

MY BLIND 831

Chapter 831 Cherise Got Him Good

Soren was taken aback by Serafina's bold confidence. He scoffed, "I doubt it."

Serafina pouted, ready to retaliate, when a sharp knock at the door silenced her.

Before Beckham could speak, Serafina quickly adopted Soren's bossy demeanor and interrupted him.

"Hey, Ren, door duty! Grandpa and I are busy!"

Soren glared at her. With a grumbling sigh, he abandoned his Rubik's Cube and made his way to the door.

The door swung open to reveal Cherise and Damien, carrying bags of groceries.

Cherise and Damien entered, burdened with groceries. "Ren! We haven't seen our little man since yesterday!" Cherise exclaimed, embracing him.

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Soren squirmed in her arms, grumbling, "Ms. Shaw, you're practically an adult can we skip the baby talk? It's embarrassing."

Cherise was stunned.

Beside her, Damien burst into laughter and dropped his bags. "Right on target."

Cherise stammered, unable to speak. How could asking her son if he missed her be embarrassing?

“Is it Cherry and Dame?” Beckham’s voice came from inside the house as he emerged, with Serafina’s braid neatly tied with a bright pink band. “What’s going on? Why are you two here so early?”

Cherise pointed at the ingredients Damien was carrying, a smile spreading across her face.

“Family dinner! We haven’t had one in ages. Damien decided to cook and show off his skills!”

As Damien rearranged spices on the counter, he paused for a moment, his eyes flicking to Cherise.

“Hey, Honey, haven’t you missed my cooking?” a sweet voice had said to him while they were grocery shopping earlier.

Unaware of the loaded question, Damien glanced at the woman humming happily beside him as she continued, “Whoa, it’s way past eleven! Let’s grab some essentials and go to Dad’s. I’m preparing a feast to cheer him up. What do you think?”

Initially, Damien approved of Cherise’s idea. But as they navigated the aisles, Damien noticed a pattern. All the ingredients were for dishes he knew the ones she loved, the ones he cooked flawlessly.

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He had a suspicion that she was scheming something, and voila! This woman had set a trap and caught him off guard.

Refusing to cook in front of Beckham was not an option after her sly “Gotcha!” mouthed playfully.

He met her triumphant grin with a sigh. Placing the groceries on the counter, he took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves.

Tonight, he was a captive chef in Cherise’s culinary game. There was no way out. Even if she had set a trap, he could only indulge her.

“Hey, let me do it,” Beckham quickly stood up, heading for the kitchen. “Cooking isn’t exactly a busy businessman’s forte.”

Damien smiled faintly. “I can handle it, Dad. Trust me, I can balance work and family. Besides...”

He looked at Beckham, a hint of apology in his eyes, “I owe you an apology for last night.”

Beckham’s voice softened. “No need, Son. If it weren’t for you, I might still be blind to Gwenn’s true colors.”

He paused, then added, “I may not be the best judge of character, but I know best interests in mind.”

Chapter 832 Reconciliation

“I used to wear my heart like a banner, pride myself on how deeply I felt. But you

know what? Ali that emotion was like wearing rose-colored glasses, blinding me to my own daughter..."

He looked at Damien, his face bare with remorse. "Thank you for helping me realize the harm I caused."

This man, who appeared to be in his fifties, spoke with such sincerity that Damien couldn't help but smile. "Cherry would be thrilled if she knew you felt this way," he said. "When she found out about last night, she was terrified you would be hurt. We're only here because she was afraid you would be upset and wanted to brighten your day. She truly sees you as family, and if you could see her the same way... well, I genuinely believe it would mean the world to her."

Beckham nodded eagerly. "I couldn't sleep a wink last night. I spent the whole time reflecting on the past five years. The truth is, I failed as Cherry's father. I showered Gwenn with love and devoted everything to her, and what did I get? Lies and betrayal. Maybe, right from the beginning, I shouldn't have... shouldn't have pretended Gwenn was mine."

He stood before Damien, his shoulders slumped. "Yes, it's all my fault. Every bit of it."

“Dad, it’s not your fault,”

Beckham’s voice trailed off, replaced by a clear, choked-up female voice. Both men in the kitchen spun around, their eyes landing on Cherise.

She stood behind Beckham, tears shimmering as she addressed the older man.

“Dad, don’t blame yourself. It’s not your fault. You were just trying to do the right thing, to continue caring for Gwenn after I returned. You weren’t wrong about that. And just like me... I could never just replace you with Uncle Elvis. We share blood, but we’ve been apart for so long. I know it’s difficult. But it’s not your fault.”

Sniffling, Cherise wiped her tears away. “But hearing you blame yourself like this, it hurts. I’ve always wanted to be closer to you, Dad. But you always seem so distant...”

Cherise sniffled, her eyes watery but her smile brave. “Are you finally ready to accept me, your farm-raised daughter?”

Beckham felt tears prick his own eyes. “I... I never...”

He wanted to say he never rejected her, but the words caught in his throat.

Since the DNA test five years ago, Cherise had been his daughter in his heart. But somewhere, there

was still a difference in how he treated her compared to Gwenn.

“From now on,” he declared, stepping forward and pulling Cherise into a loose hug, “you’re my only daughter.”

As for Gwenn, she knew what mattered to him, yet she still helped Raymond escape. That meant she had never considered his feelings or regarded him as her father.

Cherise’s tears finally spilled over. Despite the reconciliation years ago, the unfair treatment from Beckham had always weighed on her.

Now, how could she not cry tears of joy with the weight lifted?

“Okay, okay, enough crying!” Two pigtailed bounces as Serafina stomped over, grabbing Cherise’s sleeve with one hand and Beckham’s shirt with the other.

She chirped. “Grandpa wants to do your hair! Pretty braids, just like mine!”

Serafina twirled her braids, her voice bubbling with excitement, “Look at my beautiful braids, Mommy!”

She giggled, swinging her hair. “Grandpa said he never braided your hair when you were little. Do you think he could do it now? He’s really good at braids!”

Cherise's eyes widened. She glanced at Serafina, then met Beckham's gaze, a hesitant smile tugging at her lips. After a moment, a warm feeling spread through her. "Sure, why not?"

Turning to her father, she added, "It's been ages since anyone touched my hair. If you're up for it, I'm game!"

Beckham practically beamed, his hands buzzing with nervous energy. "Of course I am! Let's do it!"

Cherise chuckled. "Alright, let's see what you can do. You've never braided my hair before."

Suddenly, Soren popped up, holding out a comb. He warned Beckham, "Hey, Grandpa. Sera and I only have one Mommy, so don't mess it up too badly. Otherwise, we might have to find a new one!"

"Uh-huh! Mommy needs a beauty makeover just like Sera!" Serafina chirped, nodding.

Cherise chuckled, shaking her head at the two chatterboxes. "You two wouldn't stop talking for a second, would you?"

Though she teased, her voice dripped with love and appreciation. She understood their attempt to lighten the mood.

Right! Why cry on a day like this?

With a smile, she let Serafina pull her down to the floor.

Watching from the sofa, Beckham reached over and gently removed the band from Cherise's high ponytail. Her dark hair cascaded down like a silky waterfall.

"Beautiful hair, just like your mom's," he murmured, running a comb through it.

Cherise raised an eyebrow. "You used to comb Mom's hair?"

Beckham chuckled, a hint of nostalgia in his eyes. "Oh, yeah. She wouldn't leave me alone until I learned."

He reminisced that Cherise, adopted into their family as a young girl, had long, unruly hair that she hated managing. So, Beckham, ever the patient one, learned how to comb it for her.

Beckham chuckled, remembering a mischievous glint in Cherise's mom's eyes. "Yeah, your mom wasn't one to let me get away with slacking. If I forgot to comb her hair, barn! Surprise doodle in my homework!"

Cherise's eyes widened. "No way! Mom actually drew in your school stuff?"

Beckham chuckled, a twinkle in his own eyes. "Well, let's just say forgetting to brush her hair once resulted in a colorful surprise hidden in my history book. It wasn't exactly helpful for my grades, but I

have to admit, it was pretty funny.”

In the kitchen, Damien paused momentarily, a hint of a smile playing on his lips. The sound of running water echoed the playful banter from the living room.

The kitchen counter buzzed with the sudden vibration of Damien’s phone. He frowned, glancing at the screen before answering. “Yeah, Charles?”

Charles’ voice crackled through the receiver, “Just got the lowdown on Tristan. It turns out he snuck back into Adania today. My sources even snagged a copy of the sneaky email he sent to the company after landing. Do you think it’s time we put him under close watch?”

Damien sighed, rubbing his temples. “Keep an eye out for now, that’s enough. We’ll figure out the rest later. I have my hands full right now.”

“Hands full with what? Didn’t you tie up all the loose ends at the office?” Charles scoffed.

Damien chuckled, a hint of warmth creeping into his voice. “Work’s all sorted; I’m just dealing with some... family matters now.”

Chapter 834 Damien Cooks

“Family matters? What’s the latest family drama?” Charles’ voice resonated through the phone

Damien chuckled, balancing the phone between his ear and shoulder as he skillfully chopped

vegetables. “Nothing too exciting, just preparing some food for my father-in-law and the gang, keeping myself occupied.”

Charles, on the other end, spluttered. “You... you’re cooking?” he stammered. “Since when? But you told me you couldn’t even boil water when I asked you to make dinner for Maeve!”

Damien flashed a teasing grin. “Nope, wife-only policy, just like your sister-only rule with cooking. You have hands and feet, buddy, so cook for your own lady.”

He ended the call before Charles could respond.

On the other end, Charles stared at his phone, mouth agape. So Damien wasn’t helpless in the kitchen.

He was just pretending! Because Charles, with his perfectly capable hands and feet, should be cooking for his wife, Maeve. Damien might love his sister, but family ties didn’t extend to the kitchen in his world, apparently!

“What did Damien say?” Maeve asked, concern furrowing her brow as she saw Charles’s frown. She gently patted the little girl cradled in her arms.

“He said we’ll talk later, he’s busy.” Charles turned to Maeve, frustration evident in his voice.

He continued, "You won't believe what he's 'busy' with! He's actually preparing a feast for Cherise and Beckham! The same guy who refused to cook me a simple pasta dish! I guess love triumphs over friendship for Damien, huh?"

Maeve leaned back, a smile playing on her lips. She gently patted her sleeping daughter with one hand and looked up at Charles with raised eyebrows. "Isn't that a good thing?"

Charles's eyebrows shot up. "Good? You consider catering to Cherise's every whim good?"

"He's finally showing some warmth, isn't he? Remember when you first met Dame? You told me he was distant, cold towards the world, and destined to be alone. Now look at him, preparing gourmet meals for his lady love."

Maeve sighed, a wave of relief washing over her. "He has always been this cold, reserved guy.

Although I wasn't around much then, Grandpa always nagged about Dame's personality, saying making friends for him would be like climbing Mount Everest in flip-flops. But then Cherry came along and brought normalcy into Dame's life. And now that they're back together, that warmth, that kindness is shining through. Isn't that something to be happy about?"

Charles felt betrayed when even Maeve spoke up for Damien.

“Forget it,” he mumbled, but doubt gnawed at him. Could he really be overreacting?

He gave Maeve a helpless look. “But he’s making dinner for Cherise and her dad, then turns around and gives me a hard time about pasta! Aren’t you even slightly annoyed?”

Maeve met his gaze, her smile gentle. “Annoyed? Not at all. I have you. My brother cooks for his wife.

You cook for me. It’s all good, right?”

She winked. “Speaking of food, is it ready? I’m famished!”

Charles blinked, momentarily speechless. Then he chuckled. “Yes, love. It’s ready.”

Meanwhile, Damien placed the final dish on the table, his eyes drawn to Beckham patiently styling Cherise’s hair. He had crafted two thick braids that perfectly mirrored Serafina’s with surprising accuracy.

Despite being twenty-five and all grown up, Cherise’s youthful face somehow appeared even younger

with those braids, transforming her into a high school student once again.

Chapter 846 Betrayal

“Hey, don’t be so harsh on her. Isn’t she skilled at charming men? She did manage to attract a wealthy man, after all. Once her husband opens his wallet, she can be whoever she wants, right?”

“Look at Heather. This fool is still defending her for a free meal?”

“There’s never a shortage of deceivers and fools in this world. Cherise is a deceiver, and Heather is a fool!”

Cherise’s colleagues would not stop throwing malicious comments at her. Each word felt like knives mercilessly piercing her heart,

She took a deep breath, left the crowd, and walked purposefully towards Mr. Whitlock’s office.

Mr. Whitlock knows I didn’t plagiarize the article. All he has to do is compare the time I submitted my manuscript to him with when the accuser’s paper was published. Then, the truth would be revealed, wouldn’t it?

Filled with hope, Cherise arrived at the entrance of Mr. Whitlock’s office.

The door was slightly ajar. Cherise raised her hand to knock but paused when she heard Mr. Whitlock’s voice from inside the office. “If you provide evidence that your client wrote this paper before Cherise, we will apologize to her. This is our oversight. We should be more rigorous and not allow people like Cherise, who rely on plagiarism, to wander around in academia.”

Cherise pursed her lips and pushed open the door, unable to tolerate it any longer. “Mr. Whitlock, what

did you say? Can you repeat that?"

Mr. Whitlock did not expect someone to barge in suddenly. He turned to the door impatiently. "Who gave you permission to come in? Get out..."

However, Mr. Whitlock's voice abruptly disappeared. He stared in disbelief at Cherise standing at the door, asking awkwardly, "Che... Cherise, why are you here?"

Didn't Damien say she wouldn't be coming to work today? How could this be?

"If I hadn't come to work, how would I have heard my most trusted superior admitting that I plagiarized someone's work?"

After saying this, she calmly walked to the table and glanced at the so-called 'evidence.'

It was proof of the creation time, showing that the research paper had been on the computer of a woman named Yolanda Weiss for three weeks. The other document was issued by Mr. Whitlock, proving that Cherise's article had only been written a week and a half ago.

Locking at these two so-called proofs, Cherise smirked coldly.

Mr. Whitlock issued a certificate stating that my article was given to him a week and a half ago. But I

gave it to him three weeks ago! What did he say at that time?

He told me to extensively research it and take it back to revise and polish it. Then, I went back and

made the necessary revisions, polishing my work.

Ultimately, Mr. Whitlock recorded the last time I gave him the paper as the completion time. This wasn't

a mistake; it was intentional!

With that in mind, Cherise snorted and looked at Mr. Whitlock. "Is this the kind of proof you can come

up with?"

Mr. Whitlock turned his face away, seemingly guilty. "Cherise, I know it's difficult for you to admit to

plagiarism. But I'm only stating the facts. The time submitted the paper is stated here as proof. I would

never fabricate the truth for personal gain."

"Furthermore, we have always maintained a positive relationship and there is no ill will between us. I

have no motive to single you out. Therefore, I will honestly disclose the time you submitted the paper.

There is no reason for me to fabricate it!"

Having expressed this, he directed his attention to the gentleman next to him. "Mr. Zeller, kindly inform

Ms. Weiss that this was an error on our institute's part. I will personally discuss the matter with the

director and ensure that he signs a long-term contract with Ms. Weiss.”

Chapter 847 I'm Unwilling To Wait

“After all...” Mr. Whitlock glanced at Cherise with a cold expression. “Our research institute only welcomes those with genuine talent and knowledge to join us.”

Cherise stood still, her hands tightly clenched at her sides.

Mr. Whitlock's words echoed the mockery she had faced from her colleagues outside. It was clear that he had influenced their opinions about her.

However, she couldn't comprehend why Mr. Whitlock, who had been warm and kind to her before she left for Ziphon half a month ago, had suddenly changed his attitude. He even distorted the truth right in front of her.

He knew very well whether the paper in question was written by her or Yolanda. So why did he slander her and claim that she lacked talent and knowledge?

She had contemplated the topic for nearly five years before writing this paper. The two case studies within the paper represented five years of her hard work. As a fellow academic, he should understand the significance of this paper to her.

Nevertheless...

Cherise took a deep breath, snatched the two so-called proofs from the table, and tore them into shreds. "I refuse to accept this. I have never plagiarized. Everything in the paper is my original work. If

Yolanda insists that the paper is hers, I don't mind confronting her face to face!"

Mr. Whitlock was taken aback and instinctively looked at the man in front of him. "Um... Mr. Zeller, what should we do?"

"We'll have to wait for Ms. Weiss to resolve this herself." Mr. Zeller smiled and continued, "But she is currently having lunch with the president of the Lenoir Group and may not be able to come here right away."

After saying this, Mr. Zeller turned to Cherise. "Ms. Shaw, if you don't mind, you can wait for a while.

After all, Mr. Lenoir is an important figure. It wouldn't be appropriate to make him wait for Ms. Weiss."

Mr. Zeller's words caused Mr. Whitlock's face to turn pale. However, he still looked at Cherise with disdain. "Since you're so eager to confront Ms. Weiss, then wait! You should be more aware of Mr.

Lenoir's status than I am. Their meeting won't end so quickly."

"Hmm." Mr. Zeller probably didn't know about Cherise's relationship with Damien. He said smugly, "Yes,

Ms. Weiss is gentle and lovely. A successful man like Mr. Lenoir would be interested in a girl like her.

Who knows, they might hit it off and have a longer conversation.”

After saying that, he looked at Cherise contemptuously. “Ms. Shaw, someone like probably never have the opportunity to dine with such an influential person, so you don’t understand how valuable this opportunity is...”

Cherise sneered. “Honestly, I fail to see what’s so special about dining with Damien.”

It was because Damien had lovingly fed her oatmeal at home during lunchtime. For her, having meals with him was an everyday occurrence. Yet, Mr. Zeller spoke of it as something she could only dream of.

Cherise took a deep breath and sat on the sofa in Mr. Whitlock’s office. “So, do I have to wait for Yolanda to finish her meal before seeing her?”

“That’s correct,” Mr. Zeller arrogantly replied. “If you’re unwilling to wait, you can...”

“I am indeed unwilling to wait.” Cherise sneered once again and crossed her legs before dialing a number on her phone.

Chapter 848 If She’s Willing

A moment later, a deep, gentle voice answered the call. “What’s the matter?”

“What are you doing?” Cherise asked.

“I’m having dinner with a business partner.”

Cherise raised her eyebrows. “Who’s your business partner?”

“Someone I have dealings with regarding shares.”

Damien answered honestly, without any hint of hiding. “I want to buy back Lenoir Group shares from this person, so we are having a meal together.”

His deep, magnetic voice sounded amused as he continued, “Why? Have you suddenly decided to check on me, Mrs. Lenoir?”

After saying that, his voice lowered a few notches. “Is it because I didn’t satisfy you enough last night and this morning? Don’t worry. I have plenty more in me. We’ll continue tonight.”

Cherise’s hand trembled violently as she gripped the phone. She almost threw it to the floor. If it weren’t

for Mr. Zeller and Mr. Whitlock’s presence, she would have cursed Damien as an old lecher.

Instead, she took a deep breath and pursed her lips. “So, is your client male or female?”

“Female.” Damien’s response was straightforward. “Not as beautiful as you, nor as gentle.”

“In that case, don’t negotiate.” Cherise took a deep breath. “I’m at Mr. Whitlock’s office in the institute.

Come and pick me up now. Also, bring your female client with you.”

Damien was briefly silent but did not hesitate. “If she’s willing.”

Then, he laughed, saying, “She and I are neither relatives nor friends. I can’t ask her to accompany me to pick up my wife the first time we meet, can I?”

Cherise pursed her lips. “She will be willing.” With that, Cherise immediately hung up the call.

After putting her phone away, Cherise looked up and met Mr. Zeller’s gaze. As their eyes met, Mr.

Zeller chuckled, saying, “Cherise, your call just now was quite enlightening. I’m starting to get curious about your husband. What kind of person is he?”

Cherise smiled at him. “You’ll see him soon enough.”

After saying that, she couldn’t be bothered to continue conversing with the two. Instead, she closed her eyes and reclined against the sofa, pretending to take a nap.

Mr. Whitlock was stunned. He guessed Damien was the person Cherise had called just now.

Furthermore, he heard her asking him about his female client.

Does this mean Yolanda is only a female client to Damien?

But... When Mr. Zeller came to see me, he said Yolanda was Damien's new love interest! If he hadn't said that, I wouldn't have dared to treat Cherise like I did.

Seeing how calm and fearless Cherise was forced him to think of the worst.

He knew if there were no issues between Damien and Cherise, Damien would suppress the plagiarism incident again. Then, would he still get the payment Yolanda promised?

Mr. Whitlock appeared calm, but internally, he was as anxious as ants on a hot pan. He worried about his future if he failed to get Yolanda's payment and offended Damien and Cherise.

As Mr. Whitlock pondered what to do, someone knocked on the office door and opened it.

It was Heather. She carefully brought a cup of tea and placed it on the desk behind Mr. Whitlock. "Mr. Whitlock, please have some tea."

Her timid voice made Cherise frown slightly.

Chapter 849 It's All Heather's Fault

Cherise opened her eyes and met Heather's inquisitive gaze. Heather seemed to be silently asking.

"Are you okay?"

Cherise responded reassuringly and smiled at Heather, calming her anxious heart.

Ever since Cherise arrived at the institute, Heather had been worried about her. Although she knew Cherise had Damien's protection, she was concerned that Damien wouldn't be able to arrive on time if Mr. Whitlock were to bully Cherise.

As Cherise's friend, Heather felt responsible for ensuring Cherise's safety. Now that Cherise confirmed she was okay, Heather felt relieved.

Meanwhile, Mr. Whitlock stood behind Heather. His eyes lit up as he looked at the steaming cup of tea. Suddenly, he grabbed the cup and hurled it towards Heather.

Heather was focused on Cherise and was unaware of the danger behind her. On the other hand, Cherise saw Mr. Whitlock splashing the tea and wanted to pull Heather away. Unfortunately, it was too late.

Heather screamed. Her face instantly turned red from the scalding tea.

Mr. Whitlock smashed the cup on the floor, shouting, "Heather, did you come here to spy on me? Are you afraid I won't slander Dr. Shaw as you wish, so you came in to check on me!?"

Heather's body trembled violently from being scalded by the hot tea. She swayed unsteadily and fell backward. Cherise caught her immediately. "Heather, are you okay?"

Heather was in so much pain that she couldn't speak for a while. She stuttered before managing to say two words, "It hurts!"

Seeing the usually friendly girl in so much pain ignited Cherise's anger.

However, Mr. Whitlock continued to slander Heather, "Cherise, don't fall for her lies! Heather made me produce these so-called pieces of evidence! No one knows better than me that you didn't plagiarize!

It's all Heather's fault! She conspired with Yolanda, bribed me with money, and used my family matter to force me to work with them!"

Heather gritted her teeth. Her face had turned pale from pain, but she still mustered the strength to look

up at Cherise, pleading, "Cherise, I didn't..."

Of course, Cherise knew that Heather didn't do those things.

Heather was naive and a little clueless. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been unaware of Cherise and Damien's relationship and kept gushing to her about how famous Damien was until he came to propose to Cherise.

Furthermore, she wouldn't have claimed to be Lennon's close friend without inquiring about his

relationship with Lucy.

How could this innocent girl be the mastermind Mr. Whitlock described, bribing and coercing him with money? Anyone could see that it was Mr. Whitlock's desperate attempt to shift the blame and clear his involvement.

Cherise sneered and turned to Mr. Whitlock. "Did you say Heather bribed and coerced you? Then, tell me, how much money did she offer you? When did she coerce you?"

Mr. Whitlock was astonished. He hesitated for a long time before answering, "She offered me two hundred thousand... Also, she said she would send my son abroad to make me conspire with her."

He didn't expect Cherise to question him.

After all, he had decided to slander Heather on the spur of the moment. When Cherise asked for details, he couldn't come up with a story immediately. He had to retrofit Heather's situation to match the conditions Mr. Zeller offered him.

However, in his haste, he failed to consider Heather's actual circumstances.

Chapter 850 A Rude Wife

How could a woman from a rural area, earning only a little over three thousand a month, afford to pay

two hundred thousand? Furthermore, how could she have the connections to arrange for her son to study abroad?

Perhaps realizing that his lie was falling apart, Mr. Whitlock quickly implicated Heather and Mr. Zeller.

“They’re conspiring! Heather and this Mr. Zeller are in cahoots! It’s them!

“I don’t know this young lady.” Mr. Zeller crossed his arms, leaning against a distant pillar, calmly observing Mr. Whitlock’s performance. “Mr. Whitlock, you took our money. Why are you trying to shift the blame onto others? Ms. Weiss will be displeased if she hears this. Then, your son will lose his chance to study abroad.”

Mr. Whitlock froze. He looked at Mr. Zeller before turning to Cherise again. “Cherise, I can explain...”

Cherise couldn’t be bothered with him. She helped Heather to her feet, saying, “If anything happens to Heather, I will hold your entire family responsible!”

After saying that, Cherise immediately grabbed Heather and left the room. By now, Heather’s face was red and swollen.

Once Cherise left, Mr. Zeller continued to lean against a pillar and looked at Mr. Whitlock with disdain.

“What’s Cherise’s background? Why did you suddenly turn against us and use another young lady as a scapegoat?”

Mr. Whitlock rolled his eyes and looked at Mr. Zeller as if he were stupid. “Don’t you investigate a person’s identity before you set them up? When you brought up Mr. Lenoir and Ms. Weiss having lunch together, I thought it meant you had won over Mr. Lenoir. You almost ruined me!”

Mr. Whitlock took a deep breath. He felt a chill as he recalled what had just happened. He foolishly thought these people had driven a wedge between Damien and Cherise. That was why he dared to slander Cherise.

But in reality...

While Mr. Zeller and Mr. Whitlock were talking, someone knocked on the door and opened it. It was Damien in a black suit and a woman in a long white dress.

“Mr. Whitlock.” Damien looked at Mr. Whitlock indifferently. “I’m here to pick up my wife.”

Mr. Whitlock was stunned before explaining quickly, “Um... a colleague got injured just now, so Dr. Shaw took her to the hospital.”

After saying that, he looked at Damien, trying to win some favor. “Dr. Shaw is truly a kind person.”

Damien frowned. "She went to the hospital with a colleague?"

Mr. Whitlock nodded, "Yes, a colleague got scalded..."

"Hmm." Standing beside Damien, Yolanda interrupted Mr. Whitlock before he could finish speaking,

"Why is Mrs. Lenoir like this? She told Mr. Lenoir to pick her up with me, but when we arrived, she left without greeting us."

After saying that, Yolanda turned to Damien indignantly. "Is your wife always this rude?"

"My wife must have had an emergency. You However, Damien looked at Yolanda haven't met her or understood the situation, yet you rashly accuse her of being rude. Did the Weiss family teach you to slander others this way?"

Yolanda did not expect Damien to admonish her. Her expression was torn between shock and embarrassment. She did not know what to say.

Ultimately, Mr. Zeller came to her rescue. "Yolanda may not be aware of the situation. Her upbringing taught her to think that people who break their promises are rude. We can't blame her for thinking this way, can we?"