

Marrying 651

Chapter 651

“Yes!” The little girl took the strawberries from him and was about to turn around and leave when she suddenly seemed to remember something. She placed the strawberries on a nearby chair.

“Mr. Handsome.” The little girl blushed and extended her tender little hand, gesturing for

Damien to bend down.

Really Like You

The man knelt down and smiled.

“Mwah!” As he bent down, the little girl puckered her pink lips and kissed his left cheek. “I really like you, Mr. Handsome!”

With that, she grabbed the box of strawberries from the chair and hurried back to the sofa without looking back.

On the sofa, Soren looked at his sister with disdain. “You were won over by mere. strawberries.”

“It’s not just the strawberries!” The little girl snuggled closer to Soren. “Don’t Handsome is attractive?”

Soren frowned at her. “Are you complimenting me?”

Serafina blinked in confusion.

you

think Mr.

“Doesn’t he look exactly like me?” Soren tapped her on the forehead. “If you say he’s handsome, you’re complimenting me.”

Serafina was speechless. “You’re shameless, Ren!”

But after saying that, Serafina pouted and whispered into Soren’s ear, “Ren, I really want Mr. Handsome to be my daddy. He’s the most attractive man I’ve ever seen. It would be wonderful for Mommy to marry the most handsome man in the world!”

Soren’s lips twitched. He glanced at the man standing at the door, about to enter the kitchen. The boy snorted contemptuously. “That depends on him. Not just anyone can be our daddy.”

When Cherise heard that Damien had arrived, she immediately hid the chicken leg and the seasonings in the kitchen.

any sudden

The kitchen was cramped and close to the entrance of her house. She feared. movement would draw attention, so she concealed the chicken leg with a pot lid.

After that, she took a deep breath before walking to the kitchen door and looking at Damien. icily. “Why are you here?”

The man smiled faintly and pointed to Serafina munching on strawberries on the sofa. “I always keep my promises to my daughter.”

Cherise pursed her lips. “At least you have some decency.”

She tried to get rid of him. “Do you need anything else, Mr. Lenoir?” She hadn’t forgotten his earlier suggestion of staying over. If she wasn’t firm enough, he might actually spend the night....

Their current relationship was somewhat ambiguous and awkward, and it wouldn't be appropriate to let him stay the night.

"Yes. The man smiled at Cherise, "I haven't had dinner yet."

"I've been attending to you all afternoon, Dr. Shaw. It's not too much to ask you to treat me to dinner, right. Dr. Shaw?"

"I... guess not."

"Then I'll shamelessly stay for dinner." The man smiled and set down his belongings before gracefully removing his shoes.

Cherise frowned. She subconsciously glanced at Damien's items at the entrance.

....Are those his pajamas and toiletries?! Why would he bring his pajamas and toiletries for a meal!?

"Dr. Shaw, don't misunderstand." Upon seeing Cherise stare at his pajamas, Damien smiled nonchalantly. "Since I gave up my house to Isaac and Mr. Stein for the night, I grabbed a few things from home. I'm planning to take them with me to the hotel."

Cherise was dumbfounded. I don't believe you! Don't hotels provide toiletries!?

Does he think I've forgotten? He always used hotel toiletries when we stayed at hotels in the past!

He actually takes his toiletries with him to the hotel? He most likely brought them over to eat and spend the night here!

But even though she had guessed his intentions, what he said was plausible, so Cherise couldn't call him out directly.

Chapter 652 I Didn't Know You Had Abs

She could only sneer. "Perhaps I should remind Syatt to stock up on toiletries for his hotel next time."

"Mm." Damien ignored her sarcasm. He gracefully strolled into the house with his belongings, casually glancing at Soren on the sofa. "Which room is yours?"

Soren pouted, looking disgruntled as he hopped off the sofa. "Follow me."

This was Damien's first visit to Soren's immaculate and orderly room. His wardrobe and bed sheets were both navy blue. Besides a jigsaw puzzle hanging on the wall and an action figure. on the desk, it didn't resemble a typical five-year-old boy's room.

"Put your stuff here," Soren instructed Damien impatiently. "If you need to change, do it here."

Damien nodded. He set down his belongings and began to change.

"I didn't know you had abs." Soren sat on the edge of the bed with his arms crossed as he watched Damien change. "How do you manage to work out with your busy schedule?"

Damien's hands froze. He glanced at Soren indifferently. "How do you know I have a busy schedule?"

"Hmph!" Soren averted his gaze and spoke reluctantly. "You're the president of the Lenoir Group, which controls four major financial conglomerates in Europe. You're also the head of a renowned international company and conduct business in major cities worldwide. Your status and fame are second only to the old European aristocratic Tanner family..." Soren recited the media's description of Damien verbatim in his boyish voice. "With such a status, how could you not be busy?"

"Mm." The man elegantly buttoned up his shirt with his slender fingers. "I didn't expect you to pay such close attention to me. You even went out of your way to research my background."

“Of course, I would look into my own father.” Soren pouted. “If he turned out to be a worthless drunk, I certainly wouldn’t acknowledge him.”

Damien’s gaze softened at the little boy’s voice. “You’re a clever little fellow.”

On the surface, Soren was cold and disdainful towards Damien, but in reality... If Soren hadn’t acknowledged Damien as his dad, Soren wouldn’t have researched Damien and memorized what the news reports said about him.

“Pift...” Soren pouted. He turned to look at Damien. “Hey, you still haven’t told me how you

work out.”

Despite being more mature than his peers, Soren was still a five-year-old child at the end of the day. Influenced by superhero movies and cartoons, he was highly fascinated by the idea of strong men.

Damien smiled faintly and deliberately teased him. “If you let me sleep with you for a few more nights, I’ll take you to my home gym.”

Soren’s eyes widened, “You have a gym at home?”

Damien nodded, “Mm.”

That’s so cool... “Hmph, we’ll see!” The little boy was astounded, but he tried to suppress excitement. “It depends on your performance whether you can continue to sleep here!” With that, Soren turned and left the room. “Quickly go help in the kitchen. Otherwise Cherise Shaw will ruin all the chicken legs!”

Damien smiled helplessly and headed to the kitchen in his pajamas.

In the kitchen, Cherise was still struggling with the recipe for the chicken legs and inches. checking her phone.

‘How to roast delicious chicken legs?’

“How to roast fragrant and flavorful chicken legs?”

Chapter 653 I Need You To Leave

“Drumsticks...”

“Let me handle it.”

As Cherise was overwhelmed by the information online, a deep, resonant male voice emerged from beside her.

Her heart fluttered, and her immediate reaction was to grab the pot lid, intending to hide the drumsticks!

She had just enjoyed the drumsticks that Damien had grilled for her at lunch, and now she was back in the kitchen, attempting to recreate them for dinner. If he found out, he would surely tease her for her insatiable appetite!

“I saw that”

The man’s large hand enveloped hers, gently removing the pot lid from her grasp and setting it aside. “If you’re hungry, just ask me. The recipes you find online are not as reliable as

mine.”

Cherise was speechless. Blushing, she stepped aside and said, “Alright... Thank you, then.”

“Sure.”

Damien rolled up his sleeves, revealing his muscular forearms. "Can you bring me the soy sauce, please?"

Cherise bit her lip and cautiously handed him the soy sauce.

"Do we have honey at home?"

"Yes"

She obediently fetched the honey

Do you have an extra apron

Cherise was startled

An apron upon

She didn't have one

However, she took a deep breath and removed her apron "This is the only one on your canine

After all, he was the chef now, and she was just his assistant.

Damien glanced at the pink apron with bunny ears and raised his eyebrows.

"This will do."

He smiled resignedly, thinking he should bring his own apron next time.

Looking at his hands, which were coated in soy sauce and starch, Damien asked. "Can you help me?"

Cherise nodded.

The man extended his arms, and the woman, on her tiptoes, looped the apron around his neck.

In contrast to Damien's height, Cherise was petite.

As she reached up, her chest was right in front of Damien's face.

Her unique, sweet fragrance wafted into his nose.

Damien could feel his body tensing, and his private part began to react.

"Done"

Cherise properly adjusted the apron on him, then moved behind him to tie the straps.

Afterward, she drew closer and asked him, "Is there anything else I can help you with?"

Her sweet voice caused Damien, who was already on edge, to lose his composure.

He took a deep breath, turned his face away from her, and croaked in a deep, husky voice,

Go and be with the children. I can manage on my own."

Cherise was perplexed.

Sar didn't want to leave as she wanted to learn the dish from him

But the man was insistent. Go and stay with the children"

Cherise prouted and gaped at the two little ones washing cartoons on the couch "They don't Lured me.

She shaled at Dattuen Id rather was late and at you

Domen had been longing for her for far too long-so much so that her gentle touch just now had almost caused him to lose control.

Now, her sweet voice and every word she spoke was tormenting him.

He lowered his voice, "Cherise."

The woman blinked at him. "Yes? Do you need me to fetch anything or prepare anything?"

The man's voice suddenly became raspy. "I need you to leave."

"But..."

"If you don't want me to make out with you in front of the children, leave now!"

Cherise was taken aback.

Subconsciously, she glanced towards his crotch.

Chapter 654 Call Me Cherise

It was... protruding...

The woman's face flushed as she remembered the warm breath she felt on her chest while she was putting on Damien's apron...

The next moment, she hurriedly left the kitchen and shouted, "Let us know when it's ready!"

Damien was left speechless.

This woman doesn't care if I can't breathe!

From then on, Damien worked alone in the kitchen for quite some time.

Cherise sat on the couch, keeping the two children company while cautiously observing the situation in the kitchen.

She hadn't forgotten that five years ago, Damien had tried to cook for her.

That time...

He almost burned down the entire kitchen.

Now, five years later, even though she had confirmed that the drumsticks he cooked were delicious and comparable to those from the New World Restaurant, she couldn't help but

worry.

After all, this was their home for her and the two children. Given her current financial situation, she couldn't afford to renovate the kitchen again.

However, it turned out that Cherise's worries were unnecessary.

An hour later, a tall man wearing a pink bunny apron came out of the kitchen, carrying a plate of steaming-hot roasted drumsticks.

"Wow!"

Serafina jumped off the couch, looked up at Damien wearing her mother's apron, and burst into laughter. "Mr. Handsome, you look hilarious!"

Damien instinctively glanced at his reflection in the mirror.

The man in the mirror stood tall and straight, but his pink bunny apron was a stark contrast to his physique and demeanor.

The two long bunny ears on the apron swayed with his movements.

Indeed, this sight was quite comical.

Upon hearing Serafina's comment, Cherise and Soren both looked up.

When they saw Damien's serious expression, Cherise burst into laughter while Soren gave Damien a resigned look. "Do you mind my mom's quirky taste?"

A warm smile appeared on Damien's lips as he placed the food on the table. "She's the woman I chose. No matter how quirky her taste is, I'll tolerate it."

Soren sneered.

Despite his response, Damien could sense from his eyes that the child seemed less guarded. towards him than before.

Cherise walked over to the dining table while teasing Damien. "Who are you calling your woman? And who are you calling quirky?"

As she reached Damien, she playfully pinched the bunny ears on the apron. "Isn't this adorable?"

"It is indeed adorable. It's just not suitable for a man as un-adorable as me." Damien replied calmly.

Cherise pouted. "Fine. Since you made such delicious drumsticks, I'll buy you a more masculine apron when I go shopping with Lucy in a few days."

"Thank you, Dr. Shaw."

Cherise served Serafina some drumsticks and said, "Don't call me Dr. Shaw at home. Just call me Cherise."

As she said that, she realized it might have sounded ambiguous.

Taking a deep breath, she avoided Damien's intense gaze and coughed lightly. "You calling me Dr. Shaw always makes me feel like I'm still at the hospital; it's too formal."

"Alright."

Damien looked at her intently. "I understand, Cherise."

"Mm-hmm"

“Then don’t call me Mr. Lenoir either; call me Damien.”

Damien’s deep voice, filled with affection and joy, made Cherise’s heart flutter.

Chapter 655 A Bet

Biting her lip, Cherise lowered her head and murmured, “Okay.”

“Damian...”

Using Damian’s name felt awkward for her.

When they were together five years ago, she rarely called him by his name and instead preferred the more intimate term, “Hubby,”

But now, “Hubby” was no longer an option.

Although she wasn’t used to addressing Damian in this new way, it was the only way now.

Listening to the conversation between the two adults, Serafina grinned at Soren.

However, Soren maintained a stern expression and remained silent.

After the meal, Cherise didn’t ask Damian to leave, considering he had prepared dinner for them.

From the toiletries and pajamas Damian brought, Cherise could tell that he hadn’t come just for dinner.

“Mommy, Mr. Lenoir can sleep with me tonight.” Soren reluctantly retrieved the spare quilt from Cherise’s closet and announced.

Cherise was surprised. As far as she knew, Soren didn't like Damian. Why would he suddenly suggest sharing a room with him?

"Because I lost a bet. Mommy, please don't ask any more questions. It's a bet between the men The little boy pouted and explained in resignation.

I accept my defeat and will share my room with him tonight"

Cherise looked at her little one in disbelief and was speechless.

Unable to sleep at night, she took out her phone and texted Damian Ren said he lost a bet to you, so he's sharing a room with you tonight. What did you guys bet on?"

Daman responded promptly i won't tell you yet

Chense frowned Just as she was about to reply her phone buzzed ag an

It was another thestage from Damian Chur son is as adorable as you when he sleeps

Rest well tonight. If you really can't sleep, you can start thinking about what to say at tomorrow's press conference.

The man's words reminded Cherise. What should she say at the press conference? She had been so preoccupied with various issues that she had completely overlooked this important

matter!

Holding her phone, she pondered for a while before finally getting dressed and heading to the living room.

Unlike Damian's villa in Adania, her modest 900-square-foot house didn't have a study. So, whenever Cherise needed to read or write at home, she would settle down at the coffee table in the living room.

Tonight was no different.

She turned on the desk lamp, took out her notebook, and began drafting her speech for tomorrow.

Sometimes, when she needed to pause and think about her choice of words, she would nibble on the cap of her pen and gaze out the window, lost in thought.

The door to the second bedroom creaked open.

In the dim light, Damian stood at the doorway, observing the woman engrossed in her writing under the soft glow of the lamp.

She was as she had always been-serious, endearing, and determined.

He slowly approached her, took a seat beside her, and glanced at the neat handwriting in her notebook. "I told you to think about what to say tomorrow, not to stay up late writing."

Cherise froze when she heard the man's deep voice.

She quickly closed the notebook and stammered, "I... I just couldn't sleep and was writing aimlessly!"

"Really?"

Damian took the notebook from her hands and began flipping through it from the beginning. "Hello, everyone. I am honored to represent Lermille Hospital at this conference.

I..."

Blushing from head to toe, Cherise quickly snatched the notebook back.

She had always struggled with words. Every time she got into an argument, she would only realize how she could have effectively responded after the argument was over.

Chapter 656 Am I Foolish?

At every formal event, she appeared calm and indifferent on the surface, but behind the scenes, she meticulously prepared her speeches in advance.

What others saw was merely an illusion. In reality, she was still the same endearing Cherise.

Damien looked at her. "If I'm not mistaken, all the content in this notebook is your preparation for speeches, isn't it?"

Cherise pursed her lips and nodded awkwardly. I'm not good with words....

Sighing softly, Damien gently rubbed her head. "If you're not adept at it, why do you insist on speaking at these meetings?"

He took another notebook from the table, which was filled with writings, and leafed through a few pages. "You could have delegated the speaking to others."

"I had no other choice. Cherise pouted. Now that she had been exposed, she didn't bother maintaining the facade.

She grabbed a pillow and helplessly leaned against the sofa. "Do you think I enjoy this?"

She buried her small face in the pillow. When she looked up at Damien, her eyes were shimmering. The director is very proud of me. He brings me to every significant meeting and always requests that I greet people and deliver speeches...”

The woman sighed in resignation, “Actually, I just want to focus on academic research. Like during my school days, the monitor would manage his job scope while I focused on being a class representative.”

She hung her head in disappointment. “Isn’t that somewhat pathetic? Every time I share this with Lucy, she reminds me that a person who can only act but not articulate will miss many opportunities. So, I taught myself to draft speeches, anticipate potential questions, and formulate responses for each question.”

Finally, in the presence of Damien, Cherise released her emotions suppressed over the years

She opened a drawer full of notebooks.

These are the notes I prepared for my university lectures over the past two years. Truth be told, I don’t particularly enjoy this

Damien lowered his gaze and picked up a notebook from the pile in the drawer

Within, she had meticulously written down what she wanted to teach in the classroom

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Damien caressed her hair in resignation. Cherise had thought about avoiding affectionate actions, but ultimately, she didn’t.

Holding the pillow, she leaned against him, allowing him to stroke her soft hair. “Am I foolish?”

“You’re not.” Damien sighed softly, drawing her into his embrace. “You’re incredibly intelligent, having crafted a sophisticated and competent facade for yourself.”

“That’s... commendable.”

Even he was nearly deceived by her.

Upon their initial reunion, he genuinely believed she was no longer the naive and clueless Cherise of the past.

Now it seemed...

She had merely discovered a means to conceal and safeguard herself. But at her core, she still preserved her inherent kindness and innocence.

For the first time, Cherise didn’t resist Damien’s embrace.

She rested on his shoulder, feeling his steady heartbeat. “After this incident, I plan to speak with the director so I won’t continue monopolizing the hospital’s resources. Other doctors. should be given an opportunity, too. Perhaps then, such incidents won’t recur.”

Regarding Issac’s incident this time, while on the surface it was Martha being displeased with her, in fact... It was also because she had taken up too many learning resources in the hospital, leaving other doctors devoid of opportunities for further study.

Chapter 657 She Is Happy

Not all doctors were as indifferent as Lucy.

Cherise had already experienced this firsthand, feeling the palpable hostility from her colleagues at the hospital today as if they wished they could trample her underfoot.

Despite maintaining a low profile over the years, the director’s favor and praise had thrust her into the limelight. This had sparked envy among her fellow doctors.

A pang of bitterness tugged at Damien's heart when he noticed Cherise's gradually dimming eyes.

He asked, "Are you satisfied with your life now?"

"I can't

say whether I'm satisfied or not. Actually, aside from these unnecessary social events and meetings, I quite enjoy my current job. It's comfortable and fulfilling."

The man looked at her and smiled. "Your personality might be better suited for behind-the-scenes academic research rather than making public appearances and delivering speeches."

"Perhaps."

The emotions that had accumulated for a long time were finally released. Cherise let out a long sigh of relief, feeling much better.

Moments later, she placed the pillow on the couch and said, "It's getting late. You should back and rest."

"And what about you?"

She waved the notebook in her hand. "I'll continue working on this."

"I'll stay with you," Damien answered gently.

go

Sitting beside her, he carefully read her writings in the notebook and pointed to where she had just written. "Here, people will question why you want to go abroad."

Cherise bit the end of her pen and pondered momentarily before writing in the notebook. 'I went to Europe to receive treatment for my right hand.

Damien's eyebrows furrowed tightly.

Five years ago, at their wedding, Cherise had indeed used her right hand to shield him from a knife attack by Melanie. At the time, he had consulted numerous doctors, and the consensus was that it wouldn't affect her daily life or her ability to perform surgeries.

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So why did she go to Europe for treatment? Moreover, she had undergone the treatment two years ago. If it were the injury from five years ago, she wouldn't have waited until three later to treat it.

Frowning, Damien glanced at her right hand, which was holding the pen.

years.

The skin on her right hand was fair and delicate, but the scar from the stab wound on the back of her hand was clearly visible.

"Is your hand... okay?"

Cherise's hand holding the pen paused abruptly.

The next second, she wore an awkward smile and covered the scar on the back of her hand with her sleeve. "Yeah. It has fully healed."

"I didn't expect the injury from five years ago would still affect you..."

Stunned, Cherise coughed lightly in embarrassment. "It's all in the past now."

Damien narrowed his eyes. Perceiving her somewhat awkward gaze, he decided not to press further.

And so, the man in the light gray pajamas and the woman in the pink home clothes sat on the living room floor and rehearsed repeatedly under the dim light of the table lamp for the various scenarios they might encounter at tomorrow's press conference.

Unbeknownst to them, the door to Soren's room had been silently opened at some point. The little guy in the light blue pajamas stood at the door and observed the scene in the living room for a long time.

Ultimately, Soren took out his phone and captured the scene before him.

After returning to his room, Soren hesitated for quite a while before sending the picture to Zachary,

'Uncle Zach, is Mommy truly happy now?'

Moments later, Zachary replied.

"Yes, she is.

"Congratulations to your family."

The next day, the press conference held by Lermilles Hospital commenced at ten o'clock in the morning.

Chapter 658 The Press Conference

Cherise was one of the most promising doctors at Lermille Hospital and a renowned figure in the medical community. Therefore, her involvement in a medical scandal attracted significant attention. It came as no surprise that a swarm of reporters gathered at the press

conference.

Representatives from practically every media outlet in Lermille were present, along with at few reporters from foreign media outlets.

Upon entering the venue, Cherise immediately noticed a few foreign reporters, including a stunning woman with a cool, detached gaze. She possessed a tall, sensual figure and exuded an air of icy elegance.

At that moment, she sat with her legs crossed, engaging in conversation with a few foreign reporters around her, occasionally emitting a hollow-laugh.

Cherise instinctively clenched her fists at her sides.

Gwenn is here. How long has it been since I last saw her?

She had last seen Gwenn two years ago at their father's birthday celebration. Since then, Gwenn had started working as a journalist and had only sent gifts for their father's birthday the previous year.

Therefore, Cherise was surprised that someone as busy as Gwenn would take time off from her international assignments to attend a press conference in the small city of Lermille, especially considering that Gwenn had always looked down on her for being from the countryside.

Their eyes met as Cherise observed Gwenn. Cherise responded with a sneer while Gwenn shrugged nonchalantly. She glanced at Cherise with disdain before resuming her

conversation.

Soon, the press conference commenced.

Dr. Keeples, the hospital director, initiated the press conference by recounting the recent events before defending Cherise. "Regarding the recording, we have substantial evidence to prove that it wasn't Dr. Shaw's voice."

"How can it not be her voice?" Martha interrupted, "Dr. Keeples, I know you value talent, and Cherise is an excellent doctor, but the evidence against her is solid. You can't protect her from the consequences of her actions!"

Dr. Keeples furrowed his brow and wanted to respond, but Cherise smiled and calmly said, "Ms. Lane, shouldn't this question be posed by the reporters?"

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Cherise paused before continuing, "Regardless of whether I'm innocent or guilty, you're my colleague, superior, and senior. Your eagerness to condemn me without concrete evidence seems suspicious, don't you think?"

Martha was momentarily stunned and realized she had spoken too hastily.

She cleared her throat. "It's not like that. I just... wish to cleanse the hospital of any malpractice. I... I'm concerned about the hospital's reputation!"

"If you genuinely care about the hospital's reputation, you wouldn't be so quick to judge Cherise as guilty." Sitting in the front row, Damien casually chimed in when Martha finished speaking. "As a rational adult, if you truly care about the hospital's reputation... shouldn't you be defending Cherise? It would be best if this medical incident had no connection to Lermille Hospital, thereby preserving its reputation to the fullest extent, correct? And yet..."

His deep voice was filled with mockery and disdain as he continued, "Your words and actions suggest that you believe Lermille Hospital's reputation isn't declining rapidly enough."

Martha was left speechless.

"Furthermore, I heard that you and Cherise have never gotten along, and you're acquainted with a voice actor named Eirwen."

The press conference fell into silence.

Martha visibly trembled at the mention of the name 'Eirwen. Her face drained of color.

Chapter 659 The Revelation

Upon hearing Damien's words, Cherise, seated on the stage, immediately asked, "May I ask

who Eirwen is?"

"Eirwen is the most talented voice actress in Lermille. Her unique ability allows her to convincingly mimic a person's voice and tone in a remarkably short time."

Syatt, seated next to Damien Lenoir in the front row, smiled subtly and glanced at his phone. He said, "However, Eirwen rarely does voice recording outside of professional engagements. unless it's for someone she's close to."

After Syatt had spoken, Damien glanced at Martha indifferently. "I heard you recently visited Eirwen and went to her recording studio. May I ask if there was something important that prompted your visit?"

"I..." Martha's usually stern face began to turn pale. She did not expect Damien and Syatt to inquire about her connection with Eirwen.

Martha had assumed that today's press conference was for the hospital director to publicly expel Cherise from Lermille Hospital and clear Isaac's name. However, she was mistaken. Judging from the present situation, the spotlight had been turned on her.

She sighed before glaring at Damien. "Eirwen is my former patient. We found an instant connection and became close friends. As friends, is it wrong for me to visit her recording studio? All I did was chat with her. What's wrong with that?"

"Is that so?"

Cherise smiled calmly. "But Ms. Lane, Eirwen informed us that apart from this recent interaction, you last contacted her two years ago. After two years of no contact, you suddenly reached out to her and asked her to imitate my voice in an audio recording. Are you two truly friends?"

Cherise's words sent shockwaves throughout the press conference.

Every word she spoke carried significant weight.

Martha and Eirwen were not friends. Moreover, she asked Eirwen to make a recording imitating Cherise's voice

A female reporter in the front row smacked her forehead 'So, the audio we heard

Eirwen recorded a Damien replied unpassively He signaled to Blake to turn on the projector "Eirwen cannot be present in person, but she's upset and regretful that Ms Fane exploited her voice to frame others

Then, a prerecorded video of Eirwen played on the large screen. "Greetings everyone, I'm Eirwen."

"I'm tremendously shocked and deeply regretful about my involvement in Dr. Lane's matter. I confirm that I can accurately imitate Dr. Shaw's voice."

After a brief pause, she spoke in Cherise's voice, "Hello, everyone, I'm Eirwen. Listen to this voice. Doesn't it sound exactly like Cherise's?"

Everyone in the press conference was astounded.

Even the hospital director, who took pride in being knowledgeable, widened his eyes in shock.

This voice... sounds exactly like Dr. Shaw!

If he had not seen Eirwen's face in the video and watched her speak, he would have genuinely thought it was Cherise's voice.

He and Cherise had frequently traveled together for seminars and conferences over the past two years. Thus, he thought he was familiar with Cherise's voice.

Yet, even he did not realize the voice in the recording was an imitation.

"I'd like to clarify the rumor about Dr. Shaw. The audio clip circulating online isn't from a recording two years ago but from my recording studio."

"I stand by my words. If anyone doubts my sincerity, I can provide the original files of this recording."

Eirwen's words caused an uproar throughout the press conference.

Chapter 660 She Was Prepared

A few reporters even began capturing Martha's pictures with their cameras.

"Ms. Lane, did you intentionally orchestrate all of this out of jealousy towards the young Dr. Shaw? Is that why you attempted to frame her?"

“Ms. Lane, what is your response to the accusations made by Ms. Eirwen?”

“Ms. Lane, since this matter was resolved two years ago, why are you suddenly reopening it? Are you not satisfied until you bring down Dr. Shaw?”

“Ms. Lane...”

The relentless questioning from the reporters instinctively made Martha step back.

Her hands clenched into fists at her sides. Her hoarse voice was almost hysterical as she vehemently denied, “I didn’t! I didn’t set up Cherise! She fabricated all of this! They’re all colluding with Eirwen to frame me!”

She ran her fingers through her hair and grasped her head as she leaned against the wall. At the same time, she argued fervently, “Do you all believe everything they say? Even if I did approach Eirwen to record the audio, it was only because the original audio was deleted! We can’t let Cherise escape responsibility just because the original audio is missing!”

Martha glared fiercely at Cherise. “She is the one who led the surgery back then! Yet, she’s still denying it to this day!”

Martha knew she was trapped.

If they exposed her here, revealed her true intentions, and determined her as the one at fault, her lifetime of achievements would crumble to ashes instantly.

She had never intended to frame Cherise. Before the surgery two years ago, she had carefully considered the pros and cons before allowing Isaac to prepare for it.

Yet, Isaac said, “Ms. Lane, Dr. Shaw is a specialist in this field. I’ll wait for her instructions. I don’t dare to proceed without her confirmation.”

At that time, Martha patiently persuaded Isaac, “There’s no issue with this. You can’t rely on Cherise for everything!”

Martha firmly believed she was Isaac’s true mentor and the only one who could guide him and show him the path in the medical field. Even his admission to this hospital was arranged by her through a special recommendation to the hospital director

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Isaac was her best student. She brought him close to her to shine brightly and to become someone respected and a source of pride for the hospital. Most importantly, he would be her source of pride.

However, as soon as Isaac joined the hospital, Cherise arrived. Then, all the attention shifted to Cherise.

Cherise claimed she couldn’t perform surgery because her right hand was injured. Thus, the hospital director assigned Martha’s most prized student as her assistant.

Later, Cherise became a well-known and highly praised doctor, but Isaac quietly performed surgeries, never daring to take credit.

Martha couldn’t bear Isaac remaining in Cherise’s shadow. While Cherise was on leave, she seized the opportunity and wanted Isaac to handle the surgery independently. That way, he could stand on equal footing with Cherise.

Thus, she used Cherise’s name and imitated her voice to get Isaac to take over the surgery.

Originally, Martha planned to reveal the truth to Isaac after the surgery.

Unfortunately, something went wrong. Martha immediately planned to let Cherise take the blame.

However, Isaac didn’t accuse Cherise but took all the blame upon himself.

Martha was heartbroken and desolate. She kept seeking an opportunity to clear Isaac's name and shift the blame to Cherise instead.

Now that an opportunity had finally arisen, she hadn't expected Cherise to be prepared.