

MY BLIND 631

Chapter 631 You're So Devious.

Both Soren and Damien stood silently at the doorway.

The door swung open, and two identical figures emerged, the only difference being their height.

"I really suspect that Mr. Handsome is Ren's father," Serafina stood still and murmured as she watched the tall man and short boy enter her home with the same gait.

But Mommy told me that Ren and I have the same father. So...

The little girl shook her head. What a shame!

If Mr. Handsome is Ren's father, I can see him and enjoy the strawberries he brings daily!

"Mommy." Upon returning home, Soren quickly changed his outfit and went to the dining table.

At the table, Cherise was busy rolling out pierogi dough. The boy took a seat in front of her. "Let me help." Cherise glanced at Soren and handed him the rolling pin before the five-year-old boy began to roll out pierogi dough.

Damien stood to the side, observing the little boy's swift movements. His heart warmed as he watched Soren roll out perfect circles of dough.

Although the boy resembled him in appearance and character, Soren had inherited Cherise's diligence and resilience.

Damien was reluctant to admit it, but he was confident that their son had undoubtedly become a reliable support and pillar for Cherise over the years.

“Mr. Handsome, what are you thinking about?” Serafina, whose head barely reached Damien’s calf, nudged his leg. “Go and help!”

Snapping back to reality, Damien slowly approached the dining table. Cherise frowned and glanced at the man’s suit. “Wash your hands and change your clothes.”

Damien removed his coat, revealing his black shirt. He strolled over shortly after washing his hands and rolled up his sleeves, revealing his muscular forearms. Under the light, he looked extraordinarily handsome and impressive.

“Let me help. The man reached out to take the rolling pin from Soren. Cherise wrinkled her brow again and looked at Damien, “Aren’t you going to change?”

Making pierogis was messy, and flour could get on his clothes His outfit looked expensive. and dry cleaning would be

The man nodded. “Isn’t it okay?”

“Of course not!” Cherise furrowed her brow, “Change your clothes and come back.

The man firmly seated himself at the dining table, “Never mind, this will do.”

Cherise was dumbfounded. She took a deep breath and turned to Damien. “Give me your access card.”

She would get an outfit for him since he was too lazy to move. Damien was taken aback, but he handed her his card.

“Don’t move an inch until I come back.” The woman sighed and stood up. “And don’t get flour on you!”

After that, Cherise looked down at Serafina, who was clutching a fluffy rabbit plush toy. “Keep an eye on him!”

“Okay! Don’t worry, Mommy!”

Cherise got up and left after instructing her daughter.

As Damien sat in the chair, a faint smile formed on his lips as he watched the woman’s retreating figure.

Soren rolled his eyes. “You did that on purpose.”

Damien looked at him. “How did you know?”

“Hmph, you’re so devious!”

Cherise entered Damien’s house with his access card. His house was immaculate and orderly, very much reflecting his personality.

The woman changed her shoes and entered the bedroom.

This was her first time in his spotless bedroom. It was decorated in a black-and-white color scheme, very much in line with his past style.

The computer on his desk next to his bedroom was still on. His work files were still open on the screen.

Chapter 632 Come Back Soon

Cherise furrowed her brows as she reached out to touch the overheating computer. She checked when the files had last been saved. He had stayed up working until half past four in the morning.

Has the computer been running for that long?

She sighed and saved all the open documents before powering the computer down. It was easy to run up a hefty electricity bill like this.

However... just as she was about to turn off the computer, her gaze subconsciously drifted to the desktop.

The wallpaper was a wedding photo of them taken five years ago during their wedding. preparations. Clad in a spotless white wedding dress, Cherise was happily nestled in Damien's arms and smiled radiantly in the picture..

As she gazed at the desktop, Cherise's hand tightened around the mouse. Countless. memories flooded her heart, bringing her to the brink of tears.

They had only spent a brief time together, a mere three months. It was less than half a year.

She questioned herself at times. Are those few months really so significant to me?Is it really something I can't forget?

But her lingering memories and feelings clearly demonstrated that she couldn't forget Damien. His brief presence in her life was enough to leave a lasting impression on her.

Even after spending the past five years with Zachary, she only felt guilty towards him. She had no romantic feelings for him..

My feelings are truly puzzling. Cherise let out a bitter laugh and powered down the computer before opening Damien's wardrobe to look for a suitable outfit.

His wardrobe was impeccably organized, housing only a few suits. After rummaging, Cherise found a set of light gray pajamas.

A photo fell from one of the pockets as she picked up the outfit. Cherise bent down to retrieve it.

In the photo, Damien was unconscious and covered in dirt and grime. His clothes showed signs of being scorched, but he was clutching a jewelry box in his hand.

That jewelry bar... Cherise recognized it. It housed the rings they had exchanged before the priest at their wedding five years ago. When she left, she had asked Lucy to return her ring to

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him.

Pain surged in her heart. She took a deep breath, feeling a mix of warmth and sorrow, Perhaps he had also been suffering just as much as her over the past five years.

A tear trickled out of the corner of her eye as she placed the photo back in his wardrobe.

When she flipped the photo, she saw three words written on the back. 'Come back soon. It didn't seem to be his handwriting. But five years had passed, and she had almost forgotten what his writing looked like.

She wiped the tears from the corners of her

'Come back soon.

eyes.

They had finally reunited and were able to get along peacefully. Perhaps everything could go back to how it was in the past.

When Cherise returned home with an outfit for Damien, she found Soren impatiently instructing Damien on how to roll out dough.

“Like this. This way.” Soren’s small hands were working the dough, guiding Damien step by step, just as Cherise had once taught Soren.

Standing at the doorway, Cherise felt warmth spread through her heart. Her son had only learned this half a year ago.

There was a simple reason why Soren had learned how to do it. His younger sister loved pierogis, and it was exhausting for Cherise to do everything herself. Therefore, he had insisted on Cherise teaching him how to do it in a bid to ease her burden.

She never expected him to be good enough to teach his dad in such a short time!

“Ah, how can you be so clumsy?!”

Chapter 633 Mr. Lenoir’s Handiwork

Lost in thought, Cherise was suddenly interrupted by the impatient voice of a child. She instinctively looked up and saw Damien, perspiring heavily, clumsily handling a rolling pin with his large hands.

Standing next to him, Serafina had her hands on her hips. “Mr. Handsome, be careful. You’re getting flour all over yourself!”

Caught in an awkward posture, Damien turned to Soren and asked sheepishly. “Is this alright?”

The scene before her made Cherise giggle. No one would have expected that Damien, who appeared stern and dignified to outsiders, would be awkwardly learning to roll pierogi dough under the watchful eyes of his two children.

The trio was so engrossed in their tasks that they didn’t notice Cherise’s return.

Unable to contain herself, Cherise burst into laughter at the sight of the misshapen dough. that Damien had rolled out.

If her relationship with Damien wasn't so tense, she would have captured this moment and flaunted it to show everyone that the imposing and unapproachable Damien was quite inept at cooking.

Soren, Serafina, and Damien looked up simultaneously upon hearing Cherise's laughter.

Soren glanced at the clothes in Cherise's hand and shrugged indifferently at Damien. "Go change, Mr. Lenoir."

"I'm free now!" Serafina exclaimed, letting out a breath. She tightly clutched her doll, ran to the television, switched it on, and started watching cartoons.

Damien looked at Cherise somewhat sheepishly. She smiled at the oddly shaped dough on the table. "I can see that you tried."

Damien was taken aback. He cleared his throat. "Practice makes perfect. This was only my first attempt. I'll get better."

"I see."

Soren dusted the flour off his hands. "I'm off to watch cartoons too, Mr. Lenoir. Be a good assistant to Mommy!" The boy hopped off the chair and scampered towards the sofa.

Damien was stunned, while Cherise smiled helplessly. These two little rascals,

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Closing the door, Cherise walked slowly towards Damien and handed him the clothes. "Go change and come back to help."

Damien pursed his lips, wiped his hands, took the outfit from her, and went to the bathroom.

Cherise sat at the dining table, looking at the misshapen dough. She couldn't resist taking a picture and sending it to Lucy with a message, 'Mr. Lenoir's handiwork.'

Lucy quickly responded. 'Haha!' A moment later, Lucy seemed to sense something was amiss. on the other end of the phone.

"Is Damien at your house?" she quickly sent another message. "And is he learning this from you?"

Cherise was startled but replied with an exasperated emoticon. "Serafina invited him over for pierogis."

Lucy was flabbergasted. "It seems your daughter is as infatuated as you!"

Cherise pursed her lips. "Not at all. She just wants to eat his strawberries again."

"Haha. But it's quite impressive that a man like Damien is willing to learn these things from you and participate in household chores. For someone who never lifts a finger, it's already a significant change."

"Cherry, you might as well take him back!"

Cherise pouted. "Who was it that previously told me not to forgive him easily?"

"That was in the past, now it's different! If a man is willing to make such changes for me, I would marry him!"

Chapter 634 Cherise's Smile.

Cherise responded, "I've taken a screenshot. I'll send it to Lennon Belcourt." Lucy was speechless when she read it.

"Who are you chatting with?" The man's deep, magnetic voice suddenly echoed in her ears.

Cherise's hand trembled, and she nearly dropped her phone. She took a deep breath, quickly locked her phone, set it aside, and looked

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Before her stood a man dressed in light gray loungewear, grinning at her. Cherise had instantly fallen for his chiseled, attractive face.

In that moment, his smile brought back memories of their wedding night. He was known as 'the blind man' back then, and despite her trepidation, she had boldly married him.

His smile at that time had gradually eased her anxious heart. It felt like a dream to see that same smile again.

"Shall we begin?" Damien cleared his throat and softly asked when he noticed her silently staring at him.

Cherise snapped back to reality. She glanced at the rolling pin and dough in front of her and started instructing Damien on how to roll the dough.

"First, do this, then this..." Cherise earnestly taught Damien, and he listened attentively.

As they sat at the dining table, Cherise playfully teased Damien while he humbly asked her for help.

"Ren." Serafina sat on the sofa, clutching her plush toy, and occasionally glanced from the television to the two people at the dining table. "Ren, do you think Mommy will marry Mr. Handsome?"

Soren was startled and nearly dropped the glass he was holding. He furrowed his brow and asked his sister in his serious yet childlike tone, "Why would you say that?"

"Because I think Mommy seems very happy." Serafina wrinkled her brow as she turned and looked at Soren. "Look. Mommy hasn't laughed like this in a long time."

Soren glanced at the dining table. In that moment, the lamp above the table illuminated Cherise's face, making her smile appear even more vibrant.

Her smile....

Soren pursed his lips, and the picture that Cherise cherished appeared in his mind...

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Mommy's current smile seems identical to the one in the picture...

So Mommy hasn't smiled like that, not because she's sad, but because... the person beside her isn't right?

Soren lightly pursed his lips and looked down at Serafina. "Do you want him to be our dad?"

"Absolutely!" The little girl's eyes sparkled. "He's so handsome, and he really looks like you, Ren! He can also feed me lots of strawberries!"

After an hour of effort, Damien's dough was finally satisfactory. The man looked excitedly at the small pile of round dough on the table. "I'm actually quite talented."

Cherise scoffed. "You call this talent?"

However... the woman's gaze landed on his large hands.

It must have been quite a challenge for him to roll out small pieces of dough with such large hands.

Once all the pierogis were wrapped, Cherise headed to the kitchen to boil water. Damien. followed her, carefully transporting all the pierogis into the kitchen. He stood behind. Cherise, and they watched as the water in the pot softly bubbled and slowly came to a boil.

Cherise's house was small, so the kitchen was naturally narrow. She was usually the only one. bustling about in the kitchen, so she didn't find it cramped.

But with Damien in it, his tall and lanky figure blocked the light in the kitchen. The seemed very confined and tight...space

Chapter 635 A Scoundrel Like Me

Cherise furrowed her brow and looked up at Damien. "Mr. Lenoir," she began, "I understand your eagerness and fondness for pierogis, but could you please wait outside? This kitchen is quite cramped with you around."

Damien responded with a frown and quietly retreated to a corner. "I'll stand over here then."

Cherise sighed. "When I said that, I meant for you to leave. It's still very cramped with you. standing there."

Despite her words, the man shook his head. "I want to stay."

"Are there wild animals in my living room?" Cherise asked in exasperation. "Can't you wait there?"

"I..." Damien pursed his lips. "I want to learn how to make pierogis."

Cherise was at a loss for words. What's so complicated about making pierogis?!

“Mr. Lenoir, there’s no secret to making pierogis.” She took a deep breath. “Moreover, considering your status, countless individuals would gladly prepare pierogis for you if you wish to eat them. There’s no need for you to learn.”

And you certainly don’t need to be causing a commotion here!

Damien shook his head, “I want to learn to make them myself. I enjoy eating pierogis prepared by the woman I love. Therefore, I believe she would also enjoy the pierogis I’ve

made.”

Cherise was growing increasingly frustrated. “I won’t enjoy them.” As she dropped the pierogis into the pot, she responded without thinking, “I don’t like pierogis, let alone the ones. you....”

Halfway through her sentence, she abruptly realized she might have misspoken. Hence, she quickly cleared her throat as her face flushed. “In any case, just leave!”

A faint smile curved on the corners of Damien’s lips. The man gazed at her back, and his voice was inexplicably tender. “Cherise.”

Cherise’s face felt hotter than the boiling water before her! She dared not turn around and was afraid he would see her flushed face. She lowered her voice. “Get out!”

Damien smiled faintly. He didn’t leave. Instead, he moved even closer to her.

The man’s thin lips moved to her ears, and his voice was low and suggestive. “Do you recall

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you asked me to leave?

Cherise was dumbstruck. The last time...

The last time I told him to leave... was at the hospital lounge...

She bit her lip. "You scoundrel!"

Damien smiled faintly. "I am a scoundrel." The man's hand subtly moved to her waist as he attempted to pull her into an embrace. "Only a scoundrel like me would have lost you for five years."

Cherise was dumbfounded as she stood before the hot stove. She didn't want him to see her blushing or make too much noise for the children to hear. She could only bite her lips. "Damien Lenoir! Let go!"

"Let go of my mommy." A child's crisp voice rang from the direction of the kitchen door.

Cherise's face instantly burned. She quickly reached out to push Damien's hand away. "Get

out!"

Damien frowned. He looked very displeased as he glanced at the little boy who had. damper on the situation. Damien walked around Soren and left the kitchen.

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Soren pouted. He shut the kitchen door, turned around with his hands on his hips, and glared at Damien furiously. "You were trying to take advantage of Mommy!"

Damien frowned, "I wasn't."

"What do you mean? You clearly were!"

The man smiled faintly and crouched down. "I would only be taking advantage of her if not feelings were involved. His dark eyes were fixed on the boy in front of him. "But your mom. and I... have feelings for each other."

Soren was stunned.

Chapter 636 Keeping Your Promise

At the tender age of five, Soren was already more mature than his peers. However, despite his advanced maturity, he was still just a child.

His understanding of emotions and manipulation was limited, and he couldn't quite differentiate between the two.

"In any case, you... you can't just touch my mommy!" It was unusual for the boy to stutter. "You two aren't even married yet!"

Damien chuckled in response. "So, can I touch her freely if we're married?"

Soren was dumbfounded and bit his lip. "No, you still can't!"

"Alright." The man smiled lightly and stopped teasing the child. "I understand that cherish

your mommy very much. Actually, I feel the same way."

"I just..." Damien sighed. "All I wanted was to hold her."

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After being separated from his beloved for so long, even a simple hug felt like a luxury to Damien. He was well aware that this was a consequence of his past mistakes.

Raising one hand and placing the other over his heart, Damien made an oath. "I swear that I'll never force her if she doesn't give her consent in the future. Is that better?"

Soren pursed his lips and slightly lowered his guard against Damien. "You'd better keep your promise!"

"Mm." Damien smiled and ruffled Soren's hair. "I'm a man of my word."

"But you promised Sera to give her strawberries every day." Soren reminded him coldly.

Damien was taken aback. He had indeed made that promise to Serafina and wouldn't have broken it if not for Cherise's warning.

Leaning close to Soren's ear, Damien whispered, "How about this..."

Upon hearing what the man said, Soren pursed his lips and nodded. "Keep your promise!"

With that, the little boy turned around, ready to share the good news with his sister.

But as he walked away, he seemed to recall something and turned to look at Damien. "You're from Adania, right?"

Damien nodded.

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It makes sense. Soren pursed his lips, recalling the puzzle his teacher had rewarded him with. He had seen a car with an Adania license plate parked outside the kindergarten that day.

Later, his teacher mentioned that the puzzle was donated. So the donor was...

Taking a deep breath, the little boy looked up at Damien earnestly. "I really like the puzzle. Could you get a more challenging one next time?"

Damien responded with a faint smile. "I'll send you the link to the website next time. You can choose for yourself."

"Okay." The little boy nodded and looked at Damien solemnly. "Then, you're allowed to come over and eat tomorrow!"

Amidst the humid, steam-filled kitchen, Cherise's heart felt warm.

Unbeknownst to Cherise, who was busy cooking in the kitchen, her son had been swayed by Damien's puzzle. He had even assured Damien of the chance to join them for dinner the following night.

When the pierogis were finally ready, she placed them on the dining table and announced, "Dinner's ready!" Soren promptly turned off the television and rushed to the table.

However, Serafina pouted haughtily and glanced at Damien next to her. "Mr. Handsome, I don't want to walk over. Understanding her request, Damien reached out to carry the little girl as he stood and walked towards the dining table.

"Whee!" Serafina lay in Damien's arms, "You're so tall, Mr. Handsome! I can even see the top of Mommy's head!"

Cherise was stunned. She looked at her daughter in exasperation. "Serafina, stop acting spoiled. Come down."

The little girl instinctively snuggled into Damien's chest. "Mr. Handsome, look at how fierce. Mommy is!"

Chapter 637 You Do Care About Me

Damien offered a faint smile. "Your mother isn't fierce. She's just concerned about your well-being." He tousled Serafina's hair and gently placed her on the chair. "If you want me to carry you next time, make sure your mother doesn't see it, okay?"

"Alright!"

Cherise was astonished.

Does he have the audacity to openly say such things in front of me?

Does he think I'm a pushover when it comes to my children?!

"Dinner time!"

Soren had already started eating. "I'm starving."

"When I made pierogis with Mommy, we were never this slow." He even gave Damien a somewhat disapproving look. "Mr. Lenoir, you need to step up your game!"

Damien smiled lightly. "I will."

"Let's eat, Mr. Handsome!" Serafina also started eating. "My mommy's pierogis are amazing!"

Damien smiled tenderly and glanced at Cherise. "They truly are amazing."

Cherise was speechless. This man had become somewhat endearing in the presence of the children.

After dinner, Soren suggested that Damien should wash the dishes. Before Cherise could object, the man offered a casual smile. "Sure."

Cherise was stunned. Her children weren't polite to Damien, a supposed 'stranger.'

Damien had already carried the dishes to the kitchen in the blink of an eye. Cherise. reluctantly followed him. "I'll do it."

Regardless of her relationship with Damien, he was still her guest. It wasn't very nice to have him wash the dishes.

"I promise not to damage your dishes." The man grinned nonchalantly. He turned on the faucet and squirted dishwashing liquid onto a plate.

As if to prove his words, he lifted the soapy plate and was about to demonstrate scrubbing it when the plate slipped from his grasp and shattered with a crash.

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Cherise and Damien were astonished. The man's expression turned slightly awkward.

He coughed lightly and crouched down to pick up the shards. "This was an accident..."

Cherise frowned. "Don't touch it!"

But the man had already touched the broken porcelain shards on the floor.

"Have you lost your mind?" She frowned as she rushed over and hurriedly grabbed his hand. She turned it over as she examined it. "The shards can easily cut your skin..."

"I'm fine."

Cherise pursed her lips as she examined his hand meticulously. Fortunately, she had intervened in time, and his fingers were unharmed.

"If you're not capable of washing dishes, don't do it." She heaved a sigh of relief and looked up at Damien with a slightly stern expression. "What if you injure yourself?" Her reproachful tone was mixed with concern. "Besides, you shouldn't touch these shards with your bare hands. Isn't there a broom nearby?"

Damien remained silent. She looked up and subconsciously glanced at him. The man's eyes were filled with tender affection. "So you do care about me."

Cherise was startled, and her face turned red under his gaze. She gritted her teeth. "Why wouldn't I care about you?!" She suddenly felt her words were too suggestive, so she continued, "You're in my house. I'm responsible for you if anything happens!"

Damien smiled, his gaze playful as he observed her, "Is that all?"

"Of... of course. What... what else do you want?"

"You know what I want."

Cherise pursed her lips. She rolled her eyes at him and started washing the dishes in the sink.

Damien smiled nonchalantly as he stood by her side and handed her the dishes one by one.

Chapter 638 What Are Your Plans?

“Today, Mr. Kolson found the voice actress. Her name is Eirwen, and she also recorded the audio from two years ago.”

“She is a well-known figure in Lermille’s voice acting industry. She has likely mastered some. unique vocal techniques, allowing her to mimic many voices as long as she is well-paid. Her mimicry is so effortless and natural that it surpasses computer programs.”

“However, she rarely accepts work outside of her industry. Martha was her doctor in the past, which made it easy for Martha to seek her assistance.”

Cherise’s hand trembled slightly.

Damien was right. Martha had indeed hired someone to mimic her voice...

But there were aspects she still couldn’t understand. “If Martha wanted to frame me, why did she involve Isaac from the beginning?”

After all, Martha favored Isaac the most. Lucy also mentioned that Martha had numerous disputes with the hospital director over Isaac. Martha should have cleared Isaac of any responsibility when plotting against her. Even if the fabricated phone call ruined Cherise’s reputation, Isaac wouldn’t escape unscathed!

“Perhaps her initial intention wasn’t to frame you.” Damien furrowed his brows slightly as he handed plates to Cherise. “When Mr. Kolson questioned Eirwen, she stated that Martha didn’t mention harming anyone when she approached her. Martha just wanted to promote a young man she liked.”

“Promote Isaac?”

Damien nodded. “I’m guessing Martha’s initial motive behind this recording might not have been to frame you. Consider this. If Isaac had successfully performed such a complex surgery independently without your guidance, wouldn’t his status have been elevated?”

“Yes. If Isaac had managed to complete the surgery independently without my guidance...” Cherise’s hand froze as she held a plate. “He would have been considered my equal.”

“Exactly.” Damien offered a faint smile. “Martha might have just been overly eager to succeed at first. She wanted to elevate her favored apprentice to your level but didn’t anticipate the backlash.”

“Even if her true intention was to promote Isaac, her actions deceived him, harmed me, and violated the fundamental principles of medical ethics.” Cherise pursed her lips. “If it weren’t. for Lucy’s intervention, the patient wouldn’t have survived...”

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This is where Martha made a mistake. Damien gracefully picked up the dishes Cherise had washed and dried them before placing them into the cupboard. His voice was soft. “And even if her actions back then weren’t intended to harm you two years ago, her recent attempt to reconstruct the past by having Eirwen mimic your voice again clearly indicates her intention

to target you.”

“So, what are you planning to do, Dr. Shaw?” The man turned and looked at Cherise earnestly. “She has already sent the re-recorded audio by Eirwen to the hospital director and numerous journalists, academic figures, and media outlets.”

Damien narrowed his eyes slightly, “I asked Syatt to intercept, but we can’t predict the full list of who she sent this so-called evidence to.”

Since the matter concerned Cherise’s academic integrity, Damien didn’t want to make a big deal out of it.

“Thank you for everything you’ve done.” Cherise sighed softly. “I’ll meet with Dr. Keeples tomorrow morning to explain.”

“Mm.” The man placed the last plate into the cupboard and closed the doors. “Put the kids to bed and get a good night’s sleep. I have some work to attend to tonight.”

Chapter 639 He’s Quite Nic

Cherise nodded in agreement.

As Damien turned away, she pressed her lips together, hesitated momentarily, and finally. whispered, “Thank you.”

“What for?” he asked, smiling. “Don’t forget, you promised me that if I help you sort out this issue, you’ll let me take the kids out for a day.”

Cherise nodded emphatically as she watched the man’s tall, lanky figure disappear from sight.

“Mommy.” Soren’s slightly disgruntled voice rang out. “He’s long gone. Is he really that handsome?”

Cherise snapped back to reality. “Of course, he is.” She crouched down to embrace Soren. “Because he looks a lot like you.”

The boy’s stern expression gradually softened..

“Mommy, do you want to reconcile with him?” Soren, dressed in light blue pajamas, asked tentatively. He had carefully crawled into Cherise’s bed after Serafina had fallen asleep and was nestled in Cherise’s arms.

“What do you think?” Cherise bit her lip, feeling a pang of sadness. “Do you want to acknowledge him as your dad?”

Soren lay in Cherise’s embrace and hugged her arm. He was momentarily silent. “It’s up to you, Mommy. I’ll accept him if you think he’s good enough, and I’ll resist him if you think he

isn't."

Cherise smiled wistfully, raising her hand to stroke her son's head. "But if you had to decide. what would you choose?"

"I might accept him." The little boy bit his lip. He lowered his head and spoke somewhat shyly. "I think... he's quite nice." As long as he doesn't hurt you, Mommy.

The next day, Cherise dropped the two children off at kindergarten as usual and drove straight to the hospital.

"Dr. Shaw. When she entered the hospital, her colleagues, who used to greet her warmly, seemed to look at her strangely. The young nurses and doctors who always liked to gather around Cherise began to look at her with contempt and malice. Even the janitor stuttered. when greeting her.

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These stares made Cherise feel extremely uncomfortable.

She had a hunch. The worst-case scenario that Damien had mentioned the previous night seemed to have come true.

"Cherise!" When Cherise arrived at her office, Lucy rushed over and pulled her into a

storeroom.

"Did something happen?"

“Yes!” Lucy took out her phone and showed her a report, “Last night, the mastermind behind the scenes sent this article to international media outlets that focus on medical academia.”

“At four this morning, Lermille’s executives woke Dr. Keeples up from his sleep and demanded an investigation into the incident from two years ago. It’s already causing a lot of

trouble!”

Cherise frowned. She took the phone from Lucy and read the report from start to finish. It detailed the medical mishap two years ago and even specifically named her and Isaac. A clip of her voice was also included and compared with the recording.

The comments below were unbearable. Almost everyone was condemning Cherise.

And the author of this article... was named Gwenn.

Cherise closed her eyes and laughed bitterly. Gwenn.

When Beckham had previously come to visit her, he had casually mentioned that Gwenn was now a journalist. But Cherise hadn’t expected Gwenn to be lying in wait for her.

Chapter 640 Someone Is Framing Me

For the past five years, Cherise had distanced herself from the Tanner family. She had never tried to take Gwenn’s place in the family, yet her foster sister harbored an unexplainable resentment towards her.

As a result, Gwenn took every opportunity to tarnish Cherise’s reputation online. This was an unexpected outcome that Damien hadn’t anticipated.

Being an outsider in Lermille, Damien already found it difficult to manipulate the local media. He never could have predicted that Gwenn would intervene, even from thousands of

miles away.

However, Cherise couldn't help but think about her encounter with Kareen the previous day... It all made sense now.

Over the years, Kareen and Gwenn had grown closer. Gwenn would undoubtedly be aware of any news concerning Cherise in Lermille.

"Dr. Keeples was rudely awakened by important figures early this morning and was extremely irritated. He was furious and instructed you to visit his office once you arrived..."

"Cherise, what should we do?" Lucy was restless and anxious. "If I didn't know you so well and knew you wouldn't say such things, I would have believed this recording! It sounds exactly like you!"

Cherise pursed her lips. "Damien found a voice actor who imitated my voice." The woman frowned slightly. "It's not that this issue can't be resolved... It's just a bit complicated.

Lucy pursed her lips and was about to say something when a nurse's knock at the door interrupted her. "Dr. Shaw, Dr. Keeples is summoning you to his office now. If you don't go, there will be consequences."

Cherise furrowed her brows slightly. She gently removed Lucy's tightly gripping hand from hers. "I'll go speak with Dr. Keeples." With that, she turned and left, ignoring whatever Lucy wanted to say.

"Dr. Keeples. The woman had just knocked on the hospital director's office door when an ashtray was thrown towards the door. Cherise skillfully dodged the ashtray, which crashed. onto the marble floor.

"Good morning." Cherise walked in slowly with a frown.

"You're finally here!" The hospital director scratched his head and glared at her. "Close the door!"

Cherise obediently did as she was told.

“What were you thinking!?” Dr. Keeples scratched his head in confusion and looked at Cherise helplessly. “Even if you want to save Isaac Roebuck, you don’t have to sacrifice yourself! Now that you’ve sent the recording to the international media, this matter can’t be ignored!”

Cherise was taken aback. She realized that Dr. Keeples had misunderstood. He still believed that Cherise had orchestrated the international articles to save Isaac.

“Dr. Keeples, I’m not that selfless.” The woman smiled faintly at him. He never imagined what she would say next. “I didn’t record this audio or send it to the media. Someone is framing

me.”

“Who is framing you?!” Dr. Keeples’ brows furrowed deeply. “Isaac?”

“No.” Cherise took a deep breath. She walked over and sat down in a chair before Dr. Keep looking at him steadily. “It’s Ms. Lane.”

Dr. Keeples almost choked on his drink. “Cherise, don’t make baseless accusations! Although Martha has always had some reservations about you, she was concerned about you when she asked me about it. She asked if we could be lenient with you since the incident happened so long ago...”