

MY BLIND 541

Chapter 541 She Should Be Safe

Damien was speechless.

Is she really going to throw the keys down?

Didn't she kick me out of the car just now? Why is she now letting me into her home?

Does she want to talk to me?

Damien furrowed his brow, feeling skeptical as he walked to the area below Cherise's apartment. He positioned himself where the keys could be caught.

"What are you up to?"

Although doubts had started creeping into his mind, he couldn't shake the feeling that the person on the other end couldn't be anyone else.

After all, no one else would have known so much about his relationship with Cherise and gone as far as to seek out Mr. Kolson's WhatsApp account.

Damien pondered with furrowed brows.

'Splash!' A basin of cold water was abruptly dumped from Cherise's balcony.

Damien was drenched. Chill seeped into his bones.

Never before had he been so thoroughly and embarrassingly drenched.

Mr. Kolson witnessed everything from a distance. His mouth hung open in shock. "Mr. Lenoir..."

At that moment, Damien's phone beeped with another message.

'Humph, you think you can win over Mommy? Not a chance!'

'Hurry up and leave, creep! Mommy has me to protect her. You won't stand a chance!'

Damien Lenoir was speechless.

"Ren?"

Cherise had finished drying off Serafina's hair and sent her back to her room. After draining the bathtub, she found Soren still on the balcony, holding a basin and watering the plants.

She frowned. "Soren, it's time for your bath and bedtime!"

These are succulents. They'll die if you overwater them!"

Oh

The little boy in light blue pajamas responded before returning to the living room with the empty basin. He closed the balcony door and said, "Mommy, you and Sera can go to bed first. I'm going to

1/3

take a bath!"

"Okay."

Cherise affectionately ruffled her son's hair, "Hurry up and finish your bath. Don't play around in the bathroom."

"Got it!"

Soren closed the bathroom door with a grin.

Cherise yawned and went into Serafina's room. She picked up a fairy tale storybook and lay down on the bed. "Where did we stop last time?"

We were at the part where the mermaid turned into a human to find the prince."

A little girl in pink rabbit-print pajamas leaned against the head of the bed, observing Cherise with her big eyes.

Cherise cleared her throat. She turned to the page with the story about the mermaid and narrated it earnestly, "The mermaid came to the prince's palace and saw the prince and the princess beside him..."

Meanwhile, Mr. Kolson nervously handed tissues to Damien in the black Cayenne parked downstairs. "Mr. Lenoir..."

"Hmm."

Damien had taken off his coat, wearing only a thin shirt.

Soren had dumped the water so accurately that it drenched Damien from head to toe.

"Mr. Lenoir."

Mr. Kolson cleared his throat and said, "You'll catch a cold like this."

"Why don't we return to the hotel for you to change your clothes? We can come here again afterward."

"Mrs. Lenoir is at home now. She should be safe."

Damien Lenoir frowned and nodded, "Sounds good. I'm tired."

He had been in meetings all night. When he heard about Maeve coming to this small town for surgery this morning, he rushed to the hospital without rest.

Then, he met Cherise again and helped Maeve settle into the hospital.

Thus, he had not had a moment of rest all day.

Lets go back to the hotel and rest."

Mr. Kolson was surprised that Damien agreed readily. "Mr..Lenoir, are you... not going to stay here!

That won't be necessary.

Damien rubbed his forehead with his slender fingers. "Firstly, I haven't had a proper rest all day. I'm quite worn out."

Chapter 542 You're Too Young

"Secondly, nothing will change even if we stay downstairs. She won't be in any danger."

"Thirdly..."

Damien smiled slightly. "If we don't leave, a certain mischievous boy won't be able to sleep tonight."

Mr. Kolson was momentarily puzzled. He only understood what Damien meant after a moment.

He responded with a smile. "Mr. Lenoir, you truly adore the boy. Even though he drenched you with water, you still care about him.

"What other choice do I have?"

Damien crossed his legs and reclined comfortably in the leather seat. There were still noticeable water stains on his shirt collar.

"After all, he's my son."

Moreover, the boy spared no effort to protect his mother.

Damien felt more assured having such a son by Cherise's side..

Since the boy was so ruthless to his father, he would do worse things to Cherise's other suitors.

Perhaps this boy was the reason Cherise remained single all these years.

Soren stood on the balcony upstairs and watched the black car travel into the distance. Once it was out of sight, he pursed his lips and snorted. "Hmph." Then, he returned to his room and fell asleep, hugging his giant rabbit plush toy.

Since becoming aware of his gender at the age of three, Soren had been sleeping alone. He had his own space, while Cherise and her daughter shared a room.

Only occasionally, when he had nightmares, he would bring his pillow and squeeze into the bed with Cherise and Serafina.

Cherise slept peacefully all night.

Early the following day, Soren's room door opened just as the sun began to rise.

He quietly opened the door to his mother and sister's room and peeked inside,

As expected, his mother and sister were sleeping soundly in bed.

He shook his head and sighed in resignation before carrying a small chair into the kitchen.

As he was not tall enough, he needed to stand on a chair to use the blender on the countertop.

He put fruits, yogurt, water, and sugar into the blender.

Then, he placed a few eggs in the egg boiler and a few slices of bread in the toaster.

|||

1/2

After that, he microwaved the buns and pies Cherise prepared in advance.

He systematically completed all the breakfast preparation tasks before putting on gloves and serving three breakfast sets on the table.

Serafina enjoyed having milk and bread.

Meanwhile, Cherise preferred smoothies, boiled eggs, and buns.

On the other hand, Soren liked having smoothies, pies, and pickles for breakfast.

After preparing breakfast, Soren reclined on the couch and took out his phone to play games.

A friend request popped up on the screen when he turned on his phone.

The person adding him had an all-black profile picture. His name was just one word: Lenoir.

His friend request note was, 'You will call me Dad eventually.'

Soren widened his eyes in shock.

Where did this lunatic come from?

Soren rolled his eyes and replied to the message. 'You should call me Dad instead!'

After sending the message, he found the game he wanted to play and started destroying his opponent's base with enthusiasm.

Once he finished several rounds, he heard the alarm clock ringing in his mother and sister's room.

Soren quickly put away his phone, took a deep breath, and ran to the bedroom door. He knocked on it and announced, "Ladies, it's time for breakfast!"

Cherise opened the door and saw steaming breakfast on the dining room table. She hugged her son. "Soren, I'm grateful you woke up early to make breakfast for me and your sister."

"But I also said not to touch the household appliances. You're still too young..."

“Enough!”

Soren rolled his eyes and raised his hand to pat Cherise’s face. “Mommy, I don’t like it when you talk like that.”

Chapter 543 Unconcealable Joy

“Even though I’m just a child, I’m far from stupid. I figured out how to use the egg cooker all by myself.”

Cherise Shaw was left speechless.

“I even taught you how to use the toaster.”

Cherise Shaw had no response.

“Moreover, I even fixed the software system on your computer...”

“Alright, alright, you’re the best.”

Cherise quickly changed the subject before rushing into the bathroom to wash up with Serafina.

Soren leaned against the door, arms crossed, smiling as he observed the two ladies. Their faces were almost identical, but one was tall while the other was petite.

He loved this kind of life.

His family consisted of only him, his mother, and his younger sister.

Soren was willing to be the only man his family needed.

He would not allow any other man to get close to his family.

What about his father?

As far as Soren was concerned, he never had a father and certainly did not need one.

With that thought in mind, he glanced at the message on his phone..

Let's see who will win.

I won't lose to anyone. You definitely won't stand a chance against me!

"Damien, why are you up so early?"

They were in the ward. Charles fed Maeve some oatmeal and stole a few glances at Damien, who was engrossed with his phone by the door. "I haven't seen you this cheerful in a long time."

Damien had always been aloof since Charles met Maeve three years ago.

From their first encounter to when they became business partners and eventually in-laws, Charles had never heard Damien laugh.

Instead, Damien had always appeared detached and unconcerned about everything.

Maeve claimed there was a void in Damien's heart, which explained his behavior.

But Damien had been smiling at his phone several times since this morning.

"I couldn't sleep, so I got up."

Damien responded with a slight smile. Then, he looked at Charles and Maeve, “After becoming parents, do

|||

1/2

you ever feel so excited that you can’t sleep?”

Maeve and Charles exchanged glances.

After a brief silence, Maeve furrowed her brows and looked at Damien. “When I first found out I was pregnant, I was so thrilled that I couldn’t sleep at night.”

“Why are you suddenly asking this?”

“Nothing.” Damien Lenoir grinned. “I just wanted to confirm something.”

He wanted to confirm that he wasn’t being overly dramatic.

Maeve Lenoir was surprised. She glanced at Damien before turning to Charles with a bewildered expression.

Charles was equally puzzled.

While feeding Maeve oatmeal, he leaned close to her ear and whispered, “Has your brother been dating. online recently?”

Based on his understanding, only those dating someone online would keep grinning foolishly at their phones.

However, considering Damien Lenoir's status and disposition, he did not seem like the type to enjoy online dating.

Could he have been feeling lonely for too long?

"No way."

Maeve responded with a helpless smile and glanced at Damien Lenoir, still engrossed with his phone.

His eyes were brimming with joy.

Even if he didn't smile, anyone could tell from his actions, expressions, and the sparkle in his eyes that he was genuinely happy.

He was usually good at hiding his emotions.

But now, he couldn't hide the joy in his heart.

Did meeting Cherise again make him so ecstatic that he couldn't control himself?

Maeve sighed softly and looked at Charles. "Can you go out first? I need to talk to Damien."

Charles was surprised by the request. He nodded and quickly fed her the last spoonful of porridge before leaving.

The door closed, leaving only Maeve and Damien in the room.

Chapter 544 Perhaps This Is Fate

“Damien.”

Maeve weakly leaned against the headboard, her voice barely louder than a whisper.

“Hmm.”

Only then did Damien look up, locking his phone screen.

Soren hadn’t messaged him a single word since they made a bet.

Damien also wisely refrained from sending any more messages to him.

Yet, even though they weren’t communicating, scrolling through their chat records brought Damien a sense of happiness.

He could almost see Soren’s expressions and the mischievous glint in his eyes as he read those words.

Soren was a miniature version of Damien, his mirror image.

The boy was his flesh and blood and an unexpected blessing.

Knowing this kept Damien awake all night.

He even called Frances in the middle of the night, asking her to prepare two children’s rooms at home in his absence.

One of the rooms was for his son. Damien instructed that it be painted light blue and filled with action-packed cartoons and toys that boys love.

The other room was for his daughter. It would be in pink and adorned with plush toys and pretty dresses that girls would adore.

Even though he hadn't officially acknowledged the children, the mere thought of them filled his eyes with radiant joy.

"Look at how happy you are. Does it mean Cherise didn't reject you?"

Maeve rested her body against the headboard and smiled as she looked at Damien. "If Cherise is willing to give you a chance, don't hesitate to win her back."

"She hasn't given me a chance yet."

Damien snapped back to reality. His eyes sparkled with excitement as he looked at Maeve. "I'll strive to win her over even if she doesn't give me a chance."

"Sis, if Cherise and I got back together, would you still stand in our way?"

Maeve shook her head.

"If you manage to win Cherise back, not only will I not stand in your way, but I will also bless and apologize to you both."

"I... was too presumptuous back then."

|||

1/2

Maeve was only eighteen when a fire completely altered her life.

In the aftermath, she concealed herself in the shadows and hid within the Wool family to recover.

Having experienced the harshest loss and the deepest pain, she had lost faith in all relationships other than familial bonds.

Love, she thought, was nothing more than an exchange of interests. She held this belief for a long time.

Thus, she always suspected Cherise of having ulterior motives. Even after it was revealed that she was the heir of the Tanner and Miles family, Maeve still doubted that Cherise genuinely cared for Damien.

She thought that since Cherise had attained a high status, she would inevitably lose interest in Damien and leave him.

Due to this, Maeve had always harbored prejudice against Cherise.

Later, the animosity between their families made it impossible for Maeve to accept Cherise.

However, when Cherise left, Damien fell into despair.

He even nearly killed himself in a fire in his office one night around five years ago.

As Damien's closest family member, Maeve began questioning whether she had made a mistake.

Why did Damien Lenoir become a shell of his former self after losing Cherise?

Later, she met Charles.

Charles' care and affection allowed her to experience love beyond familial bonds.

It also helped her realize that Cherise and Damien's love might also be selfless and pure.

Unfortunately, it was too late.

Cherise and Damien had been separated for so long that their relationship seemed irreparable.

But thankfully, Charles accidentally found Cherise when Maeve was at the hospital giving birth.

Perhaps this is fate.....

Chapter 545 A Wealthy Fool

Maeve reached out and gently held Damien's hand. "I was mistaken before. I will now support you in your endeavor to win her back. Furthermore, I will do everything in my power to help you uncover the truth about what happened back then. There must have been some misunderstanding between Dad and Charisa."

Maeve's words stirred a whirlwind of emotions within Damien.

Over the years, there had been a rift between him and Maeve concerning Cherise. It was exacerbated by Maeve's attempt to harm Charisa.

However, fortunately, things were improving.

Damien took a deep breath and leaned closer to Maeve Lenoir's car. "Sis, I have a secret to share with you."

What Damien revealed next caused Maeve to widen her eyes in shock.

"What are you waiting for? Go win her back!"

It was eight in the morning.

After dropping off her children at kindergarten, Cherise drove to the hospital, visibly exhausted.

“Cherise!”

When she entered the office, her department supervisor was eager to speak with her. “Cherise, a wealthy patient has specifically requested that you conduct a health check-up.”

Cherise took off her coat and put on her white lab coat. She furrowed her brow deeply. “You want me to perform a check-up for a patient?”

She turned around and faced the balding supervisor. “Are you joking?”

“Our hospital is fully equipped with all the necessary equipment for check-ups. If patients need one, they can go to the health check-up department.”

“I am an attending physician. It is not my responsibility to conduct physical examinations.”

“Of course, I am aware that this is not part of your duty!”

The supervisor followed Cherise and continued. “If it were your duty, I would have instructed you to do it. Why would I come here so early to wait for you?”

Then, he cleared his throat. “Cherise, this patient is unique. He specifically requested you to handle his check-up!”

Cherise furrowed her brow and looked at the supervisor. “You expect me to do it just because he requested me? How much is he offering me?”

“One hundred thousand.”

Cherise was taken aback.

She had asked the question without thinking and did not expect the person to name a price.

“One hundred thousand?”

“Yes.”

The supervisor cleared his throat. “Of course, this is only your fee.”

“He said if you are willing to conduct a physical check-up today, he will invest ten million in our hospital and give everyone in our department... a raise.”

Cherise was stunned. “Is this person insane?”

She had encountered many wealthy fools in her years of work. However, few were willing to pay such a high price, let alone invest in the hospital.

“Yes.” The supervisor cleared his throat again. “That is why we must seize this golden opportunity.”

“As you know, our hospital’s cardiac surgery equipment is outdated.”

“I spoke to the hospital director. If we secure this ten million, over eight million will be allocated to our department to upgrade our equipment and instruments...”

“Cherise, you see...”

The supervisor looked at Cherise pleadingly. "You do not have to do anything drastic or compromise your dignity. All you have to do is cooperate with this patient and conduct a heart check-up for him today. Then, we can secure this investment.

"You know how difficult it is to apply for a special fund..."

Cherise furrowed her brow.

Apart from Lucy, no one in the hospital knew her true identity.

Thus, she witnessed how her supervisor struggled with managing a hospital over the years. He had to confront many problems head-on and faced difficulties in obtaining funding. It was a lengthy and arduous process whenever he applied for special funds from the hospital.

Chapter 546 Echoes Of Duty

Cherise took a deep breath before finally nodding in agreement. "Alright."

If dedicating a day could significantly benefit her department, she was prepared to make that sacrifice.

After all, she was not one to indulge in pretentiousness.

However, she failed to see why someone of her professional caliber should be tasked with a mere check-up.

Yet, faced with the tempting proposal laid out by the other party, she found it difficult to decline.

"Cherise, I knew you'd come through!"

Her supervisor exclaimed, his voice bubbling with excitement as he clasped her hand. "Good deeds are always rewarded!" he beamed.

Cherise responded with a casual air, deftly picking up the file from the table. "Let me know when the patient arrives," she stated matter-of-factly, her tone devoid of any emotion.

"I'm off to do rounds now."

"Okay!" The supervisor replied, his voice still laced with excitement.

Cherise, file in hand, left to attend to her patients, her steps measured and purposeful. The supervisor, meanwhile, couldn't contain his eagerness and immediately dialed a number on his phone. "Mr. Lenoir, she's agreed!"

As Cherise made her rounds, checking on each patient diligently, she eventually came to Maeve, who had undergone surgery the day before.

Despite her reluctance, driven by a professional sense of duty, she sighed and made her way to Maeve's ward.

Every doctor must be compassionate, she reminded herself. She couldn't allow personal grievances to overshadow a patient's care.

After all, this was a matter of life.

As she approached the ward, the words of Charisa Miles echoed in her mind.

Cherise, if you wish to be a doctor, pursue it with all your heart. Don't let go of your dream just because your parents are in business.

Your mother's quest for revenge and profit has hurt many.

Your becoming a doctor could be seen as a way to atone for her actions.

With these words ringing in her ears, Cherise took a moment, her eyes closed in reflection, before pushing open the door to Maeve's ward.

Inside, Maeve was holding hands with Charles, deeply engrossed in discussing their child's name.

"Let's name her Talia Luther," Charles suggested earnestly.

|||

1/2

Marse paused, a hint of disagreement in her voice "No, that's too old-fashioned"

'Tid fashioned Charles face fell, a look of hurt flashing across his features.

Indeed old fashioned

Cherise interjected, her voice cutting through the room

Startled, the pair turned to face her

"Dr Shaw"" Maeve exclaimed

"Cherise" Charles added, his voice softer.

"Hmm"

Cherise offered them a faint smile as she approached Marve's bedside with the folder. She briefly glared at the temperature, blood sugar, and blood pressure readings recorded by the nurse that morning. "Everything seems normal," she noted, her voice carrying a hint of approval.

She then grabbed her stethoscope and listened attentively to Marve's chest. "Strong heartbeat," she murmured, almost to herself.

After completing the routine check-up, she made notes in the folder, speaking to Charles without looking up: "Remember what I said yesterday."

"She needs to stick to a light diet. Don't buy into any old wives' tales about lactation. Everyone is different. If there's not enough breast milk, formula will do just fine."

Charles nodded earnestly, absorbing every word. "Understood, completely."

"Hmm"

Cherise then stood up, tucking a stray lock of hair behind her ear. "If there's no other question, I'll take my leave."

She moved towards the door but was stopped by Marve's voice. "Cherise, wait a moment," Maeve called out softly.

Cherise turned, a slight frown creasing her forehead. "How can I help you?"

Maeve's lips were pursed as she spoke softly. "Do you have a moment?"

"I need to talk to you."

Cherise Shaw glanced at her watch, "I did have time," she replied, her voice tinged with regret.

“But unfortunately, today I am bound to a physical examination for a high-profile patient, so I don’t have any spare time to chat”

Marve’s mouth fell open, her words left unspoken.

Chapter 547 Roses And Revelations.

In the early light of dawn, Damien found himself in a dilemma, contemplating how to win back Cherise’s affections. It was his older sister, Maeve, who casually suggested, “Why not have her conduct your physical

examination?”

Little did she know...

“Is there anything else you need?”

“No, nothing else.”

Maeve was both surprised by her brother’s initiative and puzzled by Cherise’s current demeanor.

“Well, I’ll take my leave now.”

Cherise announced, standing tall and elegant in her pristine white lab coat.

As she approached the door, she paused for a moment.

“If you’re set on choosing a meaningful name, how about Marcy Luther?”

“It sounds more appealing than Talia Luther.”

“Cherise, that guest... no, that patient is waiting for you in the lobby on the first floor. You can go straight there.”

The bald supervisor informed her as she left Maeve’s ward. He greeted her with an eager grin, “Good luck! You must secure this client for our department! The acquisition of new equipment for our

department next quarter depends entirely on you!”

Faced with the supervisor’s enthusiasm, Cherise offered an awkward smile in return. “I... I’ll do my best.”

Since Charisa Miles’s passing, Cherise had rarely personally guided patients through physical examinations, apart from taking care of her child.

She often considered such tasks trivial and a waste of her valuable time.

But now....

She sighed, resigning herself to whatever lay ahead.

She would consider it a form of repayment for the supervisor’s long-standing kindness.

With this in mind, she took a deep breath, composed herself, and stepped into the elevator.

She watched as the numbers on the elevator slowly descended. When the number turned to “1”, Cherise breathed a sigh of relief and exited the elevator.

The hospital’s first-floor lobby was eerily quiet, devoid of its usual hustle and bustle.

But what truly startled her was not just the emptiness – the lobby was adorned with pink roses.

Clusters of them filled the entire space, creating an almost ethereal scene that hardly resembled a hospital lobby at all.

J

1/2

Rubbing her eyes in disbelief, Cherise tried to make sense of the surreal sight before her.

What... what's happening?

Amidst the sea of roses, she saw him – Damien Lenoir. Dressed as he had been on their wedding day five years ago, in a white suit with gold trim, he approached her, holding a large bouquet of red roses.

Cherise was speechless.

In this moment, everything clicked into place.

Why would someone be willing to pay ten million for a full body check by her?

If that someone was Damien Lenoir, it all made sense.

She hadn't expected that after five years....

This man had become so... unpredictable.

Taking a deep breath, she retrieved her phone from her pocket and snapped a picture of Damien.

Damien's forehead twitched involuntarily as he asked, "What are you doing?"

"Taking a picture."

Cherise replied, her eyes sparkling with clarity as she smiled at Damien. "Mr. Lenoir, amidst a field of pink roses, holding a large bouquet of red roses – such a ridiculous and tacky scene, I simply had to capture it."

She glanced at the photo on her phone with a faint smile. "I wonder how much I could make if I sent this picture to a media reporter..."

"At least ten million, right?"

Damien stood dumbfounded.

Hadn't Mr. Kolson assured him that any woman would be moved to tears by such a romantic gesture, ready to forgive or at least concede to a small request?

Chapter 548 The Unmoved Heart

Why did Cherise's response differ so greatly from what was expected?

She appeared neither touched nor excited, and even went so far as to take a mocking photograph

"Mr. Lenoir, perhaps it's your approach that is lacking. You didn't kneel, suggested Mr. Kolson through the earpiece. "A heartfelt kneel could convey your sincerity."

Damien stood still, his brow furrowed.

Mr. Kolson persisted, "Mr. Lenoir, you must trust me."

“Your experience in relationships is limited to a brief encounter with your wife five years ago. On the other hand, I have experienced numerous romances and dated countless women. I even showed them your photo yesterday to gather insights for your reconciliation.”

“They unanimously agreed that any woman would be deeply moved and readily forgive you if you knee! with roses in hand!”

Damien’s frown deepened as he processed Mr. Kolson’s words. Clenching his teeth, he muttered. “I’ll trust you one last time”

With that, he took a deep breath and stepped forward. He knelt before Cherise with the roses and uttered her name. “Cherise”

“We can’t change the past, but please allow me the chance to rediscover you, to reevaluate our relationship, to start anew”

Lifting his dark, intense eyes, he looked earnestly at Cherise, “Hello, my name is Damien Lenoir.”

Cherise narrowed her eyes.

Start anew?

What an absurd idea!

If it weren’t for his money, she would have turned away instantly.

No, first she would have kicked him and snapped, “Damien Lenoir, wake up!”

“I’m not the naive girl you once charmed with your sweet words. I have a five-year-old child now.”

But Cherise had to swallow these words.

Because Damien came as a potential investor for the hospital.

His satisfaction with her service today was crucial for acquiring advanced medical equipment for their department next quarter.

That was the crux of the matter.

So, with a forced smile, Cherise responded, "Mr. Lenoir, you're my patient today, correct?"

Approaching slowly, she took the roses from his hand and placed them beside a fire hydrant, "We have several tests later, and the scent of roses might interfere with the respiratory exams, so let's keep them

12

away from the examination room."

She then looked up, eyeing Damien's suit, "Did you bring any change of clothes?"

"The suit might be in the way for the tests later."

Damien remained silent, his frown deepening at her question.

"You didn't bring any, did you?"

Cherise looked at him with a kind but distant smile, while maintaining a professional distance.

"It's okay if you didn't. I have a set of clothes from a friend here. How about you change into those?"

Her tone, though polite, only intensified Damien's frown. "Why so formal, Cherise?"

"Do we... need to talk like this?"

"Do we... need all these roses?" he asked.

Cherise pursed her lips, her smile reaching her eyes, but still maintaining a certain aloofness. "And why involve our hospital in personal matters?"

"Ten million in medical funds is a substantial amount."

She smiled at Damien, "I haven't seen you in five years, Mr. Lenoir. You've become quite generous."

Chapter 549 Rekindled Sparks

"I remember..."

A gentle smile graced Cherise's face as she spoke to Damien, recalling a memory from five years ago. "Mr. Lenoir, your investment in my hometown was a kind gesture that earned my admiration and led me to dedicate myself to you completely."

"Are you expecting the same devotion from me now, Mr. Lenoir, employing the same strategy as before?"

"No."

Damien's deep, dark eyes narrowed as he looked at Cherise intently. "I simply want to express that I am now fully and wholeheartedly devoted to you."

A silence fell over the room.

Caught off guard, Cherise instinctively took a step back.

Five years had passed.

They had faced so many challenges together.

Yet, as Damien declared his devotion, her heart involuntarily quickened its pace.

Taking a deep breath, she tightly gripped the sleeve of her white coat.

After a moment, Cherise's heart calmed

Damien noticed her flushed face, a smug smile playing on his lips.

Despite her outward coldness, she was still affected by him.

Why else would a mere declaration stir her, causing her cheeks to redden and her heart to flutter?

Tsk, tsk, such a contradictory woman.

With a sly smile, Damien stepped into the elevator. Didn't you mention that you had a friend's clothes for me to change into?"

"Let's go."

His deep, resonant voice brought Cherise back to reality.

She pursed her lips, cleared her throat, composed herself, and followed him into the elevator.

The doors closed.

In the confined space, only Cherise and Damien remained.

Damien's familiar yet unfamiliar masculine scent made Cherise's breathing falter.

She turned away, hiding her flushed face, and began to scold herself.

But she could hardly keep herself together!

1/2

She had been so determined in their parting, so why was she now stirred by his sincere gaze and heartfelt

words?

Why couldn't she control her emotions?

Cherise, Cherise, can't you be a little stronger? She thought.

He may be handsome, but there's no future for the two of you.

Get your sh*t together!

"Dr. Shaw, we've arrived."

Damien's deep voice resonated once again.

Startled, Cherise looked up and realized they had reached their destination.

She took a deep breath and led Damien into the cardiac surgery office.

Swiftly, she opened the door to the staff dormitory, retrieved a set of casual gray men's clothes, and handed them to him. "Go change."

Damien glanced at the clothes and noticed the tag still attached. "Newly purchased?"

"Yes."

As she filled out Damien's medical form, Cherise responded casually, "I went shopping with a colleague recently and bought it for my dad.

"I haven't had the chance to give it to him, so you're in luck."

Damien smiled faintly, removing his suit jacket. "I didn't expect that my future father-in-law and I share the same size."

Cherise's hand, holding the pen, paused heavily.

In reality, this set of clothes... wasn't bought for Beckham.

Not long ago, Lucy and she had gone shopping, and there was a sale at the mall.

Cherise had contemplated it and finally made the impulsive purchase, giving in to the bargain.

But when asked for the size, she had subconsciously provided Damien's measurements.

Chapter 550 An Unresolved Past

Upon returning home, she had intended to give the clothes to Beckham, only to find that they were the wrong size.

Since then, the garments had been idly gathering dust in her dormitory closet.

Now, with Damien's unexpected arrival, it seemed like an opportune moment to offer them.

Clearing her throat, she remarked, "Hmm, you're the same size as my father."

The sound of a belt being unbuckled resonated behind her, "So, am I expected to return them to him after wearing them?"

"No need."

Cherise furrowed her brows, "My father doesn't like sharing clothes with others."

"You can take them with you."

She added softly. "If you don't like them, feel free to get rid of them."

"Why would I ever do that?"

As Damien elegantly changed his clothes, he responded in a gentle voice, "This is the first gift Dr. Shaw has given me; I must cherish it."

Cherise found his words amusing. "Is this the first gift I've given you?"

She recalled the numerous gifts she had given him during their time together five years ago.

Even during her trip to Europe, while choosing presents for Uncle Shaw and Aunt Wanda, she had thought of him.

Why did he now consider this set of clothes as the first gift from her?

She scoffed, "Mr. Lenoir, your memory seems to be failing you."

"Five years ago, I..."

"Five years ago, you were not Dr. Shaw."

Damien interrupted gently, "Five years ago, the one who gifted me was Mrs. Lenoir."

"Now, it's Dr. Shaw."

Buttoning up his shirt, he stepped around Cherise to face her, his deep eyes locking onto hers. "Or are you saying you are still Mrs. Lenoir, huh, Dr. Shaw?"

Cherise was speechless.

His wittiness was unparalleled.

And she had no choice but to give it to him this time.

She clenched her teeth, shot him a glare, and closed the file in her hand. "It's getting late; let's begin."

“Mr. Lenoir, you haven’t had breakfast, have you?”

Damien nodded, “No.”

“Good, we’ll start with the blood draw.”

Clad in her white coat, Cherise stood tall and poised, her mature allure radiating.

Damien followed, watching her from behind with a faint smile on his lips.

The pair had reached the lab.

Cherise glanced at the long queue. She turned to Damien. “Would you like me to draw your blood?”

“Or should we continue to wait?”

“Of course, you should draw my blood, Dr. Shaw.”

Cherise rolled her eyes. She knew it!

Taking a deep breath, she collected the supplies from the nurse, sat next to Damien, and instructed, “Extend your arm.”

Damien rolled up his sleeve and presented his arm.

Cherise lowered her head and began to draw his blood, “It might sting a bit, bear with it.”

Her fingers, as white as jade, firmly gripped his arm.

Damien sat, observing her serious demeanor, her bustling movements, his eyes filled with deep affection and warmth.

Five years.

He had been searching for her for five years.

Now, she was finally sitting in front of him.

And finally willing to engage in a calm conversation with him.

Although he clung to his perceptions of their past, he knew she had her convictions.

He was ready to accept her obligations, her resentment, all of it – at least until they had a chance to thoroughly discuss their issues.

The issue of their parents was a ticking time bomb, best left untouched.

They hadn't officially divorced yet, and they still had two children.