

Marrying 831

Chapter 831 Cherise Got Him Good

Soren was taken aback by Serafina's bold confidence. He scoffed, "I doubt it."

Serafina pouted, ready to retaliate, when a sharp knock at the door silenced her.

Before Beckham could speak, Serafina quickly adopted Soren's bossy demeanor and interrupted him.

"Hey, Ren, door duty! Grandpa and I are busy!"

Soren glared at her. With a grumbling sigh, he abandoned his Rubik's Cube and made his way to the door.

The door swung open to reveal Cherise and Damien, carrying bags of groceries.

Cherise and Damien entered, burdened with groceries. "Ren! We haven't seen our little man since yesterday!" Cherise exclaimed, embracing him.

—

Soren squirmed in her arms, grumbling, "Ms. Shaw, you're practically an adult can we skip the baby talk? It's embarrassing."

Cherise was stunned.

Beside her, Damien burst into laughter and dropped his bags. "Right on target."

Cherise stammered, unable to speak. How could asking her son if he missed her be embarrassing?

“Is it Cherry and Dame?” Beckham’s voice came from inside the house as he emerged, with Serafina’s

braid neatly tied with a bright pink band. “What’s going on? Why are you two here so early?”

Cherise pointed at the ingredients Damien was carrying, a smile spreading across her face.

“Family dinner! We haven’t had one in ages. Damien decided to cook and show off his skills!”

As Damien rearranged spices on the counter, he paused for a moment, his eyes flicking to Cherise.

“Hey, Honey, haven’t you missed my cooking?” a sweet voice had said to him while they were grocery shopping earlier.

Unaware of the loaded question, Damien glanced at the woman humming happily beside him as she continued, “Whoa, it’s way past eleven! Let’s grab some essentials and go to Dad’s. I’m preparing a feast to cheer him up. What do you think?”

Initially, Damien approved of Cherise’s idea. But as they navigated the aisles, Damien noticed a pattern. All the ingredients were for dishes he knew the ones she loved, the ones he cooked flawlessly.

He had a suspicion that she was scheming something, and voila! This woman had set a trap and caught him off guard.

Refusing to cook in front of Beckham was not an option after her sly “Gotcha!” mouthed playfully.

He met her triumphant grin with a sigh. Placing the groceries on the counter, he took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves.

Tonight, he was a captive chef in Cherise’s culinary game. There was no way out. Even if she had set a trap, he could only indulge her.

“Hey, let me do it,” Beckham quickly stood up, heading for the kitchen. “Cooking isn’t exactly a busy businessman’s forte.”

Damien smiled faintly. “I can handle it, Dad. Trust me, I can balance work and family. Besides...”

He looked at Beckham, a hint of apology in his eyes, “I owe you an apology for last night.”

Beckham’s voice softened. “No need, Son. If it weren’t for you, I might still be blind to Gwenn’s true colors.”

He paused, then added, “I may not be the best judge of character, but I know best interests in mind.”

Chapter 832 Reconciliation

“I used to wear my heart like a banner, pride myself on how deeply I felt. But you

know what? Ali that emotion was like wearing rose-colored glasses, blinding me to my own daughter..."

He looked at Damien, his face bare with remorse. "Thank you for helping me realize the harm I caused."

This man, who appeared to be in his fifties, spoke with such sincerity that Damien couldn't help but smile. "Cherry would be thrilled if she knew you felt this way," he said. "When she found out about last night, she was terrified you would be hurt. We're only here because she was afraid you would be upset and wanted to brighten your day. She truly sees you as family, and if you could see her the same way... well, I genuinely believe it would mean the world to her."

Beckham nodded eagerly. "I couldn't sleep a wink last night. I spent the whole time reflecting on the past five years. The truth is, I failed as Cherry's father. I showered Gwenn with love and devoted everything to her, and what did I get? Lies and betrayal. Maybe, right from the beginning, I shouldn't have... shouldn't have pretended Gwenn was mine."

He stood before Damien, his shoulders slumped. "Yes, it's all my fault. Every bit of it."

“Dad, it’s not your fault,”

Beckham’s voice trailed off, replaced by a clear, choked-up female voice. Both men in the kitchen spun around, their eyes landing on Cherise.

She stood behind Beckham, tears shimmering as she addressed the older man.

“Dad, don’t blame yourself. It’s not your fault. You were just trying to do the right thing, to continue caring for Gwenn after I returned. You weren’t wrong about that. And just like me... I could never just replace you with Uncle Elvis. We share blood, but we’ve been apart for so long. I know it’s difficult. But it’s not your fault.”

Sniffling, Cherise wiped her tears away. “But hearing you blame yourself like this, it hurts. I’ve always wanted to be closer to you, Dad. But you always seem so distant...”

Cherise sniffled, her eyes watery but her smile brave. “Are you finally ready to accept me, your farm-raised daughter?”

Beckham felt tears prick his own eyes. “I... I never...”

He wanted to say he never rejected her, but the words caught in his throat.

Since the DNA test five years ago, Cherise had been his daughter in his heart. But somewhere, there

was still a difference in how he treated her compared to Gwenn.

“From now on,” he declared, stepping forward and pulling Cherise into a loose hug, “you’re my only daughter.”

As for Gwenn, she knew what mattered to him, yet she still helped Raymond escape. That meant she had never considered his feelings or regarded him as her father.

Cherise’s tears finally spilled over. Despite the reconciliation years ago, the unfair treatment from Beckham had always weighed on her.

Now, how could she not cry tears of joy with the weight lifted?

“Okay, okay, enough crying!” Two pigtails bounced as Serafina stomped over, grabbing Cherise’s sleeve with one hand and Beckham’s shirt with the other.

She chirped. “Grandpa wants to do your hair! Pretty braids, just like mine!”

Serafina twirled her braids, her voice bubbling with excitement, “Look at my beautiful braids, Mommy!”

She giggled, swinging her hair. “Grandpa said he never braided your hair when you were little. Do you think he could do it now? He’s really good at braids!”

Cherise's eyes widened. She glanced at Serafina, then met Beckham's gaze, a hesitant smile tugging at her lips. After a moment, a warm feeling spread through her. "Sure, why not?"

Turning to her father, she added, "It's been ages since anyone touched my hair. If you're up for it, I'm game!"

Beckham practically beamed, his hands buzzing with nervous energy. "Of course I am! Let's do it!"

Cherise chuckled. "Alright, let's see what you can do. You've never braided my hair before."

Suddenly, Soren popped up, holding out a comb. He warned Beckham, "Hey, Grandpa. Sera and I only have one Mommy, so don't mess it up too badly. Otherwise, we might have to find a new one!"

"Uh-huh! Mommy needs a beauty makeover just like Sera!" Serafina chirped, nodding.

Cherise chuckled, shaking her head at the two chatterboxes. "You two wouldn't stop talking for a second, would you?"

Though she teased, her voice dripped with love and appreciation. She understood their attempt to lighten the mood.

Right! Why cry on a day like this?

With a smile, she let Serafina pull her down to the floor.

Watching from the sofa, Beckham reached over and gently removed the band from Cherise's high ponytail. Her dark hair cascaded down like a silky waterfall.

"Beautiful hair, just like your mom's," he murmured, running a comb through it.

Cherise raised an eyebrow. "You used to comb Mom's hair?"

Beckham chuckled, a hint of nostalgia in his eyes. "Oh, yeah. She wouldn't leave me alone until I learned."

He reminisced that Cherise, adopted into their family as a young girl, had long, unruly hair that she hated managing. So, Beckham, ever the patient one, learned how to comb it for her.

Beckham chuckled, remembering a mischievous glint in Cherise's mom's eyes. "Yeah, your mom wasn't one to let me get away with slacking. If I forgot to comb her hair, barn! Surprise doodle in my homework!"

Cherise's eyes widened. "No way! Mom actually drew in your school stuff?"

Beckham chuckled, a twinkle in his own eyes. "Well, let's just say forgetting to brush her hair once resulted in a colorful surprise hidden in my history book. It wasn't exactly helpful for my grades, but I

have to admit, it was pretty funny.”

In the kitchen, Damien paused momentarily, a hint of a smile playing on his lips. The sound of running water echoed the playful banter from the living room.

The kitchen counter buzzed with the sudden vibration of Damien’s phone. He frowned, glancing at the screen before answering. “Yeah, Charles?”

Charles’ voice crackled through the receiver, “Just got the lowdown on Tristan. It turns out he snuck back into Adania today. My sources even snagged a copy of the sneaky email he sent to the company after landing. Do you think it’s time we put him under close watch?”

Damien sighed, rubbing his temples. “Keep an eye out for now, that’s enough. We’ll figure out the rest later. I have my hands full right now.”

“Hands full with what? Didn’t you tie up all the loose ends at the office?” Charles scoffed.

Damien chuckled, a hint of warmth creeping into his voice. “Work’s all sorted; I’m just dealing with some... family matters now.”

Chapter 834 Damien Cooks

“Family matters? What’s the latest family drama?” Charles’ voice resonated through the phone

Damien chuckled, balancing the phone between his ear and shoulder as he skillfully chopped

vegetables. “Nothing too exciting, just preparing some food for my father-in-law and the gang, keeping myself occupied.”

Charles, on the other end, spluttered. “You... you’re cooking?” he stammered. “Since when? But you told me you couldn’t even boil water when I asked you to make dinner for Macve!”

Damien flashed a teasing grin. “Nope, wife-only policy, just like your sister-only rule with cooking. You have hands and feet, buddy, so cook for your own lady.”

He ended the call before Charles could respond.

On the other end, Charles stared at his phone, mouth agape. So Damien wasn’t helpless in the kitchen.

He was just pretending! Because Charles, with his perfectly capable hands and feet, should be cooking for his wife, Maeve. Damien might love his sister, but family ties didn’t extend to the kitchen in his world, apparently!

“What did Dame say?” Maeve asked, concern furrowing her brow as she saw Charles’s frown. She gently patted the little girl cradled in her arms.

“He said we’ll talk later, he’s busy.” Charles turned to Maeve, frustration evident in his voice.

He continued, "You won't believe what he's 'busy' with! He's actually preparing a feast for Cherise and Beckham! The same guy who refused to cook me a simple pasta dish! I guess love triumphs over friendship for Damien, huh?"

Maeve leaned back, a smile playing on her lips. She gently patted her sleeping daughter with one hand and looked up at Charles with raised eyebrows. "Isn't that a good thing?"

Charles's eyebrows shot up. "Good? You consider catering to Cherise's every whim good?"

"He's finally showing some warmth, isn't he? Remember when you first met Dame? You told me he was distant, cold towards the world, and destined to be alone. Now look at him, preparing gourmet meals for his lady love."

Maeve sighed, a wave of relief washing over her. "He has always been this cold, reserved guy.

Although I wasn't around much then, Grandpa always nagged about Dame's personality, saying making friends for him would be like climbing Mount Everest in flip-flops. But then Cherry came along and brought normalcy into Dame's life. And now that they're back together, that warmth, that kindness is shining through. Isn't that something to be happy about?"

Charles felt betrayed when even Maeve spoke up for Damien.

“Forget it,” he mumbled, but doubt gnawed at him. Could he really be overreacting?

He gave Maeve a helpless look. “But he’s making dinner for Cherise and her dad, then turns around and gives me a hard time about pasta! Aren’t you even slightly annoyed?”

Maeve met his gaze, her smile gentle. “Annoyed? Not at all. I have you. My brother cooks for his wife.

You cook for me. It’s all good, right?”

She winked. “Speaking of food, is it ready? I’m famished!”

Charles blinked, momentarily speechless. Then he chuckled. “Yes, love. It’s ready.”

Meanwhile, Damien placed the final dish on the table, his eyes drawn to Beckham patiently styling

Cherise’s hair. He had crafted two thick braids that perfectly mirrored Serafina’s with surprising accuracy.

Despite being twenty-five and all grown up, Cherise’s youthful face somehow appeared even younger

with those braids, transforming her into a high school student once again.

Chapter 835 Off To Cartoon City!

Beckham prepared a new dress for Cherise to match her hair. Hesitant, she slipped into the white

dress, feeling strangely self-conscious. Playing with the puffy sleeves, she asked, “Do you think... I

look strange or awkward in this dress?”

At sixteen or seventeen, Cherise wouldn't have dared to dream of owning a dress like this. Back then, living with her hardworking uncle and aunt in the countryside, she was sensible enough to know that expensive clothes were a luxury they couldn't afford.

Now, her financial situation had changed, but...well, her age hadn't. Staring at her reflection, she couldn't shake the feeling of being out of place.

“Mommy, you look so beautiful! Just like me!” Beside her, Serafina, wearing a children's version of the same dress, beamed.

Mother and daughter, both in white dresses and pigtails, looked exactly alike, with one being a miniature version of the other.

Damien burst into laughter, unable to contain himself. Cherise, playfully pouting, glanced down at her outfit. “Do I look like a clown?”

He took off his apron, walking towards her like a lovesick fool. “Nah, just... happy,” he admitted, squeezing her hand. “Seeing you in that dress and hairstyle, it's like time has gone back five years.”

He grinned. “Remember when you used to wear pigtails and braid your hair? You had the biggest,

roundest eyes that blinked at me all the time.”

Back then, Cherise was all pigtails, braids, and innocent doe-eyed looks. Five years later, she had grown into a stunning woman, but somewhere along the way, something had changed. Seeing her in the dress and hairstyle that Beckham had chosen, Damien felt like he had stepped into a time machine. She looked like the old Cherise, but... not quite.

Soren called out from his chair. “Hey, it’s dinnertime! And you lovebirds, can the secret talk wait until after we eat? Grandpa promised to take Sera and me to Cartoon City!”

Damien raised an eyebrow. “Cartoon City?”

Beckham grinned. “Yep. I promised the little ones after the wedding. Gotta keep those promises, you know?”

Damien chuckled and turned to Soren and Serafina. “Do you mind if Mommy and I join you on your Cartoon City adventure?”

Serafina jumped up, clapping her hands in delight. “Of course! Sera says yes!”

Soren pouted and dramatically turned his head away. “Fine, if she says so, I guess I’ll allow it...”

reluctantly.”

After lunch, Beckham began preparing everyone for their Cartoon City adventure. However, Cherise

felt a pang of self-consciousness in her whimsical dress and pigtails.

“Honey, you look beautiful just the way you are,” Beckham assured her.

Damien echoed the sentiment. “Don’t change, my dear. It’s nice to feel young sometimes.

Soren mumbled, “Changing clothes is a hassle. Stop fussing, Ms. Shaw!”

Serafina put on her best puppy-dog eyes, pretending to cry. “Waaah... Mommy, you look perfect like

Sera! Please don’t change!”

A chorus of “no”s bombarded Cherise, leaving her speechless. Facing the determined group, she knew

that resistance was futile. Sighing, she tucked her pigtails behind her ears, smoothed her princess

dress, and got into the car.

Cartoon City was nearby, and the family of five arrived soon enough. When they entered the park,

Cherise held Serafina’s hand, Damien took hold of Soren, and Beckham followed behind, grinning at

the lively scene.

Chapter 836 Plans To Leave Ziphon

Beckham couldn’t help but smile as he watched the children in front of him.

Cartoon City was bustling with activity. Serafina was excited to explore the various attractions, and even though Soren always had a look of disdain, he was having a great time.

The family had a wonderful afternoon in Cartoon City.

Only when the sun began to set did the children reluctantly leave the amusement park attractions and exclaim, "I'm so hungry!"

"Let's grab something to eat." Beckham lovingly picked up Serafina before turning to Cherise and Damien, saying, "Let's have dinner."

Cherise nodded. Just as she was about to hold Damien's arm, his phone in his pocket rang.

"Damien." It was Charles. "I've arranged a private jet for you. Come to Adania as fast as you can."

Charles sounded urgent, causing Damien to furrow his brow. "What happened?"

"Tristan has sold his shares in the Lenoir Group at a low price in Adania. He also canceled several long-term contracts and tried to flee with a substantial amount of funds. My people caught him. It's chaotic over there. You need to get there and take charge immediately."

Charles took a deep breath and added, "I could handle it, but I'm only the son-in-law, not a Lenoir by

blood. It wouldn't be quite right."

Damien pursed his lips. "I understand. I'll head there right away." He promptly hung up.

From Damien's expression and what he had just said, Cherise had already guessed what had

happened. She looked at him and pursed her lips. "Has something happened in Adania?"

"Yes." Damien didn't hide it from her. "Tristan tried to embezzle money and run away, but Charles'

people apprehended him. I have to return immediately."

After saying that, he lowered his gaze to look at her. "I'll leave Blake and Mr. Kolson here to protect

you, but I'll take Mr. Hampson back with me."

Cherise considered briefly before saying, "That's fine. I'll talk to Dad later. You should back first, and I'll

return with the children tomorrow."

"Okay." Damien solemnly patted Cherise's shoulder and turned away.

When Beckham arrived at the restaurant with the two children, he turned around and found Cherise

alone. "Where's Damien?"

"He had something to deal with in Adania, so he went ahead."

Beckham frowned. "So, he just left you and the children behind? Didn't he want to bring you back with

him? Or do you not want to go back?"

After saying that, he sighed. "Cherise, since you and Damien have reconciled, and the children have accepted him, you shouldn't continue living separately. You should say goodbye to Zac and your aunt tonight and bring the children back to Adania tomorrow! You can't be too stubborn!"

Cherise couldn't help but laugh. "Dad, didn't you used to discourage me from reconciling with Damien?"

Beckham frowned. "I did say that before, but did you listen to me? Now that I've thought it through, I regret not cherishing my time with your mother while she was alive. That's why I'm filled with regret and

grief. It's different for you. You and Damien have a bright future together, so stay together as much as possible. Don't be apart."

Cherise shook her head helplessly. "I was planning to return tomorrow anyway."

After saying that, she looked at Beckham resentfully. "Aren't you happy to spend one more day with me? Why are you trying to chase me away?"

"I'm not chasing you away." Beckham took a deep breath before continuing, "I also plan to leave Ziphon

tomorrow. It's time to explain the truth about your mother's past and the grudge with the Lenoir family to

our family."

Chapter 837 The Classmate From Shawbury

"Also..." Beckham sighed. "There's a matter concerning Gwenn."

Beckham paused before continuing, "Gwenn is engaged to Evan Tanner. Although I cannot cancel the

engagement for them, I want to make it clear that Gwenn is no longer my adopted daughter and has no

connection to me."

Cherise nodded while pouring orange juice for Serafina. "All right. Do you want me to go with you to

explain to them?"

"No." Beckham shook his head gently, "Mandy will be there to assist me. Don't you trust her?"

Cherise pursed her lips. "I trust her."

She couldn't deny that Mandy was much more competent than her in many matters. Since Mandy

would be there, Cherise didn't have to worry about her father.

After dinner, Beckham went to get the car while Cherise waited with the children at the parking lot exit.

But before Beckham arrived, a man dressed in black appeared. The man bowed to Cherise politely.

“Greetings, my master would like to inquire if you are Cherise Shaw.”

Cherise nodded in confusion. “Yes, I am Cherise. Who’s your master?” She couldn’t recall knowing anyone in Ziphon other than Zachary.

“Were you a student in Shawbury?”

Cherise nodded. “Yes.”

Shawbury was the town near Shaw’s village. But why was he asking her these questions?

“Very well.” The man in black gestured courteously for her to follow him. “My master said he would like to chat with you.”

Cherise was stunned. She stepped back with the children, saying, “I’m sorry, I don’t know your master, and I have no interest in chatting with him.”

“But my master knows you and wishes to talk to you.” The man in black approached her, smiling politely. “Please rest assured. My master is not a bad person. He was just your classmate back in Shawbury.”

Cherise furrowed her brow. “How is that possible?”

The students in Shawbury were all from the nearby villages. All of them were rural folks. How could

there be someone who could afford such a refined servant?

“Nothing is impossible.” The man in black continued smiling. “My master mentioned he used to share a desk with you but later transferred schools. He saw you standing here and recognized you instantly, so he wanted to catch up with you. My master said if you refuse, I must bring you to him by force.”

Cherise furrowed her brow, unable to recall a classmate with such a prominent status. Just as she was about to refuse again, Beckham drove the car out of the underground parking lot.

She pursed her lips, ushered her children to the car, and glanced at the man in black. “Tell your master that I have personal matters to attend to. If he wants to see me, we will meet if chance allows.” With that, she entered the car and closed the door.

The man in black frowned, wanting to say something, but Beckham’s car had already driven away.

“Who was that?” Beckham asked softly as he drove.

Cherise shook her head, “I don’t know. He claimed his master wanted to see me because we used to be classmates.”

After saying that, Cherise shrugged helplessly, “When I was in school, my classmates were all from the

villages near Shawbury; there wouldn't be anyone with such a prominent status. He must be lying."

"Do you want to ask Zachary to block the car behind us?"

Chapter 838 A Coincidence

Beckham furrowed his brow and asked, "Who are those people following us?"

Cherise was startled and instinctively turned around, only to see several black luxury cars tailing their vehicle. Everyone in those cars was dressed like the man in black who had approached her earlier.

There were about five or six of these cars, relentlessly pursuing them.

Cherise was astounded. How did these people manage to catch up with us?

"Call Zac." Beckham, being experienced and worldly, remained unfazed in such a situation. "Zac is from Ziphon. He can quickly mobilize his subordinates and is familiar with the traffic here. I might not be able to shake off all these cars alone."

Cherise pursed her lips and considered briefly. "We don't have to call Zachary. I can try someone else."

With that, she quickly pulled out her phone and dialed Jarvi's number.

Although Zachary had some influence in Ziphon, many people abandoned him when he was in a coma.

Now that he had just awakened, it might take him a while to gather a significant force.

On the other hand, Jarvi could.

“Cherise, what can I do for you, my dear?” Jarvi was pleasantly surprised. “Is everything okay?”

“I need your help.” Cherise took a deep breath and informed Jarvi of their current location. and their situation.

“All right, I’ll send someone over immediately.” Jarvi did not hesitate. “You did the right thing by reaching out to me!”

Only then did Cherise feel relieved. “Thank you, Mr. Aquino.”

“You are Charisa’s daughter. I’m more than happy to assist you with anything.”

Jarvi kept his promise.

Not long after Cherise hung up, many white cars surged onto the road, forming a barrier at the rear of Beckham’s car.

The white cars instantly blocked the black cars that had been tailing Beckham’s car. The men in black could only watch Beckham’s car disappear into the distance. They were utterly powerless in their vehicles.

Their leader had no choice but to dial a number. “Sir, we lost them.”

“You’re all useless.” The man on the other end continued coldly, “You can’t even keep up with a woman. What good are you?”

The leader fell silent instantly. He wanted to explain, but the man on the other end lazily shook his head. “Come back. You’re an embarrassment.”

The man in black could only remain silent.

After bidding farewell to Zachary and the members of the Quinnell family, Cherise packed her bags and boarded an early flight to Adania with her children.

Now that Zachary had woken up and he and Lyra had gotten married, Cherise felt she should return to Adania and resume her life. After all, she had not been working in the research institute for over half a month.

However, what Cherise didn’t expect was that when their plane landed at the airport in Adania, she found herself exiting the airport alongside the mysterious man in black who had approached her the day before.

“Cherise, we meet again.” The man in black still behaved courteously towards Cherise. “What a coincidence.”

Cherise repeated doubtfully, "Coincidence?" She did not believe it was a coincidence and felt that she was being followed.

"No need to be so tense." The man smiled slightly. "I'm in Adania on an errand for my master. It really is a coincidence."

After saying that, the man smiled at Cherise. "I'll go ahead." He walked away and disappeared.

Chapter 839 You Must Protect Mommy

Cherise stood still, pursing her lips, before exiting the airport with her children and getting into the car

Damien had arranged for them.

Little did she know, there was a black extended Lincoln car parked nearby. Inside the car, a man dressed in black with a cold demeanor swirled red wine in his glass. His gaze, like that of a predator observing its prey, was fixed on the direction Cherise had left.

After a while, a faint smile appeared on his lips. He muttered, "Cherise, it's been over a decade, but you haven't changed."

Then, he glanced down at the file on the low table in front of him. It was a document—a dossier about Damien.

The man sipped his wine and smiled. "What right does that Lenoir guy have to compete for a woman with me? Ten years ago, I claimed Cherise as mine. No one can take her away from me."

When Cherise and the children returned to Lenoir Manor, Damien was discussing recent work matters with Lennon in the study.

Seeing the car stop outside, Damien stretched lazily. "Let's call it a day," he suggested.

Lennon gave him a disapproving glance. "This is not the time to be distracted. The company is in a mess, yet as soon as Cherise returns, you stop caring about the company."

Damien smiled. "I have you. Since you and Lucy's relationship won't progress in the short term, you might as well put all your energy into work. I'm different from you. I have a wife and children. I can't just think about work all day."

Lennon was left speechless. He wanted to punch Damien right then and there.

Was it really necessary for him to flaunt his married life like this?

But he restrained himself in the end.

Taking a deep breath, he looked at the information on his phone screen and said solemnly, "Mr. Weiss of the Weiss family arrived in Adania today. Besides acquiring the shares Tristan discarded, he also

bought some scattered shares from other shareholders. He's probably here to cause trouble for you.

You should be prepared in advance."

However, there was no response from Damien, only silence,

Lennon frowned and instinctively looked up, only to find that he was the only one left in the study.

He rolled his eyes in frustration and glanced out of the window. Damien had already reached Cherise's

car. He picked up Serafina, held Cherise's hand, and walked towards the villa with her, chatting and

laughing.

Lennon had nothing to say. He could only sigh helplessly and keep to himself the gossip he had heard

about Mr. Weiss being Cherise's former classmate in Shawbury.

"Daddy, a strange man followed Mommy!" Serafina pouted in Damien's arms. Her voice was soft and

sweet. "That strange man has been following Mommy since yesterday! He said someone wanted to

meet Mommy!"

"Then Grandpa took Mommy away, but just now, at the airport, I saw him following Mommy again!"

The

little girl raised her chubby hands and placed them on Damien's chiseled face. "Daddy, you must

protect Mommy!”

Hearing Serafina’s words, Damien frowned slightly and turned to Cherise for confirmation.

Chérise shook her head helplessly, admitting it with a nod. “Yes, but he might not have followed me

today. It was probably just a coincidence. He said his master knew me, and we used to be classmates.”

After saying this, she smiled helplessly. “I didn’t take it seriously. While studying in Shawbury, my

classmates were all from nearby villages. There wouldn’t be someone like his master.”

Chapter 840 As Silly As You

“Perhaps he mistook me for someone else.”

Then, she asked Damien, “Have you resolved the matter here?”

She was referring to Tristan’s embezzlement of company funds and his attempt to flee.

“Yes.” Damien nodded slightly. He entered the living room and gently placed Serafina on the sofa

before sitting down.

Frances poured tea for Cherise and Damien. “Sir, Mr. Belcourt said he had to attend to something and

left.”

Damien nodded. He picked up the teacup and took a sip. “Tristan has been handed over to the judicial

authorities. Although he didn't take the money or escape, he secretly transferred his shares in the Lenoir Group under his and Raymond's names when no one was paying attention."

Cherise didn't know much about the company's affairs and asked tentatively, "Are there other issues in the company that you have to deal with?"

"Sort of."

Damien knew she was unaware of most things outside the medical field, so he didn't go into detail. "In short, it's a bit troublesome. I might not be able to spend much time with you and the children in the coming days."

After saying this, he looked at Cherise affectionately. "Cherise, I'm sorry. I've been so busy since I returned, and I won't have much time to spend with you."

Cherise pursed her lips, looking at him helplessly. "Why are you apologizing to me?"

He had followed her to Ziphon because of her. After all, Zachary Miles was her friend, not his. Before this trip to Ziphon, Damien and Zachary were, at most, acquaintances. He wouldn't have wasted so much time going to Ziphon if it weren't for her.

Furthermore, he had spent a significant amount of time searching for her in Lermille before

accompanying her to Ziphon. His dedication moved her. How could she blame him for not having enough time to be with her?

Cherise smiled and held Damien's hand. "No need to apologize to me. You have your business to attend to, and I have my job. Even though we love each other, we don't always have to be together."

She smiled after saying that. "My work at the research institute is about to get busy. From now on, you can focus on your business, and I'll focus on my job. We'll work together for our home."

"Yes, that's great!" A childish voice declared solemnly before Damien could respond to Cherise's heartfelt confession. "We'll work hard together! Ren and I will also study hard in kindergarten!"

Cherise and Damien were left speechless.

Soren immediately grabbed Serafina. "We're going upstairs. Stop embarrassing yourself."

But Serafina protested. "No, no! I want to stay with Daddy and Mommy!"

Soren replied, "All right then, I'll eat the chocolate Grandpa sent by myself."

That prompted Serafina to panic. "Boohoo! Ren, don't leave me! I want to eat chocolate!"

Seeing Soren had gone upstairs, Serafina chased after him with her short legs. "Ren! Ren! I want to

eat chocolate!!”

“Slow down!” Frances quickly followed Serafina and held her hand, fearing she would fall.

Cherise sat on the sofa, watching her adorable daughter with a smile. “She’s a little silly.”

“She’s as silly as you.” A burst of masculine laughter sounded beside her. “Our daughter takes after you.”

Cherise pursed her lips and turned around in protest. “I’ve told you. I’m not silly!”