

MY BLIND 591

Chapter 591 You Can Boldly Pursue Damien

"Please step out of the car."

Cherise furrowed her brow slightly. "It's three in the afternoon. I have to go to work, and later, I have to pick up my children from kindergarten."

However, Damien stubbornly pursed his lips and refused to leave. "I want to protect you. So, wherever you go,

I'll go too."

Cherise scoffed. "Protect me? Is that a line you picked up from a romance novel?"

She turned to Damien with a hint of disdain in her clear eyes. "Can't you act your age?"

"I used to enjoy romance novels five years ago, but now, I'm only interested in medical journals."

Damien nodded. "Sure, I'll look into medical journals next time."

Cherise was left speechless.

She took a deep breath and unlocked the car door. "I don't care what you read, but I need you to leave this car now."

Damien furrowed his brow and looked at Cherise firmly. "Dr. Shaw, you should know that I have a peculiar quirk. I tend to be quite rebellious."

"Your attempt to kick me out will only make me want to stay even more," he added.

Cherise frowned. "What if I don't tell you to leave?"

"Then I'll continue staying right here."

Cherise sneered, glancing at him contemptuously in the rearview mirror. "This isn't defiance. It's shamelessness."

"You could say that."

Cherise was stumped.

Then, she took a deep breath and looked at him resignedly. "Give me your current mobile number."

Damien furrowed his brow. "Why?"

"If I'm in danger, you'll be the first person I contact, okay?"

"All I ask is for you to stop staying in my car. Everyone in the hospital knows I'm Mrs. Miles. I don't want to start a scandal, especially after Jordyn started a rumor to tarnish my reputation."

Only then did Damien reluctantly give her his mobile phone number.

"All right, I've saved it."

Cherise smiled and showed him the contact list on her phone. "Can you please leave the car now?"

Damien pondered solemnly. He understood why Cherise had to do this.

After all, she was a renowned doctor with a reputation to uphold, and everyone knew she was Zachary's wife.

Thus, Damien unlatched the car door and stepped out.

Once he exited, Cherise promptly locked all the doors.

Then, she casually lowered the window and dialed a number in front of Damien.

"Lana, didn't you come to the office today to ask for Maeve's brother's contact details?"

"Yes."

Cherise looked at Damien's stunned expression provocatively and recited his number digit by digit.

"Okay, Lana, I've gotten the number for you. Maeve's brother has been divorced for five and has no connection with his ex-wife."

"You and your interested friends can boldly pursue Mr. Lenoir without worry."

"I'm looking forward to attending Damien and your wedding."

Then, Cherise ended the call and turned to Damien daringly. "Mr. Lenoir, you'll be busy

soon."

Damien was left speechless.

"When did you become so cunning?"

"I merely employed what was necessary to deal with certain people."

She rolled up the window and drove away.

Damien Lenoir stood in the same spot. He narrowed his eyes and pulled out his phone. "Mr. Kolson, follow her."

Cherise returned to the hospital and found Lucy waiting for her in the office with her arms crossed.

Chapter 592 His Blind Date

"I heard the news on Twitter," Lucy said, her voice filled with disdain.

Lucy, standing tall in her pristine white lab coat, crossed her arms and leaned casually against the chair while gazing coldly at Cherise. "Who would have thought attending a class would cause such a commotion."

Cherise didn't need to think to understand what Lucy was implying.

She calmly walked to her seat and sat down. "The issue with Isaac was thoroughly investigated and clarified two years ago. I've done my part. A clear conscience fears no

accusation."

Lucy raised an eyebrow, her gaze remaining impassive. "You think I was referring to Isaac?"

"The case with Isaac was concluded long ago, and the hospital's medical accident team conducted a thorough investigation back then. What could he possibly uncover now?"

"I'm talking about this!"

Lucy took out her phone and showed Cherise a photograph.

The photo showed Cherise holding a large bouquet of roses, with Damien shielding her behind him. At the same time, Damien was restraining Jordyn's arms, his eyes cold and intimidating.

Cherise's eyes showed a hint of panic, but her trust in Damien overpowered it.

The large bouquet of red roses in her arms was especially eye-catching. The students' addition of photo filters made it appear even more vibrant.

The online comments for this photo transitioned from initial astonishment of "Oh my God! How could this happen?" to "This man is so handsome, and the roses are so exquisite. They are a perfect couple!"

Cherise glanced at the photo on Lucy's phone and read the comments below. She fell into silence.

This...

She coughed softly. "It was an accident."

"Damien gave you the roses, right?"

Lucy rolled her eyes and questioned coldly.

Cherise nodded, "Yes, they were from him."

"At least he has some taste."

Lucy scoffed, examining the roses in the photo again. "It's not easy to find such beautiful roses in a place like Lermille."

“Didn’t you once say you envied girls whose boyfriends waited outside their classes to give them roses?”

“Now, your dream has come true, hasn’t it?”

Cherise was momentarily stunned. “Did I

say

that?”

“Yes, you did,” Lucy affirmed. “Back then, you were obsessed with romance novels...”

“Stop right there.”

Hearing the mention of ‘romance novels’ made Cherise remember Damien’s cheesy lines in the car.

Did I really love romance novels that much back then?

Lucy observed her reaction and chuckled. “Did you share Damien’s contact details with Lana and the others?”

Cherise nodded. “Yes.”

It was a way to punish Damien.

Besides, she believed the number Damien gave her was not his usual business contact.

She had no problem sharing it with Lana and the others.

"I'm impressed."

Lucy yawned. "But when I came to see you three years ago, didn't you ask about Damien's blind date?"

Cherise nodded. "Yes."

She vividly recalled Damien speaking tenderly to someone on the phone that night.

"I asked my father to investigate it for you."

"The woman he supposedly went on a blind date with three years ago claimed he never showed up."

Her anxious heart gradually calmed down.

But if the person on the phone wasn't his blind date... who could it be?

He would never speak like that to a man.

Who could that woman be?

Maeve was closest to him. She was still in Lermille Hospital then.

Cherise scratched her head in frustration.

Chapter 593 Planning To Collect The Debt

Lucy glanced at Cherise, appearing hesitant to speak.

After a moment, she gently patted Cherise's shoulder and said, "I've done some research for you. He hasn't been involved with any women in the past five years."

"However... there are quite a few women interested in him."

you don't have to worry about them."

"But you

Cherise nodded.

However, she soon realized something was amiss.

"Why should I feel relieved?"

She hadn't decided to reconcile with Damien yet.

" ...

"It will happen eventually." Lucy sighed. "And... once you two reconcile, there's another issue to deal with."

Cherise furrowed her brows. "What issue?"

"You'll find out when the time comes."

Lucy took a deep breath and picked up the medical record from the table. Before leaving, she added, "By the way, even though today's incident with Isaac didn't cause much of a stir online, you should still

inform the hospital director about it. After all, your reputation now affects the hospital's reputation."

Cherise nodded. She would have informed the hospital director even if Lucy hadn't mentioned it.

After completing her tasks and before heading home, Cherise went to the hospital director's office and knocked on the door.

"Cherise."

Seeing her, the hospital director put down the newspaper in his hand and smiled. "What brings you here?"

Cherise nodded and recounted the incident with Jordyn from the beginning.

"That Isaac!" The hospital director frowned deeply. "He tried to frame you two years ago. Thankfully, Ms. Lane saw through his lies and exposed him!"

"It's been two years. I can't believe he now sent his neighbor to frame you!"

The hospital director took a deep breath and slammed his hand on the desk. "Just a few days ago, he called, asking me to send him the license he left behind at the hospital."

"With his current behavior, I don't even want to spend a single cent on postage for him!"

Cherise frowned. "What license?"

"Oh, when he left in a hurry two years ago, he only took his practitioner's license but left his pharmacist's license behind. The janitor found it and brought it to me, so I've kept it for

him.”

“A few days ago, he called and said he wanted this document. It seems he’s not doing well and plans to use it to find a new job.”

“Can you give it to me?”

Cherise pursed her lips and smiled. “Can you also give me his address? I’ll send it to him myself.”

The office fell silent for a few seconds.

The hospital director looked at Cherise in disbelief. “You... want to give it to him

“Yes.”

personally?”

Cherise smiled and replied, “Isaac still owes me fifty thousand. I plan to collect the debt.”

The hospital director was briefly stunned before understanding Cherise’s intention.

Then, he turned around and bent his bulky frame to rummage through his desk drawer. After a moment, he found Isaac’s pharmacist license and handed it to Cherise. He then jotted down Isaac’s address on a piece of paper. “You can find him tomorrow. I’ve approved your leave. People without a conscience should be held accountable for their actions!”

Cherise nodded and accepted the items from the hospital director before saying goodbye.

As she turned to leave, the hospital director sighed. “Ah, originally, Isaac was the most promising among the newcomers in our hospital. Who would have thought...”

The following day, after dropping off her children at the kindergarten, Cherise followed the address given by the hospital director and drove towards the small town where Isaac resided.

She traveled from the bustling city center with heavy traffic to the suburbs, onto the highway, and finally onto the secluded rural roads.

Throughout the journey, a black Land Rover trailed behind her car.

Cherise could see the Land Rover in the rearview mirror. It had Adania's license plate.

Chapter 594 I'm Happy For Her

Cherise immediately recognized that it was someone from Adania who was following her. Unable to resist her curiosity, she put on her Bluetooth headset and dialed Damien's number. "Are you following me?"

There was a brief silence on the other end of the line before the man replied, "You noticed?"

Cherise was speechless.

He followed me so blatantly in such a large and conspicuous Land Rover. Did he want me to notice?

"I'm on my way to meet a friend," she cleared her throat and continued, "I'm not in any danger."

"Oh." Damien's deep voice carried a hint of amusement. "I'm not following you because I'm worried about your safety."

"Then why are you following me?"

"I'm courting you."

Cherise was astounded. "You're courting me with a car?"

"I suppose so."

"Suit yourself."

She ended the call, took a deep breath, and had no choice but to accelerate.

However, the black Land Rover matched her speed.

Cherise glanced at the car through the rearview mirror.

It always maintained a safe distance between them.

She could never lose sight of him, and he would never stray too far from her.

It was somewhat like their current relationship.

Yet, she felt oddly comforted and a little...happy.

A faint smile appeared on her lips.

If he enjoys following me, then I'll let him.

Isaac lived in a town not far from Lermille.

It only took Cherise two hours to get there.

She followed the address given by the hospital director and arrived at the edge of the town. Then, she parked her car in front of 'Isaac Clinic.'

She was surprised to find another car with a Lermille license plate in front of Isaac Clinic.

Furthermore, it was an expensive car.

Cherise furrowed her brow and thought the car looked familiar.

She looked at the license plate closely.

Isn't this Martha's car?

Why is it here?

Could Martha be here to question Isaac about Jordyn's incident yesterday?

But Cherise felt something was amiss.

Martha had never gotten along with her. She looked down on Cherise and publicly ridiculed her from the moment she joined the hospital. "How can a person who can't even perform surgery dare to be an attending physician? What a joke!"

Over the years, Martha had been resentful that Cherise was entrusted with significant responsibilities even though she could only guide but not perform surgeries.

Why would Martha be here to question Isaac when the news about me broke out?

Cherise took a deep breath and opened the car door. Just as she was about to get out, she realized it might not be appropriate to rush in.

Suddenly, she glanced in the rearview mirror and spotted a black Land Rover parked a short distance behind her.

Cherise had an idea and immediately dialed Damien's number. "Can you do something for me?"

A minute later, Cherise started her red BMW and drove it to another street.

Meanwhile, Damien's black Land Rover stopped in front of Isaac Clinic. He got out of the car and entered the clinic, exuding an air of confidence as he walked.

"I understand."

While at the entrance, Damien overheard a male voice speaking with a hint of helplessness. "Dr. Shaw is a very talented and capable doctor. I'm happy that she can now perform surgeries on patients herself."

Then, the man sighed and continued, "Ms. Lane, don't worry. I won't say anything."

Damien saw a man in a white coat bowing humbly through a frosted glass door. "I'm truly sorry for what happened to Jordyn. I've never mentioned the medical incident to her. But over a month ago... I got drunk..."

Chapter 595 She Doesn't Deserve Your Kindness

"But the next day, I told her not to spread rumors everywhere. I had no idea she went to Lermille and... slandered Dr. Shaw before so many people."

"Isaac, you're a good man."

The woman seated on the couch sighed softly. "What happened back then wasn't your fault, yet you willingly take the blame for everything..."

"Cherise doesn't deserve your kindness. Whether it was two years ago or now, she never admitted that she instructed you with that plan."

"Ms. Lane."

Isaac smiled, "This is not a matter of whether someone is deserving."

"I am far inferior to Dr. Shaw in terms of medical skills and achievements."

"If someone has to take the blame, I'll step forward."

After saying this, he sighed. "Don't worry. I'll find Jordyn and educate her properly."

"Please reassure Dr. Shaw that what happened back then will not affect her work."

Once Isaac finished speaking, the middle-aged woman seated on the couch sighed.

After a while, she took a stack of money from her bag and placed it on the coffee table. "I heard your mother's illness has worsened."

"I am lending this to you. You must pay me back later."

"Thank you, Ms. Lane.""

Isaac was somewhat touched. "I'll certainly repay you first once I have the money."

"Sure."

Martha sighed and rose to leave.

Damien waited for them to reach the door before finally opening the clinic's glass door.

"Isaac, since you have a patient, you don't need to see me off."

Martha sighed and left.

Isaac stood at the door, watching her leave. After a moment, he turned to Damien and asked, "Sir, is something wrong?"

"Here."

Damien sat down on the couch and pointed to his heart.

Isaac pocketed the money on the table and smiled professionally at Damien. "Please wait a moment. I'll give you a checkup."

"Sure."

Damien sat on the couch and surveyed the clinic's interior.

It was simple and clean, with various anatomical charts adorning the walls and a price list.

Meanwhile, Isaac carefully brought out his toolbox in the distance.

He appeared to be in his early twenties with an innocent and earnest demeanor, much like Cherise back then.

No matter how Damien looked at him, he could not associate him with the ungrateful man who had slandered Cherise.

Moreover, judging from his conversation with that woman just now...

If Isaac truly made a mistake back then, he would not have spoken in the tone he did.

Furthermore, he would not have mentioned Cherise with such respect.

Damien narrowed his eyes. "No need to rush. I'm actually here to inquire about the medical incident involving you and Cherise back then."

Isaac's hand paused slightly.

He turned and glanced at Damien indifferently. "You came from Lermille? That was quick."

"But I must correct you. The medical incident back then was my case alone. It had nothing to do with Dr. Shaw."

Damien looked up and calmly observed Isaac's face. The man wore a white coat and had a slender figure. There was no hint of gloom on his face.

He smiled at Damien. "Are you a journalist?"

Damien nodded. "You can say that."

"But I don't think so."

Isaac smiled calmly. His clear eyes swept over Damien's stern face. "A journalist wouldn't possess the demeanor you exude."

Chapter 596 A Severe Burn

Damien chuckled. "What impression do you have of me?"

"Dignified, aloof, indifferent to everything, but clear about your goals and willing to give your all for them."

Isaac turned around to pour a glass of water for Damien and placed it in front of him. "Am I correct, sir?"

Damien laughed again and looked at Isaac with a hint of approval. "Since you've guessed that I'm not a journalist, why not ask me to leave?"

"Because I think you might be a friend of Dr. Shaw."

Isaac sat on the couch opposite Damien with a subtle smile on his lips.

When Cherise's name was mentioned, Damien noticed a glimmer of admiration in Isaac's

eyes.

This admiration seemed even more fervent than Syatt's previous infatuation and respect for Cherise.

"You're right. I am her friend."

Damien took a sip of water before continuing, "But I know nothing about past events, which is why I came to inquire."

"There's not much to say about what happened back then."

Isaac took a deep breath. "In Dr. Shaw's absence, I took the liberty of operating on a patient. without considering their individual differences, resulting in a catastrophic incident on the operating table."

He looked down and continued, "If it weren't for Dr. Staber's timely intervention, the patient could have died..."

The man sighed softly. "Despite my mistake, Dr. Shaw advocated for me, and the hospital staff were lenient towards me."

"Otherwise, I might have had my medical license revoked, and I might not even have the means to earn a living now..."

His eyes filled with gratitude towards Cherise. "Dr. Shaw is an exceptional doctor. I'm fortunate to have encountered her when I first joined the hospital."

"I'm also grateful for her guidance, which allowed a novice like me to participate in numerous renowned surgeries."

Then, he turned to Damien and smiled. "I'll handle Jordyn. Please assure Dr. Shaw when you return."

"This matter won't have any impact on her. It's just my neighbor's sister causing trouble."

Damien narrowed his eyes slightly as he listened to Isaac. He was puzzled about something. "I'm not quite following. Why did you perform the surgery when Cherise wasn't around?"

"Where was she then?"

Isaac sighed softly. "Dr. Shaw's right hand suffered a severe injury and required regular rehabilitation treatment abroad."

Damien was shocked.

Cherise's right hand.

Her right hand...

He remembered the incident at their wedding five years ago.

She had thrown herself in front of him, using her hand to deflect Melanie's knife.

But...

Even though he and Cherise were at odds then, he had closely monitored the treatment for her hand.

At the time, the doctor had mentioned that, with proper care, her hand would recover within a year without affecting her future life.

How could this be?

Noticing Damien's silence, Isaac furrowed his brows and asked, "What's the matter?"

Damien glanced at him. "Regarding Dr. Shaw's hand... was it a tendon or bone injury?"

Isaac was surprised by the question.

He recalled seeing Dr. Shaw's diagnosis on the table.

"Somewhat."

Isaac pursed his lips. "But the main issue is that her hand suffered a severe burn."

Damien was stunned. "A severe burn?"

Chapter 597 The Truth

The clinic door swung open just as Damien was about to inquire further about Cherise's injury.

A woman wearing a red coat and black boots entered the clinic.

Isaac nearly dropped the glass of water he was holding.

He stood up nervously and stared at Cherise in shock. "Dr. Shaw, Dr. Shaw..."

Cherise responded with a slight nod and walked in at a leisurely pace.

She had noticed Martha lingering outside the clinic for quite some time before leaving.

As soon as Martha was out of sight, Cherise immediately drove to the clinic.

She was afraid that Damien might impulsively attack Isaac.

Despite Isaac's questionable character, she would not allow Damien to resort to violence.

After all, this was a small town, not the city he came from. His influence and power held no sway here.

That was why she decided to intervene promptly.

However, to her surprise, the two men in the clinic did not seem as hostile as she had expected. Instead, they appeared to be two old friends catching up.

Cherise walked over to the couch and took a seat beside Damien. She observed Isaac's expression indifferently.

Then, she pulled out the pharmacist certificate from her pocket and placed it on the coffee table in front of Isaac. "The hospital director said he wanted to return this to you by courier."

"But I told him it's not necessary."

"It's been two years since you left Lermille Hospital. As your former mentor, I thought I should check on how you're doing on behalf of the hospital."

Cherise's words caused Isaac to look down in shame. "I'm doing quite well."

"Quite well?"

Cherise raised an eyebrow. "I can see that."

"Well enough to send a neighbor to Lermille and spread rumors about me."

"I... I'm sorry."

Even after two years, Isaac still behaved timidly in front of Cherise. "Dr. Shaw, please don't worry."

"I'll handle Jordyn properly."

"I'll travel to Lermille tomorrow to bring her back and explain to everyone... what happened back then was entirely my fault."

"It has nothing to do with you."

The clinic fell into silence for a few seconds.

Cherise stared at Isaac in disbelief.

She looked at his face, which still bore a hint of youthfulness, and couldn't detect any signs of deceit or dishonesty.

Furthermore, his eyes were sincere, and his words sounded genuine.

He showed no hesitation in trying to fix the problem or any intention to blackmail or extort her.

It was hard to believe that Isaac had colluded with Jordyn.

However, the things Jordyn had said could only have come from him.

Cherise furrowed her brow. "Since you weren't involved in what Jordyn did, I'd like to know how you explained the incident to her."

Isaac pursed his lips. "I... I don't know what nonsense I said when I was drunk..."

He avoided her gaze as he spoke.

Cherise Shaw frowned. "You're lying. What did you tell her?"

Isaac pursed his lips and glanced at Cherise before turning to Damien. Then, he nervously rubbed his hands and sank into the couch. "I... I told her the truth when I was drunk."

Cherise immediately felt a surge of anger burning in her chest.

"The truth?"

What a load of nonsense!

Does his version of the truth mean telling Jordyn that he took the blame for what happened back then?

When the surgery went wrong, I was undergoing intensive treatment in Europe and enduring the agony of being torn apart. Yet, he dares to claim that I devised the surgical plan.

Chapter 598 The Recording

I was in agony at that moment. How could I come up with a surgical plan for him when I could barely take care of myself?

However, he insists that he is telling the truth.

“Yes.”

Isaac let out a soft sigh and gazed into Cherise’s eyes. “Dr. Shaw, I don’t want to hide anything from you.”

“I understand why you were hesitant to acknowledge what happened back then, but here...”

He glanced at Damien. “This gentleman doesn’t seem to be an outsider, so I’ll be honest.”

“Regarding that surgery, you called me and instructed me to use the surgical plan for a patient with a similar condition to operate on this patient.”

“I even questioned your decision and reminded you of the potential differences between individual patients.”

“Yet, you dismissed my concerns. You insisted that their conditions were identical and using the same surgical plan would be fine.”

Isaac spoke earnestly, but Cherise couldn’t help but scoff. “Are you certain?”

She only found out about the surgery when Lucy informed her after returning from treatment overseas.

Yet, Isaac claimed that she had contacted him back then.

She had no recollection of ever calling him.

“I’m sure.” Isaac took a deep breath, “Actually...”

He lowered his gaze. “I felt the treatment was inappropriate at the time, but you insisted there would be no issues. So, I recorded our conversation for my own protection.”

Cherise was stunned and stared at him in disbelief. “You recorded it?”

She had no idea Isaac would resort to recording their alleged phone conversation to safeguard himself.

“I apologize.”

Isaac bowed his head. “I was immature back then and feared that the treatment would jeopardize my future career, so...

“But rest assured, Dr. Shaw, no one heard that recording except for me.”

“You were concerned about self-preservation and even went as far as recording the conversation.” Damien Lenoir frowned and asked calmly, “Why didn’t you present it during the hospital investigation? Why did you choose to shoulder all the blame instead?”

Isaac quietly gripped the armrest of the couch. “I changed my mind.”

“I felt that I shouldn’t hinder the career of the mentor who guided me for the sake of advancement.”

my own

“Dr. Shaw was my first mentor after graduation. All my achievements at that time were attributed to her.”

“Furthermore, I am fully aware that despite Dr. Shaw being only three or four years older than me, her accomplishments indicate that she is more intelligent, skilled, and talented than I am.”

“If someone has to take responsibility for this matter, let it be me.”

“Dr. Shaw still has countless more patients to save in the future.”

Cherise fell silent.

She pursed her lips and looked at Isaac. Suddenly, she realized that she had overanalyzed things.

Isaac had been by her side since he joined the hospital.

She knew better than anyone the kind of person he was and his character.

When he got into trouble, she felt it was a shame that such a well-mannered young man could be so desperate for recognition and success that he secretly performed surgery to prove his worth.

Looking into Isaac's sincere eyes and listening to his words, Cherise realized that she had misjudged him.

He was still the same honest and sincere young man as when they first met.

"Can we listen to the recording?"

Damien stood up. He pulled down the clinic's roller shutter, drew the curtains, and enclosed the clinic in complete privacy.

Chapter 599 Indistinguishable From Hers

Once everything was completed, he casually walked towards Isaac, "It's just the three of us here now."

Isaac still appeared hesitant.

Cherise pressed her lips together. She understood what Damien meant.

The woman's expression softened as she gazed up at the man in front of her.

"Here's the thing, Isaac. I'm certain I didn't make that call to you, yet you insist you received a call from me and even have a recording. I would like to hear what the voice in this recording sounds like. Perhaps it can dispel any doubts I have."

Observing Cherise's sincere eyes, Isaac hesitated for a brief moment. He sighed and turned to retrieve something from the cubicle.

He took out a hard drive, connected it to the computer, and located the recording.

“Isaac, trust me. When I say it’s fine, it is. You can’t always account for every single person. These cases are all more or less the same. This patient’s symptoms and diagnosis results are nearly identical to the previous ones. Trust me, there won’t be any issues. Don’t worry. I’ll take responsibility if anything goes wrong.”

A voice identical to Cherise’s played from the recording.

Cherise stared at Damien, bewildered.

Damien’s eyes were fixed on her.

The voice...

It was indistinguishable from hers.

Cherise started to panic.

If Isaac had used this as evidence back then, she would not have been able to clear her name even if she had given up her life!

The tone and the way the voice spoke were exactly like hers.

If it weren’t for the fact that she had never uttered such words before, she would have even doubted if she actually said them herself!

Unlike Cherise, Damien remained composed as his brows furrowed.

He glanced at Isaac. “Was this call made from Cherise’s number?”

Isaac shook his head.

“No. Dr. Shaw mentioned that her phone was dead that day. This call was from a European number.”

Damien glanced at her. “Do you remember the number?”

“I’m afraid not.”

Isaac sighed, “I was certain the voice belonged to Dr. Shaw and didn’t suspect anything else. That’s why I didn’t take note of the number.”

After saying that, he looked at Damien. “Is there a problem?”

“Yes.”

Damien smiled.

“You would know better than I do what kind of doctor Cherise is. She deeply cares for her patients. She would never say such things. It’s not difficult to imitate someone’s voice. But to replicate the exact tone and phrasing... that’s a challenge. They would need someone with a similar voice, practicing for a long time.”

Isaac was taken aback. “Are you suggesting... someone is framing Dr. Shaw?”

“There’s no other plausible explanation.”,

Damien’s frown deepened. He looked up at Cherise. “Do you have any enemies or people who hold grudges against you in the hospital?”

Cherise was still recovering from the shock of hearing the recording.

Damien repeated his question, and she snapped back to reality.

In truth, her reputation in the hospital had always been positive over the years.

Although she no longer acted warmly towards everyone as she used to, her exceptional skills and friendly demeanor earned her the respect and favor of her colleagues.

She pondered for a long time but couldn't recall offending anyone, especially to the extent that they would frame her with such an elaborate method.

"Dr. Shaw is usually quite approachable. Although she is exceptionally skilled, she's never arrogant about it. I doubt there's anyone who would want to frame Dr. Shaw."

Chapter 600 The Most Beloved Student

Isaac let out a sigh as he leaned against the door, his slender frame trembling. "When Dr. Lane visited, she spoke highly of Dr. Shaw."

Damien furrowed his brow at those words.

The conversation between Martha and Isaac played over and over in his mind.

"You were not to blame back then, yet you willingly took all the blame upon yourself... Cherise doesn't deserve your kindness. Whether it was two years ago or now, she never admitted that she personally instructed you about that plan."

A cold smile appeared on the man's lips.

He had noticed it earlier.

Martha may have seemed comforting Isaac, but in reality, she was implying that Cherise was solely responsible for Isaac's current situation.

She kept repeating the phrase 'isn't worth it.

Cherise was not worthy.

The hidden message behind her words was not so hidden after all.

Yet, Isaac seemed oblivious to this as he continued to sing Cherise's praises.

Damien raised an eyebrow, turned to Cherise, and asked, "Is Ms. Lane usually friendly towards you?"

Cherise shook her head.

"But even if Ms. Lane dislikes Dr. Shaw, she wouldn't conspire against her."

Isaac immediately refuted as soon as Damien finished speaking. "Ms. Lane talks tough, but she has traditional views. It's normal for her to have disagreements with Dr. Shaw..."

Cherise nodded in agreement.

"And Isaac was Ms. Lane's favorite student during his school years. Even if she dislikes me and wants me to leave the hospital, she wouldn't stoop to such measures. Because even if this was my plan, it was Isaac who executed it. He won't be able to escape the consequences. Even if Ms. Lane holds a grudge against me, she wouldn't involve her favorite student."

After Isaac resigned, Martha was devastated for a long time.

She started skipping numerous conferences and turned down promotion opportunities, claiming she was not ready.

She cared deeply for Isaac and would never involve him in such an issue.

Upon hearing this, Isaac quickly nodded in agreement.

“These past two years, my mother has been seriously ill, and Ms. Lane occasionally sends me money. She genuinely cares for me, so she wouldn’t...”

Seeing that both of them were certain that Martha had no involvement, Damien did not press the issue further.

His well-sculpted hand tapped on the table. “Send me the recording.”

Isaac glanced at Cherise.

After receiving Cherise’s approval, he sent the audio to Damien’s email. “What do you plan to do?”

“Since we can’t determine the motive behind this incident, we’ll start with this recording. The person who can imitate Cherise’s voice with such accuracy in such a short time won’t be an ordinary person. They must be a professional voice actor at the very least.”

Isaac slapped his forehead. “Right.”

He gave Damien a thumbs up. “That’s clever of you.”

Damien offered a faint smile. His tall and upright figure rose from the sofa. “Then Cherise and I will take our leave. Call me if anything comes up.”

He turned around, walked over to Cherise's side, and extended his hand to her. "We've stayed here for too long. It's time to go."

Cherise looked bewildered, stunned by the situation.