

MY BLIND 691

Chapter 691 Peaceful Slumber

The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

"What's so funny?" Soren retorted.

"I'm warning you, if you upset her again, I won't call you Dad anymore!"

Nothing had changed in Lenoir Manor.

Mr. Kolson parked the car at the entrance of Lenoir Manor. Damien stepped out with Cherise in his arms.

Soren sat in the back seat, anxiously holding Sera, who was fast asleep and drooling on his shoulder.

He wished to imitate Damien's approach and silently carried Sera out of the car without disturbing her peaceful slumber.

But he was only five years old!

His sister was also five!

Although his sister was slightly shorter, he still couldn't lift her.

After settling Cherise in her room, the little boy had expected Damien to come and carry him and his sister.

After waiting for a long time, the man never returned. Soren realized that he and his sister weren't treated like their mother.

Curse this man!

Isn't it often said that men neglect their wives once they have children?

Yet, why does their family defy this common stereotype?

And why are their children the ones bearing the brunt of this situation?

Soren stirred the little girl who was drooling on his shoulder and said, "We're home!"

As the two little ones stepped out of the car, Frances hastily removed her apron and rushed from Lenoir Manor. "Young master, little princess!" She greeted.

"Come here, little princess, into my arms!"

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Sera, still half-asleep, didn't bother to determine whether Frances was a friend or foe. She nestled into Frances's arms and drifted back to sleep.

Soren trailed behind Frances, hands clasped behind his back, and cautioned, "Auntie, be careful; Sera is very delicate!"

Frances smiled warmly, "Alright, I understand!"

After carefully laying Sera on the pink princess bed in the children's room on the second floor, Frances turned around and smiled warmly at Soren, "Young master, your bed is over there."

Frances approached, opening a screen in the middle of the room.

Behind the screen unveiled a secret haven – a navy blue galaxy adorned with shimmering stars, a stark contrast to the pink lace world on the other side.

His navy blue bed on a carpet dominated this cosmic landscape, cradling his favorite Rubik's cube, puzzles, and Transformers.

The usually calm Soren could not contain his excitement as he rushed towards the navy blue haven.

Frances smiled and declared, "Young master, this will be you and the little princess's room from now on."

"You can pull up the screen when you go to sleep."

Frances didn't miss the chance to commend Damien in front of the child, "This was personally designed by your Dad, Mr. Lenoir."

"He said that you are a caring person. He arranged it to ensure your little sister's comfort so you can easily take care of her."

"It seems he does have some fatherly instincts."

Soren pursed his lips, looked at the peacefully sleeping Sera, and criticized, "He might be her father, but he still doesn't know her well."

Sera seemed immune to sleep troubles, effortlessly slipping into a peaceful slumber

The two women shared this familial trait of quickly transitioning into a peaceful slumber

Speaking of the two women.

The little guy frowned, looked up at Frances, and asked, “Whach room is Mommy in

“The lady is in the master bedroom.”

Frances responded tactfully, “But young master. I think it’s best not to disturb her...”

Chapter 692 Soren’s Skills In The Kitchen

“I’m going there!”

The young boy pouted, took off his coat, grabbed his slippers from the suitcase, and headed to the master bedroom.

The door to the master suite was left slightly ajar.

He could see Damien’s upright posture, the gentle way he held her hand, and the tender manner he tucked her in.

After that, he sat there motionless, silently observing her serene sleep.

There was complete stillness, and the room was enveloped in an absolute hush.

He was like a child captivated by their favorite toy.

As Soren watched, a sense of calm gradually settled over him.

It appeared that only genuine affection could elicit such stillness.

However, watching Sera for an extended period would inevitably annoy.

The woman on the bed slept soundly. Even through the closed door, Soren could discern his mother's steady breathing.

The young boy shook his head.

Dr. Shaw projected an image of stern professionalism to the outside world.

Yet, within the family, she transformed into a more relaxed and occasionally disheveled version of herself.

These were her quirks, yet also her vulnerabilities, exposed only in the presence of those closest to her.

Did her heart already belong to Damien? She slept soundly in his presence.

What was the saying?

When it rains, it pours; what's a five-year-old to do when Mom remarries?

Of course, there was only one thing-

The young boy took a deep breath and clattered down the stairs

Frances was preparing soup in the kitchen downstairs.

“Young master, why are you out here?”

Frances was surprised by Soren’s sudden appearance in the kitchen, urging him to return upstairs.

Despite her protests, the little boy eagerly retrieved onions, ginger, and garlic from the fridge. and offered to help peel the garlic out of boredom.

“I’ll peel the onions for you, and I have nothing else to do.” He insisted.

Frances couldn’t dissuade Soren, so she allowed the five-year-old to assist her with various tasks.

To her surprise, Soren, as a five-year-old, was adept in the kitchen.

His speed in peeling garlic was so fast that even the new servants couldn’t keep up with him!

Frances gradually became intrigued by his skills and asked, “Who taught you all this?”

“I learned it myself.”

Soren grinned, leaned towards Frances, and asked, “Auntie, I’m really curious about life in the past five years. Can you tell me?”

Seeing the child’s maturity, Frances was surprised but dismissed any reservations and assumed that he genuinely sought to understand Damien.

As a result, she opened up and shared intricate details about Damien with Soren.

Soren asked about Rowena when he felt it was an appropriate time.

“I don’t know Ms. Mortis very well...”

Frances shook her head and said, “All I know is that Mr. Lenoir had a fire incident when he stayed at a hotel. Ms. Mortis rescued him.”

She continued, “Although Ms. Mortis saved Mr. Lenoir’s life, I still don’t like her.. and detest her sister, Ursula, even more!”

Her sister likes to show off her designer bags and bracelets on social media. Is all that money from Mr. Lenoir?”

“It was Ursula who saved Mr. Lenon, not her.

Soren nodded and subconsciously sniffed. Is something burning?”

Frustrated, Frances slapped her forehead and yelped, “My soup!”

Chapter 693 You Deserve Better

When Frances left, Soren discreetly took her phone, quickly found Ursula’s WhatsApp contact, and added her to his device.

The young man scoffed at the woman named Ursula on WhatsApp, “Humph!”

“Sis!”

Ursula stormed into the hospital room and sat beside Rowena's bed. "I warned you about Damien, but you didn't listen!"

"Now look at what's happened! He not only brought his ex-wife back but also brought in two children!"

She angrily gestured at the floor and exclaimed, "These two kids are already this tall!"

"Even if you marry him in the future, you'll be forced to play the role of a stepmother!"

"You should have married him three years ago and had two kids with him, then no one would have to play the stepmother!"

"Now, see what's happened!"

As she spoke, a deep sense of unease held her rigid as Damien's icy demeanor flashed. She drew a sharp breath and uttered, "Sis, now that his ex-wife is back, he won't be as generous to us anymore. He will not finance your medical bills, let alone my education."

"It feels like such a waste when I think about it!"

"Sis, remember those three years you couldn't walk because of him? Look at what he's doing

now!"

Despite Ursula's barrage of words, Rowena smiled faintly, "Lula, why are you saying such things?"

It's good that Dame can reconcile with his ex-wife."

"I willingly saved him; demanding excessive compensation is unfair."

Rowena looked reproachfully at Ursula and asked, "You didn't do anything reckless, did you?"

Rowena's gentle scrutiny weighed in Ursula's eyes were anxious, and she spat. I didn't

From how you're acting, seems like you've done something

Rowena quavered, "What did you do? Tell me the truth."

Ursula sat back, her body tense, her voice low. "I followed him to the private room at New World Restaurant. I confronted him in front of his ex-wife and children."

She quickly defended herself and added, "I did all this for you!"

"You just had an emergency operation a few days ago!"

"He didn't visit you when he arrived but chose to have dinner with his ex-wife. This is an insult to everything you've done for him, Rowena. You deserve better."

Rowena's anger escalated as she spoke, and a wave of scalding heat ran through her. She clenched her fists tightly and raged, "I caused a scene in the private room because I couldn't stand the injustice for you!"

"You."

Rowena sighed faintly, "When will you change this temper of yours?"

"Go and get the doctor to schedule another round of rehabilitation for me," she urged Ursula with a reproachful gaze.

Ursula frowned, "Why?"

“The doctor said that I could walk with crutches after another round of rehabilitation.”

The woman closed her eyes and continued, “I need to regain my mobility as soon as possible and then talk to Dame’s ex-wife.”

Ursula’s eyes lit up, and she smirked, “To clarify things with her, so she’ll back off?”

“No, to apologize to her for having an impulsive sister.”

Ursula’s heart dropped.

“Sis, I didn’t embarrass you!”

“You’ve made a fool of us and have no say in this.”

The woman sighed, “Go quickly,”

Following yesterday’s incident, Cherise felt apprehensive about going out with Damien. Additionally, the children needed time to adjust to their new surroundings.

Chapter 694 A Job At The Adania Medical Research Institute.

Cherise and Damien decided to postpone their planned outing until the following week after the incident that occurred yesterday.

Damien would be occupied with his business matters, while Cherise would be fully engrossed in her new job. Their children also expressed the need for some time to adjust to their new surroundings.

On the second day in Adania, Cherise reached out to the doctor recommended by the director of Lermille Hospital.

"Are you Dr. Shaw?" she asked.

The doctor on the other end responded eagerly, "You've finally contacted us!"

We represent the Adania Medical Research Institute. We were thrilled when Dr. Keeples recommended you. We didn't expect you to reach out to us!"

Cherise was taken aback and stammered, "You mean... your institute is in Adania?"

"Yes, indeed!"

The doctor on the other end of the line responded amiably, "Dr. Shaw, would you be available for an interview?"

"If you're out of town, we can certainly wait..."

"There's no need for that."

Cherise hummed with excitement, "I can make it this afternoon."

Cherise arrived promptly at two o'clock in the afternoon.

The institute's director, Dr. Penn, warmly greeted her, "Dr. Shaw, Dr. Keeples has spoken highly of your accomplishments and experience in the medical field..."

"Today, we have invited you here to familiarize yourself with our institute. If you have no objections, we can proceed with finalizing the contract," Dr. Penn stated, catching Cherise off guard momentarily.

"Alright."

She was visibly excited but composed and asserted, "You should review my records before making a decision to hire me."

"I am not a conventional doctor; my past may potentially cause complications in the future."

"I understand, I understand!"

Dr. Penn smiled gently, "I'm not concerned."

"All I know is that Dr. Shaw's contributions to the medical field far surpass those of her peers, and that's what I value."

"As for the past you mentioned, I don't believe it's true; hence, it doesn't bother me."

Cherise was initially taken aback, but eventually, she was persuaded by Dr. Penn and signed the contract.

Finding a boss who appreciates and understands you is even rarer in a world where good job opportunities are scarce.

Cherise felt this opportunity was too good to pass up, so she signed the contract.

"Dr. Penn."

The secretary rushed over as Cherise left, impressed, and exclaimed, "You did an amazing job convincing her with just a few words!"

"I'll inform Mr. Lenoir right away! Our institute's funding will undoubtedly double next year!"

Dr. Penn nodded and said, "Go ahead."

"But Dr. Penn."

The secretary glanced at Cherise again and fretted, "A woman with no skills and a questionable history..."

"You went all out for the funding..."

"Silence!"

Dr. Penn glared at the secretary and barked, "If she's incompetent, then you are useless!"

"Go and assess her accomplishments instead of daydreaming here!"

Feeling chastised and confused, the secretary asked, "If she is competent and capable, why did Mr. Lenoir have to go to such lengths to recommend her to us?"

Dr. Penn responded nonchalantly, "Maybe because our institute is closer to Mr. Lenoir's residence..."

As Cherise was about to hail a taxi to leave the institute, a red Porsche pulled up beside her.

Ursula's haughty face emerged from the car. "Cherise Shaw, right?"

Chapter 695 The Meetup

"Follow me; my sister wants to meet you."

Cherise hesitated.

She vividly remembered a girl named Ursula.

Ursula's memorable entrance into the private dining room was bold and domineering, leaving a lasting impression on Cherise and her children, who had dined there the previous day. Even their brief encounter at the airport had left a lasting impression on Cherise. Ursula's audacious behavior had undoubtedly made an impact.

She looked up casually. Her clear eyes met Ursula from the red Porsche and asked, "Who is your sister?"

Ursula scoffed, "You don't know?"

Cherise nodded, "No, I don't."

"Heh."

Ursula chuckled and spat, "My sister is the one who saved your ex-husband Damien's life!"

"If it weren't for my sister risking her life for him, you wouldn't have had the chance to see Damien now, let alone rekindle your past relationship with him."

Cherise hummed softly, "I see."

"Very well, tell your sister I have no desire to meet her."

She gracefully picked up her handbag and turned to leave.

Ursula's eyes widened in surprise, and a slow fury consumed her.

She quickly drove after her and yelled, "Cherise!"

She honked incessantly and continued, "I told you, my sister is Damien's savior. She wants to meet you now!"

"But I have no desire to meet her."

Cherise looked ahead and nonchalantly strode forward.

Her serene and composed face caught the sunbeam.

Dressed in simple white without makeup, Cherise's astuteness outshone Ursula's striking appearance and composed demeanor, exuding a subtle brilliance.

Ursula appeared visibly frustrated from a distance, but Cherise remained composed, creating a clear contrast between the two.

"Why don't you want to meet my sister?"

Ursula was infuriated by Cherise's calm demeanor, which seemed unperturbed by everything.

She had always been pampered by her sister ever since she was young.

After her sister rescued Damien, both sisters found refuge under Damien's care, securing Ursula's untouchable life.

Besides Damien and the loyal Blake, no one dared to confront Ursula in such a manner.

"Why should I meet your sister?"

Cherise raised an eyebrow and scoffed, "She is Damien's savior, not mine."

“Manipulating the Lenoir family with the card of saving Damien’s life might work, but that won’t work with me.”

After uttering those words, she looked at Ursula sternly as if addressing a fool. “As a doctor, I have saved more lives than your sister, and I have never accepted any gratitude from my patients,” she remarked.

“Compared to your years of dependency on Damien, I consider my principles far more noble.”

The fuming redness from Ursula’s face faded. Cherise smirked, turned around, and continued, “Young lady, saving lives is commendable, but it doesn’t give you the privilege of making unreasonable demands.”

“And really, what does your sister’s heroic act have to do with you?”

The wind gushed and swiftly carried Cherise’s words away.

Yet, they pierced Ursula’s heart like heavy hammers.

Cherise agreed to start working the next day at Dr. Penn’s request. This led to postponing the plan to take the children back to the Shaw family village.

Upon hearing that Cherise had returned with the children, Elvis warmly welcomed Sarah to Adania.

Cherise planned to meet them outside, but Sera felt unwell, so Cherise welcomed them at Lenoir Manor.

Chapter 696 The Guest

“So, this must be Auntie.”

Soren and Sera affectionately clung to Elvis, persistently requesting stories from Cherise’s childhood.

Elvis held Sera in his arms and took Soren by the hand. He told them stories about Cherise's joyful childhood in the countryside, which he knew well.

"Uncle Shaw hasn't changed and hasn't aged a bit."

In the kitchen, Cherise, immersed in preparing dinner, couldn't help but interject.

"Really? Can't you see how much I've aged?"

Sarah chuckled as she sorted vegetables, "Cherise, why don't you consider staying longer?"

Cherise paused in her vegetable preparation; her hand lingered under the water. "I'm still unsure."

"What's holding you back?"

Sarah glanced at her. "You're not getting any younger, and your child is already grown. Stop hesitating."

"Dame has been a good boy, taking excellent care of us over the years because of you. He's been searching for you for five long years...."

"Sometimes, he visits the house and spends the entire day in your room."

"He spends a day immersed in your diary, another lost in the pages of your childhood photo album..."

Sarah still vividly remembered what Damien was like back then.

"Even as the esteemed Mr. Lenoir, juggling numerous responsibilities, he manages to find time to revisit the countryside, immersing himself in the remnants of your past."

Cherise's hand, holding vegetables, paused. Her voice was hoarse, and she croaked, "Really?"

“Absolutely.”

Sarah sighed, “Aunt Wanda wouldn’t lie to you.”

“I once asked Dame why he would aimlessly sit in your room. Do you know what he said?”

“He said that with your prolonged absence, he might forget your face and scent, like many who lose the image of a loved one.”

“That’s why he spends time looking at your photos and exploring your belongings, ensuring that he can recognize you instantly if he comes across you in a crowd someday.”

Sarah gazed into the distance, her white hair catching the light. “You should appreciate a man who treats you well, Cherise, she remarked, reminiscing.

I know he’s busy, sometimes, while sitting in your room, a long queue of employees is waiting outside to report to him.”

However, nobody dares to disturb him. Instead, they wait patiently for him to return to reality and leave- the room. Only after that do the employees approach him with official matters.”

Cherise pursed her lips, visualizing the scene as she listened to Sarah’s words.

“L...”

Cherise took a deep breath, placed the washed vegetables into the basin, and stated, “I know he cares for me, and I know I’m still in his heart.”

“But, Aunt Wanda, some things are not that simple.”

Having shared her sentiments, Cherise smiled wryly and added, "But, I believe challenges can be overcome."

Before they could finish their conversation, the doorbell rang outside the villa.

Frances hurried to answer the door.

Cherise heard Frances scream as the door swung open, "Ms. Rowena Mortis? What brings you here?"

Cherise furrowed her brows. Was Rowena here?

"Why can't we come in?"

A commanding and formidable voice echoed from the door, "Where's Cherise?"

"She didn't accompany me to the hospital to visit my sister, so I brought my sister here to see her. Is that right?"

"Lula."

Following Ursula's words, a gentle voice softly admonished, "Behave yourself."

Chapter 697 The Beauty

After uttering those words, she turned her attention to Frances and asked, "Is Ms. Shaw here? I've come to apologize to her."

"Um..."

Frances was in a difficult position.

Since Mrs. Shaw's Uncle Shaw and Aunt Wanda were visiting today, it was somewhat inconvenient to welcome Ursula and Rowena.

However....

I'm here. Cherise said confidently.

Frances was taken aback. She observed Cherise as she calmly removed her apron and approached them. "You must be Rowena, right?" She asked politely.

Raising her eyebrows, she coolly assessed the woman in front of her.

The woman sat in a wheelchair, with casts on her feet visible under a thin blanket.

She wore a striped hospital gown and appeared fragile, with delicate features and a pale complexion. Despite this, her eyes emanated a softness that evoked compassion and vulnerability.

In contrast to her sister, Rowena appeared more ordinary.

Cherise watched Rowena while also being observed by her.

Cherise appeared composed and refined, with a touch of aloofness. Yet, her face was as delicate as a porcelain doll's.

This intriguing contrast emphasized her extraordinary charm and beauty.

Rowena pressed her lips together and asked, "You must be Ms. Shaw, right?"

"You look so young and stunning: it's hard to believe you're a mother of two."

Cherise greeted them with a gentle smile and signaled Frances to let them through. "According to Ms. Mortis," she chuckled softly, "I don't quite fit the mold of a mother of two."

"So, in your opinion, how should a mother of two look? Tired and aged?"

"Have I failed to meet your expectations?"

Rowena was taken aback, her face turned pale, and she stuttered, "Ms. Shaw, I didn't mean that; L.

"Relax, I was just teasing you"

She offered Rowena a comforting smile and giggled, "After all, your sister is quite the joker herself"

I assumed Ms Mortis could appreciate a joke, but it seems

Cherise briefly glanced at Rowena and considered, "Coincidentally, we have guests for dinner tonight. You're welcome to join if you two are interested."

Ursula rolled her eyes and scoffed, "Who would want to dine in this place?"

Ursula gave a cold look to Elvis, who was lazily sitting on the couch, and to Sarah, an elderly lady with white hair standing behind Cherise. "You accused me of making unreasonable requests just because my sister saved Damien's life."

"In the end, you returned only to bring along your poor relatives for a free meal?"

The term "poor relatives" struck a chord with Sarah.

She pursed her lips, quickly removed her apron, and muttered, "Cherry, Uncle Shaw, and I should probably leave."

“If you have guests here...”

“You are the guests. Where are you going?”

Cherise smiled, grabbed Sarah’s hand, and insisted, “I’ve insisted you stay tonight. Let’s see who dares to challenge.”

Feeling uncertain. Sarah put on her apron and busied herself in the kitchen.

Cherise sat on the sofa, crossed her legs, and smiled faintly like a poised hostess.

Elvis grunted and promptly escorted the two children away.

Cherise and the Mortis sisters were left alone in the living room.

“Lula, watch your language.”

Rowena pressed her lips together, helplessly looked at Cherise, and began earnestly, “Ms. Shaw, I apologize for my sister’s rude words. She’s been spoiled since she was young and often speaks without considering the consequences. Please don’t take it to heart.

“And what if I do?”

Cherise greeted Rowena with a cold smile and warned, “If your sister continues to misbehave, she may face consequences beyond my disciplinary measures.”

Chapter 698 The Slap

“I can do it too.”

Rowena's face turned pale.

She pressed her lips together and said, "Please don't take it personally, Ms. Shaw..."

"I admit that as an older sister. I have been neglectful. Over the past few years, I've been busy with treatments and constantly in the hospital. I haven't dedicated much time to taking care of her."

"Despite seeking Dame's help in her care, he's consistently busy. Lula, the sister of the man who saved his life, has never faced strictness; instead, she's been spoiled..."

Rowena avoided eye contact and spoke softly about her inability to discipline Ursula. However, she hinted at being instrumental in saving Damien's life and emphasized his exceptional kindness towards her and Ursula. She also mentioned the severe injuries she sustained while rescuing Damien.

Cherise had grown tired of hearing such statements.

During her years in the hospital, she had heard more than enough of these covert remarks.

She offered a faint smile, her hands tucked into her pockets, and murmured, "Indeed."

"I trust, Rowena, that you won't dwell on matters beyond your control in the future. Your main responsibility should be guiding your sister."

Rowena's face hardened and turned pale.

She probably didn't expect Damien's ex-wife to respond with distress or anger to her words. Instead, she was being sarcastic?

"What do you mean?"

Ursula lunged forward, aggressively pointing a finger at Cherise's face, and seethed, "Who do you think you are to pass judgment on me?"

"I know better than anyone how my sister treats me!"

"You said it's about my behavior, but in truth, you're attacking my sister!"

Cherise shrugged nonchalantly, retrieved her phone, and dialed a number, "Blake, come now."

A young man in dark blue attire descended from the railing on the second floor.

He straightened his clothes and swiftly made his way to Cherise.

Cherise looked at Ursula stoically, "Ms. Mortis, has anyone ever told you that pointing your finger at someone's face is rude?"

Ursula was taken aback and stammered, "I..."

As Cherise's intense gaze weighed on her, Rowena, seated in her wheelchair, promptly interjected, "Ms. Aluw is indeed correct"

"I will ensure that Lula is guided appropriately in the future"

"I'm truly sorry."

"There's no need for apologies,"

Cherise sipped her tea and casually asked Rowena, "How about I help you with your sister since Blake has some free time, and I'm feeling generous today?"

With a chilling sparkle in her eyes, she commanded, “Blake, teach her a lesson!”

“Yes!”

In response, the young man promptly positioned himself in front of Ursula

‘Smack-

Blake, a man of brute force, left a scorching mark on Ursula’s face with a single, powerful slap.

“Sister-

Ursula’s heart-wrenching sobs filled the air, and she collapsed into Rowena’s arms.

Cherise looked disapprovingly at Blake and said, “You hit her too hard.”

She had initially intended for Blake to slap her a few more times as a lesson.

But now?

This brutal man inflicted the force of five slaps in just one blow.

How could he have continued to hit her?

If he had persisted, the consequences could have been severe, even lethal!

Blake muttered innocently. “You didn’t ask me to be gentle.”

Cherise was speechless.

“When interacting physically with a girl, it is important to be gentle and respectful. This is a basic rule of etiquette that should never be ignored”

Chapter 699 Blake The Monkey

“Haven’t you been taught any common courtesy and chivalry by Dame?” Cherise asked, surprised by Blake’s lack of understanding.

Blake shook his head earnestly. “Dame never taught me these things because he spends all his time missing you and thinking about you only.”

Cherise was left speechless by the unexpected revelation.

She noticed that as Blake mentioned Damien’s affection and preoccupation with her, Rowena subtly stiffened, a flicker of emotion crossing her face.

With a resigned sigh, Cherise waved at Blake. “You should go upstairs first. Take a moment to calm down. and remember to always be gentle with girls in the future.”

Blake nodded solemnly, then sprang up with impressive agility, grabbing the rope hanging from the second-floor railing and swiftly ascending.

Cherise watched him go with a resigned smile. Such a mischievous little monkey!

Meanwhile, Ursula continued to sob uncontrollably in Rowena’s arms, her cries increasing in volume and becoming increasingly disruptive.

Cherise was on the verge of reaching into her bag for earplugs. Even if she shielded her ears from the noise, Aunt Sarah in the kitchen would still be disturbed, wouldn’t she?

Finally, sighing softly, Cherise spoke gently but firmly. “Are you aware that your sister is still unwell? If you keep wailing like this, it might send her back to the emergency room in no time.”

Ursula's sobs finally subsided at Cherise's words. She whimpered in Rowena's arms, "Sis, she had the boy attack me!"

Rowena, her brow furrowed, turned to Cherise with a look of disapproval. "Ms. Shaw, my sister was merely pointing at your nose. Was it really necessary for you to instruct Blake to handle her so roughly?"

Cherise met her gaze unwaveringly. "I believe I made my point clear, Ms. Mortis. If you don't discipline her, I will."

A smile emerged on Cherise's face, but it failed to reach her eyes. "Speaking of which, Ms. Mortis, what brings you to my home at this unexpected hour? Can I offer you any assistance?"

Rowena's lips pursed, and a hint of defiance flickered in her eyes. "Actually, I came to apologize. I understand my sister has been behaving poorly, trying to match me with Dame, which may have led to...misunderstandings."

She paused, sniffing as if making a difficult decision. "I also wanted to clarify that there's nothing romantic between Dame and me. Everything Lula claimed is entirely unfounded, and I implore you not to believe her words."

Before Rowena could finish, Ursula, who had momentarily forgotten her tears, sprang to her feet. "What utter nonsense, Weena! How can you claim there is nothing between you and Damien? If your feelings are not mutual, why did he treat you with such affection? Fireworks for your birthday? And have you forgotten his vow to take care of you forever? You dare deny it?"

Rowena averted her gaze, a blush creeping onto her cheeks. "Dame was... simply trying to lift my spirits. I was feeling down at the time due to my illness and inability to walk. He... he was trying to cheer me up and nothing more"

Cherise's patience began to wear thin, and she frowned. "While I appreciate your visit and explain, Ms. Mortis, I have pressing matters to attend to. Please excuse me, as I am unable to see you out."

With that, she rose and walked towards the kitchen, confident she had made her point.

However, as she reached the doorway, a faint voice stopped her.

Turning, Cherise saw Rowena standing, desperation welling in her eyes, and whispered, Ms. Shaw, I.... believe you may have lingering misunderstandings about me. Uh... Did you not just invite me to stay for dinner?"

Chapter 700 Sarah's Compassion

"May... may I stay?" Ursula echoed behind her, her voice fragile with hope and sadness.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen, Ursula's cries, though muffled by the walls, had reached Sarah's ears. She saw the tear-streaked face and heard the frail voice of Rowena. Sarah's impression of Ursula wasn't favorable, but the girl in the wheelchair tugged at her heartstrings. Compassion stirred within her.

Biting her lip. Sarah tugged at Cherise's sleeve and said, "She seems pitiful. Why don't we let them stay for dinner? We have plenty of food; it's no big deal."

Cherise pondered for a moment. Knowing Sarah's kindness and the time it would take to explain, Cherise agreed to let them stay and observe their actions further. However, she didn't feel like continuing the conversation.

"Aunt Sarah, since you offered, why don't you tell them?"

"Ah, alright!" Sarah cheerfully walked out of the kitchen.

Cherise heard Sarah's warm voice from the kitchen, "Girls, Cherry agrees! Let's have dinner at home tonight! The more, the merrier, wouldn't you say?"

"Thank you. Ma'am," Rowena replied gently. "We can't just eat and do nothing. Can Lula help? She may be clumsy, but she can assist with peeling potatoes or something."

"Alright, young lady, follow me to the kitchen..."

Cherise stood in the kitchen, listening to Sarah's voice, a smile on her lips. Her thoughts drifted back to her childhood in Shaw's village, where Sarah had always been kind and genuine to the villagers.

This false impression had led Cherise to believe the world was kind. Sometimes, she envied Sarah, who, living in the mountains, had never witnessed the darker sides of humanity.

A frustrated sigh escaped Cherise's lips as she came to her senses and found Ursula beside her at the sink, clumsily peeling potatoes. After watching for a moment, Ursula finally noticed Cherise's gaze and blurted out, "What are you looking at?"

Despite Cherise's initial doubts, Ursula's expertise was evident. After a beat of silent observation, she remarked, "You seem to have weathered your fair share of storms, haven't you?"

Ursula rolled her eyes a fleeting vulnerability in her gaze. "Of course I have," she conceded, her voice softer than usual. "Six years ago, our parents died in a car accident, leaving us with nothing. Weena and I had no choice but to live in a slum after that."

With a dismissive snort, she tossed the peeled potatoes into the kitchen. "You wouldn't understand how difficult it was for Rowena and me back then."

Cherise offered a slight nod. "I can imagine. Otherwise, your attitude wouldn't be so... ostentatious. Just three years ago, you were living in poverty, and now you find it acceptable to mock Uncle Shaw and Aunt Sarah as country bumpkins."

Cherise sighed softly. "It seems Dame is indeed quite invested in your well-being. From two sisters living in a slum to enjoying a life of luxury and driving a Porsche, Dame is certainly generous to his lifesavers."