

My Blind Husband #Chapter 61 - Read My Blind Husband Chapter 61

Chapter 61

Chapter 61 A Night To Remember

When Cherise had gotten engaged to Damien, Lucy loaded her with plenty of materials. on this topic, instructing her to put it into practice.

At the time, Cherise hid under the blanket and watched said 'materials' with a curious mind. Do people really scream when they go at it?

Is it true that intimacy drives people mad?

It was not until today that she understood how it felt.

Bathed in the dim light, she gazed at Damien with misty eyes.

Beads of sweat rolled down his forehead, and the way they followed the ridges of his abs. made her inexplicably swallow hard.

"Dear..."

She called him softly.

"Hmm?" He raised an eyebrow.

"You look great."

Sunlight filtered through a crack in the curtains, and Cherise turned over and shielded her eyes from the faint glow with a hand.

The memories quickly dawned on her as she furrowed her brow and opened her hazy eyes, and she froze for a good two seconds. Every muscle on her body was sore.

Last night...

She blushed to the roots of her hair.

After hastily fixing her hair, she rushed downstairs and found Damien sitting indifferently on the couch with a black silk blindfold over his eyes. The butler was standing next to him, reciting the news as usual.

Upon hearing her footsteps, his calm and deep voice rang out. "Awake?"

Cherise blushed and softly responded with an "Mmm, before hurrying into the kitchen.

"Madam, you're up."

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Frances came out of the kitchen with breakfast, "Breakfast is ready, you may help.

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yourself." She said with a smile.

Cherise felt a little apologetic. "I was supposed to make breakfast..."

It's all Lucy's fault!

She said a tiny bit of the drug doesn't do any harm!

And....

She spent the night being the subject of Damien's manly prowess. She almost passed out from exhaustion a few times, but he would wake her up with a few hard pumps.

There was not a bone in her body that was not aching. That was why she slept in!

Frances smiled ambiguously at her. "Ma'am, it's a blessing for a woman to be able to sleep

in."

"Please take a seat at the dining table. I'll bring the food over in a second."

Cherise pouted her lips and obliged.

The truth of the matter was that she was famished.

Cherise had just taken her seat when Mr. Kolson put away the newspaper and wheeled Damien over.

She checked the time and found that it was past nine!

“You... Haven’t had anything to eat?”

Damien handed her a spoon elegantly. “I was waiting for you.”

His gentle yet commanding voice made her heart flutter.

She grabbed the spoon in a fluster. “Eat up... You must be hungry.” Her face turned a little red.

While she was starving, she acknowledged that she did nothing but get pinned under him all night. One could only imagine how much hungrier he was at this point.

Through the thin, black silk, Damien saw the tinge of redness on her face and curved his lips into a satisfied smile.

“Have some more,”

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As Frances served the other dishes, Cherise thoughtfully helped him to more food.

She smiled bashfully like a teenage girl.

Damien, on the other hand, looked at her with a faint, warm smile. – more warmth than what Frances could recall in recent memory.”

After breakfast, he brought Cherise into his embrace and gave her a flurry of kisses before her phone started ringing it was Lucy. Cherise shyly left his embrace. “I... I have to go to class.”

He brought his lips to her ears. “Shall I give you a lift?” His breath was warm yet chilling at the same time.

“N-nah, I’ll be alright.”

Cherise pouted on her lips. "There were rumors about me recently..."

She swallowed her words and raised her head, her watery eyes filled with bashfulness. "Besides... You should get some rest."

His health calls for cautious monitoring, and he had been so tired last night...

Chapter 62

Chapter 62 A Different Breed

Damien chuckled indifferently. "Good idea."

"Cool!"

Cherise laughed shyly and went upstairs to pack her bag.

Not long after, she skipped down the stairs, put on her shoes in the mudroom, waved him. goodbye with a bright smile, turned around, and a sudden realization struck. upon her.

He is blind...

He doesn't know that I am waving at him.

So, she clumsily removed her shoes and scurried towards Damien, stopped by his wheelchair, and bent forward to place a kiss on his cheek.

"Darling, I've gotta run!"

She bolted away with red hot cheeks, heart thumping rapidly.

Sitting in the wheelchair, Damien watched her as she left, subconsciously rubbing his cheek where he had just been kissed.

"Idiot," he smiled.

"Sir."

At the sound of Mr. Kolson's turned engine, Mr. Hampson cautiously approached Damien. "Do I prepare... The medicine for madam?"

Damien raised a brow apathetically. "What medicine?"

"She's a little young of age, and you shouldn't bear a child these few years..."

Sensing a threatening energy coming from Damien, Mr. Hampson gradually lowered his voice. "Besides, if Mrs. Lenoir were to conceive a child, you would've had to stick to Mr. Peter's plan..."

Damien scoffed. "Do you reckon the id*ot would be more foolish when she gets pregnant?"

Mr. Hampson was left with no words.

After a brief pause, he responded, "Got it, sir."

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Mr. Hampson heaved a sigh of relief after finishing what he had to say.

It seems like Mrs. Lenoir truly is Mr. Lenoir's lucky charm.

"Cherry, how was last night?"

After class, Lucy walked up to Cherise with a mischievous look and winked at her. "Did you unleash your blind and hot husband's inner beast with the drug?"

The drug was a special blend by Lucy's cousin. Not only did it help with arousal, but also...

Hohohoho...

Lucy was loud, at least loud enough to make everyone in class turn their heads.

Cherise instantly blushed to the roots of her hair.

She hurriedly packed her bag and dashed out of the classroom.

Lucy chased after her with a playful yet sly look. "Come on, give me some details. I'm eager to hear some deets!"

Cherise bit her lips. "Another word, and I'm getting mad at you."

Her angry front could barely cover her excitement.

She was delighted not only because she had a chance to bear his child but also....

He was the kindest person she had ever met!

Lucy knew Cherise so well that she could read her like a book.

She could hear the excitement in Cherise's voice.

So, she decided to push her limits. She put an arm around Cherise's shoulder and ushered her to a less crowded area. "Now, tell me, how did the blind and an idiot make it work last night?"

"I am dying to find out!"

They were so close that there were hardly any secrets between them.

Cherise mumbled her words hesitantly with a flushed face.

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"After dinner, he was headed towards the study. I stopped him and offered him the

water..."

Flashes of unthinkable images started playing in Cherise's head as she started her story.

"Then... We got on the bed..." Her cheeks were now red and hot like a fiery red pepper.

"He doesn't look that healthy, but in bed..."

She bit her lips firmly. "He is a different breed in bed..."

Chapter 63

Chapter 63 Grandma's Approval

“Great!” Lucy patted Cherise on the shoulder.

“I thought your husband had a lot of health issues and that it might’ve compromised his manly prowess!”

It seemed like she was overly concerned!

Cherise was going to respond when a dark shadow came over her.

She raised her head.

Standing before her was Ian, dressed in white, looking at her with a pale face.

“Ian? What are you doing here?” Her eyes widened with surprise at his unexpected presence.

Ian noticed the tinge of redness on her cheeks, and the girls’ voice echoed in his head.

Health issues and it might’ve compromised his manly prowess!

...A different breed in bed...

Ian’s soul quickly left his eyes.

He responded with a hoarse voice. “Lila said you didn’t go to work yesterday, and she couldn’t reach you on the phone, so I came over to check on you.”

At this point, Ian thought he had been a little ridiculous.

He was terrified that something had happened to Cherise when he got Lila’s call. Worried sick, he put down everything and rushed to school while ringing her multiple times.

But in the end, when he finally got a hold of her, he was greeted by a thrilling story about what happened between her and her husband.

“Ahh....”

Cherise rubbed her head, seemingly upset at herself. “I forgot about the job at the sanatorium!”

Following that, she removed Lucy's hand from her shoulder and was prepared to head to

work.

Lucy grabbed her arm with a frown. "Why are you still working at that crappy place?"

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"I thought all your problems had already been resolved!"

Grandma Mary had met Damien. Not only was she happy with him, but she also suggested Cherise to conceive a child quickly.

Now that Grandma was no longer a concern, Cherise did not have to be worried about Aunt Eriana's threats, not to mention covering Cousin Nick's medical expenses.

Freed from financial burdens, Cherise did not have a reason to work at the sanatorium. anymore.

But she responded with a beaming smile, eyes filled with a resolute glint. "I must finish. what I started. It has hardly been a few days into the job; even if I were to quit, it's only fair if I last for a week."

Lucy rolled at eyes. "Whatever."

"If Damien Lenoir ever finds out that you're serving other men, he's going to be upset."

"Nah, he won't!"

At the mention of Damien, Cherise smiled from ear to ear. "My husband isn't that petty."

"He'll support my decision!"

Her voice was filled with affirmation and a tinge of coyness, but while Cherise was indulging in loving emotions, Ian was clenching his fists silently.

Damien Lenoir, is that his husband's name?

What a stupid name, straight out of the 60s, just like himself.

Lucy knew Cherise well enough to understand that once she had made up her mind, there was no going back.

She furrowed her brow. "Go then..."

"Just have a think about quitting the job today."

"Okay."

Cherise bade her farewell and turned around to look at Ian apologetically. "I'm sorry, Ian."

"I had something to take care of yesterday and forgot about the job."

Ian stared at her face, flushed with color from the sun's embrace. "What's keeping you so

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busy?" He uttered with a frown.

"Urm..."

Cherise hesitated and chuckled. "I took my husband to meet my grandmother."

Ian's posture subtly stiffened, and he managed a forced smile. "Does she like him?"

"She rather fancies him."

Cherise walked towards the exit with graceful steps. "I used to be worried that Grandma might not take to him, fearing that the news of my marriage would distress her, perhaps. even make her ill."

Her smile, now as bright as the sun that surrounded them, exuded a sense of warmth. "But to my surprise, Grandma has grown quite fond of him."

Chapter 64

Chapter 64 Sparkle In Her Eyes

Walking next to her, Ian could not help but notice the radiant sparkle in her eyes. This was a Cherise Shaw he had never seen before.

She had always been a cheerful lady in the past, but never like this, radiating the glow of happiness so vividly.

Jealousy crawled its way into Ian's heart.

What's so special about that old and bald man?!

How does he deserve her love and sacrifice? Even Grandma Mary approves of him!

As they reached the gate, Cherise turned to say goodbye to Ian. "I'm off to the sanatorium!"

With those words, she slung her little backpack over her shoulder and headed in the direction of the bus stop.

Ian grabbed the strap of her backpack and pulled her towards him. "I happen to have a few patients at the sanatorium who I need to visit. Let me give you a lift."

"In that case, thanks Ian!"

Cherise did not hesitate and hopped into Ian's car.

On the way to work, Ian thought about bringing up Damien several times but decided against it.

He understood that learning more about the man would lead to nothing but agony and pain.

He recalled the way Cherise used to look at him when they first met, her eyes twinkling like stars.

His classmates used to tease him. "That junior seems to be fond of you. Aren't you going to take the first step?"

He would respond with a faint smile. "I have plenty of juniors who like me."

Now, though she treated him with the same amount of respect, that sparkle in her eyes belonged to another man.

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They soon arrived at the nursing room.

Ian walked her to her station before leaving.

"Tsk tsk, you even have a cute guy to keep you company now."

Lila sneered and dumped a pile of used bed sheets in front of Cherise. "You were missing yesterday, so I saved these for you."

Cherise looked at the towering heap of sheets, feeling a bit troubled. "Is the washing machine still not working?"

She had spent the whole afternoon washing bed sheets the other day, and her wrists were aching by the time she finished!

Besides, the materials which the sheets were made of were stiff and difficult to maneuver.

"Nah, it hasn't been repaired."

Lila replied with a cold sneer. She crouched to Cherise's eye level and fixed a cold gaze on her. "What's the matter? Can't you handle a bit of washing?"

"Or perhaps now that you've found a man to dote on you, you're refusing to get your hands dirty?"

Cherise did not miss the sarcasm in Lila's remark, but she chose to lower her head. "I'll try my best."

It might be challenging, but since she had taken on this job, she was determined to get it done!

Ian stepped out of the sanatorium director's office with half an hour to spare before his afternoon shift.

With extra time on his hands, he headed to the second floor for Cherise.

Earlier, he had requested Lila to assign lighter tasks for Cherise, like making and serving tea to the patients.

By that logic, she should have been stationed on the second floor, but he searched part of the floor and could not find her.

It was only after someone pointed it out that he learned Cherise was in the laundry.

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The laundry room was tucked away in a corner of the sanatorium's backyard.

He pushed the door open, revealing several large washing machines with 'Out of Order' signs taped on them.

At the far end of the laundry, he saw a petite girl standing barefoot in a basin, her hands and feet covered in foamy suds.

When she heard the door open, she looked up. "Tan?"

Ian furrowed his brows and approached her with large strides. "Cherise, why are you doing this?"

Chapter 65

Chapter 65 The Formidable Man

Cherise wiped the sweat from her forehead, and a frothy patch of bubble clung to her hair. "Lila assigned me to this job; the machines are broken, so I must hand wash them."

Ian knitted his brows furiously. The sheets had always been machine-washed at the sanatorium, and hand-washing was unheard of!

This is absurd!

“I’m going to have a word with Lila about this.”

He turned around, intending to leave.

But before he could, Cherise noticed his displeasure and tried to stop him.
“Ian!”

Alas, she forgot that her feet were covered in water and foam.

As soon as her delicate feet touched the ground, she slipped and lost balance...

Ian swiftly reached out to grab her.

Just as Cherise was barely an inch away from falling into his embrace, she instinctively held up her hands and stopped herself from colliding with his body.

Her actions cut Ian’s heart like a blade.

But he managed a nonchalant front, embracing her body as if it were an accident.

“Hah.”

A cold, heart-piercing laughter echoed from the doorway.

Ian raised his head to see a wheelchair parked at the entrance of the laundry room.

In it sat a man with a black silk blindfold.

The man exuded a dangerous air that filled the laundry with his presence.

Ian had never seen anyone like him.

Despite being disabled, his presence commanded respect, and he emanated a formidable pressure without uttering a word

posture.

Who is this guy?

all he did was sit in the wheelchair with an elegant.

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What's he doing here?

Cherise, who had been forced into a hug with Ian, took advantage of his momentary distraction and slipped out of his embrace.

Sensing something amiss in the air, she frowned and turned her head to look toward the laundry room's entrance...

"Dear!"

As soon as her gaze met the man in the wheelchair, what discomfort Cherise was feeling immediately vanished.

She quickly wiped off the foam from her feet with an unwashed sheet, then scurried towards Damien barefoot. "What are you doing here?"

The way she blinked her eyes and called him 'dear' brought a smile to Damien's face. He pulled her into his arms and said, "Lucy heard you're back at work, so I'd like to check on _you."

As he held her in his lap, Cherise became self-aware and tried to fight him off coyly.

They were in a public space. Besides, Ian was around, and she did not want to be a subject of gossip.

But the more she struggled, the tighter Damien's grip around her slender waist became.

She was also afraid that if she struggled harder, it may give the impression that she was in an unhappy marriage. Besides, she was mindful not to hurt him. So, in the end, she gave in and let him hold her.

Ian stood unmovingly, face alternating between pale and red.

The man in the wheelchair.... is Cherise's husband?

Not the old bald man I saw last time?

Mr. Hampson emerged from the back of the wheelchair and leaned into Damien. "Sir, they are on their way."

"Okay."

"You may go, we only need Mr. Kolson and Blake here."

Damien replied as he grabbed a piece of napkin from Blake and handed it to Cherise. "Here, clean yourself."

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Mr. Hampson bowed courteously and stepped away.

Meanwhile, Ian's mind exploded with questions.

So...

The man I saw last time is her husband's butler?!

"Mr. Philips, we have finally met."

Damien raised his head, and despite his blindfold, Ian could feel a piercing gaze through the black silk.

The voice sounded oddly familiar...

It was the same cold voice Ian had heard last time!

Chapter 66

Chapter 66 You Have My Sympathy

He took a step back involuntarily. "You're Cherise's husband?"

"Of course."

Damien chuckled and placed a kiss on Cherise's forehead. "Aren't you going to introduce."

Cherise regained her composure and quickly got back on her feet, then awkwardly introduced them. "Ian, this is my husband, Damien Lenoir."

"Dear, this is my senior, Ian Philips."

Ian's face turned pale. "Mr. Lenoir, I've heard a lot about you."

"I didn't expect Cherise's husband to be this young," he added, a tinge of bitterness in his

tone.

Damien could sense the jealousy in his words as he smiled nonchalantly, "By the sound of your voice, you seem older than me, Mr. Philips."

He drummed his fingers on the handle of his wheelchair. "Mr. Philips, you must be around thirty-six."

"I'm twenty-six, actually, ten years younger than you,"

Ian responded with his face turning a shade redder.

The pettiness of this man!

I admit that I was being sarcastic when I said he was younger than I thought, but his words have topped the sarcasm charts!

Meanwhile, Cherise was completely oblivious to the subtle punches between the men. She shook her head. "Dear, you've mistaken. Ian just graduated last year, he should only be a few years older than you."

Ian balled his fists. "I'm twenty-five, a year younger than you, Mr. Lenoir."

Cherise was surprised to hear that, and she scratched her head awkwardly. "Sorry, Ian."

"I always thought you were mature beyond your years, it seems I have misjudged your age."

Damien, on the other hand, continued calmly, “Or perhaps Mr. Philips has a particularly...

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Seasoned appearance?”

Cherise was left with no words.

She had finally managed to steer the conversation away from conflict and avoid further confrontation, but Damien’s remarks seemed to have brought anger to Ian’s eyes.

He clenched his fists silently.

Since his college days, Ian had always been regarded as a young, handsome, and able man. He was used to being showered by compliments, and women were crazy for him.

But Damien’s remarks caught him off guard.

He bit his lips and squeezed these words through his teeth. “Can’t you see what I look like? I don’t understand what you were trying to say.

Damien scoffed indifferently and fiddled with Cherise’s fingers. “You’re right, I can’t see what you look like.”

“You!”

“Ian.”

Cherise hurriedly interrupted Ian and shook her head. “Ian... My husband... is visually impaired.”

Ian was stunned.

A few moments later, it had dawned on him.

Ah, he is blind.

No wonder he is sitting in a wheelchair; no wonder he has a blindfold on. Ian assumed there was

more to it.

After all, he is just a blind man.

And it all started to make sense to Ian. A handsome, elegant, and rich man like Damien. Lenoir would have never taken Cherise as his wife unless there was a catch.

Yes, he is rich, so what?

Yes, he is handsome, so what?

He has to spend the rest of his life in a wheelchair, and he can't see a thing!

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At that thought, Ian could not help but feel a touch of satisfaction. "Mr. Lenoir, were you born blind, or did it happen later?"

Damien leaned back in his wheelchair, toying idly with Cherise's fair and delicate fingers. "I was injured in a fire when I was thirteen, and it damaged my retinas."

Ian's ego was properly tickled. "Retinal injuries are difficult to treat."

"You have my sympathy, Mr. Lenoir. It must be tough not being able to see the beautiful creation of this world or your lovely wife."

Chapter 67

Chapter 67 Crossing Boundaries

Cherise was not impressed with the sarcastic remark by Ian. "Ian!"

She was under the impression that Ian was a kind and considerate man. He would never discuss a patient's condition in front of them because it might hurt the patient's feelings.

But why did he choose to say these words to Damien?

Jan quickly realized how unprofessional he had been when Cherise called his name.

He cleared his throat quietly. "My apologies, I've gone too far."

"It's true, I can't see anything."

Damien's lips curved into an indifferent smile as he pulled Cherise into his embrace.

"Even though I can't see Cherise's face."

He ran his long, slender fingers down her face and added gently, "I can feel it."

Ian bit his lips fiercely.

He understood what Damien was talking about.

These were taunting remarks-telling Ian that he could never touch Cherise!

Cherise was still completely oblivious to the sizzling tension in the air.

She looked at Ian gullibly, "Ian, Damien is really good at this. He can figure out how you look like just from touching your face."

Ian was left with no words.

Who the heck wants to be touched by him?!

Sitting in the wheelchair, Damien burst into laughter. "It seems like your friend doesn't want me to know what he looks like."

"Perhaps he isn't the best-looking one?"

His tone was filled with mockery.

Cherise frowned, "Dear, you're mistaken, Ian looks pretty cute."

Damien chuckled in response, then pointed his lips ironically in Ian's direction. "I haven't

felt it, how would I know?"

Cherise was taken aback.

Does this mean... Damien is curious about what Ian's face looks like?

Isn't it a little weird for a man to caress another man's face?

But another voice in her head told her that she should let Ian prove himself. After all, he used to be her crush.

Just as Cherise was trying to put together a response, Ian said with a wry smile, "Cherise, please get Lila."

"I need to talk to her."

He threw a sharp gaze at Damien as he spoke. "Besides, I'd like to have a word with your husband too."

Cherise continued her inner debate inside her head, but Damien interrupted her thought.

"Go ahead."

"Perhaps Mr. Philips wanted to wait until you left us before letting me touch him."

Ian became blue and pale in the face.

Something seemed to have dawned on Cherise – as if she had realized that Ian was just embarrassed to be touched while she was around.

At that thought, she hurriedly went for the laundry's exit.

But she had hardly walked a few steps when Damien's silvery and tender voice came from behind. "Put on your shoes."

She facepalmed, thinking how absurd it was for her to forget about her shoes!

Scratching her head, Cherise turned around and scurried over, slipped her feet into her canvas shoes, did her laces, and scurried away.

She also made sure to close the door behind her.

Even after the door had been shut, Damien and Ian could hear her footsteps faint away. into the distance of the hallway.

Damien raised an understated smile, his face shifted to meet Ian's gaze. "Mr. Philips, do

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you have something to discuss with me?"

Ian squinted his eyes, his gaze icy as he stared down at Damien. "Are you truly blind?"

When Cherise had left earlier, not even he had noticed that she was not wearing shoes. How did this blind man know?

And he had even managed to remind her?

"If I recall correctly, you are an orthopedic surgeon, Mr. Philips."

Damien said, his fingers gently tapping the leather armrest of his wheelchair. "How much does an orthopedic surgeon know about eyes?"

Chapter 68

Chapter 68 Why Are You Pretending

Ian scoffed, "Mr. Lenoir, you give off the impression that you have perfect eyesight."

He could even feel Damien's piercing gaze penetrating the black silk blindfold.

It made him extremely uncomfortable.

Damien, however, wore a faint smile. "So, what do you suppose a blind person should be?"

"Submissive, timid, and allows others to push their boundaries without retaliation?"

Ian hesitated for a moment but recalled something, and his eyes turned cold.

He let out a sarcastic laugh and walked slowly towards Damien. “How did you know that I crossed my boundaries on Cherise?”

Aren’t you blind?

Slowly and steadily, Ian moved towards Damien. Yet, the man in the wheelchair remained calm as usual, sitting unmovingly with a serene countenance and a hint of a smile. “It seems you have put your hand on someone else’s wife, Mr. Philips.”

“As a student of the prestigious Adania University and the youngest orthopedic surgeon Adania Hospital, aren’t you ashamed of yourself for committing such ignoble deeds?”

Ian arched an eyebrow. “I guess compared to someone like you, who forces an innocent lady into marriage in exchange for money, my actions aren’t exactly frowned upon.”

He stood before Damien, and while he thought Damien was distracted by his remark, he reached to unveil the black silk blindfold....

Damien remained expressionless. He graciously raised a hand and clamped onto Ian’s wrist with his long and slender fingers before Ian could reach him.

Intense pain shot through Ian’s wrist, causing him to tremble.

His face grew pale, and the words that escaped his lips came out with a quavering voice, “Let... Let me go!”

Damien put on a faint, enigmatic smile. “Mr. Philips, you seem very interested in my eyes.”

Ian gritted his teeth and reached out with his other hand, desperate to free himself from Damien’s mighty grip, but to no avail.

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Frustrated, he resorted to launching a hefty kick at Damien.

But Damien’s reflexes were swift as a deer, and in their brief scuffle, not only did Ian not gain the upper hand, but his wrist was subjected to greater pain.

In the end, when Ian was on the brink of exhaustion, Damien released his grip and threw him aside.

Ian collapsed to the ground, struggling to catch his breath.

His wrist was slammed against the metallic casing of one of the machines.

Squinting through the pain, he rubbed on his wrist with clenched jaws. "You... You're not blind!"

"Nah, I am blind."

Ian was drenched in sweat, but contrary to his hectic demeanor, Damien remained relaxed in his wheelchair, as though nothing had happened.

He even gently tossed a tissue on the ground. "Wipe yourself."

Ian's

gaze grew even colder. "Why are you pretending to be blind?"

"Again, I am blind."

"If you have any doubts, you may check my records, including all medical reports from the age of thirteen to twenty-six."

His unwavering confidence brought a frown to Ian's face. "Are you telling the truth?"

"Indeed."

"Then... How did you know Cherise wasn't wearing shoes earlier?"

"Ian?"

Suddenly, the door to the laundry room was opened, and Cherise stood in shock, finding an incapacitated Ian on the ground.

What's happening?!

"Tan!"

Following closely behind Cherise, Lila shrieked and shoved Cherise aside, rushing into the room.

Chapter 69

Chapter 69 The Venomous Vine of Jealousy

Cherise momentarily lost her balance, but Damien reached out in time to stop her from falling.

“Ian, are you alright?”

Lila, with eager concern, helped Ian to his feet. How did you end up on the floor?”

As she spoke, her eyes lifted cautiously to glower at Damien. “Was it you?!”

“You, blind man seated in the wheelchair, what have you done to Ian?!”

Before Lila could utter another word, Cherise placed herself in front of Damien with a frown. “Lila, please mind your words!”

Lila huffed coldly. “So, did you bring this blind man here?”

“What are you going to do about it?”

She made sure Ian had found his balance before letting him go, then walked towards Damien with a sneer. “Not only will I call him a blind @ss man, but I will also throw him. out right in front of you!”

Cherise clenched her fists. “I dare you!”

Lila had harbored feelings for Ian for a while now.

Jealousy burgeoned within her when she noticed Ian had been dropping off Cherise to work in the past, leading to her making things difficult for Cherise.

Now, it was evident that the man in the wheelchair assaulted Ian, and Lila, amidst her anger, saw it as an opportunity to shine.

A triumphant smile adorned her lips as she moved briskly towards Damien.

But Cherise stood in her way.

Despite being ten inches shorter, Cherise stood with clenched fists, her cheeks puffed as she barked, “Lila, Ian must have fallen on the ground for a good reason. My husband is a good man, how could he put his hands on Ian?”

Lila raised an eyebrow indifferently.

She recalled that this little girl, who wore a ponytail, had always behaved obsequiously. regardless of how difficult she made things for Cherise.

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She had not heard her talk back before.

Who would have thought that now, for the sake of a blind man, this same little girl would. stand up to her?

Lila marched forward and raised her hand to shove Cherise aside.

She made sure to put in enough force to make sure Cherise felt her hostility, but to her surprise, Cherise remained unmoving.

She gritted her teeth and retorted, “Lila, there must be a misunderstanding!”

Lila’s eyes widened. The nerve of this girl!

“Lila.”

Ian interrupted with furrowed brows. “Stop picking on Cherise.”

Lila became so mad; one could see steam shooting from her ears!

What’s so good about Cherise Shaw?!!

First, Ian used his connections and got her this part-time job, and as a mere part-timer, she earned almost as much as Lila, a full-time employee!

He even put in a special request to assign her some simple tasks.

He would also drop her off at work and walk her to her station, then he would always be waiting for her as she got off work so he could give her a lift!

She found no reason not to make Cherise's life a living hell!

Who did she think she was? She was merely a country girl from a rural village!

Lila's eyes narrowed to slits at the thought, dangerous and cold, as they fixed Cherise. "Move!" She squeezed the word through clenched teeth.

upon

Cherise, with steadfast gaze, stood her ground with fists balled at her sides. "Never!"

"Lila, be sensible. We still don't know how Ian fell. On what grounds do you blame my husband?"

"Blame?"

Lila let out a scornful laugh. "There were just the two of them in this room, besides him... Ah...!"

2/3

Before her words could escape her lips, Damien swept Cherise into his embrace with one hand and, with the other, wheeled his wheelchair and rammed into Lila's knees!

Everything happened so suddenly that Lila had no time to react.

With a sharp pain that shot through her knee, she collapsed and kneeled on the floor with the other knee.

Chapter 70

Chapter 70 The Lenoirs.

Everything unfolded in a breathless rush. By the time Cherise and Ian regained their composure, Damien had returned to his original position.

He sat indifferently in his wheelchair, covering the spot on Cherise where Lila pushed her with his large, thick hand. "Does it hurt?" He asked.

“Nah,”

Cherise responded, her lips pressing together in a tight line. She lifted her eyes to look at Lila, who was struggling to regain her stance. “Lila, you should calm down...”

But calm was a distant horizon for Lila!

She was here to avenge Ian and to tilt his affections in her favor!

But in the end...

She had done nothing but embarrass herself in front of him.

While she was furiously muttering curses under her breath and attempting to stand, two men in black suits appeared at the entrance of the room.

One of whom was the manager of the facility.

And the other, Lila’s superior, the supervisor at the sanatorium.

Lila was stunned for a moment, and her subsequent expression was one of overflowing gratitude.

Did her supervisor bring the manager along to seek justice on her behalf, knowing that she had been assaulted?

She scrambled to her feet, thinking to herself that the bribes she had given to her supervisor had paid off!

Standing at the doorway, her supervisor glanced at Lila with an irritated look, then briskly strode towards her.

A flutter of excitement quivered within her, “Boss...”

‘Smack!’

Before Lila could utter another word, the supervisor slapped her across the face. The sharp crack of the contact echoed through the hallway.

1/3

The slap left Lila dumbfounded.

“Boss...” She stuttered in disbelief.

Meanwhile, the manager of the sanatorium had approached Damien courteously. “Mr. Lenoir, if anyone from the facility has offended you, we humbly ask for your forgiveness, please do not take it to heart...”

Standing at a distance, Ian furrowed his brows deeply.

The manager of the sanatorium was his former lecturer and held a powerful reputation in the city of Adania. He had treated numerous influential figures and was highly regarded by those from both the lawful and the underworld circles.

Yet, this man, who was supposed to be a fearless figure, now behaved like a frightened rabbit and was attempting to placate Damien Lenoir!

Ian’s eyes narrowed slightly. Who... Is this man?

Damien smiled faintly, “David, as you are aware, I am infamously known as the jinx.”

“I’ve taken a tour around your facility today, if it doesn’t go into liquidation soon, I’m afraid I won’t be living up to my name.”

Manager David was thrown into a panic.

His eyes darted to Lila, still recoiling from the slap. “Get over here and apologize to Mr.

Lenoir!”

Lila, still reeling from shock, heard the manager’s orders and decided to let her intrusive thoughts win. “Why should I apologize to him?!”

“He put his hands on Ian first!”

It was then that David noticed Ian’s presence in the laundry.

Frowning, he lowered his voice. “Ian, you too, come and apologize to Mr. Lenoir!”

“Forget it.”

Damien gently let go of Cherise's slender waist and put on a smile. "Let's go home."

David, now desperate, stepped forward to stand in Damien's way, gesturing to the supervisor with his eyes.

The supervisor furrowed his brows and glared at Lila angrily. "Do you realize who you are

2/3

messing with?" His voice was low and stern.

"If you don't apologize right now, the facility might as well close its doors!"

Lila remained defiant. "What's this blind man going to do?"

The supervisor threw another slap across her face. "Not all blind men are equal!"

"Not a single soul in Adania can afford to mess with this one!"

Seeing Lila's stubborn defiance, the supervisor, frustration edging his voice, continued, "Ever heard of the Lenoirs?"