

## **Marrying 701**

### **Chapter 701 Unveiling The Truth**

“Damien is quite a catch, isn’t he? He was the heir to the Lenoir empire, with seemingly endless wealth and power at his disposal. If I were in your sister’s shoes, I wouldn’t let such an opportunity slip away either. Marriage certainly seems like the most logical course of action, wouldn’t you agree?”

Cherise’s eyes sparkled with amusement, but her smile sent a chilling vibe, causing Ursula to instinctively recoil.

Ursula stammered, her face turning crimson, and retorted, “You... what nonsense is this?! Weena is not the woman you claim her to be; she’s definitely not some gold-digging opportunist! When she rescued Damien, she had no knowledge of his wealth or position. If it weren’t for his public plea to find the girl who saved him, she would have never sought any recognition or compensation!”

Ursula paused before declaring indignantly, her voice filled with righteous anger, “And who are you to accuse my sister with such audacity? Three years ago, Damien was trapped in a fire. My sister, Weena, bravely risked her own life to save him. Her feet were severely burned in the process, and she still struggles to walk today. This is a debt Damien undeniably owes her!”

This was Ursula’s default counterargument, a defense mechanism honed to deflect criticism towards her sister. However, this time, its impact on Cherise was far more profound than intended. While Cherise was aware that Rowena had saved Damien, she didn’t know that she was the one who had rescued him from the fire.

Despite their five-year estrangement, Cherise still held a flicker of affection for Damien. She had entrusted Zachary with keeping her informed about his life. From his reports, Cherise understood that the only major incident involving Damien was the fire three years ago. Yet, the one who pulled him from the flames was not Rowena but Cherise herself.

The fire-resistant scrapbook, a tangible symbol of their enduring bond, had been rescued from the flames, only to become a painful reminder of their past.

Cherise had inadvertently grabbed the scrapbook in the urgency of saving Damien, unaware of the potential danger. It was only after Damien’s ambulance had departed that she realized the severity of the burns on her right hand.

This secret she had closely guarded for years, for in the eyes of the world, Damien was her enemy. But only Cherise knew that he would forever remain her beloved deep within her heart.

Tucked away in the hidden corners of her study lay a metal scrapbook, its weathered surface a testament to the passage of time.

In the quietest hours of the night, when sleep eluded her, Cherise would reach for it. It was a portal to a past filled with shared laughter and whispered secrets.

In hindsight, she realized that she and Damien had a deeper connection than she had ever acknowledged. He took pleasure in exploring Shaw Village, her hometown, flipping through her photo albums and diaries, trying to etch every smile and moment of hers in his mind and heart. And she, in turn, found solace in those scrapbooks, clinging to the joy and laughter they had once shared.

Suddenly, Ursula's voice broke the silence, its smugness unmistakable in her remark, "Humph! Are you mesmerized? Impressed by my sister's heroic actions, huh?"

She interpreted Cherise's contemplative gaze as admiration for Rowena's bravery and continued. "Damien was a guest at the hotel where Weena worked when the fire broke out. Unaware of his identity, she selflessly rushed into the blaze to save him. Her heroic act deserves all the comfort and material rewards she has received."

Ursula's words sharply contrasted with the cherished memories Cherise held.

Cherise replied with a measured smile, concealing the storm brewing within her. "I see. Your sister is truly selfless and compassionate."

Selfless and compassionate enough to claim credit for someone else's deeds, to revel in Damien's gratitude, and to accept his compensation without a burdened conscience.

Chapter 702 Cherise Harnessing Her Power

"Tell me about it," Ursula replied, oblivious to the sarcasm laced in Cherise's words.

“So, my advice is: back off. Damien and my sister have a bond that surpasses time, a connection you could never replicate. Even if you reconcile, jealousy will poison your relationship, leading to constant conflict. So, why subject yourself to such misery? Wouldn’t it be easier for everyone if you just let them be?”

Unaware of the sting, Ursula pressed on, “Speaking of which, I heard that Damien never even bought you a house or a car during your time together, right? How fortunate for my sister and me! He bought her a house three years ago, and I just received a brand-new car this year!”

Ursula’s gloating peaked as she declared, “I think it’s pretty clear who Damien truly values, right?”

Cherise smiled back, “Confidence is certainly admirable. However, I believe you’ve misunderstood. Not everyone is as desperate and lacking self-respect as you and your sister.”

Ursula’s smug grin faltered. “... What did you say?” she demanded, her voice rising. “Say that again!”

Unfazed, Cherise maintained her gentle smile. “I believe I have made myself perfectly clear. I have no need for Damien to buy me a house or a car. If I desired such things, my parents could easily provide them, but I declined their offers.”

“Everything I had before coming here, the house in Lermille, the car, I built it all myself,” Cherise declared, her voice resonating with confidence. “A woman of substance doesn’t rely on her parents or a man. She earns her own way, and that’s where true self-respect and confidence are born.”

She continued, her gaze unwavering, “Especially not from a stranger, someone whose kindness is motivated by mere gratitude.”

“In my eyes,” she declared, her voice now icy, “you and your sister, Rowena, are nothing more than parasites, invertebrates clinging to others for survival.”

Ursula, who had been reveling in the glory of Rowena’s accomplishments, bristled like a cornered animal. “You!” she spat, dropping whatever she held and lunging at Cherise. “How dare you speak of my sister and me in such a way! Even Damien wouldn’t stoop so low!”

Cherise's lips curled into a sentimental heart, wouling smirk as she effortlessly evaded Ursula's attack, "Damien, bless his sentimental heart, would never utter such harsh truths about his 'savior,'" she said, her voice dripping with disdain. "But I do."

Dodging Ursula's next wild lunge with the grace of a matador, Cherise continued, "And let's be perfectly clear, you and your sister, Rowena, are beneath my contempt. You're mere specks in my eyes, unworthy of my attention. Have I made myself sufficiently clear?"

Cherise's voice rang with authority.

"You-!"

Ursula launched a series of futile attacks, each effortlessly countered by Cherise. Frustrated and flustered, Ursula could only point childishly at Cherise's nose while spewing insults. "How dare you speak to me and my sister like that!" she raged.

"You pretend to be so high and mighty, so pure and untouched. You boast about owning your own car and house, yet here you are, living off Damien's wealth! Explain yourself!"

She pressed, "This is Damien's property. And those two country bumpkins clearly are your impoverished relatives you've dragged along, aren't they? Then, you're just another leech, using Damien's possessions to support your impoverished family!"

Cherise sneered. "Ms. Ursula, my advice for you is to spend less time throwing tantrums and more time expanding your knowledge base before you even try to bark at me."

Chapter 703 A New Discovery About Cherise.

"Three years with Damien, yet you haven't even scratched the surface. If you had done your due diligence, you would know that he is not only the heir to Lenoir Group, but he is also currently managing Shaw Group. Just so you know, Shaw Group's success in Adania is second only to Lenoir Group itself."

Ursula's eyes widened, a flicker of surprise crossing her face. "Shaw Group..." she muttered, the name echoing in the room.

Although she had been aware of Damien's control over Shaw Group, realizing its significance hit her like sudden shock. She vaguely recalled past discussions with Rowena, speculating about the origin of the name "Shaw." At the time, unaware of Cherise's existence, they had naively assumed it was Damien's mother's maiden name.

Returning to the present, with Cherise standing before her, her words resonated with a newfound clarity. The 'Shaw' in Shaw Group... it was Cherise's 'Shaw'?

"Precisely," Cherise confirmed, a faint smile playing on her lips as she observed Ursula's dawning understanding. "Not only am I the chairwoman of Shaw Group, which falls under Damien's control, but I also own a quarter of his assets. Additionally, my children are Damien's legitimate children, entitled to their share of his wealth."

"So, legally, if anything were to happen to Damien, as he remains unmarried, all his assets will be inherited by my children."

With this, the woman glanced at Ursula with a subtle smile. "The children I brought here reside in a house where I own over a quarter of the shares. They have every right to utilize its amenities and resources; what's wrong with that?"

"Ms. Ursula, I would advise you to pray for Damien's continued well-being. If anything were to happen to him, everything you possess will rightfully become my children's inheritance. By then, forget about cars and houses; I won't even spare a dime for your Hospital bills."

"You-!" Ursula gritted her teeth, ready to retort, but her eyes caught on the man leaning against the entrance pillar. She fell silent abruptly.

Biting her lip, she took a deep breath. While Cherise remained oblivious to Damien's presence, Ursula hastily tried to twist her words. "So, Ms. Shaw, you're quite eager for something to happen to Damien, aren't you?"

“Not exactly,” Cherise replied with a faint smile. “But wouldn’t it be interesting if he encountered a minor setback, nothing too serious, just enough for me to swoop in and save the day? Then, I could finally live a life of carefree bliss, just like Ms. Rowena, with someone catering to my every whim, even my sister’s. I could be as audacious and demanding as I pleased.”

She looked at Ursula, her smile a mixture of seven parts mockery and three parts disdain. “Doesn’t that sound appealing?”

Ursula’s face turned ashen. She quickly clenched her teeth and turned to Damien in the distance. “Mr. Lenoir... I... Rowena is not that kind of person.... She wouldn’t even dream of such things...”

Her frantic eyes and voice caused Cherise to furrow her brow and instinctively glance back.

In the distance, a man in a sleek black suit stood gracefully, leaning against a carved pillar with one hand, faint smile playing on his lips.

Seeing Cherise turn, the man who had been observing the drama could no longer remain a spectator. He stood up, glanced at Ursula, and said, “You go attend to your sister. I need to have a word with

Cherry”

Ursula pursed her lips. With Damien present, she didn’t dare to be defiant anymore. She could only obediently ascend the stairs, but not before casting a hostile glare at Cherise.

Only when the sound of Ursula shutting the door upstairs reached them did Damien shrug casually and slowly approach Cherise.

He gazed at her affectionately and leaned in gradually, saying. “It seems I’ve just overheard a rather intriguing version of Mrs. Lenoir.”

Chapter 704 Won’t You Get Jealous?

Cherise bit her lip and instinctively stepped back. Although she had a clear conscience, it was somewhat embarrassing and uncomfortable to be caught wishing for Damien to have an accident.

She was so nervous that she didn't even notice Damien referring to her as "Mrs. Lenoir" instead of the initial "Dr. Shaw."

Damien cornered her, pressing one hand against the wall and gripping her chin with the other, forcing her to look into his eyes. "Did I just hear you express a wish for me to have an accident, Mrs. Lenoir?"

Cherise pursed her lips and guiltily looked away. "You must have misheard."

"I doubt it." He smiled at her. "What kind of accident do you wish upon me, Mrs. Lenoir? A car crash? A fire? A flood? Or..."

He leaned in close to her ear, his voice low and seductive. "Or should I 'accidentally' give in to pleasure with you right here?"

Cherise was speechless. How could this man let his carnal desires dictate his thoughts all the time?

But his words helped ease her tension. If he could joke at a time like this, it meant he wasn't angry...

Cherise took a deep breath and looked up at him. "I'm just frustrated that the two sisters are freeloading here. Furthermore..."

Rowena didn't save you three years ago! It was me!

Cherise couldn't get the words out because just as she was about to speak, Ursula's blood-curdling scream echoed from upstairs. "Weena!"

Both Cherise and Damien furrowed their brows downstairs.

"Go and investigate." Cherise had no desire to see those two-faced sisters. However, they were in Lenoir Manor, and Damien would be held responsible if something happened to them.

Damien held her hand. "Let's go."

"I'm not going." She tried to shake off his hand. "They're your guests. They have nothing to do with me."

"But you're a doctor." Damien sighed in exasperation. He embraced her forcefully, gently stroking her head. "Besides, if I go alone..." He tilted her chin, making her meet his gaze. "Won't you get jealous?"

Cherise rolled her eyes. "Of course not."

If this had happened before her conversation with Ursula, Cherise might have been jealous watching Damien take care of Rowena. But she couldn't be bothered to feel jealous after discovering the truth about Rowena "saving" Damien back then.

She felt both indignant and amused. How naive could this man be?

"You still have to come with me." He smiled, kissing her forehead. "You should come and assert your dominance over me, right?"

"Why should I?" Cherise pouted. Although she secretly felt pleased, she maintained an indifferent expression. "You don't belong to me. You're just my ex-husband,"

"I'm your ex and current husband." Damien completely ignored what she said. He took her hand and led her upstairs.

"Weena!" Ursula sobbed in the guest room upstairs, clutching Rowena's knees.

At that moment, Rowena had a pale complexion as she slumped in the wheelchair, seemingly unconscious.



"I know you've always favored Cherise. You've never cared for my sister!" Ursula cried and angrily berated Frances, who stood at one side. "My sister has poor health, and you actually resorted to drugging her to prove your loyalty to Cherise!"

#### Chapter 705 A Second-hand Car

"I despise you! If anything happens to my sister or if something goes wrong, I will hold you accountable!" Ursula's arrogant voice echoed loudly in the corridor. "Furthermore, my sister is Damien's savior! If anything were to happen to her, don't even think about continuing to work in this house!" Cherise overheard everything clearly.

"Your savior's sister is quite unpredictable, Mr. Lenoir." She smiled and glanced at Damien. "How do you usually tolerate her?"

Damien frowned, clearly reluctant to discuss Ursula. "I rarely interfere with the affairs of the two sisters, and I can't be bothered to deal with Ursula. I only engage with them when Rowena initiates contact."

"I understand." Cherise smiled faintly. "So why did you buy houses and cars for them?"

Damien frowned, realizing that Ursula must have bragged in front of Cherise.

The man sighed in frustration. "Here's the thing. The two sisters used to live in the slums. After Rowena saved me and got injured, it was impractical for her to return to such conditions, so I bought them a house. similar to the ones I had purchased for Mr. Kolson and Frances."

"As for the car..." The man shrugged. "Rowena informed me earlier this year that Ursula had just obtained her driver's license and wanted to take her out for a drive since she hadn't left the hospital for over two

"Lennon's sister, Violet, happened to have a Porsche she no longer wanted, so I gave it to them..."

The man's explanation greatly amused Cherise.

Ursula was so proud of the house Damien had gifted her sister. How will she react if she finds out it's a standard employee benefit in the Lenoir household?

As for the car Damien gave Ursula, it was simply a second-hand car that Violet didn't want. Would she still be so arrogant if she knew?

"I want a new car too," Cherise said with a frown.

The man was slightly surprised but immediately understood. He draped his arm over her shoulder. "Ask Mr. Kolson to take you to my garage later. You can see which car you fancy."

Cherise looked at him. "Do you want me to a second-hand car as well?"

"How can my cars be considered second-hand?" The man laughed. "You can also look around and see what car you desire. I'll buy it for you." He looked at Cherise helplessly. "But even if I buy you a new car, I'm afraid you won't drive it."

Cherise was speechless. Damien is right. He knows me too well.

Even if Damien bought her a luxury car, she would find it too conspicuous and wouldn't drive it. However, she felt gratified when he readily distinguished her from the Mortis sisters.

As they spoke, they arrived at Rowena's guest room. Rowena was still unconscious, and Ursula was harshly berating Frances.

"What's the matter?" Damien asked with a frown as he entered through the doors.

Ursula was in tears. She turned and looked at Damien sorrowfully. "Mr. Lenoir, your servant drugged my sister and she fainted..."

"My sister has always been fragile, and she was gravely injured three years ago while saving you...." Her voice was full of grief, anger, and accusation. "I warned her that the people in your house don't

welcome her and told her she shouldn't come here! But she insisted on coming to apologize and explain to Ms. Shaw in person...

#### Chapter 706 Soren Did This?

After her results were revealed, she wept uncontrollably, fearing for her sister's safety and feeling helpless. However, Damien remained unmoved, glancing at Rowena indifferently before turning to Cherise. "Can you please take a look?"

Furrowing her brows, Cherise walked slowly to the table where a half-filled glass of water sat. Ursula, furious, exclaimed, "My sister is too trusting! Look at this glass of water. It has particles of medicine floating in it!"

Cherise picked up the glass, held it against the light, and scrutinized it. Indeed, there were tiny white medicine particles floating in it. Rowena should not have overlooked such blatant evidence that her drink had been tampered with.

Pursing her lips, Rowena turned to Frances and asked, "Frances, did you do this?"

"I... I didn't!" Frances fell to her knees in fear. "Actually... Soren... handed me this glass of water."

"He said that... that it was careless of me not to serve water to the guests at home, so he poured the water and asked me to bring it up..."

The veins on Cherise's forehead twitched violently. Soren... did this?

Cherise left the guest room and opened the door to Soren and Serafina's room.

At that moment, Soren and Serafina were lying on either side of Elvis, listening to him tell them a story.

Upon seeing Cherise enter, Soren looked up at her guiltily. "Mom... Mommy, why are you here?" Cherise instantly knew from his guilty demeanor that he had done it.

Although the boy was as clever and mature as his dad, he still inherited some of Cherise's traits, such as not being able to lie convincingly.

Composing herself, Cherise looked at Soren with anger and frustration. "You better come here and explain what you put in the water you gave Frances before I lose my temper."

Elvis, basking in the admiration of the two children, frowned slightly. "Cherise, why are you so angry?"  
He

looked up at Cherise, somewhat a "Soren is so well-behaved that he noticed Frances hadn't served

the guests any drinks. He specifically went downstairs to pour water for them. Your son is so considerate. You shouldn't speak to him in such a tone. What if you frighten him?"

Elvis's words made Cherise sigh in exasperation. She restrained herself from revealing the truth behind Soren's hospitable act for Rowena.

After all, as a mother, she also hoped that others would have a positive impression of her son. Therefore, she took a deep breath, smiled at Soren, and spoke gently, "Come here. I have something to discuss with you."

Realizing that the truth was about to be revealed, Soren shrank back. He carefully got up from Elvis' side and followed Cherise to the corridor, feeling aggrieved.

When they were in the corridor, Cherise pulled Soren into the study room and slammed the door shut with a bang. "Tell me. What did you put in the water?"

Chapter 707 Drugged With Laxatives.

"Remember, she's just a guest who has feelings for your dad. Even if she becomes your stepmother and takes my place, you can't drug people behind their backs!"

"This is not what an honest person would do!" Cherise scolded Soren sternly. It was clear that she was truly angry. What infuriated her was not her son's attempt to defend her, but rather his decision to drug Rowena.

He was only five years old! She couldn't let him think it was acceptable to use any means necessary when dealing with people he didn't like!

"Mommy..." Soren hung his head in shame, finally realizing his mistake. He pursed his lips, and his soft voice was filled with tears. "I won't do it again."

Cherise bit her lip. She felt sympathy when she saw her son's disappointed expression. She walked over and embraced Soren. "I know you had good intentions, but Soren, there are better ways to protect the people you care about. You can't recklessly use any means necessary. Do you understand?"

"Yes..." Soren didn't fully understand, but he nodded. I will never secretly put laxatives in other people's water again..."

"Good." Cherise sighed with relief and reached out to pat Soren's head, but her hand suddenly froze. "Did you just say... you put... laxatives in that glass of water?"

"Yes." Soren pouted. "Uncle Zach said he needed the laxatives for his constipation, and you brought them back from the hospital for him. Then, Uncle Zach said they were really effective... so I took a few secretly..."

Cherise was completely shocked. What kind of child was she raising? He even stole Zachary's laxatives?

"Tell me honestly. What else have you taken from Uncle Zach behind my back?"

"A lot..." Soren pursed his lips. He looked up innocently and changed the subject. "Mommy, has that lady started having diarrhea after drinking the water with laxatives? Do you want to... get some anti-diarrhea medicine for her?"

Cherise snapped back to reality after her son's reminder. Laxatives didn't work immediately, so Rowena wouldn't have a reaction right after drinking the water. She glanced at her watch. It was about time for the drug to take effect.

She took a deep breath and let her son leave. Then, she retrieved a pack of anti-diarrhea medicine from the first-aid kit and slipped it into her pocket before entering the guest room.

In the guest room, Rowena was still pretending to be unconscious in her wheelchair.

It was common knowledge that laxatives only affected the digestive system. They caused diarrhea but did not affect the cranial nerves. In other words, no one would faint from taking laxatives. Even if they did, it would only be due to exhaustion after experiencing diarrhea.

Therefore, Cherise knew that Rowena had seen the white particles in the transparent glass of water. Rowena had intentionally drunk it and was pretending to be unconscious.

After all, she wanted to gain sympathy and make Damien believe that the people in his house were manipulative. But she probably didn't expect... to be drugged with a powerful laxative.

As soon as Cherise entered the room, a loud gurgle echoed through the room.

Ursula furrowed her brow as she wiped away her tears. "What's that noise?"

"It's me Cherise quickly interjected. "I didn't have lunch, and I'm a bit hungry now, so my stomach growled. I hope you don't mind, Ms. Ursula."

Upon hearing Cherise's explanation, Ursula rolled her eyes in annoyance. "All you can think about is food at a time like this!"

Chapter 708 You're A Murderer

'Gurgle. The sound reverberated in the room once again.

Cherise chuckled somewhat sheepishly. "Ms. Ursula, it's not that I'm hungry. It's just a natural bodily response that I can't control."

Upon hearing Cherise's explanation, Damien furrowed his brows slightly and looked at her tenderly. "Why don't you go downstairs and grab something to eat? I'll ask Jacob to come and examine Rowena."

"Are you allowing her to leave and eat?" Ursula raised her brows furiously. "She hasn't explained why she told her son to drug my sister!"

Cherise found it amusing. She looked at Ursula indifferently. "I told him?"

"Of course!" Ursula retorted icily. "Mr. Lenoir's son would never misbehave. You're his mother, and you must have influenced him! How could a five-year-old child think of drugging someone? An adult must have put this idea in his head!"

Cherise raised her brows. She admired Ursula's incredible ability to change her stance. Ursula never spared Cherise's children and would berate and curse them in her presence. However, Ursula was now claiming that Cherise's son was innocent and it was all her fault in front of Damien.

"I simply asked my son some questions." Cherise's brows furrowed slightly. Her voice was calm and aloof. "My son said he just crushed up an effervescent Vitamin C tablet that I usually give him and put it in Ms. Rowena's glass."

Ursula was taken aback. "Vitamin C tablets?!" She pointed at Cherise and started berating her. "Then why did my sister faint after drinking the water? This is clearly poison!"

"Heh. Are you trying to cover up the crime you instructed your son to commit? You made him drug my sister, but now you're claiming that the substance in the water was a Vitamin C tablet?!" Ursula's voice was shrill and piercing. "How dare you call yourself a proficient doctor? You're a murderer!"

Cherise smiled serenely. "You can decide whether I'm a doctor or a murderer, Ms. Ursula." She walked over leisurely and picked up the glass of water. "Would you like to see if you'll faint after drinking this glass of water, Ms. Ursula?"

“Do you think I’m a fool?” Ursula rolled her eyes. “My sister fainted after just one sip. If I take a sip and faint as well, you can basically do anything you want to us. Who will stand up for the two of us then?!”

Cherise maintained her calm smile because she clearly saw that the ‘unconscious’ Rowena had a strange expression as she lay in the wheelchair.

It seemed that the drug was taking effect. It was... very difficult to resist the effect of the laxative. But since Rowena had chosen to put on such an act, she would simply watch Rowena continue to struggle.

However, while Cherise was contemplating how she could continue to stall, Damien extended his large hand. He picked up the glass of water and downed it in one gulp.

The two women in the room were astonished.

After finishing the water, Damien gracefully placed the glass back on the table. “Rowena fainted after just one sip, but I finished entire glass yel.

The man yawned. He extended his slender fingers to gently rub his temples and smiled faintly. “In fact, I- feel quite invigorated.”

Cherise was dumbfounded. You foolish man. You probably have no idea what’s about to happen.

Ursula was utterly stupefied. “I... She...” She was still crying over Rowena, but Damien suddenly did such at thing.

She took a deep breath and attempted another argument. “Maybe... maybe it’s because my sister has a unique constitution. Perhaps...”

Chapter 709 Vitamin C Or Laxative?

A curious smile appeared on Cherise’s face. “I haven’t reviewed your sister’s medical file yet, but I’m intrigued by her unique constitution. Does she have a vitamin C allergy? Or can she consume fruits and vegetables like regular people?”



Ursula sat frozen, unable to find words.

The room became heavy with tension. Suddenly, Rowena, reclining quietly in her wheelchair, opened her eyes.

“Lula, why are you crying?” Rowena’s voice was frantic as she looked at her tear-streaked sister.

Feigning shock, Rowena turned to Ursula. “Who upset you? What’s wrong?”

Damien’s smile instantly disappeared. “Rowena, your timing couldn’t have been worse,” he said, his tone. icy.

His words caused Rowena’s hand, resting on the wheelchair, to clench into a tight fist. Nevertheless, she managed to turn to Damien with a look of surprise. “Damien, when did you return? I thought you were buried in work again today.”

Her gaze shifted to Cherise, who stood beside Damien with her arms crossed. “Ms. Shaw, could you explain this situation? When did Damien arrive? And why is Lula crying?”

Cherise scoffed, unfazed by Rowena’s act. “Ms. Mortis just fainted, which naturally upset your sister. Damien came to check on you.”

“Fainted?” Rowena feigned confusion. “I don’t remember... I drank some water from Frances, felt a little drowsy, and then I must have fallen asleep.”

Cherise’s lips twitched into a knowing smirk. “So, Ms. Mortis, did you enjoy your little nap?”

“Well... yes,” Rowena replied, her voice slightly hesitant.

Rowena returned an awkward smile and turned to Ursula, scolding her in a hushed tone, “I just dozed off! You tend to overreact. You must have alarmed Damien and Dr. Shaw.”

Ursula pouted but remained silent.

From the moment Rowena didn't faint after drinking the water, Damien knew she was playing a game, but he decided not to confront her right now. "Alright, now that you're awake, let's go downstairs. I can overlook you falling asleep in my house this time, but I don't want it to happen again."

With that, Damien turned and left the room, his expression icy.

Cherise followed him but suddenly remembered something and glanced at Rowena and Ursula. "Oh, by the way, I almost forgot to tell you two, the toilet in this guest room is clogged. If you need to use it, you'll have to go downstairs. Don't use the one in the room. It wouldn't be very ladylike to leave it smelling awful for others to find, right?"

A chuckle escaped Cherise's lips as she turned and left. The door slammed shut behind her.

"Gurgle!" Another loud stomach rumble echoed through the room.

Ursula sniffed and curled her lip in disgust. "Why can I still hear her stomach growling? She just left! So annoying!"

Rowena, looking pale, clutched her stomach. "Screw you! That's not her stomach; it's mine..."

Had she not almost been exposed just now, she had no idea how long she could have endured it. Why did her stomach suddenly start aching so badly?

She pursed her lips. "Lula, help me to the bathroom."

Ursula's eyes widened. "But Cherise just mentioned..."

"Then wheel me to the bathroom downstairs!" Rowena's face was ashen, and she was clearly struggling to hold it in.

Cherise was truly cunning, claiming that her son gave her vitamins. It must have been a laxative!

"Come here." When she exited the guest room, Cherise grabbed Damien's arm and pulled him into the study.

Once they were inside and the door was shut, she quickly retrieved two pills from her pocket and picked up a glass of water. "Take these."

Chapter 710 Why The Rush?

Damien furrowed his brow as he examined the two pills in Cherise's hand. "What are these for?"

They're anti-diarrheal pills, Cherise sighed. "Did you really think that water was infused with vitamins? Our mischievous son decided to swap Zac's constipation medication with the vitamins and have some fun at our expense! That rascal, I swear, he's always up to something."

Damien chuckled and leaned down, opening his mouth to take the pills. In the process, his lips brushed against Cherise's fingertips, surprising her. Her checks flushed as she quickly pulled her hand back and offered him a glass of water.

He said with a mischievous glint in his eyes, "So, Zac is experiencing constipation too, huh?"

Cherise pursed her lips and nodded. "Yes"

"Well, that just confirms that I have a healthier gut!" Damien declared with a laugh. He leaned closer to Cherise, a hint of satisfaction in his voice. Therefore, choosing me over him was the right decision."

Cherise's face deepened in color. "When did I choose you?" she stammered, quickly averting her gaze and stepping back.

Damien closed the distance between them. From the moment you returned to Adania with me," he said, his voice low and husky. "In that moment, I knew you had chosen me, my Cherry."

His gaze locked with hers, filled with an intensity that made her heart skip a beat. "I long for us to return to what we once shared. I'll call you Wifey, and you call me Hubby. What do you say?"

Cherise's breath caught in her throat, her heart pounding wildly. The suddenness and intensity of Damien's proposal left her speechless. She hadn't expected him to open up like this, and panic washed over her.

"Why the rush?" she stammered, her lips tightly pursed.

Damien chuckled softly and pulled her into his embrace, placing a gentle kiss on her forehead. "Am I rushing? Then tell me, what pace would you consider appropriate?"

Cherise felt utterly lost.

Her heart raced like a hummingbird's wings, and her cheeks burned with a blush she couldn't control. Everything was happening too fast; she couldn't allow herself to fall into this... because she knew, with terrifying certainty, that she was falling for Damien.

Just as she struggled to break free, her emotions threatening to overflow, Damien tightened his embrace as if trying to merge with her. They stood locked in this intimate dance, a battle of wills and desires.

Suddenly, Damien's phone interrupted the tense atmosphere with its insistent ring. Seeing an opportunity to break free from the intensity of the moment, Cherise reached for the phone, her fingers trembling slightly.

Without hesitation, she unlocked it and pressed the speaker button, hoping to inject a dose of reality into the situation. The person on the other end would hear every sound and word spoken now, hopefully forcing Damien to exercise some restraint.

However, to her surprise, the call was from their downstairs housekeeper, Frances.

As soon as the call connected, Frances' voice filled the room, tinged with exasperation. "Mr. Lenoir, Ms. Rowena insists on wearing Mrs. Lenoir's clothes. She claims hers are dirty and wants to wear Mrs. Lenoir's instead..."

Her voice now tinged with frustration. "I tried to explain to Ms. Rowena that her size might not be entirely compatible with Mrs. Lenoir's and offered her the maid's clothes as an alternative. Unfortunately, she was offended by my suggestion. She accused me of looking down on her and her sister, which is why I had no choice but to call you. After all, I'm just a servant and shouldn't be making decisions on Mrs. Lenoir's behalf..."

Damien's expression hardened into a mask of displeasure as he listened to the conversation.

Meanwhile, Cherise pursed her lips, her mind racing to piece together the situation.