

Marrying 531

Chapter 531 I'm Not Mrs Lenoir

"As you can see, she's not here."

Lucy retorted icily. She sat in her office chair and continued, "I guess you want to know how she's doing now. Well, let me tell you."

A hint of distaste clung to her lips. "After she left you, she returned to the Tanner family with Beckham and Charisa."

"Three months later, Charisa passed away.

"Cherise then announced her engagement to Zachary and subsequently married him."

"Now, their children are already five years old."

"They are fraternal twins. The family is living together blissfully."

Then, she regarded Damien sternly, "Does this satisfy your curiosity?"

Damien's brows furrowed tightly. "You're lying.

She couldn't have married another man and had children with him!

"Stop deluding yourself, Damien."

Lucy inhaled deeply. "She has long since erased you from her memory and forgot about shared history."

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“Take a look at your respective backgrounds.”

“Your father did something to her mother, and her mother also did something to your parents.”

“Cherise is far more pragmatic than you. She knew back then that the two of you wouldn’t have a future, so she chose to marry Zachary,”

“Although Zachary didn’t stir her heart like you did, he was at least the most valued successor of the Miles family.”

“So, she married him. Any more questions?”

Damien’s hands clenched into fists at his sides. “This can’t be... I don’t believe...”

“That’s your problem.”

Lucy yawned. She looked down and resumed work, “Please close the door when you leave.”

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Cherise slept in her supervisor’s office until three in the afternoon.

At three o’clock, she received a text from Beckham, asking her and her children to come for dinner that evening.

Cherise yawned. She washed her face and realized it was over half a month since she last brought her children to visit her father.

He must be missing them.

After freshening up, she typed a reply to Beckham Tanner's message while exiting the hospital.

Unexpectedly, a shadowy figure blocked her way when she stepped out of the hospital's main entrance.

"Mrs. Lenoir."

A deep, masculine voice sounded in her ear.

Cherise Shaw's hand, holding the phone, paused slightly.

She looked up. Her clear eyes brimming with annoyance towards the man before her, "Mr. Lenoir, you must have confused me with someone else? Please address me as Mrs. Miles."

With that, she sidestepped him and walked briskly toward the parking lot.

Damien chuckled and caught up. "Mrs. Miles? Did you marry Zachary?"

"Of course."

Cherise pressed the car's remote control and walked purposefully towards the driver's seat. "We have been divorced for five years. Do you expect me to remain single? I'm not that naive."

She swiftly opened the driver's side door and got in.

As she shut the driver's door, the passenger side door slammed shut simultaneously.

She was startled and turned around to glare icily at the man in the passenger seat. "Get out!"

"No."

Damien fastened his seatbelt unabashedly, "Mrs. Lenoir, you used to sit in my passenger seat quite often five years ago. This is the first time I've been in your passenger seat. It's quite a novel experience."

Cherise was rendered speechless.

When did he become so shameless?

She took a deep breath. "Let me repeat this one more time. Firstly, I'm not Mrs. Lenoir."

Chapter 532 He's My Father-in-Law

"Secondly, I have important matters to attend to, I don't have time to engage in idle chatter with you."

Damien responded with a faint smile. He shifted into a more comfortable position in the passenger seat. "Firstly, I never signed the divorce papers back then, so technically, we're not divorced.

"If you have indeed married another man, I advise you to finalize our divorce promptly. Otherwise, you'll be charged with the crime of bigamy."

"However, legally, if you haven't married anyone else, we're still husband and wife,"

“There’s nothing wrong with a husband taking a ride in his wife’s car.

“Moreover, it’s normal for a husband to accompany his wife when she has important matters to attend to.”

Cherise drew in a sharp breath.

Is this man planning to be unreasonable to the very end?

Just as she was about to demand Damien to leave, her phone rang.

It was a call from Beckham.

“Cherise, why haven’t you replied to my message? I was worried something might have happened to you.”

“What could happen to me?”

Cherise shot Damien Lenoir a warning glance, signaling him to remain silent: “Don’t worry, I’ll be

home soon.

“Please prepare some delicious food for tonight.”

“Sure, sure!”

Beckham’s laughter echoed warmly over the phone. “You should bring the two little ones with you. I haven’t seen them in a while.”

When Beckham mentioned 'the two little ones, Cherise Shaw instinctively glanced at Damien

Lenoir.

Thankfully, he did not seem to have overheard the conversation.

She breathed a sigh of relief. "They might not be able to make it. I'll bring them next time."

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Beckham's mood seemed to deflate slightly over the phone. "Why?"

He had not seen his grandchildren for half a month.

"No special reason. Cherise smiled. "I completed a thirteen-hour surgery last night and slept all day. Anyway, I just woke up and am too tired to pick them up. I'll head straight to your place."

There was a long silence on the other end. "Sure."

"See you soon."

With that, Cherise ended the call.

Damien rested his hands behind his head, leisurely leaning on the passenger seat. "And here I thought it was something urgent. Turns out you have dinner plans with my father-in-law?"

Cherise was annoyed.

"Who the hell is your father-in-law?"

“Your dad.” Damien continued shamelessly, “You’re my wife. Since he’s my wife’s father, that makes him my father-in-law.”

“Mrs. Lenoir, you wouldn’t be confused over such a simple matter, right?”

Cherise was rendered speechless.

“Mr. Lenoir, your skin is thick enough to be bulletproof.

Then, Cherise took a deep breath before turning to Damien. “You don’t plan on getting out of my car, do you?”

Damien clasped his hands and nodded faintly, “Yes.”

Cherise glanced at the time.

Suit yourself

Knowing how stubborn Damien was, he would not leave the car even if she argued with him for

another half an hour.

Moreover, they were near the hospital entrance. She could not afford to cause a scene and become the subject of her colleagues’ gossip.

She was only having dinner with her father, and he knew Damien.

If Damien insisted on tagging along, so be it.

She wanted to see who would end up more embarrassed.

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With that thought, she let out a long sigh and started the car.

The moment the car started, Damien's eyes flickered with a sly glint.

Beckham's residence was close to the hospital where Cherise worked.

The car stopped in front of Beckham's house in less than half an hour.

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Chapter 533 We Can Afford It

"Dad moved here a few years ago after handing over Tanner Residence to Mandy."

Damien looked up and gazed at the house before him. He could not help but sigh. He had been searching for Cherise and her family for years but to no avail. Unexpectedly, Charles' search for a hospital for Maeve inadvertently found them.

"He's not your Dad,"

Cherise locked the car and strode towards the villa. "My father has been in a foul mood in the recent years. So don't blame me for not warning you if he loses his temper and kicks you out."

Then, she paused and turned around, looking at him meaningfully. "After all, family means a great deal to the both of us.

Damien narrowed his eyes and chose to remain silent.

Beckham placed the final dish on the dining table as they entered the house.

"Cherise, you're back..." He fell silent when he caught sight of Damien behind Cherise.

His brows knitted together in confusion. "Cherise, what's the meaning of this?"

"His sister had surgery at our hospital today, and I was the lead surgeon, Cherise explained.

She gracefully removed her coat and hung it on the rack before heading to the bathroom to wash her hands. "Mr. Lenoir insisted on treating me to a meal to express his gratitude for curing his sister. So, I brought him here."

Beckham scoffed, "You mean the one who came to you for treatment today is his sister?"

Cherise confirmed with a nod. "Yes."

"And how many sisters does he have?"

"Just one."

Beckham narrowed his eyes fiercely. "So, it's the sister who nearly killed Ari

His gaze darkened as he turned to Damien. "How dare you let Cherise treat your sister?"

Damien lowered his head in silence.

Cherise shrugged, put the towel down, and calmly sat at the dining table. She picked up a fork and began to taste each dish. "Dad, don't waste your breath on him. It's just a meal. We can surely afford it."

"True," Beckham snorted. "I'll let you off the hook today. That way, people can't accuse us of being

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unreasonable, saying we brought a guest home only to kick them out."

"It's just a meal. We can certainly afford it."

His words dripped with sarcasm, treating Damien not as a guest but as a beggar the master of the house brought home.

Despite this, Damien continued to smile as he looked at Beckham. "Thank you for your generosity."

With that, he sat at the dining table directly opposite Cherise.

Cherise rolled her eyes, ironically noting that what one feared the most would come to pass. She had hoped he would not sit directly across from her, yet there he was.

"The chil..." Beckham Tanner began, intending to ask Cherise about her children. However, he stopped short when he saw Damien.

He cleared his throat and asked, "Were you busy in the hospital today?"

“Not particularly,” Cherise replied. “But I had surgery yesterday afternoon that lasted until this morning. It took thirteen hours.”

“In other words, you’re tired and not used to sleeping in the hospital. Thus, you prefer to come home and sleep in your bed.”

Beckham shook his head and sighed helplessly. “I’ve told you to ask your supervisor to arrange a better room for you to rest in, but you just wouldn’t listen.”

“Now you finally understand how tiring it is?”

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Chapter 534 He Is Utterly Shameless

Cherise nodded solemnly. “I underestimated the intricacy of certain surgeries.”

Beckham sighed, choosing not to speak further.

After dinner, Cherise went to the kitchen with the housekeeper to wash the dishes as usual.

Damien boldly sat beside Beckham. “Mr. Beckham, how have you been all these past years?”

“I’ve lost my beloved. How do you suppose I’ve been?”

Damien furrowed his brows, choosing to remain silent.

“Why do you suddenly attempt to get close to me?”

Beckham lit a cigarette and reclined on the couch. He peered at Damien through the swirling smoke. "Are you trying to win Cherise back?"

Damien pursed his lips and nodded earnestly. "I want to."

"That's impossible."

Beckham dismissed the notion with a wave of his hand. "When Ari passed away, she entrusted the Miles family's businesses to Cherise. Whoever married Cherise would become the next head of the family,"

"And as it happens, Zachary is the lucky new head of the Miles family."

"Cherise has been married to him for quite some time."

"You've arrived too late to win her back."

Damien furrowed his brows, looking at Beckham intently. "Did she marry Zachary?"

"Yes."

"But whenever you or Cherise mention Zachary, it's like you're speaking of a close relative or a friend."

"Neither Cherise's demeanor nor your attitude indicates they are a couple."

Then, Damien gave a faint and bitter smile before continuing. "Of course, it's also possible that they are just low-key."

However, his heart inexplicably clenched when Cherise mentioned she was with Zachary in the morning.

"Perhaps you're overthinking, Mr. Lenoir."

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gestured to a servant to set up the chessboard. Then, he turned to Damien and asked, "Do you play chess, Mr. Lenoir?"

Damien furrowed his brows slightly and nodded, "I do."

"Then join me for a game."

Beckham smiled faintly. "It's been quite some time since anyone played chess with me."

"Cherise doesn't know how."

"And Zachary seldom visits..."

Damien Lenoir smiled and elegantly sat down across from Beckham. "Is Zachary good at chess?"

"He's average."

Beckham smiled and made the first move.

In truth, he had liked Damien from the very beginning.

If it weren't for what happened later.....

He would not have objected to Cherise being with Damien.

But he could not ignore what had happened.

When Cherise revealed she had ended things with Damien, Beckham could not say much as her father.

Still, there was no harm in asking Damien to join him for a round of chess.

“When I have the chance, I’ll challenge Zachary to see who is better at chess.”

Damien smiled faintly. He picked up a black piece and began the game.

Beckham became more talkative as they played. The two chatted amiably and seemed to have an enjoyable time.

After washing the dishes in the kitchen, Cherise checked her phone.

Someone had sent her a photo of her children sitting quietly on the office couch, munching on snacks.

She shook her head in mild exasperation.

Sometimes, Zachary, the children’s non-blood-related uncle, seemed more like their mother than she did.

“I’ll pick them up later.”

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“Don’t worry about it.”

Zachary replied to her message promptly. “I heard from Lucy that Damien went to see you.”

“Yes.”

Cherise leaned against the intricately carved railing of the spiral staircase and observed the man engrossed in a chess game with her father in the living room. “I haven’t seen him for five He has become utterly shameless.”

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Chapter 535 Striking Resemblance

If it weren’t for Damien, Cherise would not have troubled Zachary to pick up the children from kindergarten.

She did not want Damien and her children to meet.

Still, she knew he would eventually see her children if he continued to pester her.

However, she was determined to delay it as long as possible, even if it was only for another day.

She knew it was impossible to hide the truth about her children.

Her son, Soren, bore too striking a resemblance to Damien.

The faces of the father and son seemed as if they were carved from the same mold, only differing in size.

Once Damien looked at Soren, he would figure out the children’s parentage.

Their genes would never lie.

With such a striking resemblance, no one would believe Cherise even if she claimed they were her children with Zachary

Cherise sighed in resignation as she pondered. She gently stroked Soren's face in the photograph before looking at the man engrossed in a chess game with her father.

They had the same eyebrows, eyes, nose, mouth, and facial structure.

Genes were indeed a fearsome thing.

Back when she secretly gave birth to the children, she thought she could fool the world and never let Damien find out about their existence.

Unfortunately, Soren had inherited a face identical to his biological father,

"I heard Cherise has children."

Damien casually initiated a conversation while focusing on the chess game.

"Yes."

Beckham was deeply engrossed in the chess game and dedicated his full attention. Unfortunately, that caused him to be careless in other things.

"She has two children: a son and a daughter.

"The daughter looks a lot like her."

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Beckham suddenly realized he had misspoken and cleared his throat. "I mean, he's the spitting image of that Miles brat."

Damien chuckled. "Is that so?"

With that, he made the final move. "Dad, I've won."

Beckham's expression shifted slightly.

He coughed and said, "Watch your words. I'm not your father-in-law."

Damien smiled faintly. "You used to be my father-in-law. Am I wrong?"

Beckham Tanner shot him a glance before peering cautiously at Cherise washing dishes in the kitchen. "You're putting me in a tough spot."

"I know you're referring to me when you call me 'Dad, but I can't accept it. If I do, Cherise will be upset."

Damien Lenoir smiled calmly. "In that case, let's stick with Mr. Beckham for now. We can reconsider this later."

Beckham nodded. "Sure."

After answering Damien, Beckham finally realized something was wrong. He glared at Damien. "What do you mean reconsider? We won't have anything to do with each other in the future!"

Damien smirked and was about to reply, but Cherise had finished washing the dishes and left the kitchen.

She gracefully removed her apron and regarded Damien indifferently. "Are you going to continue playing chess with my father? I'm leaving."

Then, she headed toward the door without waiting for his response. "It's rare that Dad has someone to play chess with him. Why don't you stay to keep him company? I'll leave first."

"No."

Damien stood up and strode to Cherise's side, "I'll leave with you."

Cherise frowned and glanced at him. "Sure."

With that, she grabbed her coat and left. "It's better that you leave early. Then, Dad can get some rest sooner. He's at an age where he struggles with insomnia every night."

Beckham's face turned slightly pale. "It's been a long time since I had trouble sleeping!"

Chapter 536 You Can Get Out Now

"Is that so?"

A faint, cold smile graced Cherise's lips as she cast Beckham a reproachful glance. This morning, Soren informed me that he logged into your account with his phone and discovered you spent five hours gaming last night."

Beckham was rendered speechless.

"That little rascal betrayed me!"

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Cherise looked at him firmly. “Mind your language. If Soren is a little rascal, what does that make us?”

Beckham had nothing to say.

Watching her father’s defeated expression, Cherise could only shrug helplessly and laugh.

As she was about to speak, she suddenly noticed Damien standing beside her.

Thus, she bit her lip and swallowed her words.

She realized she was too careless and should never have brought up Soren before Damien.

However, Damien remained calm. It seemed he did not suspect anything.

With that realization, Cherise exhaled a sigh of relief and opened the car door. “Get in.”

Damien Lenoir chuckled. He opened the car door and settled into the passenger seat.

“It’s quite nice to be a passenger and have someone else driving instead.”

He smiled and seemed amused as he adjusted himself comfortably in the luxurious leather chair.

Cherise glared at him and settled into the driver’s seat. She started the car with practiced ease.

Damien glanced at her before looking ahead. "When did you learn to drive?"

She was only a nineteen-year-old girl from a mountain village when they married. At the time, she did not have the time or means to learn to drive.

"Three years ago, Cherise replied detachedly, focusing on the road ahead.

In truth, she disliked driving and even somewhat hated it

She always felt clumsy behind the wheel, fearing she could not react fast enough in an emergency.

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Moreover, one wrong move on the road could spell disaster.

But later, circumstances forced her to learn to drive..

After all, she could not keep asking Zachary to chauffeur Soren and Serafina to kindergarten, the hospital, and every outing.

Even though Zachary was well-to-do, being a single mother, she had to maintain certain boundaries with him despite their close relationship.

Even if they did not care about other people's gossip, crossing that line would still make things awkward between them.

Therefore, Cherise decided to get a driver's license.

The day she received her license, Zachary gifted her this car.

He even announced gleefully that he was finally relieved of his chauffeur duties.

Cherise shook her head helplessly and sighed as she recalled what had happened in recent years.

Zachary was indeed a dependable male best friend.

Over the years, his care and commitment to her were no less than that of Lucy.

Moreover, he held a more significant place in her children's hearts than their biological father, whom they had never met.

"Cherise?"

A deep masculine voice snapped Cherise out of her reverie, forcing her to return to reality.

"Don't daydream while driving."

There was a mix of indulgence and concern in Damien's tone. "Do you usually drift off like this when you drive?"

Cherise furrowed her brow. "Mr. Lenoir, if you're unhappy with my driving skills..."

She halted the car. "You can get out now."

Damien was briefly silent.

“I wasn’t complaining. I was only reminding you.”

Damien shamelessly refused to leave.

“Even so, you should still get out.”

Cherise opened the car door. “Getting a cab from my dad’s house is difficult.”

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Chapter 537 Do You Have an Answer?

“But it’s easy to hail a cab here,” Cherise said.

“Mr. Lenoir, please leave and get a cab to the hospital. It won’t cost you more than fifty.”

“I’m heading home, so the hospital is not on my way.”

Damien furrowed his brow. “I’m not going to the hospital.”

“Your sister is at the hospital. Aren’t you going to visit her?”

“I want to go to your place.”

Damien glanced at her. “Didn’t you say you married Zachary?”

“I wish to visit Zachary and your home and catch up with him. That’s not too much to ask, right?”

Cherise's fingers tightened on the steering wheel. Her knuckles were turning white, "Today isn't a good time. Moreover, Zachary isn't keen on seeing you."

"Is that so?"

Damien Lenoir crossed his arms and reclined into the leather seat, "Why don't you call Zachary? I'll ask him myself."

Cherise lost her temper.

"Damien!"

She gritted her teeth. Her eyes widened with fury. "Can you stop being so childish?"

"We share a history, but that was five years ago!"

"People change in five years!"

"Even if you remain the same, I've changed!"

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"Have you forgotten why we separated five

years ago?"

"You insisted your father never assaulted my mother, and he was falsely accused."

"Meanwhile, I believed my mom wouldn't lie, and your dad got what he deserved."

Cherise inhaled deeply, adjusted her glasses, and stared fiercely at Damien. I still stand by my mother's judgment, just like I did back then."

"So, we should be sworn enemies."

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"The fact that I can face you calmly and invite you to my father's place for dinner shows tremendous generosity on my part."

"However, if you wish to visit my home, meet my husband, and maintain further contact with me, I'll have to ask you this. Do you have an answer to what happened back then?"

Damien's eyes gradually dimmed.

Charisa handled the incident thoroughly and eliminated almost everyone connected to it.

There was no witness or evidence.

At last, even Charisa, the victim and the final witness of the incident, succumbed to her condition and passed away five years ago.

Therefore, Damien failed to unearth evidence to prove his father's innocence and show that Charisa was wrong.

"You have no answer, right?"

Cherise regarded him with a knowing glance. "Since you have no answer, please leave the car."

“We were former friends at the most. Our relationship is merely that of a patient’s family member and a doctor.

“I prefer some distance between us. Please leave.”

Damien closed his eyes and heaved a deep sigh.

In the end, he opened the door and stepped out.

The red BMW sped along the highway.

Ten seconds later, Mr. Kolson pulled up beside Damien in a black Bentley. “Mr. Lenoir, should we follow her?”

“Sure.”

Damien sighed softly. He opened the door and entered the car.

Cherise’s car did not travel very fast.

Thus, Mr. Kolson soon caught up with it.

Cherise’s car circled the city for a while before entering a residential community in the city center.

Mr. Kolson followed her car into the residential community.

The red BMW eventually pulled up in front of a villa.

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The villa door swung open just as Cherise was about to exit the car.

Two children, one dressed in black while the other in white, ran out of the villa.

A little girl in a white frilly dress was leading the way. She had sparkling eyes and was the spitting image of Cherise.

Chapter 538 Embrace.

A boy in a black casual jacket followed the girl. He had one hand casually tucked into his pocket. Although he had the face of a child, he had an unmistakable cold and aloof demeanor.

Mr. Kolson was stunned.

He widened his eyes in disbelief, "Mr. Lenoir, that's..."

This boy is practically a replica of Mr. Lenoir in his childhood! The resemblance is uncanny! It's like Mr. Lenoir and this boy are enlarged and miniaturized versions of the same person!

"Mommy!"

A childish voice rang.

Serafina ran toward Cherise and flung herself into her arms. The girl encircled her arms around Cherise's neck. "Mommy, why didn't you pick us up from kindergarten today? Were you busy

with work?"

Behind her, Soren stood indifferently with one hand in his pocket. "Isn't it obvious?"

"If Mommy wasn't busy, why would Uncle Zach have to pick us up?"

"Remember, she promised to pick us up from the kindergarten unless she has to work overtime."

"Oh, right!"

Serafina nodded. She embraced Cherise's face and showered her with kisses. "Mommy, you must be tired. I love you, Mommy!"

"Don't you feel embarrassed?"

Soren leaned against the wall and looked at his sister with disdain.

Zachary emerged from the villa and turned to Cherise. "Would you like to come in for a bit? Or are you going to leave now?"

Cherise glanced at the time before looking at Serafina, who seemed tired. "We should head home now."

"But I have something to discuss with you."

"We can talk over the phone."

Zachary was used to interacting with Cherise this way. As such, he did not insist that she stay but swiftly opened the car door. "Soren, Serafina, hop int

The two children, one bouncing energetically while the other had a mature demeanor, climbed

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“Be careful on the road.”

Zachary extended his arms toward Cherise.

Cherise nodded and smiled warmly as she returned his embrace. “Thanks for your help today.”

“Don’t mention it.”

Zachary smiled and waved to the children in the car.

Then, Cherise entered the car and started the engine.

Meanwhile, Damien observed Cherise and Zachary’s interactions from a distance.

His emotions fluctuated from joy at seeing the children to a darkening mood at the sight of Zachary before culminating in anger when Zachary and Cherise embrace.

He clenched his fists tightly.

Zachary, just you wait!

Judging from the familiarity between Zachary and Cherise, it could not have been their first embrace.

The thought of them sharing such tender moments daily during his five-year absence infuriated

him.

The atmosphere in the car turned tense, making it difficult to breathe.

Mr. Kolson watched anxiously as Cherise's car pulled away. "Mr. Lenoir, should we tail her?"

"Of course we should!"

Damien glared at Mr. Kolson. "If we don't, how will we find out where she lives?"

He knew winning his wife back was a long-term endeavor. Moreover, he had all the time in the world!

Even though Zachary and Cherise's embrace irked him immensely, Damien knew it was not an embrace between lovers.

Thus, their actions only affirmed what Damien suspected. It meant Cherise and Zachary were only husband and wife in name.

They were never a couple.

This was a silver lining.

Chapter 539 Why Would I Make You Worry?

Damien had seen Beckham and Zachary's luxurious homes and was amazed to discover where Cherise and her children lived.

Isn't this a dormitory for school staff?

She is Beckham and Charisa's daughter. Surely, she doesn't have to live so modestly, right?

“We’re home!”

The door of the red BMW swung open. A little girl in a white frilly dress hopped out, beaming happily. She sprinted towards the entrance of the dormitory, saying, “Mommy, I’m so tired!”

Cherise locked the car. She held her children’s hands and entered the apartment building. “Let’s hurry home, take a bath, and go to bed.”

“Okay!”

“Ms. Shaw, you’re twenty–five years old. Can you stop talking in a childish voice like Sera?”

“Hey, twenty–five is still considered young!”

“Mommy, people my age are what is called young...”

Damien got out of the car and listened to Cherise and her children’s conversation fading into the distance. His lips curved into a faint smile.

No matter how she acted in public, Cherise reverted to her down–to–earth self when with family and enjoyed teasing loved ones.

Damien leaned against the car, lit a cigarette, and observed the lights flicker to life in the staff dormitory. A faint smile appeared on his lips.

Cherise was still the same as he remembered. As long as she did not fall in love with another man and their children had his blood in their veins, he still had a chance to win her back.

The walls of the apartment were adorned with pink rabbit–patterned wallpapers. There were adorable rabbit decorations everywhere.

Cherise unlocked the door and turned on the light. “Sera, Ren, go change your clothes. I’ll get the bath ready.”

“Yes, Mommy!” Serafina grinned and announced, “I’ll go change now!”

Soren, however, had one hand tucked in his pocket as he quietly observed Cherise. “Did you deal with a difficult patient today?”

Cherise was taking off her coat and was momentarily startled. She turned to her son with a smile. Although he was only five, his attitude seemed more like that of a fifteen-year-old. “Why do you ask?”

“It’s because you’ve been frowning and forcing yourself to smile.”

If it isn’t work trouble, it must be someone pursuing you.”

The boy smoothly removed his coat and gracefully plopped down on the couch. “So, Ms. Shaw, what kind

of problem did you encounter that made you so downcast?”

Cherise ruffled her son’s hair. “You’re overthinking.”

“I’m just tired from working overtime.”

“But you didn’t used to act like this when you worked overtime.”

Cherise was rendered speechless.

Having such an perceptive son was not always a good thing.

She cleared her throat. "You guessed it right."

"Somebody is pursuing me."

"That person... is someone I knew before. I don't want to be with him, but he's persistent, so I feel troubled."

Then, Cherise sighed and continued, "But it's an adult matter. You're still a child. It's nothing for you to be concerned about."

"You just have to take good care of Sera and focus on your studies in kindergarten. I'll be content as long as you don't make me worry."

"Hmph, why would I make you worry?"

Soren pursed his lips and pointed to the bathroom. "Mommy, aren't you going to run the bath for Sera?"

Cherise was startled and realized she had completely forgotten about it. She got up and headed to the bathroom.

Soren had a maturity beyond his age. Although he was only five, he was keenly aware of being a boy.

Chapter 540 My Son Will Throw The Key

Refusing to let Cherise bathe him or share a bath with his sister, Soren insisted on bathing himself. Therefore, Cherise would first bathe her daughter every evening, and then she would drain the bathtub before refilling it for Soren.

"Mommy, I'm ready!" Serafina called out as Cherise filled the bathtub. Just then, the little girl dashed into the bathroom, dressed in light pink bunny pajamas. "Can we bathe now!?" she eagerly asked.

Cherise nodded and closed the bathroom door.

Meanwhile, Soren returned to the living room after changing his clothes. He opened the balcony door and looked down below.

As expected, the black car was still parked there.

He had noticed the car when they left Zachary's house.

Initially, he was merely curious about why a luxury car from Zachary's neighborhood would be traveling towards their working-class area so late at night.

After crossing two intersections, he realized that the car was tailing them.

However, he kept quiet about it to avoid alarming his sister.

Then, his mother's recent words shed some light on the situation.

Is the person downstairs the suitor Mommy mentioned?

In the darkness of the night, a little boy in sky-blue pajamas stood on the balcony, gazing down.

Downstairs, Damien, dressed in black, looked up as he leaned against his car.

Soren pursed his lips, silently rolling his eyes.

The man is impeccably dressed, yet he is a stalker! No wonder Mommy looked troubled.

Any woman would feel uneasy being pursued by such a man.

But no matter. Mommy has an intelligent son like me.

Soren trotted back to the living room.

He glanced at the bathroom before sneakily retrieving Cherise's phone from her bag.

There were no call logs, text messages, or WhatsApp messages. There was nothing.

Soren pursed his lips. It seems Mommy dislikes this man. She wouldn't even share her contact details with him!

He returned Cherise's phone to its place and rushed into his room, retrieving the phone Zachary had given him for typing practice. Then, he logged into WhatsApp.

1/2

Since this man is a stalker, he must be a creep.

Usually, you can find such creepy men's WhatsApp contacts in the 'people nearby' section.

Thus, Soren opened the 'people nearby' function and found a WhatsApp account named 'Mr. Kolson'

The distance matched what he had estimated from the balcony.

It's him!

Soren smirked and added him to his WhatsApp contacts, which prompted a verification message to be sent out under Cherise's name.

Mr. Kolson waited in the car downstairs and was pleasantly surprised to see the notification.

He grabbed his phone and opened the message. "Mr. Lenoir, look."

Damien Lenoir frowned and glanced at the WhatsApp account.

Someone nearby had added Mr. Kolson on WhatsApp.

The username was 'Cherise.

He frowned, took Mr. Kolson's phone, and accepted the request.

'I know you're stalking me, and you're outside my house right now.'

Damien frowned. "You know I'm here?"

Since she knew I had been following her, why didn't she try to lose us?

Moreover, she didn't seem concerned with me finding out about the children.

'Of course I know.'

The other side promptly replied to his message. "But I'm busy right now and can't come to meet you. I have to look after the kids."

"What about this? It's cold outside at night. You should wait under my window. My son will throw down the key. Then, you can take the key and come upstairs."