

Marrying 961

Chapter 961 Wedding Memories

As the discussion drew to a close, Lennon prepared to depart when Alexis, clad in the white sportswear provided by Cherise, hurried downstairs to summon Damien. "Damien, Cherise wants you upstairs!"

Damien arched an eyebrow inquisitively. "What's going on?" he asked.

"She found a commemorative album and wants to discuss some things from the past with you," Alexis explained.

Raising an eyebrow, Damien sensed the significance behind Cherise's mention of the commemorative album.

Damien agreed to go upstairs. "Alright, I'll head up now," he said, turning to Lennon with an apologetic nod. "Sorry, I have something to attend to. I won't be able to see you off."

Lennon waved off the apology. "No problem, go ahead."

As Damien ascended the stairs, Lennon couldn't help but notice Cherise's adopted child leaning against the railing and staring at him intently.

Frowning slightly, Lennon addressed the child. "Why are you staring at me like that?"

Alexis didn't hesitate to express his disdain for Lennon. "I think you're ugly," he declared bluntly.

"Compared to Damien, you're much uglier."

The straightforward insult took Lennon aback.

Was this child staying here just to offend him?

The unexpected remark left him speechless and uncertain about how to react.

Glaring fiercely at Alexis, Lennon challenged him, "Do you think I won't punish you for your insolence?"

Alexis stuck out his tongue defiantly. "Pfft, I bet you won't dare!"

"I have powerful support now! Damien and Cherise are really amazing!" Alexis boasted confidently.

Lennon remained silent, his anger simmering beneath the surface.

It had been a while since he had been provoked, and he didn't expect it to come from a child!

Biting his lip, he shot a stern look at Alexis. "They won't always be around. When I get the chance, I will make you regret your words!"

Undaunted, Alexis continued to make faces at Lennon while leaning on the railing.

Rolling his eyes in exasperation, Lennon turned away, feeling a mix of frustration and determination.

"This," Damien began softly, holding the photo album tenderly, "is a collection of memories I've gathered for our second wedding anniversary."

Seated in the study, Damien cradled Cherise as he slowly recounted the contents of the photo album they held together. Each page unveiled their memories and cherished moments captured in

photographs.

Cherise blinked with innocence and earnestness, her gaze fixed on each image as Damien narrated their significance.

“Is this me in a wedding dress? Is this our wedding?” she exclaimed excitedly when they reached a page featuring her in bridal attire.

She pointed at herself in the dress and remarked, “I looked so beautiful back then!”

Damien followed her gesture, his eyes lingering on the photo.

The image captured Cherise trying on her wedding dress before their rescheduled ceremony.

Regrettably, the chaos of the event, marred by bloodshed, prevented them from taking a harmonious photo together.

Hence, Damien could only include this picture of her in the album.

With a faint smile, Damien affirmed, “You were indeed stunning.”

“Can you tell me about our wedding? What was it like?”

Eager for more, Cherise nestled closer to him, her anticipation palpable.

Squeezing her gently, Damien’s smile softened. “I’ll share the details with you slowly in the future when I have time.”

He kissed her forehead tenderly. “I promise I’ll give you the complete wedding experience once your memory is restored.”

Confusion clouded Cherise’s expression. “What do you mean? Was our previous wedding incomplete?”

“Yes,” Damien smiled tenderly. “I’ll explain everything to you in the future. If I told you too much right now, it might be overwhelming for you to comprehend.”

“Oh.”

Disappointed by the revelation, Cherise’s pout betrayed her dashed expectations.

Damien embraced her tenderly, flipping through the album once more.

“Let me tell you the story behind this page,” he offered, his voice gentle as he recounted another cherished memory.

Chapter 962 Alexis’s Identity

“When you went to the countryside with your classmates...” Damien began; his voice was soft and gentle.

“The two with you: This is Lucy and Mandy.”

“I know Lucy, but who is Mandy?” Cherise inquired, her curiosity piqued.

“She is also one of your closest friends...” Damien explained.

Within the halls of Adania Hospital, Sebastian lay upon the sterile sheets of his hospital bed, his expression etched with concern. “What’s that you’re telling me? Alexis has vanished?” His voice held a note of urgency.

Yolanda, standing by his bedside, pressed her lips together in a tight line, her gaze dropping to the floor before she softly confirmed, “Yes, he’s gone.”

"I had a disagreement with Cherise in the auditorium She stormed off afterward. When Mrs. Lydia escorted me to locate Alexis, he was nowhere to be found."

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"I instructed Mrs. Lydia to review the surveillance footage, but the person who took Alexis remained elusive. All we discerned was a figure clad in navy attire..."

Yolanda cast a pained glance toward Sebastian, her voice conveying remorse. "Truly, it wasn't my doing. I never imagined someone would dare to venture to the orphanage and snatch away a defenseless child."

"Heh, but he's no ordinary orphan," Sebastian interjected, his eyes narrowing thoughtfully.

"And when does the old man intend to release you?" he inquired further.

"Tomorrow," Yolanda replied with resignation.

"Very well," Sebastian conceded.

Sebastian drew in a deep breath, his resolve evident in the steely glint of his eyes. "Join me this afternoon at the Lenoir Residence."

"The Lenoir Residence?" Yolanda echoed, her voice tinged with disbelief

"Yes, Damien and Cherise's home precisely," Sebastian affirmed without hesitation.

Yolanda's eyes widened in alarm. "Sebastian, are you truly considering this? They hold such animosity toward you. Venturing there seems like inviting trouble."

“Even if their hatred runs deep,” Sebastian retorted with a hint of icy amusement, “do you truly believe they’d dare to murder me within the confines of their own abode in broad daylight?”

Yolanda’s lips tightened into a thin line as her gaze flickered to Sebastian’s tightly bandaged thigh.

The memory of Damien’s callous act, firing a bullet into Sebastian’s leg at the bar under the Weiss Group, lingered in her mind like a haunting specter.

Here was Sebastian, willingly putting himself in harm’s way by personally confronting Damien at his own residence. What if Damien’s rage once again spiraled out of control, leading to irreversible consequences this time?

Anxiety gnawed at her, and she hesitated. “Could I... perhaps opt out of this?”

Sebastian’s cold stare pierced through her hesitation. Nothing untoward will occur. Don’t succumb to fear so easily.”

He paused, a wry smile on his lips as he regarded Yolanda. “Furthermore,” he continued, his voice carrying a hint of intrigue, “don’t you wish to see Damien, the man you once admired, within the confines of his own domain?”

Yolanda was rendered speechless.

In truth, her fascination with Damien had waned over time.

Alain’s admonition, likening her desire to a toad aspiring to dine on a swan’s flesh, had prompted introspection.

Perhaps she realized that her attraction to Damien had been manipulated by Gwenn and Sebastian all along.

Deep down, she acknowledged that Damien’s character wasn’t indeed to her liking.

The figure beside him, fair and noble in demeanor, seemed far more appealing in comparison.

"Then it's settled," Sebastian declared, his gaze piercing as he locked eyes with Yolanda. "Join me at the Lenoir residence this afternoon."

"I'm determined to discover who's behind Alexis's disappearance," Sebastian affirmed, his resolve unwavering.

Yolanda's brow furrowed with concern, her long-held doubts spilling forth. "What exactly is the significance of this Alexis? Considering he's just a child, is he truly worth all this effort?"

Moreover, he's an unwanted orphan!

Sebastian's eyes narrowed, a faintly sinister smile dancing on his lips. "His identity holds significance; otherwise, my concern wouldn't be so pronounced."

A moment of silence passed as Sebastian contemplated the situation. "Fortunately, Cherise suffers from amnesia now," he mused aloud. "Otherwise..."

The implication hung heavy in the air. If Cherise retained her memories, any hope of adopting Alexis would be dashed.

Yolanda pressed further, her skepticism evident. "And what of your intentions once you've adopted this child? Will you truly be a nurturing father figure to him?"

"Yes."

Sebastian's laughter rang out, cold and calculated. "Rest assured, I will mold this child into my own son and, in time, utilize him as a tool to settle scores with Damien and Lennon. It will be just right."

Chapter 963 Sebastian's Arrival

Yolanda struggled to comprehend. "You intend to employ such a young child to settle scores with Damien and Lennon? Isn't that a bit extreme?"

"You're being overly vocal," Sebastian retorted curtly, his eyes flickering open to fix on her.

"Don't let the old man catch wind of my plans to adopt a child," he warned, his tone sharp with urgency.

"Don't fret," Yolanda replied, her lips pursed tightly. "Dad pays little heed to your affairs. If he doesn't inquire, I won't disclose anything."

To Yolanda, her words might have seemed innocuous statements of fact.

Yet to Sebastian, each one pierced like a dagger, stirring unease within him.

His gaze turned cold as he regarded Yolanda. "What exactly is the old man up to in Adania these days?" he inquired, his voice tinged with suspicion.

"He mentioned reconnecting with old acquaintances and conducting some business on the side," Yolanda replied with a nonchalant shrug. "You know I have no interest in his affairs."

At two o'clock in the afternoon, as Cherise and Damien sat discussing plans to enroll Alexis in kindergarten after finishing their meal, a sudden intrusion disrupted their tranquility. Mr. Hampson, their household staff, burst in with urgency written all over his face.

"Sir, Madam, outside... Mr. Weiss has arrived," he announced breathlessly.

Cherise's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Sebastian?" she echoed, her mind racing with questions.

What could possibly bring him here?

"It's likely regarding Alexis's situation," Damien surmised.

Damien's gaze narrowed slightly as he spoke softly to Cherise, instructing her to tend to Alexis upstairs. "I'll go and meet him," he declared, taking on the responsibility of confronting Sebastian himself.

"Please, be cautious," Cherise urged, her concern evident in her expression.

In Cherise's mind, clouded by amnesia, Sebastian loomed as a formidable villain associated with danger and treachery.

"Don't worry." Damien reassured her, giving her shoulder a reassuring pat before settling onto the sofa to await Sebastian's arrival.

Moments later, guided by Mr. Hampson, Yolanda wheeled Sebastian, seated in a wheelchair, into the room.

"Are you terrified of him?" Alexis whispered anxiously

As the scene unfolded downstairs, Alexis lay on the second-floor carpet, peering through the railing at Sebastian and Yolanda below. A sense of unease gnawed at him, prompting him to voice his concerns

to Cherise beside him.

Cherise's complexion paled, her fingers tightening around the staircase railing as her breath quickened. "I...I'm starting to remember some unpleasant things, she admitted, her voice trembling.

Previously, mentioning Sebastian or glimpses of his photograph elicited only vague apprehension in

Cherise.

But now, faced with his presence in the flesh, seated in a wheelchair with a smug smile adorning his features, unsettling memories flooded her mind, casting a shadow over her thoughts.

In a haunting sequence, Sebastian advanced toward Cherise, each step tearing away at her sense of dignity, stripping her down, both physically and emotionally.

The vivid imagery etched into her mind caused her forehead to bead with cold sweat, a palpable manifestation of her humiliation and shame.

Sensing her distress, Alexis asked, "Would you like to... take a break in the room?"

Cherise clung tightly to the railing, rendered speechless by the flood of memories assaulting her.

Damien had recounted the events leading to her memory loss on numerous occasions, reassuring her that she had never endured such a violation at the hands of Sebastian.

Yet the images playing out in her mind contradicted his assurances, plunging her into a maelstrom of confusion and self-doubt.

She seemed... she seemed to be truly....

The weight of shame and despair bore down on Cherise, her senses reeling, her stomach churning with nausea.

When Sebastian's first words echoed through the room, it proved too much for Cherise to bear. She fled to the sanctuary of the bedroom's bathroom, overcome by uncontrollable waves of vomiting.

Outside the bathroom door, Alexis stood with a bottle of water, his brow furrowed in concern. "I understand that person is quite ugly, but how could his mere presence provoke such a violent reaction from you?" he questioned, his perplexity evident.

Chapter 964 Antidote Offer

Cherise found herself at a loss for words.

Unable to articulate her turmoil to the child, she simply nodded silently, bowing her head as she

retched.

Outside the bathroom, Alexis leaned against the door, his expression fraught with concern. "Is there anything I can do to help?" he inquired softly.

"Mr. Lenoir."

In the living room below, Sebastian sat with calculated composure, sipping the tea Frances had laid on the coffee table-his gaze, icy and unwavering, was fixated on Damien.

"It's been a few days, Mr. Lenoir," Sebastian remarked coolly. "How have you been?"

Damien's lip curled in disdain as he regarded Sebastian. "Do you concern yourself with my well-being?"

"Perhaps you're hoping I've been faring poorly," he mused. "Isn't it?"

With an indifferent yawn, Damien continued, "If you have something to say, speak it plainly. Otherwise, the Lenoir household does not need unwelcome guests."

Unmoved by the implied threat, Sebastian maintained his composure.

“Mr. Lenoir, your manners leave much to be desired,” he remarked mildly. “But that’s of little consequence.”

Turning to Yolanda, he gestured for her to proceed. “Bring it forth.”

Yolanda nodded in acknowledgment, handing Sebastian a small bottle.

Taking the bottle delicately in hand, Sebastian placed it on the coffee table with a graceful flourish, his gaze unwaveringly cold as it fixed upon Damien. “Mr. Lenoir, allow me to present to you the antidote for the poison afflicting Cherise,” he announced calmly, his tone betraying none of the tension between

them.

Damien’s brow furrowed as he eyed the bottle on the table, though he made no move to touch it.

“The ingredients are indeed antidotal,” Sebastian affirmed, his smile unwavering.

“Should you doubt its efficacy, you are welcome to have the medicine tested,” he continued smoothly. “I understand Cherise’s friend Lucy has returned to Adania. She possesses expertise in pharmaceuticals. If you seek reassurance, she can examine the medicine to ensure its safety before administering it to Cherise.”

Damien regarded Sebastian with suspicion, his expression guarded. “And are you being sincere in this offer?”

“Absolutely,” Sebastian replied, his smile serene.

“With my son under your care, it’s imperative that we maintain an amicable relationship to ensure his well-being.”

Damien arched an eyebrow, clearly taken aback by Sebastian’s claim. “Your son?” he echoed.

"Yes, Alexis is my son," Sebastian confirmed, his gaze steady as he met Damien's.

"This morning, my sister retrieved him from the orphanage, only for him to vanish without a trace. In Adania, you are the sole individual with a motive to abduct my son."

Damien's skepticism was palpable as he scrutinized Sebastian's words. "You are saying that Alexis is your son?" he challenged, his voice tinged with doubt.

Sebastian's smile remained genuine as he responded, "Indeed, you understand me well, Mr. Lenoir."

"A person of my nature, capable of cruelty, would hardly extend such kindness as to adopt and raise someone else's child," he explained earnestly. "Alexis is my own flesh and blood, which is why I've taken him under my wing."

"Pfft," came a sound of derision from upstairs, where Alexis listened silently, rolling his eyes in disbelief.

Even if someone were to compel him to believe it at the cost of his life, Alexis couldn't bring himself to accept the notion that his father was truly such a repulsive individual, capable of evoking such a visceral reaction from his godmother!

"I see."

Damien's smile was faint as he reached for the small bottle, passing it to Mr. Hampson. "Contact Dr. Staber," he instructed calmly.

Mr. Hampson nodded in acknowledgment and quietly departed.

After Mr. Hampson took his leave, Damien's smile returned as he addressed Sebastian. "Thank you for sending the medicine for Cherise," he expressed his gratitude sincerely.

"However, I must confess, I have no knowledge of the son you claim."

"That being said," Damien continued, his tone even, "Cherise did mention to me some unpleasant encounters with Ms. Weiss at the welfare home."

Chapter 965 Household Tensions

"If Mr. Weiss believes that our Lenoir family is responsible for the disappearance of your son due to these unfortunate events, it would be a grave transgression," Damien declared solemnly.

"I am committed to investigating the matter surrounding your son to ensure justice for our Lenoir family. If there is nothing else, Mr. Weiss and Ms. Weiss, I must ask you to take your leave."

"Since you both were here, my wife refuses even to come downstairs," Damien stated, his words laden with a hint of reproach.

His words left no room for misinterpretation. If his earlier remarks were a subtle suggestion for Sebastian and Yolanda to depart if unnecessary, this statement was a direct order for them to do so!

Yolanda's complexion drained of color, her sheltered upbringing ill-preparing her for such humiliation.

When had she, accustomed to a life of pampering and sheltering since childhood, ever experienced such humiliation?

Inhaling deeply, Yolanda leveled a frosty stare at Damien. "Mr. Lenoir, my brother and I arrived with genuine intentions to provide medicine for Mrs. Lenoir," she declared calmly. "Isn't your behavior a tad uncalled for?"

Damien's smile remained, though there was a glint of steel in his gaze. "My behavior?" he echoed. "I believe I've been quite civil."

As his words trailed off, a cadre of black-clad bodyguards materialized, sealing off the living room save, for the exit. The atmosphere grew tense, charged with an unspoken threat.

“The individual who harmed my wife is within these walls,” Damien continued, his tone measured but resolute. “Engaging in civil discourse is already a challenge under these circumstances. Please do not expect more. No one here is a saint.”

“And let’s not overlook how Mr. Weiss sustained his leg injury,” Damien added pointedly.

The mention of Sebastian’s leg injury served as a chilling reminder, immediately shifting Yolanda’s pallid expression.

She ground her teeth, her voice strained. “Damien, you need to check your arrogance!”

“It’s you who should watch your arrogance,” Damien replied, his tone sharp. “Don’t think I’m ignorant of the actions taken by the Weiss family.”

“You come into my home, acting all high and mighty, and yet expect me to greet you with a smile?”

“You...”

Before Yolanda could finish her sentence, Sebastian intervened with a calm tone.

“Mr. Lenoir, my parents were rather indulgent with me during my upbringing, and they may have spoiled my sister a bit too much, leading to her somewhat lacking behavior. I hope you can forgive her

shortcomings,” Sebastian remarked with a lighthearted tone, though seething anger and resentment simmered behind his eyes.

With a smirk, Damien concluded, “So, if you’d be so kind as to leave.”

And with that, he turned on his heel and ascended the stairs, leaving a palpable tension lingering in the

air.

As Sebastian departed, Mr. Hampson shot Yolanda a smug smirk. "Ms. Weiss, you brought your brother in," he remarked dryly. "I trust you can see him out yourself."

Yolanda was left speechless, her emotions roiling within her.

"This is beyond frustrating!"

Exiting the Lenoir Residence, Yolanda propelled Sebastian forward while mentally retracing their steps to the parking area. Her frustration was evident as she muttered, "Damien truly lacks any sense of decency!"

"What decency do you expect from him?" Sebastian retorted dryly from his wheelchair, his gaze fixed on the car with all four tires punctured.

With a resigned shake, he said, "Push me to the bus stop."

Yolanda's incredulous response was swift. "You must be joking, right?" she exclaimed, disbelief coloring her tone.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, the sun blazing overhead.

Yolanda scowled at the oppressive heat, pushing Sebastian from the entrance of the Lenoir Residence to the parking lot, which had already proved to be a Herculean task. And now, Sebastian wanted her to accompany him to the bus stop?

Did he truly view her as a servant?

"Look," Sebastian interjected, gesturing towards the flat tire in front of the car. "Can you drive this vehicle?"

Yolanda followed his gaze and inspected the damage, her silence speaking volumes.

Unable to voice her frustration, she cursed Damien and Cherise silently as she pushed Sebastian to the bus stop under the scorching sun.

"Is that child named Alexis truly your son?" Yolanda questioned abruptly, breaking the tense silence between them.

"Absolutely not," Sebastian sneered in response.

"After all these years as siblings, have you ever seen a woman by my side for an extended period?"

Chapter 966 Results and Truths

Yolanda furrowed her brow, contemplating Sebastian's words and finding some semblance of logic in them.

Her brother had indeed been involved in numerous flings, frequently changing partners, yet he never managed to maintain a long-term relationship.

Consequently, the chances of him fathering a child were relatively low.

"But what if?" she voiced her concern, her mind swirling with possibilities.

Sebastian's smirk was self-assured as he replied, "I always use protection. I'm not like that reckless Alain, seeking pleasure and ending up in accidents."

Yolanda's complexion paled at the mention of their father's indiscretions with other women.

If it weren't for their father's actions, the Weiss family wouldn't have had someone like Sebastian.

Now, he used this fact to taunt their father.

"But if Alexis isn't your son, why mention it to Damien?" Yolanda pressed, seeking clarification.

"Just to disgust him," Sebastian retorted with a smirk, his gaze distant and inscrutable.

Yolanda pursed her lips, unsatisfied with his answer "Is that all?"

"You don't need to know," Sebastian replied dismissively.

As the clock struck five in the afternoon, Lucy made her arrival at Lenoir Residence, bearing a medication test report and a DNA test application.

"The medication has been confirmed as safe," Lucy declared confidently, setting the report on the table before Damien. "Sebastian was telling the truth. Its ingredients can effectively neutralize the 'toxins' in Cherise's body."

Placing another report in front of Damien, Lucy continued, "You've been misled. The medication Sebastian administered to Cherise is detectable but technically harmless. In other words, it wasn't poison-it had no adverse effects whatsoever. Sebastian likely concocted the illusion of poisoning Cherise out of fear of you."

Sitting stoically on the sofa, Damien studied the report in his hand. "That makes sense," he acknowledged. "if Jacob hadn't found any evidence of poisoning in Cherise's body, I wouldn't have believed he had harmed her. And at the bar that day, I wouldn't have merely shot his leg."

Lucy frowned, pressing further. "What if you had known Cherise wasn't poisoned by him that day? What would you have done?"

Damien's gaze sharpened. "I would have ended him."

"You're still not composed enough," Lucy remarked, shaking her head with a tinge of frustration.

"Cherise used to praise you as the epitome of composure and self-control. Now it seems her perception was clouded by love."

A faint smile ghosted across Damien's lips. "It's not about composure-it's about reacting appropriately to different circumstances."

With a touch of melancholy, he rose and approached the window, gazing out at the fading leaves. "If you were in this situation now, I believe Lennon wouldn't exhibit the composure you deem necessary."

Lucy's brows furrowed deeply as she shot Damien a piercing glare.

"Don't dare to compare Cherise's situation to mine!" she retorted sharply.

"The dynamics between Lennon and I vastly differ from yours and Cherise's!"

Damien's lips curved into a cold smile as he met her gaze with unyielding determination. "Vastly different?" he echoed, his tone laced with sarcasm.

"Is it that Lennon doesn't care for you enough, or perhaps you don't care for him enough? Or could it be that there was never a child between you

A wave of emotion swept over Lucy's features, her expression contorted with pain.

"Don't bring up that child," she snapped, he

voice trembling with suppressed anguish.

Five years ago, after a night fueled by alcohol, she had indeed shared a relationship with Lennon.

And yes, she had been carrying his child.

But that child had been cruelly taken away by Lennon himself, shattering any possibility of reconciliation between them!

The impossibility of their relationship had solidified at that moment, and Lucy harbored no forgiveness nor any intention of starting anew with Lennon!

Chapter 967 Unspoken Bonds

The manipulation of their child's life was a line no relationship could endure.

He might disregard her dignity, he might disregard her love, but the lives of their children could never be used as bargaining chips between them.

Damien narrowed his eyes. "Lucy, believe there might be a misunderstanding between you and Lennon..."

"There is no misunderstanding!"

Taking a deep breath, Lucy placed the DNA testing application on the coffee table with purpose. "Regarding the child you mentioned, Alexis, I suggest you go for a DNA test for him and Sebastian. Relying solely on your assumptions is insufficient; a scientific DNA test will provide you with the desired results."

With that, Lucy turned around, readying herself to leave.

But as she rose from her seat, a commotion outside drew their attention.

Damien looked up to see Cherise bringing her two children and Alexis out of the car.

Serafina cared greatly for her new younger brother always by Alexis's side, tending to his needs.

On the other hand, Soren seemed distant towards Alexis, but Damien could discern that his son, despite his outward coldness, harbored a warmth towards Alexis and didn't outright reject him.

"Is that Alexis?"

Lucy's gaze lifted to observe the child guided by Serafina, slightly shorter than Soren but equally sharp.
"He's quite handsome."

"Mm."

Damien's brow furrowed as a sudden thought struck him, prompting him to turn to Lucy. "I have a question for you."

"In what situation would the father and mother's names be left blank in the hospital after a child is born?"

"Left blank?" Lucy paused, contemplating for a moment.

"Perhaps it's a child that neither the father nor the mother wants."

Looking at Alexis outside, she added, "The child you mentioned that neither parent wants, it's him?"

"He does seem rather pitiable."

After a brief pause, Lucy lowered her head with a faint smile. "Are you truly considering adoption?" she inquired softly.

"He's such an endearing child. I might have considered it myself if my job didn't demand constant travel." She paused, reflecting.

"Even though we've taken on the role of his godparents, that's the extent of our involvement." Damien's smile was gentle.

"I've heard... about your situation with having children of your own."

"If you feel drawn to this child..."

Lucy's tone shifted, a touch of bitterness edging her words. "There's no need for me." She narrowed her eyes, contemplating her independence. "I'm accustomed to it."

"And it seems he's formed a strong bond with Sera and Ren." Lucy's gaze lingered on the children.

"Why would he choose someone like me, who's never experienced motherhood and lives such a nomadic life?"

She exhaled deeply, then turned to Damien with resolve. "Please, don't inform Lennon of my return."

"Not a word."

"Otherwise, even if Cherise faces trouble in the future. A won't return."

Damien nodded in tacit agreement, his expression thoughtful.

"But... as for you and Lennon..."

Lucy's eyes closed briefly. "It's not a viable option."

“Not every relationship can be salvaged.” She opened her eyes, her tone firm. “There aren’t many women like Cherise, nor men like you.”

“I’m embracing my freedom now, without the need to endure a man who’d only bring me pain.” She shook her head.

“Besides...” Her lips curved into a disdainful expression.

“I have no desire to deal with another boyfriend’s sister like Violet. It’s too distasteful.”

With her backpack in hand, Lucy rose to her feet, ready to depart.

Chapter 968 Sweet Farewell

“Lucy!”

“Lucy!”

The villa’s door swung open, and Serafina and Soren dashed in, their excitement palpable.

They rushed forward, embracing Lucy one after the other. “Long time no see.”

“Lucy! I missed you so much!”

Trailing behind the two children, four-and-a-half-year-old Alexis greeted Lucy politely and gentlemanly. “Lucy, hello.”

His soft, slightly mature voice tugged at Lucy’s heartstrings.

She smiled softly, squatting down to observe the little boy before her.

With his round face and distinct features, he radiated with childhood innocence. His dark eyes, framed by long, curly lashes, held a clarity and purity that captivated her.

Lucy gazed at the little boy before her, resembling a porcelain doll with his innocent features, evoking a gentle smile on her lips.

“You have a remarkable resemblance to me when I was your age,” Lucy remarked, her tone soft yet contemplative.

“Remember to be wise in your decisions,” she advised, offering guidance to the young boy.

“Try not to worry Damien and Cherise too much; maintain peace with your siblings,” she urged, voicing a touch of maternal concern.

“May happiness accompany you always,” Lucy concluded, expressing her heartfelt wishes for his happiness and well-being.

After bidding her farewell, Lucy rose to her feet and left.

Alexis remained rooted in place, silently observing her departure.

Clad in a khaki windbreaker, Lucy’s long hair trailed behind her as she opened the door.

The rush of wind tousled her hair, lending her an air of desolate yet intellectual charm.

This...

This was the motherly image Alexis had often imagined in his heart.

Lost in thought, he contemplated Lucy's departure.

In contrast to the innocent and charming Cherise, he found himself drawn to Lucy's mature and

"Isn't my Godmother beautiful?" Serafina beamed proudly, standing before Alexis. "My Godmother is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen, besides my mom!"

Alexis nodded in agreement. "So... does your Godmother have children?"

Serafina furrowed her brow. "I don't know."

Meanwhile, having forgotten Serafina's school bag in the car, Cherise returned to retrieve it after the children entered the house.

Upon her return, she unexpectedly bumped into Lucy.

She blinked at Lucy, a flicker of recognition dancing in her eyes, though she couldn't quite place it.

Lucy's mood, influenced by Damien's mention of Lennon, prevented her from engaging in deep conversation with Cherise. Instead, she exchanged only brief greetings, "Cherise," before briskly walking towards the parking lot.

Cherise watched Lucy's departure, struggling to regain her composure.

"Lucy!"

As she finally matched the woman's face with the photo she had seen in the study, Lucy had already driven off, leaving Cherise feeling helpless.

She sighed and retrieved her school bag, returning to the villa with a dejected expression.

“Wasn’t that Lucy just now?” Cherise asked Damien cautiously, pursing her lips.

“Yes,” Damien confirmed.

Cherise’s confusion deepened. “But isn’t she supposed to be my good friend? Why did she just greet me and leave?”

“She came here to see me, didn’t she?”

“No.”

Damien offered Cherise a small bottle from the coffee table with a faint smile. “Take this,” he said.

Cherise was taken aback. “But I’m not ill.”

“It’s a detoxifier,” Damien explained with a faint smile, addressing Cherise’s concerns about her “poisoning.” “Having such toxins in your body is never beneficial.”

Chapter 969 The Little Negotiator

“Why not accept this and rid yourself of worries in the future?” Damien proposed, a subtle gesture accompanied by a reassuring smile.

Acknowledging his suggestion with a subtle nod, Cherise prepared to make her way to the kitchen. However, as she made her move, she was taken aback to find a cup of steaming hot water already prepared for her.

Instinctively, she glanced downward, cradling the cup in her hands. Her attention was swiftly diverted as Alexis, with an air of innocence, inquired, "I couldn't help but wonder, does the lady from earlier have children of her own?"

Cherise's gaze shot up in surprise, seeking confirmation from Damien, who mirrored her intrigue.

Drawing closer to Alexis, Damien crouched down, his curiosity piqued. "And what prompted this question?"

"I was merely... curious," Alexis confessed, his cheeks tinged with a hint of embarrassment. "I find myself rather drawn to her."

A gentle smile tugged at Damien's lips. "That is quite intriguing."

"The lady from earlier also expressed her fondness for you," Damien revealed.

"Truly?" Alexis's countenance brightened with anticipation. "Then, may I go home with her?"

In truth, whether it was Cherise, Yolanda from the previous encounter, or even the women – from the orphanage who had entertained thoughts of adopting him, none had left quite the impression on Alexis as the lady from earlier.

He felt a profound connection towards her, akin to love at first sight.

At that initial meeting, he sensed she would be his perfect mother figure.

"You cannot," Damien interjected firmly, his voice cutting through the young boy's hopeful aspirations.

"She is unmarried and has no intention of adopting a child."

"And she explicitly stated that she has no plans to adopt," Damien added, his tone resolute.

Alexis lapsed into silence, his dreams shattered before they could blossom.

A sense of injustice gnawed at his heart, his face flushing with emotion as tears threatened to spill from his eyes. "But why..."

There's no easy answer, Damien replied, his voice tinged with regret.

Unable to bear seeing the child's distress, Cherise knelt down, enveloping Alexis in a comforting embrace. "Please don't cry."

That lady is a dear friend of mine," she explained softly, stroking his hair soothingly. "I will do my best to persuade her, alright?"

Alexis peered up at Cherise with tear-filled eyes, his hope rekindled. "Really? You... you would do that for me?"

Will you truly advocate on my behalf to persuade her to accept me?" Alexis implored, his

gaze earnest.

Moved by the sincerity reflected in the young boy's eyes, Cherise's resolve solidified.

With a nod of determination, she pledged. "Worry not, I will spare no effort in convincing her to welcome you into her life.

"Cherise, you're so kind!" Alexis exclaimed gratefully, his heart overflowing with gratitude.

In a spontaneous gesture of appreciation, Alexis tiptoed forward, pressing a tender kiss upon Cherise's cheek

“Mommy.” Serafina’s timid voice floated down from upstairs, drawing attention as she pointed towards the backpack in Cherise’s grasp. “Mommy, could you please bring my backpack up for me?”

Realization dawned upon Cherise as she recalled she was still clutching Serafina’s backpack!

With a gentle slap to her forehead, she reassured Alexis before swiftly making her way upstairs, the backpack in tow.

Observing keenly, Damien couldn’t help but notice a mischievous glint in Alexis’s eyes as Cherise departed

As Cherise ascended the staircase, closing the door to the children’s room behind her, Damien cast a subtle glance at Alexis, his words laced with amusement. “You’re laying it on a

bit too thick

It’s a tactic that only works on those as naive as her.” Damien observed, his tone contemplative.

Alexis raised an eyebrow, a hint of skepticism in his voice. “Who actually refers to their wife

as naived”

Seated beside Damien, Alexis shed his earlier facade of distress, his demeanor now resolute. “I don’t perceive her as naive, she’s a genuinely good person,” he asserted confidently.

“And you?”

Damien’s smirk widened. “Quite the strategist, aren’t you? Leveraging her kindness for your own ends at such a tender age.”

"It's not manipulation," Alexis countered firmly, his tone unwavering. "I merely aim to empower her to pursue a path that will bring both of us joy."

Chapter 970 Enigmatic Connections

"Firstly, I thoroughly enjoyed my time with Lucy earlier," Alexis began, his tone reflective.

"Secondly, while I appreciate everyone's intentions, I can't help but sense Soren's hostility towards me," he continued, his words measured.

"Perhaps he doesn't harbor any malicious intent but rather feels threatened by the presence of another boy in the household who shares similarities with him," Alexis theorized, drawing from his own unique upbringing. Despite being six months younger than Soren, Alexis exuded a maturity beyond his years.

Damien narrowed his gaze, probing. "Are you genuinely interested in pursuing a connection with Lucy Staber?"

"Is Lucy Staber her name?" Alexis responded, a smile gracing his features as his brows arched playfully. "It does have a pleasant ring to it."

"In that case, if I were to follow her, could I adopt the name Alexis Staber?" he inquired, his eyes gleaming with anticipation.

Damien's eyes narrowed slightly. "That's a possibility," he conceded, though a furrow creased his brow momentarily.

In that fleeting moment, Damien's mind wrestled with a sense of familiarity.

The name Alexis sparked a memory as if someone had once mentioned naming a future son Alexis and a daughter Alexa.

But for a fleeting moment, he struggled to recall that individual's identity.

Turning his attention back to the young boy before him, Damien remarked, "You're quite an enigma."

"Why haven't you asked me to assist you in locating your biological parents? Instead, you seem eager for me to facilitate your connection with a lady you've just met?" Damien pressed, his curiosity piqued.

"Because my biological parents... they don't deserve it," Alexis replied candidly, his voice tinged with resolve.

"Regardless of the circumstances that led to my separation from them, they don't deserve to be called my parents. So, I'd rather forge my own path and live well independently."

"Ms. Cherise, I am convinced that you've been misled," Soren declared earnestly, his voice concerned as he sat in the children's room on the second floor.

Analyzing the situation with a seriousness beyond his years, Soren addressed Cherise. "That

Alexis, who typically displays maturity and seldom sheds tears, why did he suddenly break down so easily? It's evident he's attempting to garner your sympathy."

Cherise, seated on Serafina's bed and engaged in folding clothes, pursed her lips thoughtfully. She cast a gentle glance towards Soren. "Why shouldn't Alexis cry? He's just a child, younger than you. Are children not permitted to express their emotions?"

"It's not about whether children can cry," Soren responded, his lips forming a tight line. "But rather, the authenticity of his tears. Don't you find his display of emotion to be overly contrived?"

Cherise paused momentarily, her expression grave as she considered Soren's perspective. Eventually, she shook her head with conviction. "I don't see it that way."

Soren was momentarily at a loss for words.

His father had often remarked that Cherise retained the same innocence she had five years ago when they first met after she lost her memory.

Was she truly this naive five years ago?

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Soren glanced at Cherise, a sense of helplessness washing over him. Despite his concerns, he couldn't deny her enduring charm.

"Well, she does have her own allure," he admitted to himself. "Perhaps Mr. Damien is drawn to this particular type..."

In the ward of Adania Hospital, the atmosphere was tense as a doctor meticulously changed the dressing for Sebastian, who lay in bed enduring intense pain.

At his bedside, a certain man sat silently, his face contorted in agony, yet he uttered not a single word.

Despite the evident strain in his expression and the telltale signs of his grip on the bedsheets, which had turned white from the pressure, he remained stoic.

"Mr. Weiss is truly remarkable," a middle-aged man who had been waiting on the sidelines remarked softly, wiping the sweat from his brow as he observed the scene unfold.

After the doctor completed the task and departed, Sebastian casually wiped the cold sweat from his forehead before turning to the middle-aged man with a grave expression. "Has the DNA test report

been dispatched to the testing center?"

The middle-aged man nodded fervently. "Yes, it has. I received the application and immediately rushed here to inform you..."