

MY BLIND 471

Chapter 471 Aunt Charisa Will Meet You

Charise hurriedly left Lenoir Manor in her bathroom slippers. However, when she arrived at the location indicated in Zachary's photo, Elvis and Zachary were already gone.

All she could see was the motorcade disappearing in the distance.

Cherise watched them vanish and clenched her fists.

Her hands trembled as she tried to call Zachary.

Zachary declined her call.

Instead, she received a message a moment later. 'We'll meet eventually. Don't worry!'

Cherise gritted her teeth.

How can I not worry?

If Maeve hadn't convinced Mr. Kolson to take action against Damien, I would have arrived in Ziphon and searched for Uncle Shaw in Miles Manor!

Now that Uncle Shaw has returned to Adania, how can I not be anxious to see him?

Moreover, based on Zachary's photo and the position of the road sign....

Furthermore, the direction Uncle Shaw was looking... It's Lenoir Manor!

Uncle Shaw stood near the manor and gazed at me!

A wave of sadness overwhelmed Cherise as she imagined the scene.

Knowing that he had been there just a moment ago made her feel even worse.

If she had left the house earlier, she would have met her uncle.

Cherise let out a sigh and bit her lower lip. Her hands trembled nervously as she replied to Zachary's message. Where are you?"

'I want to see him.

'Don't be anxious.

Zachary remained calm and unconcerned. 'Since Ms. Charisa brought him to Adania, you'll have at

chance to meet him.

Cherise gritted her teeth. 'When will I get to meet him?"

I believe that meeting Aunt Charisa should excite you more than meeting Elvis."

Bunny, don't you want to see Aunt Charisa? Aren't you curious about what she looks like?"

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Cherise held her phone tightly and was momentarily stunned.

She couldn't deny that she wanted to meet Charisa.

Her grandfather had described Charisa as the most intelligent person in their family.

Moreover, Cherise had heard how much she resembled Charisa. Therefore, she was eager to meet the woman who had brought her into the world and cherished her.

However, these desires were overshadowed by her longing to see her uncle.

Even though she anticipated meeting her biological mother, it couldn't compare to her concern for her uncle, who had raised her for nineteen years.

While this may seem harsh towards her mother, Cherise couldn't help it. After all, humans are emotional beings.

Despite being related by blood, Cherise had no memories of her mother. On the other hand, her uncle. had cared for her for nineteen years.

"That's all for now!

Seeing that Cherise didn't respond, Zachary sighed and sent another message. 'Aunt Charisa will meet you eventually.

'Elvis will be safe if you agree to meet Aunt Charisa,

'Since Aunt Charisa wants to hear you call her 'Mom,' why would she mistreat your uncle?'

Cherise was stunned. Her anxious heart gradually calmed down.

From her mother's perspective, Elvis had taken Cherise away and refused to return her.

Thus, Cherise feared that her mother would hold a grudge against her uncle and mistreat him.

But Zachary's words brought her peace of mind.

Cherise exhaled and put her phone away.

She turned around and found Beckham standing behind her.

He kept staring at the direction the motorcade had gone, his gaze filled with sadness.

Cherise couldn't comprehend the emotions in his eyes, nor did she want to.

She pursed her lips. "They left."

"Yes."

Beckham snapped out of his thoughts and patted Cherise's head. "They must have discovered that I'm here."

Chapter 472 Five Wedding Dresses

Judging from Charisa's personality, she wouldn't simply show up at Lenoir Manor just to gather information.

Since she arrived in a motorcade, it's likely that she wanted to meet with Cherise and Damien.

However, upon discovering that Beckham and Aaron were in the manor, she immediately left.

Beckham sighed, his heart filled with sadness.

Even after all these years, Charisa still couldn't get over what had happened to her back then.

In reality, Beckham never blamed her. Instead, he felt deep sympathy for her.

Furthermore, he had no right to blame or think less of her.

If she hadn't married a reckless man like him, who acted without considering the consequences, she would never have suffered as she did.

Beckham looked at Cherise's face, which resembled Charisa's. He smiled bitterly. "Will you help me bring her home?"

Cherise pursed her lips and nodded.

"Yes, I will."

Beckham and Charisa were her parents. They had been separated for nineteen years due to the actions of others.

Therefore, as their daughter and their only remaining connection, Cherise decided to help them.

"Good girl."

Beckham sighed in relief and led Cherise home. "Let's talk to your grandfather and discuss wedding matters."

Cherise called Damien to return to Lenoir Manor at her grandfather's request.

Then, the four of them gathered in the study and spent a long time planning the wedding.

It would be Cherise's first wedding. Initially, she eagerly participated in the discussion with Aaron and Beckham.

However, as the afternoon wore on, Cherise's interest waned.

She became more interested in her wedding gown than the wedding procedures.

"The wedding dresses will arrive in two days."

After dinner, Damien pulled her into his embrace and kissed her lips. "There will be five of them. When they arrive, you can bring Lucy and Mandy to try them on. Then, you can decide which one you like best."

Cherise nodded. "But why are there five wedding gowns?"

She could never resist beautiful things. Moreover, wedding gowns were exquisite. She worried that choosing one would be difficult.

Yet, Damien had prepared five wedding gowns for her.

"Hmm..."

Damien caressed her cheek. "One of them was designed by me during my youth. It was what I imagined my future bride would wear."

"I designed the second one after we got married. I've always considered having a wedding ceremony, so I sketched your dress whenever I had free time."

"As for the other three..."

Damien smiled and caressed Cherise's hair. "Someone else prepared them for you."

Cherise widened her eyes. "Someone prepared them for me?"

Aside from Damien and Grandpa, who would prepare a wedding dress for me?

Could it be Beckham?

That's unlikely. He's usually busy. Since he didn't even have time to discipline Gwenn all these years, why would he think to prepare a wedding dress for his daughter?

"Don't be so surprised."

Damien chuckled and patted her head. "Apart from me, there are many people in the world who wish to see you in a wedding dress."

For example, Charisa.

Two days later, Cherise finally had the opportunity to go to a wedding dress boutique and try on the wedding gowns.

Damien arranged for a team of bodyguards to accompany her before she left the house.

Cherise put on her shoes and looked at Damien in confusion. "If you think it's unsafe, why don't you come with me?"

She wished her future groom would accompany her when she tried on the wedding gowns.

Chapter 473 We Are Not Close

“It will affect your judgment if I go.”

Damien gracefully knelt before her, skillfully tying her shoelaces. “Furthermore, I have something important today.”

Cherise pursed her lips and watched him attentively as he focused on tying her shoelaces. “You really won’t come with me?”

“No.”

Damien smiled and gazed into her eyes. “I look forward to seeing you in a wedding gown, but I want it to be a surprise on our wedding day.””

Cherise pursed her lips and reluctantly accepted his explanation.

Then, she stood up and sighed. “Still, even though the wedding gowns are expensive, there’s no need to have so many bodyguards.”

Usually, she only had to bring Blake with her wherever she went.

Blake was obedient, quiet, and trustworthy.

Most importantly, with Blake’s abilities, everyone would think twice before hurting her.

Since I already have Blake, why do I need a team of bodyguards?

“We still need to maintain appearances.”

Damien laughed and wrinkled his nose. “Since my wife will be trying on wedding dresses, I need people to surround the boutique so no one can see you.”

Cherise pursed her lips and did not ask any more questions.

An hour later, Cherise, Lucy, and Mandy arrived outside the wedding dress boutique.

It was a three-story building.

As Cherise had made an appointment to try on the gowns, the owner hung a sign at the door stating that the boutique was closed for the day.

When Cherise and her friends entered the boutique, the staff warmly welcomed them. "Mrs. Lenoir, would you like a cup of tea before trying on the dresses, or would you prefer to start immediately?"

Cherise frowned and considered. "Let's begin now."

It was the summer holiday, so Lucy had a part-time job. Since Lucy had taken leave to accompany her to this boutique, Cherise did not want to waste Lucy's time with a pointless tea session.

"Sure."

The staff smiled and led Cherise to the changing room on the second floor.

"You will be trying on five wedding dresses today."

The staff smiled and slowly pulled back the curtain, revealing five wedding gowns on mannequins to Cherise and her friends.

Each gown shimmered under the light and was breathtakingly beautiful.

Lucy was mesmerized by their beauty.

Mandy was astonished.

Even Cherise began to hesitate.

As expected, all five wedding gowns were so stunning that Cherise wanted them all.

The staff seemed to have read her thoughts and smiled understandingly. "Mrs. Lenoir, you can try on each of the dresses and have your friend help you decide which one looks best on you."

Cherise nodded and decided to try on the gowns in the arranged sequence.

Lucy leaned back on the couch and glanced at Mandy. "Do you notice that the last three dresses look like they were designed by the same person?"

"Yes."

Mandy narrowed her eyes and examined each dress closely. Then, she nodded and continued, "Moreover, these three dresses have similar elements despite their different styles."

"I can see that the designer of these three dresses has a liking for stars, small flowers, and lilies."

Lucy grunted in agreement.

She turned to Mandy a moment later and blinked expectantly. "I heard you're quite close to Zachary."

"Has he ever mentioned that the head of the Miles family has a fondness for these elements?"

Hearing Zachary's name, Mandy couldn't help but roll her eyes and retorted, "We are not close!"

Chapter 474 You're Gorgeous

The man she had encountered was the most peculiar and unpredictable person she had ever come across. She had no desire to know him or establish any kind of closeness with him!

"It saddens me to hear that," a nonchalant male voice suddenly interjected.

Lucy and Mandy were taken aback. They instinctively turned their heads towards the source of the voice, only to see Zachary leaning gracefully against the railings on the third floor. "Ms. Mandy, we have had coffee and yogurt together, and we were even on the same flight. How can you claim that we are not close to each other? It would break my heart."

Mandy rolled her eyes. "Just be quiet!"

Lucy furrowed her brow. "What are you doing here?"

She recalled that when they arrived at the bridal shop, it had already been closed and cordoned off. However, Zachary was standing on the third floor, conversing with them. So, Lucy suspected that he had entered the bridal shop before them. Why is he here? Did he come alone or...

"The owner of this bridal shop is a member of my family. Naturally, I can come here," Zachary yawned and descended the staircase gracefully, a faint smile adorning his chiseled face. "Technically, Cherise is also a member of the Miles family. Can't I represent the Miles family to see her in a wedding dress?"

"I doubt that's the real reason." Lucy smiled. "I suppose it's because these three wedding gowns were designed by the head of the Miles family, Cherise's biological mother. That's why you came to take a look."

"You're partially correct."

Zachary went to sit beside Mandy and said, "Ms. Mandy, could you peel a grape for me?"

Mandy glared at him and moved to sit on the other side of Lucy, Zachary rested one hand on the couch and smiled. "You have such a short temper. Bunny, on the other hand, has a great temperament; I can always tease her."

Just then, the door of the changing room swung open. Cherise emerged, adorned in the wedding gown.

The 16-foot-long train of the white crystal wedding dress elevated her elegance. The dress was perfectly tailored to accentuate her stunning figure and beauty.

Zachary stared at Cherise in a daze, realizing that she had been this stunning when she was young.

Clad in the wedding gown, Cherise seemed to have shed her innocent appearance and exuded an elegance that left one speechless.

Faced with her friends' astonished expressions, Cherise became bashful. "Aren't you going to say anything? Do I... look strange in this dress?"

Zachary could feel his heart racing. He pressed his lips together and murmured, "You look absolutely gorgeous."

"Really?" Cherise tugged nervously at her dress. "I feel like I'm not myself anymore."

Indeed, she was presenting a completely different style from her usual self.

Zachary took a deep breath. "Bunny, have confidence in yourself. You are stunning."

Cherise nodded earnestly. She was so nervous that she had forgotten to ask why Zachary was there.

She turned to Lucy and Mandy. "What do you think?"

“You look fantastic.” Lucy expressed her opinion with a smile. “It’s different from your which is why you might feel a bit uncomfortable.”

usual style,

Chapter 475 A Dilemma

Mandy agreed. “Why don’t you try on the other dresses?”

Cherise nodded. Just as she was about to return to the changing room, Zachary called out to her. “Bunny!”

Cherise turned back while Zachary swiftly captured a picture of her surprised expression.

He looked at the picture with satisfaction and smiled. “You may go in now.”

“Okay.”

Cherise hurried into the changing room while a staff member followed her with the second dress.

Sitting on the couch, Zachary was still at a loss for words as he watched Cherise leave.

Lucy frowned and glanced at Zachary. “Bro, drop that infatuated look. She has been married for some time. They’re just having the wedding ceremony now. Don’t get attracted. It’ll be in vain.”

Startled, Zachary retracted his gaze and maintained his flirty expression. “You’re overthinking.”

“Am I the one overthinking or are you?”

Lucy leaned against the couch in a comfortable posture. "Cherise and I have been friends since high school. She was naive and silly. Whenever some unscrupulous guys tried to approach her, I would analyze the situation for her so she wouldn't be deceived."

Lucy smirked while gazing at Zachary. Those guys who were up to no good had exactly the same look in their eyes as you. You might be able to deceive others, but you can't deceive me."

Zachary grinned and didn't appear to mind that his thoughts were exposed. "Appreciating beauty is not a crime, is it?"

Then, he adjusted his posture and said, "I have no malicious intentions. You don't have to be on guard against me."

Lucy glared at him and decided not to continue the topic.

Soon, Cherise had tried on all five wedding gowns. Zachary responsibly captured pictures

of her in each dress.

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After trying on all the dresses, Cherise sat on the couch and scrutinized the five pictures.

Each dress was beautiful in its own way. One of them was a red dress, which Cherise planned to wear for the family portrait. The remaining four were full wedding gowns. She couldn't possibly wear four gowns for a wedding, but they were equally beautiful, putting her in a dilemma.

After hesitating for an hour, she picked two pictures. "Let's go with these two."

Lucy glanced at Cherise in resignation. "You were supposed to pick one out of the four,

not two.”

Cherise pouted. “But... I really can’t decide.”

She took a deep breath and held onto the two pictures. “What if I bring these pictures back and ask my husband...”

Suddenly, she recalled Damien’s remark in the morning that he was looking forward to surprises. So, she mumbled, “I’ll ask my dad, grandpa, and... mom’s opinion.”

She took pictures of the two pictures before returning them to Zachary. “Can you help me

ask her?”

The fact that she was Charisa’s daughter was no longer a secret, and she didn’t intend to be overly polite with Zachary.

Looking at the pictures, Zachary smiled. He stretched and looked up in the direction of the third floor. “Aunt Charisa, among the two gowns she chose, one of them is yours. Though she’s still hesitating, it shows she can’t bear to give up the gown you prepared for

her.”

Chapter 476 An Unexpected Reunion

“Do you plan to continue watching?”

Cherise’s eyes widened in shock. She instinctively looked towards the third floor, but all she could see was a group of black-clad bodyguards standing next to each other. She couldn’t tell if someone was standing behind them.

“Bring her here. Ask her two friends to wait for a moment,” a cold and domineering female voice commanded.

Grinning, Zachary turned to Lucy and Mandy. “Please wait here.”

Then, he winked at Cherise. “What are you waiting for? Let’s go.”

Cherise’s body stiffened. Has she been secretly watching me all this time? Did she design one of the dresses I chose? Did she actually design my wedding gown?

Cherise was surprised, delighted, yet fearful at the same time. If I hadn’t chosen the wedding gown my mother designed, would I have never known that she was watching me try on wedding gowns this morning? I could have missed her, just like two days ago when I chased after her car...

Zachary dragged Cherise upstairs. Sturdy black-clad bodyguards stood in two rows, creating a black barrier.

The bodyguards made way for Zachary to lead Cherise towards Charisa.

In the living room on the third floor, a woman with a masquerade mark sat on the couch. She wore a white outfit and had a slender figure. Sitting straight, she exuded a cold and arrogant air.

Even without seeing her face, Cherise could sense that she was a beautiful woman.

Zachary stood before the woman with Cherise and said, “Aunt Charisa, Bunny is here.”

Then, he gave a command, and all the bodyguards immediately turned around, facing away from them.

Cherise was astonished as the scene unfolded.

Her grandfather had told her that her mother was the legendary head of the Miles family, and no one had seen her appearance before.

All this time, Cherise thought no one knew her appearance because she rarely appeared in public. But now, she realized it was because Charisa didn't allow others to see her face.

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All the bodyguards turned away except one who stood behind Charisa with his head lowered.

"Come here," Charisa beckoned to the bodyguard.

The man hesitated briefly before walking up to Cherise and lifting his face. "Cherise."

Cherise widened her eyes in shock. "Uncle Elvis?!"

Elvis nodded. He had the urge to hug Cherise, but he didn't have the courage and could only stand there, staring at her fervently. "Cherise!"

"Uncle Elvis!"

It had been some time since they last met. Tears welled up in Cherise's eyes as she recalled the anxiety, grievances, helplessness, and sorrow she had experienced during these days. She

immediately darted forward to hug Elvis. "Uncle Elvis, I was so worried about you!"

Elvis pressed his lips together and nervously looked at Cherise. He wanted to hug her back but didn't dare to.

After all, ever since Cherise's true identity was revealed, he felt unworthy of being called her uncle because he was merely a bodyguard from a village.

The difference in their status was too vast.

Chapter 477 She's Your Mother

Cherise should have been the cherished daughter of a wealthy family, but because of Elvis' momentary weakness, she had suffered for so many years and nearly lost the chance to reunite with her parents.

Now, as Cherise hugged Elvis in excitement, he was at a loss for words.

Charisa waved her hand, indicating that Elvis shouldn't worry too much.

But still, Elvis only had the courage to lightly put his arm on Cherise's back.

"There, there. I'm fine. Ms. Charisa didn't make things difficult for me. Don't worry." Cherise cried for a moment while hugging him. Sniffing, she looked at Charisa and said, "Thank you.... Thank you for not making it difficult for Uncle Elvis."

Elvis frowned and quickly corrected her. "You should call me Mr. Elvis. Also, this is your mother. Quickly call her Mom."

Cherise shook her head stubbornly. "You're not Mr. Elvis; you're my uncle!"

Although it was just a matter of title, Cherise knew that once she called him 'Mr. Elvis', she would never be the Cherise Shaw from the Shaw village again!

She took a deep breath and gazed at Charisa. "I can call you Mom, but... I'll still call him Uncle Elvis."

Charisa leaned casually against the ornate couch with a faint smile on her lips. Under the mask, her eyes showed resignation. "Did I ever ask you to change the way you address him? He asked you to change it. does that have to do with me?"

What

Startled, Cherise thought about it and realized Charisa had not commented on the matter. She was just intimidated by Charisa's overwhelming vehemence.

She smiled gleefully. "Do you mean I can continue calling him uncle?"

"Mm-hmm." Charisa looked at her daughter helplessly. "You're even more naive than your dad."

Cherise was rendered speechless..

When she visited the Tanners previously, she perceived Beckham as a powerful and intelligent man. However, within these few days, she had heard from George that her father was simple-minded.

Now, even her mother was calling her father dumb, Cherise couldn't help but wonder if

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she really resembled him.

"Come here." Charisa waved at Cherise.

Cherise glanced cautiously at Elvis. The man nodded at her and said, "Go ahead. She's your mother."

Cherise took a deep breath and walked over. When Cherise was a few steps away from Charisa, the latter elegantly removed her mask.

Staring at Charisa's face, Cherise was dumbstruck – it felt like she was looking at herself twenty years in the future! She finally realized why her grandfather always said her appearance resembled her mother's. He was right!

Their facial features and face shape were almost identical.

However, the resemblance between Cherise and her mother was limited to their appearance. Cherise thought she could never match Charisa's aura in her lifetime.

Her eyes were cold, elegant, and nonchalant. The aloof and poised aura was a result of experiencing all kinds of ups and downs in life.

Even when looking at her daughter, whom she had not seen for nineteen years, she didn't show much excitement or emotion.

"Are you that surprised?"

Charisa smiled and pointed to the seat next to her.

"Take a seat."

Cherise nervously sat down beside Charisa.

Before this, when George mentioned that her mother would come, Cherise had imagined countless scenarios of their meeting.

Chapter 478 The Happiest Girl

Cherise had anticipated that meeting her mother would be just as emotional as when she met her father, with tears and embraces.

But...

She nervously glanced at the nonchalant woman beside her. She just couldn't bring herself to cry.

Gracefully, Charisa picked up a peeled grape and placed it near Cherise's mouth. "Open up."

Cherise obediently complied and savored the sweet and sour grape.

Charisa continued to feed Cherise grapes, one after another.

Cherise felt confused. Shouldn't this be an emotional reunion? Why is my mom feeding me grapes?

Soon, a plate full of grapes was placed into Cherise's mouth.

Charisa wiped Cherise's mouth before cleaning her own hands. "Wonderful. My daughter has quite the appetite."

Cherise was speechless.

"Out of the two wedding gowns you chose earlier, one was designed by me, and the other by Damien. Since you love both of them, let's have two weddings. You can wear mine in the morning and his in the afternoon."

Cherise was dumbfounded by this unexpected suggestion.

Noticing her confusion, Charisa frowned and said, "If you think that will be too rushed, you can wear mine this time and wear his next time."

Does she mean I should have another wedding after this one? Cherise was flustered.

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“I have an idea,” Zachary interjected, raising his eyebrows. “Bunny, since you can’t decide, what if we get a skilled tailor to combine these two dresses? The left side will be mom’s design, and the right side your hubby’s.”

“No way!” Charisa glared coldly at Zachary, “I meticulously designed this wedding dress, and every stitch was done by my own hand. If you want to split this dress in half, it would break my heart.”

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Zachary glanced at Cherise, signaling for her to handle the situation.

Cherise pressed her lips together. “Actually... I think Zachary’s idea is quite good. This is my first and likely only wedding in this lifetime. I truly adore both dresses, and I don’t want to disappoint either of you.”

Charisa furrowed her brows and looked at Cherise coldly. “Is that truly what

Cherise felt intimidated by her icy gaze.

“Of course. It’s just my suggestion. If you think...

you believe?”

“Do whatever you want, as long as it makes you happy,” Charisa interrupted, shrugging in resignation.

Zachary was taken aback and gave Cherise a thumbs up. She was the first person he had ever seen who could change Charisa’s mind with just a few words.

Indeed, Charisa cared more than she let on.

Under Zachary's guidance, the tailors in the bridal shop reassembled the two wedding dresses.

An hour later, Cherise stood before the mirror, adorned in the wedding dress created through the combined efforts of Charisa and Damien. As she gazed at her reflection, smile spread across her face.

The dress turned out to be absolutely stunning.

In that moment, she believed she must be the happiest person in the world.

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"Not bad," Charisa remarked indifferently, glancing at the wedding gown. She then put on her mask and stood up. "Zachary, let's go."

Cherise was caught off guard. She turned to Charisa and asked, "Are you leaving already?"

Charisa nodded. "I came today to see you try on the wedding dresses. Now that you're finished, it's time for me to leave."

Chapter 479 Who's That?

"I had the impression..." Cherise bit her lip. She had believed that she came today to meet her mother, just like she did with Beckham Tanner.

However, Charis was about to leave before Cherise could address her as her mother.

"What did you think?" Charis raised an eyebrow inquisitively.

"I thought you would want me to call you... Mom," Cherise said shyly.

Charis scoffed and fixed her onyx eyes on Cherise. "Can you?"

The young girl couldn't say anything.

"All things take time to process. A simple girl like you, who has led a traditional lifestyle, will take even longer. It would be meaningless if you called me mother without truly meaning it."

Charis walked over to Cherise and tousled her hair. "We have established that mother. We are connected to each other. I am certain I can wait a little longer. Do you

you are my think I am shallow like your father? Don't overthink. I can wait until you genuinely want to call me mother," Charis said with a smile and turned to leave.

Cherise stood motionless in her wedding dress as she watched Charis turn and depart with her entourage. She slowly unclenched her tightly clenched fists. Charis was an enigmatic woman, and Cherise finally witnessed for herself what her grandfather meant when he said Charis was much more intelligent than her father. That didn't mean that Beckham wasn't intelligent. It was just that their approaches to things were drastically different.

Charis was as aloof as the rumors suggested. She handled everything with precision. Compared to Beckham, who wore his heart on his sleeve, Charis was more rational and composed. She was more open to others' opinions and didn't desire too much.

Cherise took a deep breath and made her way down to the second floor with the assistance of a staff member, her dress trailing behind her.

Lucy and Mandy were arguing on a couch on the second floor. They immediately stopped when they saw Cherise descend..

"Wow..."

"How is this possible?" Lucy's eyes widened.

Mandy could tell that this dress was clearly a combination of the previous two. "Well

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dene," she couldn't help but compliment. They had just been arguing about Cherise's previous choice when she went to change.

"Was that your mom just now?" Lucy asked quietly.

That woman had been surrounded by a group of people when they came down. She could barely see the person's collar.

"Yes," Cherise nodded, "but she didn't want me to call her mother. She said... There's plenty of time in the future."

Mandy furrowed her brow in deep thought.

Cherise was lost in contemplation on the way back to Lenoir Manor after leaving the bridal shop. Finally, she sent a photo of herself in a dress to Sarah.

"Aunt Sarah, I will be getting married soon. Will you come?"

She knew that Sarah was no longer a part of her family. Even if her uncle returned, she might not come... But Cherise truly wished for her to be at the wedding. After all, Sarah had played the role of a mother in the last nineteen years of her life. Even though Sarah always made sure Cherise called her 'Aunt.'

Not long after, Cherise received a reply.

'I'm busy.'

Chapter 480 A Name To Remember

Cherise's heart sank when she saw those two words. She chewed her lip and pondered for a long time before finally typing a reply.

I hope you can come."

'Uncle has returned and will attend my wedding.

I hope you can come and witness my marriage.

Cherise did not receive any replies. She was about to send another text when she finally got one.

'It's none of my business if he has returned.

I'm not going.

I wish you happiness.

Cherise gripped her phone tightly with both hands. Her heart ached from those words. She didn't know what she had done wrong.

Why would someone from the family treat me so coldly? It was the same at the Shaw's village...

The memory of Sarah coldly ushering her away resurfaced in her mind. Cherise's eyes started to burn and sting.

Why can't things be whole on both ends? I just found my parents. Yet, Aunt Sarah and Uncle Elvis are distancing themselves from me... If I knew this would happen, I wouldn't have looked for my biological parents!

Cherise's eyes were bloodshot by the time she arrived at the manor.

Aaron was shouting on the phone with Peter Lenoir in the living room.

"I've said it before. The choice is up to my granddaughter!"

"Your family just has to follow along!" a

Peter had known Aaron for many years. He knew about his temper, so he quickly replied, "Alright, alright, alright."

"It's not alright! I've said that her name should be Charlotte Tanner on the invitation!"

"But the name on her accounts is Cherise Shaw

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"We can change that in a moment!" Aaron rolled his eyes and continued, "She's accepted us as her family. Of course she has to come back to our family! It's either Tanner or Shaw!"

"How can she continue to be a Shaw?"

How can she continue to be a Shaw....

Those words echoed in Cherise's ears as soon as she entered the manor. The sentence pierced right through her and shattered her heart. She felt an even sharper sting. She knew what Aaron meant, but...

Cherise gritted her teeth and clenched her fists so tight she left crescent-shaped marks on her palms.

"Grandpa, I'm not going to change my name." Cherise was content with the name she had. Her aunt and uncle had named her and recorded it in the Shaw family account. It was intertwined with Sky and Tay. This was the evidence of her past nineteen years.

Aaron didn't expect Cherise to come back so quickly. He hurriedly hung up and looked at Cherise. "Cherry, I'm not being bossy. However, you've accepted our family. You should identify yourself as a daughter of the Tanner family. We can't introduce you as Shaw to others."

"Moreover, your mother isn't even a Shaw."

Cherise felt her blood freeze at his words. She took a deep breath and said, "Grandpa, I understand that as a conglomerate, the Tanners will have their own rules. But..."

She wasn't ready to take on her role as the Tanner daughter. More importantly, she didn't want to change her surname or name. It hadn't even been a week since she met the Tanners. She couldn't do it. She couldn't erase what her aunt and uncle had done for her. They were irreplaceable, an undying presence.

"Grandpa, why trouble Cherry if she's not willing to change her name?"