

MY BLIND 601

Chapter 601 Not As Simple As They Seem

Noticing Damien's outstretched hand, Cherise instinctively grasped it before her mind could process what was happening.

Their palms met.

The warm sensation brought her back to reality, and she realized she had unknowingly held his hand.

A blush crept across her face, and she subconsciously tried to pull her hand away.

But would Damien let go so easily now that he had finally succeeded in holding her hand?

His grip on her hand remained firm. "Dr. Roebuck, it's time for us to leave."

With that, he led Cherise by the hand and walked out.

Cherise felt annoyed and anxious, but she needed to maintain composure in front of Isaac until the situation was resolved. She couldn't push Damien away.

All she could do was fidget her fingers in his palm while shooting him a glare.

"Hold on."

Isaac interrupted as they were about to leave. He quickly took off his white coat and grabbed his jacket by the door.

"If you two are heading back to Lermille, can I catch a ride with you? I need to bring that troublemaker Jordyn back."

Damien nodded. "Of course."

Even if Isaac hadn't mentioned it, he had intended to have a meaningful conversation with the 'righteous' young woman after they returned to Lermille.

Once they left the clinic, Cherise forcefully shook off Damien's hand. She took out her car keys and got into her vehicle.

Damien turned to Isaac. "You can ride with me."

Isaac was taken aback.

He voiced his confusion only after settling into the back seat of Damien's car. "I thought you two came together."

Damien offered a faint smile. "Well, you're mistaken."

"But..."

He had clearly seen Mr. Lenoir holding Dr. Shaw's hand.

And she didn't resist.

Clearly, their relationship wasn't as simple as it seemed.

After all, many people at the hospital were vying for Dr. Shaw's attention, but none could get close to her.

Even he himself had only managed to get slightly closer to her during work.

“I’m courting her.”

The red BMW in front of them started moving.

Damien started the car engine with a smile. His deep voice carried a hint of pride and amusement. “Do you think I have a chance?”

The red and black cars sped along the highway.

A couple of hours later, they arrived in Lermille.

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Although it was her day off, Cherise couldn’t neglect her patients. She made a U-turn and headed for the hospital when they reached the city.

Damien drove Isaac to the police station.

When Jordyn was escorted out by the police, her hair was disheveled, and her face was filled with indignation.

“I’m telling you, no one can stop me. I’m determined to expose that woman’s true colors.”

She spoke while being led out by the police.

Isaac stood helplessly in the corridor with his arms crossed, watching her. “What if I try to persuade you?”

His voice was as clear as a mountain spring.

Jordyn paused.

The next moment, she lifted her head abruptly and looked in the direction of the voice.

The young girl's eyes widened: "Isaac?!"

She wriggled free from the officers and ran excitedly toward him.

The girl spread her arms wide open as she dashed in his direction.

She wanted to embrace Isaac.

But Isaac remained standing there with his arms crossed, showing no intention of returning the gesture.

Excited, the girl reached Isaac's side. She reluctantly lowered her hands, realizing he wasn't responding to her hug. "Isaac, you're here."

Chapter 602 Mr Lenoir, My Friend

"What other trouble would you stir up if I hadn't shown up?" Isaac furrowed his brow, his tone laced with rebuke.

"Joy, haven't I warned you against discussing this matter carelessly? Didn't I make it clear that Dr. Shaw is a respected physician and we should not disturb her?"

Isaac's gaze bore into Jordyn, visibly angered with fury in his eyes.

"But look at the mess you've made, Joy! You've told many others about the Dr. Shaw into a difficult situation!"

Jordyn stood frozen in place.

past

and forced

The afternoon breeze swept through the corridor, rustling the hair at her temples.

She stared at Isaac, her eyes welling up with tears until they finally spilled over.

“All you care about is Dr. Shaw! She’s the one at fault. Why are you taking the blame for her? Why are you covering up for others when you can’t even have a peaceful life yourself?”

She sniffed, tears cascading down her face like a broken string of pearls.

“I’m doing this for your sake! You know that I’ve always been timid. It took immense courage to come to Lermille and expose her in front of everyone! I was held in custody and endured such disgrace, yet you don’t feel any pity. You don’t care about me. All you care about is Dr. Shaw!”

The young girl wiped away her tears.

“I did all this for you! But you don’t appreciate what I’ve done at all!”

Isaac laughed helplessly.

“Do I need you to go to such lengths for me? I’ve repeatedly warned you not to say anything about this...”

“But someone said that you’re not doing well now because of what happened in the past.”

Observing the scene from the side, Damien picked up a key phrase from Jordyn. 'Someone.'

He yawned, throwing a casual glance at her. "Someone said that he's not doing well now because of what happened in the past?"

His dark eyes bore into Jordyn. "Who is this person who suggested that his current situation

is all because of the past?"

She was taken aback, only then noticing the tall, imposing man behind Isaac.

The man was striking to the eyes. The air around him was intimidating, and it was difficult to meet his gaze.

The girl's pupils contracted!

This man...

Isn't he the one who... the one who held the knife in front of Cherise Shaw that day, the man who protected her?

Jordyn's mind was in turmoil.

What is this man doing here?

Why did he accompany Isaac?

The girl hastily stepped forward, positioning herself between Damien and Isaac. "Did you threaten Isaac?"

Otherwise, why would he keep singing praises of Cherise?

With this thought, Jordyn gritted her teeth, looking up at Damien defiantly.

“I’ll have you know, the commotion I caused in the classroom that day was my doing. Isaac has nothing to do with it! Come for me if you have any problems with it!”

Damien observed the girl before him with interest. “You probably wouldn’t know. The last person who dared to speak to me in this manner ended up as shark bait.”

The man elegantly pulled a lighter from his pocket and toyed with it. “I doubt you can handle what I’ll do.”

Isaac frowned, pulling Jordyn aside.

“What are you doing? Mr. Lenoir is my friend!”

“Friend?”

She arched an eyebrow.

“Since when has someone like him become your friend? I’m telling you, he...”

Isaac frowned, raising his hand, and covered her mouth.

Though he did not have much interaction with Damien, Damien’s conduct and demeanor suggested that he was a man of considerable influence.

Chapter 603 Jordyn Came Clean

The notion of Jordyn and Isaac daring to cross paths with someone like Damien was not only laughable but also incredibly dangerous.

“Enough!” Isaac’s voice boomed like thunder, silencing Jordyn’s outburst. “You claim that someone told you

I’m in this predicament because of my time at Lermille Hospital? Tell me, who?”

Jordyn’s face turned pale. Had she accidentally revealed the truth? In a panic, she quickly covered her mouth with her hand. “No one! I was just...talking nonsense.”

Damien’s eyes narrowed, gleaming like sharpened steel. Jordyn’s nervous glances and clumsy lies exposed her. This easily rattled Jordyn was undoubtedly a pawn, and now was the perfect opportunity for a power move.

A wicked grin spread across his lips as he said, “I brought Isaac here to find out the truth about you, Jordyn. So, if you reveal who’s behind this drama, I might consider letting him go. Otherwise, his clinic will be shut down tomorrow, and his mother will be evicted from her comfortable ward. Seems like a fair trade, don’t you

think?”

The air grew heavy, filled with the threat of severe consequences. Jordyn’s breath caught in her throat. This was not a game of chance, but a matter of life and death.

The man’s tone and demeanor hinted at a chilling ruthlessness, leaving no room for doubt.

Jordyn’s hands clenched into fists, her voice trembling. “You wouldn’t dare!”

The man’s smile was chilling. “Of course I would. With enough money, I could buy every hospital in the area and ensure that Isaac’s mother never receives treatment.”

Jordyn's eyes darted to Isaac's pale face, her anger rising. She stepped in front of him, glaring at Damien. "Don't take your anger out on him! I'm the one who made the mistake!"

Damien's eyes glinted with malice. "And what if I want to?"

Jordyn's glare intensified, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "Don't think you can intimidate me! Even if you buy every hospital in town, you can't buy Kelly's aunt's hospital! Her hospital would never turn away Isaac's mother!"

"Kelly's aunt is Isaac's former teacher, and she would never deny him or his mother medical care!"

Isaac furrowed his eyebrows in confusion. "Kelly? Kelly Swigel??"

The name struck a chord.

Jordyn's lips tightened, realizing her slip-up. She decided to come clean. "It was her... It was Kelly who told me about Isaac's struggles, all stemming from a medical incident that happened years ago. She said that even though Isaac admitted to his mistakes, she always believed that a man of his character wouldn't make such a careless error. There must be more to the story."

Isaac's voice trembled slightly. "So, you came back to town to get me drunk and extract information from me when I'm most vulnerable?"

The reason for his trembling was not just surprise; it was because Kelly, despite being Dr. Lane's niece, had never shown any interest in medical matters.

During the time of Isaac's incident, Kelly was studying abroad. She hadn't even expressed concern about her aunt, Dr. Lane's promotion, so why would she suddenly care about Isaac, someone insignificant to her and who had long been expelled from Lermille Hospital?

Chapter 604 Isaac The Innocent

Jordyn took a deep breath and realized that only one person could be responsible for this entire mess... Dr. Lane herself!

"Yeah, Kelly told me she couldn't bear to see Isaac suffer like that," Jordyn said.

"Remember when you got drunk and confessed about taking the blame for him? I told Kelly everything after that," she continued, "She suggested that I use a public event, like Cherise's lecture, to shame her and reveal the truth to everyone..."

Jordyn locked eyes with Isaac and tightly squeezed his hand. "Isaac, I did all of this for you!"

He frowned. "For me? If you truly cared, you wouldn't have done this!"

Isaac pulled his hand away and turned to Damien. "Mr. Lenoir, this entire situation..."

Damien rubbed his temples, wearing a tired smile on his face. "Well, this is enough evidence to prove who has been manipulating everything. Anyway, my driver will take you both home after this."

Just as Damien was about to leave, a thought stopped him in his tracks. He glanced at Isaac and asked, "Regarding that incident, what if you hadn't taken the blame for Cherise back then? Do you think things would be different?"

Isaac nodded curtly. "Of course. If Dr. Shaw had accepted responsibility, I would have faced a pay cut and a written apology at worst. But she..."

Isaac lowered his gaze, his eyes filled with a hint of inferiority and melancholy. "She's a superstar in the academic world, shining brightly. As for me? I make mistakes; nobody cares. Nobody would care if I were expelled from Lermille Hospital, perhaps. But her career would be ruined if she took responsibility

for something this serious. Her career would be over... No. more operating rooms, no second chances..."

Damien's eyes showed a flicker of understanding. "I understand now. I might have a way to clear

your name.”

Jordyn’s eyes widened in astonishment. She jumped to her feet, her hand reaching out to grip Isaac’s. “Really? You can clear his name? Oh my God, that’s incredible!”

Her voice overflowed with excitement. “Even though Isaac has been stuck in that rural clinic for two years, he has been devouring academic journals online! He still dreams of becoming a top cardiac surgeon!”

Damien raised an eyebrow. “So, the timid little cat has finally grown some claws?”

Jordyn’s cheeks turned as red as a ripe tomato. “Okay, maybe I was a bit excessive just now. But Mr. Lenoir, if you can make this happen, I’ll even apologize on my hands and knees!”

She attempted to kneel down, but Isaac caught her, his eyes pleading with Damien. “Let it go, Mr. Lenoir,” he said, his voice hoarse. “It’s over. As long as you take care of Dr. Shaw, that’s enough. I don’t need a hero’s welcome. I don’t need a comeback. I have a clinic here, and I’m perfectly content.”

Jordyn clenched her jaw. “Content? You can’t even afford your mother’s medical bills...”

Chapter 605 Owe You A Thank You

Before Jordyn could finish, Isaac covered her mouth with his hand. He gave Damien a reassuring smile. “Please disregard her, Mr. Lenoir. I am satisfied with my life. Lermille is in the past. Has your driver arrived? We should leave now.”

Damien noticed the determined look in Isaac’s eyes and decided not to push further. He reached for his phone, calling Mr. Kolson to arrange their departure.

As Isaac and Jordyn walked by, Damien discreetly slipped a card with his contact information into Jordyn’s pocket.

Later that night, after putting the children to bed, Cherise found Damien in his study.

She listened attentively as he recounted Jordyn's outburst, then sighed. "Isaac's hesitation is understandable. He owes his career to Dr. Lane, remember? She was his college mentor. He's not unaware. He must have understood Jordyn's implication today. Perhaps Dr. Lane was the culprit all along."

Cherise leaned back, closing her eyes. "He's a loyal man, sometimes to a fault. He was willing to take the blame for me two years ago, and now he's protecting his mentor from the truth."

"So much for loyalty blinding him to the bigger picture. If he had released that recording back then, 'loyalty be damned,' maybe this mess wouldn't exist."

Cherise shook her head, her voice filled with sadness and understanding. "But if he had released it, my career would have been ruined."

She ran her hand through her hair, frustration evident on her face. "We don't all have sharp mind, Damien. We wouldn't have considered the possibility of mimicry."

He

gave her a slight smile, his eyes fixed on her. "Is that a compliment, Dr. Shaw?"

Caught off guard, Cherise blushed and looked away. "Well, I suppose."

Perhaps he was an intellectual marvel, or maybe she was too immersed in academia to consider all perspectives.

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Either way, her mind froze when she first heard that recording in Isaac's clinic today. She knew it wasn't her voice, yet the uncanny resemblance sent shivers down her spine. How could she defend herself?

The thought of Isaac releasing that recording two years ago sent chills down Cherise's spine. How would she have defended herself then, without Damien's sharp mind and unwavering support? A warmth blossomed in her chest, a silent gratitude for his presence. He was her anchor, her shield against the storm.

Taking a deep breath, she looked up at the starry sky and whispered, "Thank you."

Damien poked a pierogi and paused. His deep voice, tinged with playfulness, asked, "Why are you thanking me, Dr. Shaw?"

Cherise's heart fluttered, and a blush crept up her neck. Even with her back turned to him, she could feel his gaze, intense and searching.

"I... I think I owe you a thank you," she whispered barely audibly.

Damien chuckled, a deep and husky sound. "Words are easy. A true thank you is shown through actions, don't you think?"

He popped another pierogi into his mouth, his eyes gleaming with something she couldn't quite decipher.

Chapter 606 Mr Handsome Next Door?

Cherise raised her eyebrows, meeting his gaze that held a mischievous sparkle. She caught a glimpse of her flushed reflection in his eyes, and warmth spread across her cheeks.

Taking a deep breath to calm her racing heart, she asked, "What kind of thank you gift does Mr. Lenoir expect? Aren't these pierogis enough?"

Her gaze shifted to the plate of pierogis, evidence of her afternoon spent taking the children to the market.

Just moments ago, Serafina had complained about the pierogis, but Soren, wise beyond his years, remarked, "Sera, don't be silly. I don't think Mom made them for us."

Serafina furrowed her brow in confusion. "But Mommy doesn't have a boyfriend, it's just us. Who are they for? Is it for Grandpa? Or that attractive man next door?"

With a conspiratorial grin, Soren leaned in and whispered, "Maybe we'll have a daddy soon..."

Cherise found herself haunted by her son's words as Serafina's persistent questions about having a father on the way home tested Cherise's patience and wit. "When will I have a daddy, Mommy? Will he be handsome? Will he give me strawberries like the man next door?"

Exhausted from their relentless questioning, Cherise finally snapped, "No daddy anytime. soon, okay?"

Soren smirked. "Gotcha! You said it yourself, and I recorded it."

Cherise's breath caught. Soren, with his uncanny intuition, must have sensed something...

Her

gaze shifted to Damien, a mischievous reflection of their son, although Soren melted her heart while Damien possessed a captivating allure that threatened to consume her.

He smiled knowingly, his eyes narrowing dangerously. "Pierogis? Just an appetizer. You know what I truly desire."

His gaze held her captive, making her squirm. "We're not together anymore! We're neighbors now, alright? Good neighbors," she trailed off, her voice barely a whisper, "I just... see you as a friend. Don't push this."

The man chuckled, his eyes twinkling with an enigmatic expression. "Push what? Is your imagination running wild, Dr. Shaw?"

He pushed his plate away, wiped his mouth, and stood up, gradually closing the distance between them. His voice, low and seductive, sent a shiver down Cherise's spine. "Am I

overthinking, or are you the one misunderstanding, Dr. Shaw?"

He set down his fork, casually wiped his mouth, and rose, slowly closing the gap between them. "Or perhaps your desires are more intense than you care to admit? I simply mention what I crave, that's all. What did your mind conjure?"

Cherise clenched her teeth. Did he really ask what she thought? His suggestive remark was practically a flashing neon sign!

Besides, ever since they reconnected, they had already engaged in a passionate encounter in the hospital restroom. This man had no boundaries or shame!

Nervously, she retreated, backing away... until, with a soft "thud," she tumbled off the couch and onto the plush carpet.

"You silly girl," he chuckled, reaching out to help her up.

Cherise shot him a glare, rubbing her sore bottom. "I'm not silly! I'm a respected figure in the medical field. Thank you very much!"

"Of course, of course," Damien smiled dismissively, returning to his pierogi feast. "A respected doctor who just bruised her bottom falling off the couch."

Cherise blushed, unable to find words.

Chapter 607 You're Not The Same!

"Hey!" Cherise objected, "Show some respect to the person who saved your sister!"

"Alright, alright. I respect the person who saved my sister... who just fell on her bottom."

Cherise's anger simmered. Damien always knew how to provoke her.

Unable to restrain herself, she grabbed a throw pillow and threw it at him. He caught it with practiced grace, and a faint smile appeared on his lips. "You're still the same silly, spirited girl I see."

Cherise had transformed from a nineteen-year-old college student to a distinguished figure in academia.

But to him, she was still the same as before. Awkwardly charming. Witty with a touch of vulnerability.

Cherise wouldn't realize that no matter how formidable or famous she was in the eyes of others, she would always be that silly girl to Damien.

"I'm not silly. You are!" she shot back, puffing up like a ruffled kitten. "It wasn't even my problem to begin with! You suddenly started making suggestive remarks and tried to...."

He raised an eyebrow and replied with a laugh, "Me being suggestive about you? Goodness, no!"

Cherise scoffed. "Right. And who just wanted a 'more substantial' thank you? Who said I would know what he desired?"

"You were up to something!" she fumed. "I simply reacted to your obvious advances and ended up falling because I wasn't paying attention. Silly? Not me!"

He chuckled. "Dr. Shaw, overthinking is your superpower. I thought you were intelligent, so I assumed you knew what I wanted. But you're still a little silly in the most endearing way."

Cherise glared. "So, no inappropriate thoughts earlier?"

"Not at all," Damien replied, his voice steady.

"Then what kind of thanks did you mean?"

He looked

kids."

up, his eyes holding a depth she hadn't seen before. "I want to spend time with the

Cherise's voice cracked as she promptly said, "No way!"

The room absorbed the sound like a black hole, leaving only the ticking clock for company.

After what felt like an eternity, Cherise blinked, turning her head away to hide the blush creeping up her neck. "When I say no, I mean no," she muttered, her voice barely audible.

Soren and Serafina had just pleaded with her for an outing with their father. Cherise had gently explained that their daddy wasn't available.

Now Damien wanted to take the children out? Under what pretense? Their father? A friendly neighbor? Or worse, a friend? With their uncanny resemblance, that could be a disaster, especially with Soren, who practically looked like Damien's twin.

"Hey, Dr. Shaw," Damien casually dropped his fork, leaned back on the sofa, crossed his legs, placed his hands on his knees, and assumed a negotiating pose. "Since you just said we're only friends and

not that close, I think I should receive some compensation for helping you.”

He continued, “I mean, instead of helping you for free, you’d probably prefer if I set some conditions so you don’t owe me too much.”

Cherise pursed her lips; Damien had a point. She didn’t want to accumulate too many favors owed to him, but the idea of him taking Soren and Serafina out...

“You’ve been living here for a while, and I bet Zachary often takes the kids out. He’s friend; he can do it, so why can’t I?”

Cherise was caught off guard and quickly replied, “You’re not the same as him!”

Damien’s eyes narrowed playfully. “Oh? How am I different from him? I thought you erased any lingering feelings for me from five years ago.”

He leaned back even further, a hint of challenge and mockery in his voice.

Chapter 608 My Charm Outshines Yours

Cherise’s knuckles turned white as she declared, “You’re right. I’ve sanitized and scrubbed our past more thoroughly than any instrument in the operating room.”

Damien’s lips curled into a faint smile as he observed her. “Are you certain, Dr. Shaw? Have you erased every lingering trace?”

Cherise’s voice, barely a whisper, confirmed, “Of course.”

“Very well.” His smile deepened, sly and knowing. “Since you’ve forgotten everything, I’m just an ordinary friend, correct?”

Damien then began his questioning, "Alright. Suppose this regular friend, Zachary, gets playdates with Soren and Serafina. Why can't I, another ordinary friend, receive the same treatment?"

Damien's eyes sparkled with amusement. "Are you worried that my charm might outshine yours? Afraid they'll forget their mother after spending a day with their father?"

Cherise's eyes widened in disbelief and she retorted, "Nonsense!" How could her meticulously raised children switch sides after one outing with him?

She knew Damien was trying to provoke her, but his words still stung.

Gritting her teeth, she conceded, "Fine, I agree! One last favor for the sake of the children, and you can have a day with them."

Damien's smile widened, a flicker of victory in his eyes. "Deal. But if they choose me, Shaw, you must respect their decision."

Cherise was left speechless.

Dr.

"Sure," Cherise shrugged, her smile tinged with mischief. "But let's be clear: if the kids decide they'd rather stay with me than you, there's no need for a bruised ego, right?"

She knew her children were not easily swayed.

Serafina might have a weakness for sugary treats, but leaving her mommy, even for a Prince Charming impersonator, was out of the question. And Soren, sharp as a tack and fiercely loyal, wouldn't be influenced by promises and favors.

Damien's smile softened at her words, a hint of admiration in his eyes. "I understand your point. Now, let's address Dr. Lane's vendetta. To clear your name, I'll need your cooperation."

Cherise's playful facade faded away. "What do I need to do?"

Damien met her gaze, a faint smile curving his lips. "First, you need to eat some humble pie. You must confess your fault from two years ago to the director. No excuses, just the truth."

The morning light filtered through the office window as Cherise, having completed her duties, approached the director's door with determination.

She found the director, Dr. Keeples, not alone but engaged in a jovial conversation with Dr.

Lane.

As Cherise entered, Dr. Lane's cheerful facade cracked, replaced by a calculated briskness as she gathered her papers.

"It seems you have other matters demanding your attention, Dr. Lane," Cherise stated, her voice a smooth blend of diplomacy and quiet authority. "Wouldn't want to hinder your... momentum."

The director, momentarily disoriented, began to protest Dr. Lane's departure, but she was already hurrying towards the door. With a final icy glare directed at Cherise, she swept past, met with a resolute nod in return.

The air crackled with unspoken tension left in her wake. Reclaiming the space, Cherise turned to the director, her demeanor now focused and unwavering. "Director, regarding the incident involving Isaac two years ago..."

Dr. Lane, hovering just outside earshot, held her breath. Cherise, fully aware of her captive audience, continued, her voice laced with quiet determination, "After visiting Isaac yesterday, I'm deeply concerned about his well-being. I'm here to advocate for him and to clarify the situation surrounding the incident..."

Cherise sighed and explained, "Regarding the medical mishap that occurred two years ago, I devised the surgical plan for Isaac. At that time, I was the only doctor with both theoretical and practical experience in this field. Isaac successfully performed the surgery under my guidance."

"So, when he discussed another patient's case with me, I immediately advised him to use the previous patient's surgical plan."

"Thus, the entire incident was my fault."

As she confessed, Cherise distinctly heard someone behind her sharply inhaling a breath.

It was Martha. She probably never expected Cherise to admit her mistake to the hospital director.

"Nonsense!" The director furrowed his brow, refusing to believe Cherise's confession. "You've been by my side all these years, and I know you better than anyone. Why would you do such a thing? I refuse to believe it!"

The director dismissed her with a wave of his hand. "You can't stand seeing Isaac not doing well. This must be why you're trying to clear his name by taking the blame yourself?"

With a hint of helplessness, Cherise pursed her lips and said, "I'm telling the truth."

"I refuse to believe it!"

Cherise was the face of Lermille Hospital, and the hospital director would not allow her to ruin herself. "I won't believe it unless you have proof! Words alone are not enough!"

Cherise pressed her lips together. "Well... there might be proof."

"Isaac mentioned that he has a recording..." Cherise sighed. "But he refuses to bring it out."

Martha stood at the doorway and immediately perked up at Cherise's revelation.

"Ms. Lane, I do have the recording."

After leaving the hospital director's office, Martha quickly returned to her own office, locked the door, and called Isaac.

"But..." Isaac sighed softly on the other end. "I won't give it to you."

Isaac had always been gentle and humble. He unquestioningly showed kindness to everyone who had ever helped him. Therefore, he found it impossible to expose Martha's scheme.

He could only faintly sigh and say, "Ms. Lane, please let the matter rest."

"Everything that happened two years ago is in the past. There's no need to reopen the case."

He did not understand why Cherise suddenly confessed to the hospital director and tried to help him clear his name. However, he didn't want Cherise to be implicated, nor did he want Martha's lifelong reputation to be ruined.

"Let it all end with me."

Martha was so furious that she stomped her foot. "Isaac, how could you waste Dr. Shaw's efforts for you?"

"She said she wanted you to have a better life. That's why she's revealed the truth from back then! Do you understand what this means?"

"This means you'll be able to escape your current predicament soon and return to the job you love!"

Martha grew increasingly agitated. Her voice grew louder as she urgently said, "Isaac, think not only for yourself but also for your mother!"

"She is severely ill and needs money for treatment. Have you forgotten how you and your mother survived these past two years?"

"It's by relying on my support and the assistance of everyone else in the hospital!"

"You're indebted to so many people and owe so much money. Aren't you going to strive for a better life?"

"Back then, your mother willingly forwent her treatment to send you to medical school. She did not do this for you to accumulate debts and run a small rural clinic!"

Isaac bit his lip hard and bowed his head.

"Ms. Lane, I understand and am fully aware of what you're saying."

"But..."

There was a hint of sorrow and helplessness in the man's voice. "I won't falsely accuse Dr. Shaw."

Chapter 610 It's Absolutely True

"I have the audio recording you mentioned. However, I suspect that it's not Dr. Shaw's voice. Instead, someone imitated her."

"Therefore, I plan to delete it from my computer tonight. I would appreciate it if you don't mention it again."

Isaac didn't give Martha a chance to respond and hung up immediately.

Upon hearing the dial tone, Martha was so furious that she almost threw her phone to the ground!

How did Cherise manage to charm Isaac into shouldering all the blame himself two years ago?

He went ahead with the surgery because he received a call from 'Cherise, yet he insisted on taking all the blame and clearing Cherise of any wrongdoing!

After two years, I thought he would have become wiser after experiencing life's hardships and changed his mind about sacrificing himself for Cherise. Yet, he is as obstinate as ever!

Since he won't hand over the recording...

Martha tightly clutched her phone and dialed a number she hadn't contacted in two years. "Eirwen, are you available?"

"Yes, I need you to record another voice message."

Despite being scolded by the hospital director for admitting her mistake the previous day, Cherise still knocked on his door as usual after the morning meeting.

"Cherise, have you lost your mind?"

The director angrily dismissed her from his office. "Don't even think about overturning Isaac's case unless you have concrete evidence!"

"I suspect you've been too free lately. You must be bored out of your mind."

"Go research the topic you mentioned a month ago! I expect to see your ideas for improvement in that area within a week!"

Sir..."

The hospital director slammed the door shut before Cherise could argue.

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Dr. Shaw."

Seeing Cherise being scolded by the hospital director once again, Martha approached her with a smile and patted her shoulder. "The director has been in a foul mood recently due to personal issues. You shouldn't provoke him."

Cherise pursed her lips, recalling the plan Damien had shared earlier. Then, she sighed helplessly before glancing at Martha. "You know, Isaac isn't doing well."

She shook her head and continued, "Can I come to your office and talk with you?"

Ms. Lane was thrilled and eagerly nodded. "Of course, I'd be more than happy to chat!"

She gestured for Cherise to follow her and warmly invited her to her office. "We've had some misunderstandings in the past two years. We haven't had a chance to talk things through properly."

Cherise couldn't help but smirk with disdain as she walked behind Martha.

How dare she claim that we've had some misunderstandings in the past two years?

Cherise had always believed that she never held a grudge against or wronged anyone.

Yet, Martha openly antagonized her while secretly undermining her for years. And now, she had the audacity to claim that there were just some 'misunderstandings' between them.

The two entered Martha's office.

"Lana, guess what I just saw?"

A nurse rushed to the nurse's station, gossiping with the other nurses. "I just saw Dr. Shaw and Ms. Lane laughing and chatting as they entered Ms. Lane's office!"

Those words caused a stir in the entire nurse station.

"Really?"

"It's absolutely true!"