

## MY BLIND HUSBAND

### Chapter 1042 Damien Defended Cherise

As Cherise arrived, she was greeted by a familiar face from high school-the plump boy who had remained the same over the years.

“Is this your boyfriend?” A sharp voice interrupted, and Cherise saw a heavily made-up woman eyeing Damien. “Introduce him to everyone,” she insisted.

Cherise racked her brain but couldn’t place the woman. Were they classmates from high school? They sat at the same table, after all.

Damien leaned in, noticing Cherise’s confusion. “She was a rebellious classmate, expelled for early love and abortion. You were never close to her.”

Cherise was surprised by Damien’s insight into her past. But seeing the woman with her heavy makeup and sharp tongue, Cherise couldn’t help but agree with Damien.

I mean, she knew Damien was off-limits, yet she shamelessly ogled him, which got on Cherise’s nerves!

Cherise casually grabbed a 5L drink bottle to block the woman’s blatant attempts to catch Damien’s eye. “You may call him Mr. Lenoir.”

Cherise’s calm yet standoffish attitude made the woman smirk. “Just asking for an introduction. Why are you so uptight and unhappy? Afraid someone else might steal him?”

The woman chuckled, “Cherise, oh Cherise, in high school, you were the epitome of a low self-esteem ugly duckling. Now, your taste in men might have improved, but that inferiority complex of yours still lingers!”

The woman’s words sparked laughter from the other women at the table, who inspected Damien closely, “Her boyfriend is so handsome. No wonder she’s afraid we’ll keep staring.”

“If we were to snatch such a catch, she’ll end up a lonely old spinster!”

“Spot on!”

The women grew brazen in their remarks, some even boldly asking Damien for his contact information.

These former classmates continued to ignore Cherise as if she were invisible.

Cherise's smile started to melt away, replaced by a frown. This high school reunion was a breeding ground for bad memories and awkward encounters.

Just as she was about to break the ice, Damien, ever the protector, spoke up next to her.

"Oh, you clueless fools! Don't you get it? You should be thanking Cherise for even tolerating you! Seriously, some gratitude would be nice." he spat, his voice dripping with disdain.

Damien reached for his glass, eyes scanning the women with a chilling intensity that sent shivers down their spines.

His voice, cold and indifferent, pierced the air. "While I was courting Cherise, I learned all about the nasty things you used to do to her. Remember all that teasing and tormenting in high school? Her distance now is her way of avoiding you – a bunch of pariahs. She's only being civil because of this stupid high school reunion. Believe me, the only reason you haven't faced my wrath yet is because she doesn't want you to pee yourselves in public and humiliate yourselves further."

With that, he pointed at the heavily made-up woman who had spoken first. "Remember when you spiked her coffee with soy sauce, planted cheat sheets in her pocket to frame her for cheating, and ridiculed her appearance?"

The woman's face drained of color, rendered speechless.

Damien's smirk widened as he pointed his finger at another woman at the table. "And you," he said, his voice dripping with disgust, "Remember that time you 'borrowed' Cherise's pads during that time of the month? And then, the audacity to sell them back to her at an extortionate price? Classic high school hustle, am I right?"

The woman sputtered, face turning red. "No way! That's a lie!"

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