

Marrying 801

Chapter 801 Not Hansen But Raymond

After expressing his confusion, Damien turned to the relevant page and showed everyone the signature on the account book. He stated, "However, something puzzles me."

He continued, "I thoroughly examined the airline records for that year. On the exact day my father supposedly signed this account book, he was still at home."

Damien further emphasized, "It wasn't until over a month later that he traveled to Europe to bring Uncle

Raymond back."

As he spoke, he looked up and met Raymond's pale-faced gaze, "Uncle, can you provide an explanation for this situation?"

Overwhelmed with shock, Raymond quickly retreated behind Wanda and stammered, "I... I have no idea!"

He desperately added, "I don't recognize this woman at all! And... And there's no way I impersonated Hansen to freeload!"

Damien offered a faint smile and produced several photographs of Hansen, handing them to Patricia.

“Mrs. Miles, could you please confirm once again whether the person you were with was the one in the picture or the one standing before you?”

Patricia took the photos. Upon seeing the second one, she immediately shook her head, stating, “I don’t know this man at all...”

She pointed at Raymond in the distance, declaring, “The man I was with back then was him.”

Damien smiled and clarified, “But he isn’t Hansen Lenoir. This is my second uncle, Raymond Lenoir.”

Patricia’s eyes widened in shock, and she took a step back. The realization hit her like a bolt of lightning, “So it was him who impersonated your father back then?!”

Filled with rage and hatred, she glared at Raymond and declared, “I wouldn’t mistake the man I’ve despised all my life! The one who fathered my child was him!”

Her words sent shockwaves through the crowd, instantly causing an uproar.

Beckham’s forehead furrowed like an approaching storm. He knew Damien was interrogating Patricia about that night for a reason.

In an instant, he lunged at Raymond, grabbing his collar with an iron grip. “Besides deceiving Mrs.

Miles, what else did you do as the fake Hansen?!”

The entire situation seemed too coincidental and raised suspicions!

Patricia also revealed that all of Raymond's drinking buddies from the initial encounter had been part of the group that went to their house and assaulted Charisa back then.

Beckham couldn't comprehend how they could be friends with "Hansen," the fraudulent brother, and also be involved in the attack at his place. The whole scenario reeked of deceitful lies.

Caught in the trap, Raymond attempted to feign ignorance, fluttering his eyes like a frightened bird. But judging from Beckham's expression, Raymond realized the game was up, so he didn't bother hiding it anymore.

Raymond sensed that whatever was unfolding was likely a trap set by Damien and Beckham, designed to force him to confess his past actions.

He knew well that if he denied it now, Damien would surely present more evidence through Patricia.

Leaning in, a malicious grin contorting his face, he whispered, "Your wife," he hissed, "she was quite a firecracker. I would've loved to have more of her if not for the crowd that night. Since that intense encounter, I haven't met a woman like her in years..."

Bam!

Before Raymond could finish speaking, Beckham mercilessly punched him hard in the face.

His nose burst open, releasing a stream of blood, yet even then, he spat back a taunt, relishing in the

pain he caused, "How does it feel, Beckham, to be betrayed? Haha. Why? Why bother digging it up

again when my foolish dead brother had been covering for me all these years!"

Chapter 802 Did You, Uncle Raymond?

"Why bring up the past again? Even if I admit to and take responsibility for what I did back then, it won't

bring your wife back from the dead! Besides, she wasn't just yours anymore; she 'belonged' to 'us'!" He

wiped the blood off his face, the grin growing colder.

"Screw you!" A furious spat echoed.

This time, not only Beckham but Damien stepped forward and punched him in the face.

"Uncle, no matter what you did wrong, my dad always supported you. And what happened? You

shamelessly cheated on your wife using his name, committing such a terrible sin! You're also the

reason for his death!" Damien angrily pointed at Raymond, his eyes burning with rage.

Patricia's revelation about "Hansen" hit Damien like a gut punch. He knew, deep down, it had to be his

uncle, using his father's name as a shield.

But when Raymond confessed, the anger Damien had been suppressing erupted like a volcano.

Raymond's youthful recklessness, his careless association with the wrong crowd – it all came back to haunt them, tearing his parents' lives apart in the process. And the devastation wasn't limited to them!

Maeve, forever scarred by the fire that night, wouldn't be the broken woman she is now.

Charisa, taken too soon because of his uncle's past, wouldn't have been murdered by Maeve at the wedding. And Damien wouldn't have spent five agonizing years without the love of his life, Cherise.

It was all because of this man in front of him, this heartless fool who played with fire and harmed everyone in his path!

"Well, this guy is quite a character." Out of nowhere, Kareen's cold voice chimed in.

She never liked Cherise much, and even though Charisa wasn't her biological mother, growing up with her since forever made Kareen love and respect her just as much as Cherise.

Kareen took a deep breath, stepped out from the crowd, and said to Damien, "Look, there's something you need to know.

Aunt Charisa once confided in me and my brother about her plan for revenge against your dad. She

had an insider in Adania. This insider knew she was after Hansen. He reached out, offering assistance..

Unfortunately, his mistake led to the tragic loss of your parents, and Aunt Charisa has been consumed by guilt ever since. You see, she only wanted revenge on those who wronged her, not innocent souls.”

After saying that, she shot a cold look at Raymond’s face, “And this insider from back then, helping Aunt Charisa? He’s your uncle Raymond. He played the victim card, claiming Zac oppressed and mistreated him, so he joined forces with Aunt Charisa. I just never imagined the truth would be this twisted.”

Kareen’s words left Cherise stunned.

She couldn’t comprehend how ruthless Raymond could be. He went to great lengths using his own brother’s name, reaching out to the woman he had assaulted, claiming he wanted to help her seek revenge!?

The truth hit Damien like a bolt of lightning. His voice cracked with barely contained fury. “Did you?”

Raymond, unable to meet Damien’s fiery gaze, turned his head away, his face contorted with shame and fear. He mumbled, “Y-yeah...”

Boom!

Before Raymond could utter another word, Damien lost control. Like a swift leopard, he dashed forward, pushed Raymond down, and started throwing punches

Chapter 803 "Make It Hurt Good! I Want My Revenge, Too!"

The air was heavy with the metallic scent of blood, and Raymond's whimpers reverberated through the room.

Damien's icy glare sent shivers down Wanda and Patricia's spines, despite their claims, of affection for the groaning figure on the floor.

Finally, Wanda, her voice trembling, pulled at Cherise's sleeve. "Cherry, please reason with Dame before he has Raymond killed!"

Cherise's lips curved into a small, knowing smile. She met Wanda's gaze and slowly withdrew her hand. "Are you certain you want him to remain alive?"

Confusion flushed Wanda's face."

In Wanda's eyes, Cherise was still the sweet, forgiving girl she had been five years ago. She wouldn't dare question someone's plea, let alone doubt her love.

However, Wanda had no inkling of how much Cherise had changed, how five years had molded her into a woman who saw the world in shades of advantage and consequence.

Cherise studied Wanda's bewildered expression, a hint of amusement dancing on her lips. "Consider this. If he dies today, you can find someone new. He's been fooling around with every woman in town, even attempting to reconcile with Mrs. Miles at this party while you're playing the role of a contented wife. Do you truly wish to keep someone like him who cannot stay committed?"

Cherise's words, though harsh, were like a splash of cold water.

Raymond's infidelity had driven her to the brink for years, but leaving him? That was akin to leaping off a cliff blindfolded. Without his prestigious name, who would she be? In public, she was Mrs. Lenoir, all smiles and elegance, but internally, she was ensnared by his wealth and influence.

Sure, she had convinced herself that he could chase after fleeting desires as long as she retained all the diamond rings and the substantial bank account. However, tonight, in front of everyone, he had shattered her dignity like a dropped glass.

Wanda took a shaky breath, meeting Cherise's gaze as her resistance finally waned.

A twisted smile crept onto her face as she turned to Damien, who continued to pummel Raymond like a

punching bag. "Dame," she spat, "make it hurt good! I want my revenge, too!"

Deep down, she yearned for Damien to finish Raymond off. His death meant his fortune, and with that, a new life, a new lover, all acquired with the tainted money of her past.

In the blink of an eye, Cherise had turned the tables, leaving Raymond's sole defender speechless.

Fury surged through Damien's veins as he relentlessly battered Raymond, each blow fueled by years of pent-up rage.

His fists hammered away, driven by the memory of his parents' tragic accident on their way to see Raymond.

Even in his dying moments, his father, Hansen, had been concerned about Raymond's well-being. And Raymond? The good-for-nothing who spat on their sacrifices, who traded Hansen's name for cheap thrills and illicit deals, who exploited it to rape Mrs. Tanner, then conspired with her to harm Hansen and his wife!

The rage in Damien's gut was roaring to be released.

This wasn't just about tonight, about Raymond's latest betrayal with Patricia.

This was about everything: a lifetime' of Raymond's selfishness masquerading as love. He wasn't a family member but a cockroach scurrying across the Lenoir legacy.

And Damien was swatting him away, blow by blow.

Chapter 804 Bridal Intervention

Raymond crumpled under Damien's relentless fists, a whimpering mess.

Begging for mercy had long been abandoned, replaced by a suffocating silence.

Damien, a furnace of rage fueled by years of betrayal, rained down blows.

Each blow was a prayer for his shattered parents, every punch a demand for blood. He was a whirlwind of fury, oblivious to Raymond's fading pulse.

But just as Raymond's breath hitched, a hand clamped onto Damien's arm. It was Zachary, the extraordinary groom, looking sharp in his suit despite being confined to a wheelchair.

His voice, frail as a feather, cut through the air, "Please don't turn my wedding into a slaughterhouse,

Dame. Lyra, my angel, doesn't deserve this."

Damien froze, the inferno in his chest flickering like a dying candle.

He swiveled his head, his gaze landing on Zachary's pale face and Lyra, a tear-streaked vision in

white, standing beside him.

Weak as a newborn kitten, Zachary had somehow extinguished the flames of Damien's fury.

A hush fell over the room, everyone stunned by the sudden turn of events.

Then, Cherise shattered the silence.

"Zac! You're awake?!" she exclaimed, her voice a rollercoaster of surprise and elation.

Bouncing excitedly, she rushed towards him, 'only to collide with Kareen, a silent sentinel nearby.

In a whirlwind of joy, Kareen surged towards Zachary, her cry of "Zac!" echoing through the room.

She flung herself at him, and Zachary playfully tousled her hair. He teased, his eyes twinkling, "Easy

there, big girl. Remember your manners because people are watching."

Kareen, her face shining with tears, held him close. "I'm just...so happy!"

She gasped. "You're finally awake! Zac, I...I thought... I thought I wouldn't be able to see you again!"

Zachary chuckled, shaking his head playfully. "With a brainiac sister like you," he winked at Kareen,

"and—" his gaze softened as he turned to Lyra, who peeked out from behind him, eyes glistening, "and

with a stunning lady like my partner here, waking up was the easiest decision ever."

Kareen, lips pursed in mock disapproval, popped up from Zachary's embrace.

She grabbed Lyra, hidden behind him, and gently pushed her into his arms. She teased him. “Well, shouldn’t you two lovebirds be heading to the honeymoon suite by now?”

Lyra’s face turned as red as a ripe apple while Zachary smirked like a cat who got the cream. He tilted his head towards Cherise, perched like a watchful bird in the corner. “Speaking of honeymoon suites, I wouldn’t mind some alone time with my bride. However, given my current condition, Dr. Shaw, do you think it’s wise to dive headfirst into honeymoon shenanigans?”

Cherise’s eyes shimmered with concern. “Aren’t you a bit banged up for that? Maybe a trip to the hospital first, then some intimate time later?”

“And some food! You need your strength, dude. Lyra’s a delicate flower. We wouldn’t want her taking the lead, right?” Damien interjected, pushing a defeated Raymond aside and fixing his cufflinks nonchalantly.

He smirked, his eyes flicking to Cherise, who flushed even brighter.

“Aha! So, THAT’s why everyone’s so excited today? Getting married is the new aphrodisiac, huh?”

Syatt chimed in with bright eyes.

Chapter 805 The Joyful Awakening

Amidst the chaos, Raymond and the groom were rushed to the hospital, and the groom's awakening marked the joyous conclusion of the wedding.

Now dressed comfortably, Lyra sat on a hospital bench outside Zachary's room, holding Cherise's hand tightly. "Cherry, I'm really scared," she whispered, her face pale with panic.

"You weren't this nervous when you said you wanted to marry my brother, so why are you acting like a scaredy-cat now that Zac's awake?" Kareen retorted, sitting down across from them with her arms crossed.

Lyra bit her lip and stammered, "I thought I could be strong for him and take care of him while he was in a coma. But now that he's regained consciousness... he might think that I was pushing too hard for this wedding. His proposal was sudden, and..."

She choked back a snuffle, "He still had feelings for... Zac was still hung up on Cherry back then, and what if he regrets everything?"

Tears welled up in her eyes, painting her cheeks a rosy hue. "If he does... maybe we should just go to the courthouse tomorrow morning and get it over with..."

Lyra nodded, but unease lingered in her mind. Muttering to herself, "What if..."

Cherise gently squeezed her hand. "Lyra, there are no what ifs, so stop catastrophizing. Breaking up or staying together, it's not all up to you, honey. We also have to consider Zac's feelings, right?"

She gave a slight smile, ready to offer more comfort to Lyra when the door to the room swung open.

Several doctors who had been examining Zachary emerged with smiles and approached Lyra, "Mrs.

Miles, Mr. Miles is doing well now. With some good rest, he'll be back to his old self!"

Lyra was pleasantly surprised, "I... I'm not Mrs. Miles; just call me Lyra."

The doctors exchanged puzzled looks, "Oh? You... aren't Mrs. Miles?"

Had they made a mistake? Didn't this woman just come in wearing a wedding dress? Was there another bride?

As the doctors started speculating about a love triangle, Cherise intervened, saying, "Don't mind her rambling; she's just too excited and talking nonsense!"

After that, she nudged Lyra into the room and shut the door. When Cherise returned after closing the door, Kareen chatted with the doctors about Zachary's condition.

After bidding farewell to the doctors, Kareen glanced at the closed door and asked, "Is she in there?"

Cherise nodded, "Yes."

Kareen shook her head, almost amused, "What a fool."

Then, facing Cherise, said, "Just like you, a fool."

Cherise frowned, "Excuse me, who are you calling a fool?"

Kareen rolled her eyes, "You, of course. I've never liked you one bit, yet you're still hanging out with my

brother, and your husband is fully committed to the Miles Group. Quite the fool, aren't you?"

With an unexpected smile, she added, "But I kinda appreciate your unique brand of foolishness."

Kareen sheepishly scratched her neck: "Look, Gwenn used to be my BFF, and she always painted you

as the villain. So, I judged you, big time. My bad for being clueless."

Although clumsy, Kareen's apology seemed genuine.

Cherise softened. "You're Zac's little sister, the one my mom practically raised. I never thought you

were bad, not for a second. If you're willing, I would also like to be friends with your friends and family."

Chapter 806 Reconciliation Between Kareen And Cherise

Kareen smirked and rolled her eyes at Cherise. "Girl, you're so naïve and trusting. I just called you a

fool, and now you're proving it."

"I've been friends with Gwenn for ages. Just because I was nice to you for a second, you think we're

BFFs now? Don't tell me you're not scared that I might be some secret spy sent by her!"

Cherise grinned. "Spy? Your poker face needs more practice. You can't even fake being mad for a minute without looking like you're about to crack up. You're way too obvious and definitely not cut out to be a spy."

Stumped by the witty retort, Kareen mumbled, "No way."

Cherise looked at her thoughtfully and stated, "Yes, you do. Your eyes are telling me you're on the verge of laughing."

'Hahaha!'

Finally, Kareen dropped her guard and burst into hearty laughter.

"Alright, I'll stop playing tricks on you from now on. But really, thanks for helping our family deal with that big problem at the wedding. My dad just took Chad and Patricia to the DNA testing center. He suspects Chad might not be his child, and I'm sincerely praying and hoping Chad isn't his child. Maybe after this, he'll come to his senses and appreciate me and Zac."

Just as she finished speaking, the phone rang. It was Walter.

On the other end of the phone, Walter was furious. “Forget the DNA test, Kareen! The vile woman has just confessed Chad isn’t a Miles! Can you believe it? She played me like a fiddle, turning me against you and Zac all these years! Twenty years of lies, I can’t believe it! They’re out of the family tonight, I swear! So, you and Zac can move back in...”

Kareen held her phone, her hands trembling slightly.

After a while, she uttered a single word, “Okay.”

Walter’s voice droned on, but she wasn’t listening.

Kareen hung up, the phone falling silent. Her strong façade crumbled as she threw herself into

Cherise’s arms and sobbed.

The tears of relief broke out like a dam in that instant.

“Cherry, Aunt Charisa was right. She always told us not to hate Dad; he was just lost and blinded. She always asked us to wait for the truth and redemption... and the wait was finally over. The truth prevailed. Thank you. Thank you for helping us uncover the real enemy and solve the decade-long puzzle. Aunt Charisa must be so proud of you and smiling down...”

Cherise's hand stroked Kareen's back, her own eyes glistening.

Is Mom watching them from above? Is she relieved and proud? The truth had finally unraveled. The pain of that year finally lifted, replaced by a bittersweet peace.

Hansen wasn't a villain; Damien wasn't the son of the enemy. And knowing that, Cherise felt a flicker of hope.

Maybe, just maybe, her mother could finally find peace.

Right in the middle of a hug, a booming voice cut through the air. "Whoa, whoa, whoa! Two stunners smothering each other and leaving a lonely man like me out in the cold?"

Kareen's face turned red as she pulled away from Cherise. Standing there with a goofy grin was Syatt.

"Syatt? What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be with Dame now?" Cherise asked, annoyance lacing her voice.

Syatt shrugged, yawning widely. "Nah. The Lenoirs are here, and Dame is asking for you."

Chapter 807 Raymond's Sins Are Etched In Stone

"The Lenoirs are here?" Cherise's eyebrows shot up like startled sparrows.

With no time to ponder, she followed Syatt like a shadow.

Zooming past the wards, she caught a fleeting glimpse of Lyra, her eyes swollen, emerging from one.

Cherise didn't give it much thought; after all, this girl was overly dramatic, shedding tears over the most trivial things.

Entering Raymond's ward alongside Syatt, Cherise encountered a bustling corridor.

There was Maeve, slumped on a bench with Charles nervously buzzing around like a concerned bee.

And Tristan, head hung low with shoulders slumped, stood nearby. On the opposite side, Damien brooded like a raincloud, surrounded by some of the loyal servants of the Lenoir family.

In a corner, Wanda, the epitome of nonchalance, tapped away on her phone, probably indulging in some gossip with her friends.

As Cherise stepped in, Charles stood up. "Dr. Shaw... uh, I mean, Cherry!" he stammered with a nervous grin. "I'm so glad you made it. Can you... uh, talk some sense into Dame?"

Cherise furrowed her brows, her gaze sweeping the room. With a slow smile, she settled next to

Damien, taking his cold hand in hers. "Charles, what exactly do you want me to convince Damien of?"

"Please... ask him to spare my father." Tristan's voice rasped from the shadows, filled with the weight of his request.

"I know this seems crazy, asking you for this...after everything." He said while meeting Cherise's gaze.

His face bore the marks of time and desperation.

His only remaining eye held a glimmer of vulnerability. "Cherry, you should understand where I'm

coming from. Raymond Lenoir is my dad. I know he messed up and deserves some punishment. I

promise that once I bring him back to Adania, I'll uncover all his illegal activities and send him to jail.

Just... can you let him live?"

Tristan's voice grew more determined, his eyes burning with a quiet fire. "You might not know this, but

for the past five years, Damien has been consumed by finding you, leaving the company on the brink of

collapse. I took charge, kept things running, and never asked for a fancy title or a hefty paycheck. I

simply put in the hours, day after day. I might not be an outstanding performer; perhaps I stumbled a

bit, but no one can say I didn't give it my all. I'm ready to keep working for Damien until I retire, until my

last breath... I just hope you and Damien would be willing to spare my father's life..."

Cherise pursed her lips, her eyes shifting to Damien's somber face. Her mind grappled with the weight

of the request.

After a tense silence, Damien raised his head, his eyes like molten steel. He locked onto Tristan, his

voice dripping with icy rage. "You pleaded for your father, Tristan, but who pleads for mine? Who brings them back? Who heals the wounds your dad tore into my mom, the innocent one in all of this? Your parents are your shield, while mine are ghosts haunting me. Why should your precious family walk free when mine is buried six feet under? Who compensates Maeve and me for what we have lost?"

His voice grew hoarse, anger contorting his features. He pointed a finger at Maeve's carefully restored face, still a mask of unnatural perfection. "Tell me, can you undo what your dad did to my sister?"

Tristan fell silent, swallowed by Damien's fury. After a long moment, he met Damien's gaze. "The past cannot be rewritten. But..."

Damien's words, cold and sharp as a blade, cut through his. "So your father's sins are etched in stone, too."

Tristan's lips tightened. Catching a glimpse of Damien's raw vulnerability for a fleeting moment, he

leaned in, his voice a husky plea. "Dame, please, for the sake of what remains of our bond. Do this."

Chapter 808 Gwenn Went To Tristan

"Do you want me to give you face? What good will that do? Will your 'face' bring my Mom and Dad back or keep Cherry's mom safe? Come on, Tris!"

Silence hung heavy, punctuated by Tristan's stunned blink. He knew Damien wouldn't be easy, but this? Not even a sliver of consideration?

Meanwhile, Maeve, perched on the sofa, arched an eyebrow. "Hey, Dame, give the guy a break.

Tristan's practically begging. Don't be so mean."

Damien's laugh was like a cold wind. His eyes, once warm, turned into glaciers. "What if it was YOU he was pleading for? Would you cave just because Tris pulled this act? Would you let Raymond walk just because he's on his knees?"

Maeve, with pursed lips, shook her head. "I wouldn't agree, but I wouldn't ice him out like this either."

Tristan knew his cousins clung to the past, just like him. He couldn't forget how his dad, Raymond, carved up his eye with a knife all those years ago.

Taking a deep breath, he glanced at Damien and asked, "Can I go in?"

Damien nodded.

Swiftly, Tristan pivoted and nudged the door ajar.

Within the hospital room, Raymond wore an oxygen mask, his face displaying a palette of bruises, all inflicted by Damien's blows.

The door creaked open, and Raymond's heart skipped a beat. It was Tristan. Tears streamed down his

face in an instant. Words choked his throat, leaving him staring at Tristan like a lost puppy.

Tristan perched beside him with a smirk that didn't reach his eyes. "Surprised I dropped by? I have news for you."

He leaned in, a smirk twisting his lips. "Chad, the kid with Patricia? Yeah, turns out he's yours. Guess what? They got kicked out of the Miles and are homeless now. The Lenoirs aren't taking him either."

Raymond's breath hitched, fear trembling through him.

Tristan pressed on, "And Mom? She's already planning with her gossip squad how to spend your money once you kick the bucket. As for me, I've said my piece and done my part. When you're gone, you'll get a grand farewell."

Raymond began to sob uncontrollably, his eyes pleading with Tristan, silently begging him not to abandon him.

Tristan offered a faint smile, "Since the day you took my eye five years ago, you should've known I wouldn't be playing the obedient son. I've done what I had to do for you. This mess is on you, and

there's no turning back. The consequences of the seeds you sowed are now upon you."

The man threw those words out, rose with an icy demeanor, and walked away without a backward glance.

Leaving the hospital room, Tristan kept his silence with Damien. He simply turned and strolled away from the hospital.

Under the dim glow of the hospital light, a woman in a fiery red jacket leaned against a wall, leisurely puffing on a cigarette.

As Tristan passed, her voice, like soft ash in the wind, said, "You're Tristan, right?"

She flicked ash casually and said, "Want to team up? I can get your father out, but you have to play by my rules."

Tristan's brow furrowed, his gaze falling on the stranger. "Who are you?"

"Call me Gwenn," she said, a sly smile on her lips.

He scoffed. "Even I, Dame's own cousin, couldn't sway him. Who the heck do you think you are?"

Unfazed, Gwenn blew a perfect smoke ring into the night. "Let's just say I know what makes Damien's heart tick."

Chapter 809 I Kept Dame Away

Gwenn commented, "Don't bother. You and your father have never been on his radar, so anything you say is pointless."

She looked at Tristan with a subtle stare and continued, "I'm not here for small talk. I'm asking if you will join forces because I can help save your father."

After a moment, Tristan furrowed his brows and smirked bitterly, "How can I trust you? I can't just believe you're reliable because you say so, can I?"

Ever since his father blinded him five years ago, Tristan had lost trust in his own parents, let alone a woman he had never met.

Gwenn stated indifferently, "You just need to tell me if you're willing or not. I'll contact you after I rescue

your father and let you know what I want you to do."

Tristan furrowed his brows again, lowering his head to assess the woman, who was a half-head shorter than him.

The woman was dressed in a red trench coat and black boots and exuded a cool and refined

demeanor. However, her noticeable bosom caught his attention, sending a surge of blood through his

body.

Without much hesitation, he nodded, “Fine. Do I have any other choice? As long as you can get my dad out safely. I’m in.”

The woman gave Tristan a look, extinguishing the cigarette in her hand, “Good, it’s a deal.”

Maeve and Charles, held hostage by their daughter’s sleep cycle, hurried out after Tristan.

As Maeve reached for the door, a thought caught her. She turned around with a mix of determination and something else flickering in her gaze and headed straight for Cherise.

Maeve said, “Hey, I owe you a big apology for how I treated your mom. I was blind back then, wrapped up in my own family mess. Family has always meant the world to me, so Dame showing you more favor, even over his sister, confused me. But now, I see it clearly. Both of you were never wrong. It was me who messed up.”

Damien’s jaw dropped. Maeve’s apology caught him off guard, maybe even left him speechless.

Her face displayed a range of emotions: relief at finally speaking her truth, joy at the potential reconciliation, and perhaps a touch of uncertainty about the future.

Admitting fault wasn't easy, but she did it. Perhaps her perspective was limited, but her actions stemmed from a genuine desire to do what she thought was best.

Cherise pursed her lips, standing to support Maeve. "Let's leave the past behind."

Maeve squeezed her eyes shut, then opened them, a glint of determination replacing the tears. "No.

The past isn't done with us."

She continued with a voice thick with emotion. "Remember five years ago, when you and Dame had that huge fight? I... I was there,"

Cherise's jaw dropped, and her eyes darted between Maeve and Damien.

Damien averted his gaze, his grip on Cherise's hand tightening. "C'mon, sis, let's leave it be."

Maeve ignored him, her voice gaining strength. "No, I have to tell you this. Cherry, if it weren't for me five years ago, you and Dame wouldn't have been separated. The day you planned to meet, I... I kept him away."

Chapter 810 Maeve's Sincere Apology

"I guilt-tripped him. I told him that choosing you meant betraying his family," Maeve confessed, her face etched with guilt.

"I pressured him, watched him from the shadows. My Health was deteriorating, and I couldn't handle

the stress, according to the doctors at that time. So, with me constantly monitoring him, picking at his conscience, he couldn't bear to hurt me or speak the truth. He could only push you away."

"At that time, after you left, Tristan was frantic, searching for you everywhere. But I still blamed him, thinking it was all his fault, and that he deserved every bit of suffering. Then things changed. Meeting Charles made me realize that Dame had chosen a kind soul – you. And your mom is not a villain, not at all..."

The woman paused, took a deep breath, and then bowed deeply. "If you and Mr. Tanner are willing, I want to pay my respects to Aunt Charisa. We Lenoirs have done her wrong, causing her so much pain... keeping you and Dame apart for far too long. And for that, I am truly, deeply sorry."

Maeve's words were humble, a stark contrast to her usual demeanor. Even Charles, standing beside her, was speechless, witnessing a side of his wife he had never known existed.

Maeve bowed low, resembling a statue of remorse, her body trembling.

Charles had the urge to ask her to stand, aware that the bowing posture would strain her already ailing body, but he refrained.

He chose to step back, recognizing that this was her moment, her path to forgiveness.

Whether it was Raymond or Maeve, everyone had to confront their past mistakes. Seeing Maeve in this state, her pride shattered, made Charles see her in a new light.

The hall held its breath, every word Maeve uttered carrying profound weight.

Cherise, gentle yet firm, grasped Maeve's hand. "Hey, Sis. We're a family now."

Savoring the word on her tongue, she took a deep breath and said, "The past is behind us. Holding onto it only holds us back. Let's move forward, loving and caring for each other. That's all that matters."

With that, Cherise lifted Maeve up and asked Charles, "Isn't it time to go, Charles? I heard the maid calling, mentioning that Marcy misses her daddy and mommy. Dame and I will stay back, so don't worry."

Maeve bit her lip, a tear cascading down her cheek.

Charles stood by his wife, relieved, "Just let us know if you need anything. We'll head out now."

With that, he assisted Maeve, wiping her tears away as he guided her away.

Cherise observed their departure in the corridor, her heart filled with mixed emotions. Never did she imagine receiving such a heartfelt apology from Maeve. The revelation that Dame was helpless when

they parted ways five years ago was equally unexpected.

Instinctively, Cherise turned around. As she did, the man embraced her tightly. Startled, she said,

“Dame, I...”

“I understand what you’re thinking. But let’s not dwell on it. It’s all in the past now,” the man said in a

deep voice, tinged with resignation.

Cherise and Damien didn’t linger in the hospital for too long.

With Maeve and Charles gone, Cherise suggested grabbing a bite.

“I’m not hungry,” he declined.

Cherise playfully tugged at Damien’s sleeve, lips pursed, “Even if you’re not hungry, I am. Can you

bear to let your wifey starve?”