the indignant voice of Mandy during last night phone call blared

“Cherry, I heard it from Lucy!”

“You can’t deceive yourself.”

“If you can find affection for someone new, you will have moved on over these five years.

“Even with someone as perfect as Zachary by your side, it appears there’s still a lingering soft spot in your heart for Damien.”

“Why should we worry about the shareholders’ opinions and actions? Even if Damien is considered as the Tanner and Miles families’ enemy, think about the possibility of creating a crisis that only Damien can resolve.”

“Wouldn’t these profit-driven individuals then come to hold Damien in high esteem?”

“Don’t overthink this. If Damien is still worth your effort, give him another chance and, more importantly, give yourself another chance...”

Cherise closed her eyes, feeling the comforting warmth of the man beside her and his steady breath.

She didn't decide to come to Adania with him lightly.

Yet, she braced herself for the storm that awaited.

She also hoped that he wouldn't make her regret she had the chance to confront those storms.

"Take a rest."

The man's large hand gently cradled her shoulder, allowing her body to rest comfortably against his. His voice, low and soothing, cooed, "When we get home, I'll carry you inside

His words held a captivating spell

After hearing his comforting words Cherise soon fell asleep on his shoulder