

Marrying 841

Chapter 841 Unexpected Closeness

To her surprise, Damien suddenly stood too close to Cherise. They were so close that her lips brushed against his face when she turned.

Sparks flew between them.

In the next moment, Damien pressed Cherise onto the sofa, kissing her passionately.

“Cherry,” he said affectionately. “We’ve been apart for a day. I miss you.”

Cherise appeared incredulous. She pushed him away, rejecting his kiss. “Really? It’s only been a day.”

“It’s true,” Damien replied, looking at her with his deep-set eyes. Cherise could even see her blushing face reflected in them, which made her blush even harder.

“We were inexplicably separated for five years. I’ve spent five years yearning for you. I want you to make up for it twice as much every day.”

Having said that, he didn’t even give her time to catch her breath before kissing her passionately.

The air between them became charged with ambiguity and tension. Cherise was immersed in his lingering kiss, unable to free herself.

Finally, she whispered in his ear, “Let’s go back to the room. The kids could come downstairs at any

time..."

Damien smiled and picked her up. "Those kids can be a bit troublesome."

Cherise pouted and relaxed in his embrace. "Who said they wanted a third or fourth child?"

Damien answered in good humor. "Children are troublesome no matter how many you have. So, I might as well have a few more. It will be lively."

Hearing that, Cherise glared at him. "Do you know how painful it is to give birth?"

But Damien laughed. "I can share the pain with you. You can bite me when

Cherise was rendered speechless. She pursed her lips. "I don't want to."

"Don't want to what?"

"I don't want to give birth!" you give birth."

Damien held her and kicked open the bedroom door. "You have no say in this."

Cherise pursed her lips, wanting to say something, but he sealed her words with a kiss. He laid her down on the bed.

Despite claiming that Cherise had no say in the matter, he still found contraceptives in the bedside

drawers.

Cherise stared at him as he skillfully took out one. "Why... do you have this at home?"

"Is there a problem?" Damien looked at her and smiled playfully. "You said you more kids. Have you changed your mind?"

His provocative gaze made Cherise nervously stutter, "I... I didn't mean that!"

Then, she pursed her lips and reorganized her thoughts. "I mean... why do you have this at home?"

She frowned and instinctively glanced into the drawer. Her expression instantly turned stern. "Why... is it opened?"

The box in the drawer had obviously been opened. Moreover, several contraceptives were missing, apart from the one in Damien's hands.

That means... Damien had used a few of them!

Cherise's heart instantly turned cold.

Since this box is kept in the bedroom's bedside drawers, Damien must have used it occasionally.

Others could not have put it there.

So, if Damien used it... Who did he use it with?

Seeing Cherise's wary gaze, Damien arched his eyebrows and immediately understood her

nervousness. He smiled and held her in his arms. "What do you think I used it for?"

Cherise pursed her lips and shoved his arms away. "Don't touch me!"

She glared at him, continuing, "Damien, tell me the truth. During the five years I wasn't by your side, did

you... find another woman?"

Chapter 842 Infidelity

Otherwise, why would there be a partially used box of contraceptives?

Damien rested his head on his arms against the headboard of the bed. He smiled at Cherise, asking,

"So, who do you think I used them with?"

"Ursula? Rowena? Or some random woman?" he added casually.

Cherise bit her lip, digging her fingernails into her palm. She couldn't accept it! The mere thought of

Damien being with another woman in her absence made her sad, indignant, and at a loss for words.

It was still unacceptable, even if he had no feelings for that woman. Cherise valued loyalty in romantic

relationships and marriage. She had only been with him her entire life, but he...

Tears welled up in her eyes. She immediately turned her face away, refusing to let Damien see her cry.

“I’m going to check on the kids.”

With that, she tried to get out of bed.

However, Damien quickly pulled her back and pressed her down. By then, Cherise’s eyes were

bloodshot. On closer observation, one could even see tears welling up in them.

Damien looked at Cherise helplessly and deliberately teased her. “Cherry, I’m a normal man too.

During the five years you were gone, there were times when I couldn’t control myself. I have physical

needs, too, you know?”

His words finally made Cherise burst into tears.

He admitted it! He used this box of contraceptives to sleep with other women on this bed!

A wave of disappointment and sadness enveloped Cherise. She bit her lip. “So... you...”

“Mm.” Damien leaned down to kiss her, but she dodged him.

Her reaction amused Damien. “As you can see, I’ve only done it five or six times in five years. I’ve

shown tremendous restraint.”

Cherise bit her lip. Tears trickled down her face. “Damien! Don’t make me argue with you. No woman

can tolerate her husband sleeping with other women and hear it explained to her in detail!”

Sadness and disappointment grew as she spoke. She couldn't stop the tears from flowing. "I

understand that you find it hard to resist your sexual urges in these five years... but why...

She sniffled. Her voice choked as she sobbed. "You think I didn't have desires in these five years?

What makes you think I don't have physical needs? But I could never do it with anyone except you!

Even if I have such needs, I control myself!"

Cherise took a deep breath and continued furiously, "But what about you? Not only did you seek out

other women, but you did it on this bed..."

This was the bed where she and Damien shared countless memories. But now, all she could think

about was Damien taking another woman to this bed, making her feel nauseous.

How could Damien...

Her thoughts fueled the flame of her anger. She struggled fiercely, shouting, "Let me go! I..."

However, Damien passionately kissed her before she could finish her sentence.

Cherise didn't enjoy the kiss at all. Instead, she kept struggling, trying to escape from under him! She

fought harder than before. Her anger was apparent.

Damien laughed and let go of her hand. He pulled her into his embrace. "Can't stand the thought of me sleeping with other women?"

Cherise sulked and refused to speak.

Chapter 843 I Want You On Top

Damien smiled affectionately and kissed the top of her head. "Frances has been working here for the past five years without taking a single day off."

He gently tucked stray strands of hair behind her ear. "If you think I've brought another woman to this room and slept with her, you can ask Frances for confirmation."

Cherise, with tears streaming down her face, looked up at Damien in confusion. "What do you mean?"

Didn't he confess that he had slept with other women on this bed? Why is he telling me to confirm with

Frances if I don't believe it? Why should I ask Frances and humiliate myself? Or does he mean for

Frances to comfort me?

These thoughts made Cherise's tears flow even more. "Damien, you scoundrel!"

"Scoundrel?" Damien arched his eyebrows and chuckled. "How am I a scoundrel?"

"You..." Cherise pursed her lips. "You have no shame!"

How dare he pretend to be innocent after sleeping with other women?

“How am I shameless?” Damien smiled helplessly and took Cherise’s hand. “Darling, I think you misunderstood something.”

He smiled and held her hand firmly. “I missed you when you were not here. Is it wrong for me to satisfy my physical needs on my own?”

“Satisfy...” Cherise was stunned. She looked up at Damien in confusion. “You used this to...satisfy...”

She was too embarrassed to finish the sentence. However...

“I understand...” Her face flushed. She instinctively glanced up and noticed Damien’s eyes crinkled in amusement. “I... About what I said... I was wrong to blame you.”

Cherise thought he used it with another woman. She did not expect him to use it for self- pleasure.

Still, amidst the tension and embarrassment, she secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

“I’m sorry, Hubby...”

“No need to apologize.” Damien smiled and embraced Cherise. “Today, I want you on top.”

Having taken two weeks off, Cherise had planned to go to work early the following day. Unfortunately, her plan was completely derailed.

Damien had abstained from sex for a long time. Now that he had Cherise back, he was insatiable in bed.

After a night of passionate activities, Cherise was so exhausted that she slept in until the sun was high in the sky.

When she woke up, Damien had returned after sending their children to kindergarten and had her pinned beneath him.

“Wifey.” He rarely called her ‘wifey’ so affectionately while trapping her beneath him. Cherise instinctively had a bad feeling.

As she feared, Damien initiated their ‘morning exercise’ before she could react.

It was already past eleven when Damien lifted her exhausted figure from the bathtub.

Cherise weakly picked up her phone and saw the time. She couldn’t help but exclaim, “Damien! You scoundrel!”

Damien wasn’t angry despite being called a ‘scoundrel’ for the first time. Instead, he elegantly picked up the bowl of oatmeal that Frances had brought and looked at Cherise affectionately. “Here, you should eat something to replenish your energy.”

His words infuriated her. She glared at him fiercely, scolding, "It's all your fault! Scoundrel! Rascal!"

Damien raised his eyebrows slightly. "If you don't eat it, I might do something even more mischievous."

Cherise was rendered speechless. She immediately snatched the oatmeal from his hand. "I'll eat!"

Chapter 844 Return To The Research Institute

Cherise had already informed Mr. Whitlock yesterday that she would return to work today. Yet, here she was, absent for the entire morning.

"You can go tomorrow," Damien smiled and gently tousled Cherise's hair. "I've spoken to Mr. Whitlock on your behalf."

Cherise, holding a bowl of oatmeal, paused slightly. "What did you tell him?"

Damien's stern voice carried a hint of amusement. "I told him that you and I plan to have a third and fourth child. So, you might need to take a day off at home."

Cherise was shocked.

This scoundrel! How could he embarrass me like that?

Cherise held her spoon hesitantly. She had lost her appetite, but she feared he would tease her again if she did not eat.

After a while, she reluctantly swallowed the oatmeal. “I don’t care. I have to go to work this afternoon.”

Since the morning was already lost and irretrievable, she could not skip the afternoon either. She refused to let her colleagues and superiors think she was an employee who indulged excessively and kept slacking off from work.

Damien shrugged. “If you insist on going, I’ll have Mr. Kolson take you there later.”

He had matters to deal with in the afternoon and could not always stay home with her. Thus, he thought her going to work was also a good choice. At least she would not be so bored.

After lunch, Cherise dug out her long-unused office clothes. Then, Mr. Kolson sent her to the research institute.

The research institute seemed unusually lively today, with flowers and balloons at the entrance.

Cherise rubbed her temples helplessly and smiled. Her colleagues probably prepared these things to welcome her.

Last night, she had seen Heather discussing organizing a welcome party with her colleagues in the WhatsApp group.

Cherise felt even more guilty as she thought about this. Her colleagues must have waited for her to

return, yet she was late. Thus, she entered the research institute, intending to apologize.

When she entered, she saw Heather's face stained with colorful cake icing.

"Dr. Shaw?" Heather looked at Cherise in shock. "Why... why are you back today?"

Then, as if fearing others would discover Cherise, Heather quickly pulled her into the stairwell. "Aren't you on vacation for a long time?"

Cherise was stunned.

"I..."

She had informed Mr. Whitlock yesterday that she would end her vacation. Furthermore, Heather and other colleagues were discussing a welcome party in the chat group. How could Heather not know she was coming back?

"Dr. Shaw, your vacation isn't over yet. You should go home and enjoy it. Why come to the research institute?"

Heather seemed anxious and tried to persuade Cherise to go home. "There's nothing much to do in the institute. Since you've gotten engaged to your fiancé, you should enjoy quality time with him."

After saying that, she began to push Cherise towards the back door. "Listen to me. Go home first..."

However, before she could finish speaking, someone called out to her. "Heather, who are you talking to over there?"

Cherise frowned. She recognized the voice calling Heather. It was also a colleague from the research institute. Previously, Damien had invited all her colleagues to dinner. This colleague had toasted to her and Damien.

Thus, Cherise turned around and smiled to greet the colleague. "Hi, it's me. I'm back."

Seeing Cherise's smile, the colleague was stunned for a moment. Then, her in horror as if she had seen a ghost. "Cherise?"

Chapter 845 Plagiarism

The colleague immediately raised her voice. "How dare you show up at the institute? You have brought humiliation upon us! How audacious of you to show your face here!"

Cherise was completely bewildered.

Heather quickly stepped in front of Cherise. "Serena, what are you saying? Isn't this matter still under investigation? Why are you accusing Cherise like this? What if the investigation results show that

Cherise is the one being plagiarized? How will you face her as her colleague?"

“Colleague?” Serena sneered, “Who would want to be colleagues with such a shameless woman? I

used to think she was brave for admitting that she didn’t dare to conduct surgery. Now, it seems she is just shameless!”

Serena continued to vent her anger. “She claims to have made significant contributions in medicine and to be highly professional in academia, but what’s the truth? Her paper is plagiarized! If this paper is plagiarized, her other papers might be plagiarized too, and her qualifications might even be fake!”

The more Serena spoke, the more she felt justified. “Furthermore, her family and her husband’s family are wealthy. For the wealthy, academic qualifications, research papers... everything can be bought!

This is a mockery of those of us who are dedicated to academia. She’s trampling on our dignity!”

Serena spoke with such conviction that Cherise was almost tempted to applaud her. Undoubtedly, if

Serena were accusing someone else who had indeed violated the rules, Cherise might excitedly

applaud her words. Unfortunately, Serena blamed her, and she had never done anything remotely

close to any of the things Serena mentioned.

Still, Cherise guessed what had happened from Serena and Heather’s conversation. Most likely,

someone had claimed that the paper Gwenn stole from her was their own.

She took a deep breath and gently patted Heather's hand, signaling her to calm down. Then, she smiled at Serena, saying, "I think I understand the situation you are referring to. As for whether I plagiarized, that's for the expert panel to determine. I'll talk to Mr. Whitlock and the hospital director."

However, as she tried to leave, Serena extended her arms and blocked her way. "Cherise, I won't let you escape so easily!"

"Mr. Whitlock told us he was reluctant to accept you. However, the hospital director, whom he was acquainted with, recommended you, saying you were talented, which was why you could work at our institute."

But since you started working, you haven't done anything. Apart from writing one research paper, you've been on continuous leave. Now, even your paper is plagiarized, and the person you plagiarized from has come forward to condemn you!

"Cherise, you are a person with no medical ethics or morals. You should be banned from the entire field!"

Serena's loud voice attracted many colleagues to come and watch.

As Damien had gifted flowers and invited everyone in the institute to dinner, they knew Cherise. But in their eyes, Cherise had become a person who tarnished the institute's reputation, making them unable to hold their heads up before their peers.

They gathered around her, criticizing her. Every word they said cut deeply into Cherise's heart.

"Good-looking women are usually useless! And I say this from experience! Half of them are airheads!"

"Exactly! How could there be a woman who is beautiful, intelligent, and has a handsome husband? If such a perfect woman existed, we would have been envious to death!"

Chapter 846 Betrayal

"Hey, don't be so harsh on her. Isn't she skilled at charming men? She did manage to attract a wealthy man, after all. Once her husband opens his wallet, she can be whoever she wants, right?"

"Look at Heather. This fool is still defending her for a free meal?"

"There's never a shortage of deceivers and fools in this world. Cherise is a deceiver, and Heather is a fool!"

Cherise's colleagues would not stop throwing malicious comments at her. Each word felt like knives mercilessly piercing her heart,

She took a deep breath, left the crowd, and walked purposefully towards Mr. Whitlock's office.

Mr. Whitlock knows I didn't plagiarize the article. All he has to do is compare the time I submitted my manuscript to him with when the accuser's paper was published. Then, the truth would be revealed, wouldn't it?

Filled with hope, Cherise arrived at the entrance of Mr. Whitlock's office.

The door was slightly ajar. Cherise raised her hand to knock but paused when she heard Mr. Whitlock's voice from inside the office. "If you provide evidence that your client wrote this paper before Cherise, we will apologize to her. This is our oversight. We should be more rigorous and not allow people like Cherise, who rely on plagiarism, to wander around in academia."

Cherise pursed her lips and pushed open the door, unable to tolerate it any longer. "Mr. Whitlock, what did you say? Can you repeat that?"

Mr. Whitlock did not expect someone to barge in suddenly. He turned to the door impatiently. "Who gave you permission to come in? Get out..."

However, Mr. Whitlock's voice abruptly disappeared. He stared in disbelief at Cherise standing at the door, asking awkwardly, "Che... Cherise, why are you here?"

Didn't Damien say she wouldn't be coming to work today? How could this be?

"If I hadn't come to work, how would I have heard my most trusted superior admitting that I plagiarized someone's work?"

After saying this, she calmly walked to the table and glanced at the so-called 'evidence.'

It was proof of the creation time, showing that the research paper had been on the computer of a woman named Yolanda Weiss for three weeks. The other document was issued by Mr. Whitlock, proving that Cherise's article had only been written a week and a half ago.

Looking at these two so-called proofs, Cherise smirked coldly.

Mr. Whitlock issued a certificate stating that my article was given to him a week and a half ago. But I gave it to him three weeks ago! What did he say at that time?

He told me to extensively research it and take it back to revise and polish it. Then, I went back and made the necessary revisions, polishing my work.

Ultimately, Mr. Whitlock recorded the last time I gave him the paper as the completion time. This wasn't a mistake; it was intentional!

With that in mind, Cherise snorted and looked at Mr. Whitlock. "Is this the kind of proof you can come up with?"

Mr. Whitlock turned his face away, seemingly guilty. "Cherise, I know it's difficult for you to admit to plagiarism. But I'm only stating the facts. The time submitted the paper is stated here as proof. I would never fabricate the truth for personal gain."

"Furthermore, we have always maintained a positive relationship and there is no ill will between us. I have no motive to single you out. Therefore, I will honestly disclose the time you submitted the paper. There is no reason for me to fabricate it!"

Having expressed this, he directed his attention to the gentleman next to him. "Mr. Zeller, kindly inform Ms. Weiss that this was an error on our institute's part. I will personally discuss the matter with the director and ensure that he signs a long-term contract with Ms. Weiss."

Chapter 847 I'm Unwilling To Wait

"After all..." Mr. Whitlock glanced at Cherise with a cold expression. "Our research institute only welcomes those with genuine talent and knowledge to join us."

Cherise stood still, her hands tightly clenched at her sides.

Mr. Whitlock's words echoed the mockery she had faced from her colleagues outside. It was clear that

he had influenced their opinions about her.

However, she couldn't comprehend why Mr. Whitlock, who had been warm and kind to her before she left for Ziphon half a month ago, had suddenly changed his attitude. He even distorted the truth right in front of her.

He knew very well whether the paper in question was written by her or Yolanda. So why did he slander her and claim that she lacked talent and knowledge?

She had contemplated the topic for nearly five years before writing this paper. The two case studies within the paper represented five years of her hard work. As a fellow academic, he should understand the significance of this paper to her.

Nevertheless...

Cherise took a deep breath, snatched the two so-called proofs from the table, and tore them into shreds. "I refuse to accept this. I have never plagiarized. Everything in the paper is my original work. If Yolanda insists that the paper is hers, I don't mind confronting her face to face!"

Mr. Whitlock was taken aback and instinctively looked at the man in front of him. "Um... Mr. Zeller, what

should we do?"

"We'll have to wait for Ms. Weiss to resolve this herself." Mr. Zeller smiled and continued, "But she is currently having lunch with the president of the Lenoir Group and may not be able to come here right away."

After saying this, Mr. Zeller turned to Cherise. "Ms. Shaw, if you don't mind, you can wait for a while.

After all, Mr. Lenoir is an important figure. It wouldn't be appropriate to make him wait for Ms. Weiss."

Mr. Zeller's words caused Mr. Whitlock's face to turn pale. However, he still looked at Cherise with disdain. "Since you're so eager to confront Ms. Weiss, then wait! You should be more aware of Mr. Lenoir's status than I am. Their meeting won't end so quickly."

"Hmm." Mr. Zeller probably didn't know about Cherise's relationship with Damien. He said smugly, "Yes, Ms. Weiss is gentle and lovely. A successful man like Mr. Lenoir would be interested in a girl like her. Who knows, they might hit it off and have a longer conversation."

After saying that, he looked at Cherise contemptuously. "Ms. Shaw, someone like probably never have the opportunity to dine with such an influential person, so you don't understand how valuable this opportunity is..."

Cherise sneered. "Honestly, I fail to see what's so special about dining with Damien."

It was because Damien had lovingly fed her oatmeal at home during lunchtime. For her, having meals with him was an everyday occurrence. Yet, Mr. Zeller spoke of it as something she could only dream of.

Cherise took a deep breath and sat on the sofa in Mr. Whitlock's office. "So, do I have to wait for Yolanda to finish her meal before seeing her?"

"That's correct," Mr. Zeller arrogantly replied. "If you're unwilling to wait, you can..."

"I am indeed unwilling to wait." Cherise sneered once again and crossed her legs before dialing a number on her phone.

Chapter 848 If She's Willing

A moment later, a deep, gentle voice answered the call. "What's the matter?"

"What are you doing?" Cherise asked.

"I'm having dinner with a business partner."

Cherise raised her eyebrows. "Who's your business partner?"

"Someone I have dealings with regarding shares."

Damien answered honestly, without any hint of hiding. "I want to buy back Lenoir Group shares from

this person, so we are having a meal together.”

His deep, magnetic voice sounded amused as he continued, “Why? Have you suddenly decided to check on me, Mrs. Lenoir?”

After saying that, his voice lowered a few notches. “Is it because I didn’t satisfy you enough last night and this morning? Don’t worry. I have plenty more in me. We’ll continue tonight.

Cherise’s hand trembled violently as she gripped the phone. She almost threw it to the floor. If it weren’t

for Mr. Zeller and Mr. Whitlock’s presence, she would have cursed Damien as an old lecher.

Instead, she took a deep breath and pursed her lips. “So, is your client male or female?”

“Female.” Damien’s response was straightforward. “Not as beautiful as you, nor as gentle.”

“In that case, don’t negotiate.” Cherise took a deep breath. “I’m at Mr. Whitlock’s office in the institute.

Come and pick me up now. Also, bring your female client with you.”

Damien was briefly silent but did not hesitate. “If she’s willing.”

Then, he laughed, saying, “She and I are neither relatives nor friends. I can’t ask her to accompany me to pick up my wife the first time we meet, can I?”

Cherise pursed her lips. "She will be willing." With that, Cherise immediately hung up the call.

After putting her phone away, Cherise looked up and met Mr. Zeller's gaze. As their eyes met, Mr.

Zeller chuckled, saying, "Cherise, your call just now was quite enlightening. I'm starting to get curious about your husband. What kind of person is he?"

Cherise smiled at him. "You'll see him soon enough."

After saying that, she couldn't be bothered to continue conversing with the two. Instead, she closed her eyes and reclined against the sofa, pretending to take a nap.

Mr. Whitlock was stunned. He guessed Damien was the person Cherise had called just now.

Furthermore, he heard her asking him about his female client.

Does this mean Yolanda is only a female client to Damien?

But... When Mr. Zeller came to see me, he said Yolanda was Damien's new love interest! If he hadn't said that, I wouldn't have dared to treat Cherise like I did.

Seeing how calm and fearless Cherise was forced him to think of the worst.

He knew if there were no issues between Damien and Cherise, Damien would suppress the plagiarism incident again. Then, would he still get the payment Yolanda promised?

Mr. Whitlock appeared calm, but internally, he was as anxious as ants on a hot pan. He worried about his future if he failed to get Yolanda's payment and offended Damien and Cherise.

As Mr. Whitlock pondered what to do, someone knocked on the office door and opened it.

It was Heather. She carefully brought a cup of tea and placed it on the desk behind Mr. Whitlock. "Mr. Whitlock, please have some tea."

Her timid voice made Cherise frown slightly.

Chapter 849 It's All Heather's Fault

Cherise opened her eyes and met Heather's inquisitive gaze. Heather seemed to be silently asking.

"Are you okay?"

Cherise responded reassuringly and smiled at Heather, calming her anxious heart.

Ever since Cherise arrived at the institute, Heather had been worried about her. Although she knew

Cherise had Damien's protection, she was concerned that Damien wouldn't be able to arrive on time if

Mr. Whitlock were to bully Cherise.

As Cherise's friend, Heather felt responsible for ensuring Cherise's safety. Now that Cherise confirmed she was okay, Heather felt relieved.

Meanwhile, Mr. Whitlock stood behind Heather. His eyes lit up as he looked at the steaming cup of tea.

Suddenly, he grabbed the cup and hurled it towards Heather.

Heather was focused on Cherise and was unaware of the danger behind her. On the other hand,

Cherise saw Mr. Whitlock splashing the tea and wanted to pull Heather away. Unfortunately, it was too late.

Heather screamed. Her face instantly turned red from the scalding tea.

Mr. Whitlock smashed the cup on the floor, shouting, “Heather, did you come here to spy on me? Are you afraid I won’t slander Dr. Shaw as you wish, so you came in to check on me!?”

Heather’s body trembled violently from being scalded by the hot tea. She swayed unsteadily and fell backward. Cherise caught her immediately. “Heather, are you okay?”

Heather was in so much pain that she couldn’t speak for a while. She stuttered before managing to say two words, “It hurts!”

Seeing the usually friendly girl in so much pain ignited Cherise’s anger.

However, Mr. Whitlock continued to slander Heather, “Cherise, don’t fall for her lies! Heather made me produce these so-called pieces of evidence! No one knows better than me that you didn’t plagiarize!

It's all Heather's fault! She conspired with Yolanda, bribed me with money, and used my family matter to force me to work with them!"

Heather gritted her teeth. Her face had turned pale from pain, but she still mustered the strength to look

up at Cherise, pleading, "Cherise, I didn't..."

Of course, Cherise knew that Heather didn't do those things.

Heather was naive and a little clueless. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been unaware of Cherise and

Damien's relationship and kept gushing to her about how famous Damien was until he came to propose to Cherise.

Furthermore, she wouldn't have claimed to be Lennon's close friend without inquiring about his relationship with Lucy.

How could this innocent girl be the mastermind Mr. Whitlock described, bribing and coercing him with money? Anyone could see that it was Mr. Whitlock's desperate attempt to shift the blame and clear his involvement.

Cherise sneered and turned to Mr. Whitlock. "Did you say Heather bribed and coerced you? Then, tell

me, how much money did she offer you? When did she coerce you?"

Mr. Whitlock was astonished. He hesitated for a long time before answering, "She offered me two hundred thousand... Also, she said she would send my son abroad to make me conspire with her."

He didn't expect Cherise to question him.

After all, he had decided to slander Heather on the spur of the moment. When Cherise asked for details, he couldn't come up with a story immediately. He had to retrofit Heather's situation to match the

conditions Mr. Zeller offered him.

However, in his haste, he failed to consider Heather's actual circumstances.

Chapter 850 A Rude Wife

How could a woman from a rural area, earning only a little over three thousand a month, afford to pay two hundred thousand? Furthermore, how could she have the connections to arrange for her son to study abroad?

Perhaps realizing that his lie was falling apart, Mr. Whitlock quickly implicated Heather and Mr. Zeller.

"They're conspiring! Heather and this Mr. Zeller are in cahoots! It's them!"

"I don't know this young lady." Mr. Zeller crossed his arms, leaning against a distant pillar, calmly

observing Mr. Whitlock's performance. "Mr. Whitlock, you took our money. Why are you trying to shift the blame onto others? Ms. Weiss will be displeased if she hears this. Then, your son will lose his chance to study abroad."

Mr. Whitlock froze. He looked at Mr. Zeller before turning to Cherise again. "Cherise, I can explain..."

Cherise couldn't be bothered with him. She helped Heather to her feet, saying, "If anything happens to Heather, I will hold your entire family responsible!"

After saying that, Cherise immediately grabbed Heather and left the room. By now, Heather's face was red and swollen.

Once Cherise left, Mr. Zeller continued to lean against a pillar and looked at Mr. Whitlock with disdain.

"What's Cherise's background? Why did you suddenly turn against us and use another young lady as a scapegoat?"

Mr. Whitlock rolled his eyes and looked at Mr. Zeller as if he were stupid. "Don't you investigate a person's identity before you set them up? When you brought up Mr. Lenoir and Ms. Weiss having lunch together, I thought it meant you had won over Mr. Lenoir. You almost ruined me!"

Mr. Whitlock took a deep breath. He felt a chill as he recalled what had just happened. He foolishly thought these people had driven a wedge between Damien and Cherise. That was why he dared to slander Cherise.

But in reality...

While Mr. Zeller and Mr. Whitlock were talking, someone knocked on the door and opened it. It was Damien in a black suit and a woman in a long white dress.

"Mr. Whitlock." Damien looked at Mr. Whitlock indifferently. "I'm here to pick up my wife."

Mr. Whitlock was stunned before explaining quickly, "Um... a colleague got injured just now, so Dr. Shaw took her to the hospital."

After saying that, he looked at Damien, trying to win some favor. "Dr. Shaw is truly a kind person."

Damien frowned. "She went to the hospital with a colleague?"

Mr. Whitlock nodded, "Yes, a colleague got scalded..."

"Hmm." Standing beside Damien, Yolanda interrupted Mr. Whitlock before he could finish speaking,

"Why is Mrs. Lenoir like this? She told Mr. Lenoir to pick her up with me, but when we arrived, she left without greeting us."

After saying that, Yolanda turned to Damien indignantly. "Is your wife always this rude?"

"My wife must have had an emergency. You However, Damien looked at Yolanda haven't met her or understood the situation, yet you rashly accuse her of being rude. Did the Weiss family teach you to slander others this way?"

Yolanda did not expect Damien to admonish her. Her expression was torn between shock and embarrassment. She did not know what to say.

Ultimately, Mr. Zeller came to her rescue. "Yolanda may not be aware of the situation. Her upbringing taught her to think that people who break their promises are rude. We can't blame her for thinking this way, can we?"