

## MY BLIND HUSBAND

### Chapter 994 Truths Unveiled: Confrontation

Damien drew a deep breath and spoke with conviction. “With the exception of a few jests, I’ve always been truthful with you, Cherise.”

His dark eyes met hers firmly, his expression unwavering. “I’ve never deceived you, not in the the present.

He continued, gentle yet resolute. “Earlier, when you questioned me, I could have easily dismissed Sebastian’s claims as fabrications to earn your trust. With your trust in me, with the feelings you hold for me, you would believe me, wouldn’t you?”

Cherise tensed visibly, grappling with conflicting emotions.

Yes...

She would have readily believed him if Damien had outright denied Sebastian’s accusations.

But he didn’t.

Damien drew a deep breath, his steps deliberate as he approached Cherise, his voice gentle. “Cherise, please consider this carefully.”

“Every time you’ve sought answers about your past, I’ve promised to disclose everything gradually once the timing was right.”

“I’ve never lied to you.”

The way I’ve treated you, I’ve simply chosen not to reveal certain things rather than actively deceiving you.

Cherise’s lips tightened, her hands slowly unclenching

Despite this, she instinctively retreated, creating a considerable distance between herself and

“Excessive secrecy,” Sebastian remarked nonchalantly from his wheelchair positioned behind be more detrimental than deception.”

Perhaps Cherise and Damien’s responses didn’t align with his anticipations, prompting the man his trump card directly.

With a signal, the individual behind him presented evidence of Charisa’s demise and a photo depict Maeve stabbing Charisa at Cherise and Damien’s wedding.

“Cherise,” Sebastian’s tone was firm, his words laden with implication. “Had I not revealed the truth today, he would have perpetually obscured it from you. Can you condone such secrecy?”

He paused, allowing the weight of his words to sink in. “Your mother’s life, the injustices she faced, and the marriage treated as a mere transaction-all hidden from you. Don’t you see? If he had kept all of this from you, you would have willingly spent your life with him.”

At this moment, Damien and Sebastian found themselves at opposite ends of the library hall, their presence commanding attention.

Cherise stood between them, a pivotal figure caught in the tension between two opposing forces.

Despite the disbelief etched across her countenance, her body subtly gravitated towards Sebastian.

Damien’s eyes narrowed ever so slightly, a subtle indication of the turmoil within.

The body’s instinctive reactions are often telling and cannot deceive those attuned to them.

Despite Cherise’s current hesitation to distance herself from him, there lies a logical belief in Sebastian’s words within her.

As for delving into the complexities of their shared past, Damien found himself at a loss, unsure of where to even begin unraveling the intricacies of their history.

The man could only close his eyes momentarily, collecting his thoughts before addressing Cherise.

“Cherise,” he began, his voice tinged with a mixture of remorse and sincerity.

“Throughout our journey together, whether I treated you with kindness or failed you, you should understand by now.” He paused his words carrying a weight of emotion.

“I hold you in the highest esteem, cherishing your presence and valuing you deeply. For quite some time, I’ve regarded you as someone I want to share a lifetime with.”

Sebastian sneered contemptuously, his tone dripping with sarcasm. “How delightful,” he remarked derisively.

“I’ll concede, your affection for her is genuine, and I trust you wouldn’t intentionally harm her.” He paused, his expression hardening.

“But is it your genuine feelings that drive you to desire her to forget all the anguish, to 1 amnesiac and spend her life with you?”

“Damien,” Sebastian continued, unfazed by the venom in Damien’s glare, “Your love seems rather self- centered, doesn’t it?”

Damien’s icy gaze bore into Sebastian, silencing him with a sharp retort. “Enough!”

Sebastian was momentarily caught off guard, his composure shaken by the intensity of Damien’s hateful glare.

But the moment of vulnerability swiftly passed.

After that, with a placid smile, he persisted, reminding Damien of the weight of their shared past. “If I hadn’t spoken up, could you truly move beyond the shadows that linger from your history?”

Damien’s response was swift and cutting, his words laden with regret. “Perhaps I shouldn’t have merely crippled your legs previously.” unravel, but this isn’t the time nor place for me to explain properly.”

## Chapter 995 Unraveling Deceptions

While Sebastian had a penchant for dredging up the past in any circumstance, Damien found himself unable to follow suit.

Here, the assembly comprised entirely of journalists.

Surrounded by journalists both inside and outside, each one acting as a potential megaphone, he refrained from delving into Charisa's history.

If Damien were to reveal the details of Charisa's past troubles to Cherise, particularly how Charisa instructed Elvis to start a fire and cause harm, it would open a Pandora's box of consequences.

Such revelations would impact Cherise and implicate several families associated with those events.

The Tanner, Miles, Lenoir, and Shaw families would all be thrust into the spotlight, facing scrutiny and. potential scandal.

This was especially concerning considering Charisa's tragic demise five years earlier.

As Cherise's husband, Damien couldn't bear the thought of Charisa's affairs being discussed and ridiculed.

"Is it too difficult to explain? Or are you deliberately avoiding it?"

"Is it that you can't explain or that you haven't found a way to explain it?" Sebastian's smile was taunting. his words cutting.

With a furrowed brow, Sebastian's hand moved to massage his temple, a troubled expression clouding his features. "This shouldn't be happening," he murmured.

"Damien, it's been nearly a week since you drugged Cherise to erase her memory, hasn't it?" Sebastian's tone was accusatory, his words cutting through the tense atmosphere like a knife.

"What's the holdup? Still haven't concocted a plan to deceive her after all this time?" He pressed, his gaze unwavering as he awaited a response.

"Or is it..."

His slender eyes briefly flicked towards Cherise, a silent challenge shimmering within their depths. "Or do

you dare to believe that Cherise will obediently adhere to your commands, naively trusting that this web of deceit will never unravel? Have you yet to contrive a scheme to ensnare her with falsehoods?"

Sebastian's words ignited murmurs among the assembled onlookers, their whispers like a faint breeze through the room.

Cherise remained motionless, her fists clenched tightly at her sides.

Raising her gaze, her eyes now tinged with the crimson of raw emotion; she locked onto his.

"Is what he said true?" she demanded, her voice quivering with vulnerability.

"If..."

She sniffed, tears tracing silent paths down her cheeks. "If any elucidation exists for past events, I implore you to disclose it to me now."

"If there's no explanation," she continued, her voice tinged with resignation, "then the truth remains: your sister's actions at our wedding caused harm to my mother, and our union was nothing more than a transaction..."

Cherise's fingers trembled with the magnitude of this revelation. "Then... how could I love you?"

A profound darkness shadowed Damien's eyes, casting a somber hue upon his countenance.

He pressed his lips together tightly, his voice carrying a restrained air of pride.

"Return with me," he implored, his voice laced with desperation. "I'll clarify everything. I'll explain, but definitely not here."

"You're stalling, aren't you?" Sebastian interjected, his sneer cutting through the tension.

On the journey back, you'll have ample time to craft your lies. Or perhaps you have no intention of explaining at all. You could simply erase Cherise's memory once again, using drugs to wipe away this inconvenient truth. Then, you'll still be the man she loves, and she'll continue to follow you blindly."

Sebastian's words delivered the final blow, shattering Cherise's fragile trust in Damien.

Lost in the whirlwind of doubt, she found herself unable to grasp the true essence of Damien, let alone Sebastian.

Confusion clouded her mind as she struggled to discern her own emotions and the reality of her situation.

In the midst of the chaos, neither man's words resonated with sincerity.

"Cherise," Damien pleaded, his gaze imploring her to see beyond the turmoil.

He conceded, recognizing that in the span of thirty years, he had never stooped to such depths of compromise.

Yet, in that pivotal moment, he clung to a flicker of hope, praying that the Cherise before him would recognize the enduring bond they had forged and choose to accompany him back home.

But hope was a fragile thing, easily shattered by the harsh realities.

"Cherise," Sebastian delicately curved his lips into a smile, his slender eyes unwaveringly locked onto Cherise's visage. "Damien has been deceiving you."

## Chapter 996 Confronting Fate

"But for me, I've been awaiting your return," the man spoke with a gentle smile, extending his hand towards Cherise. "Come back with me. I'll unveil the truth about your relationship with Damien and the love we share."

Sebastian's words left Cherise feeling torn.

Indeed, Sebastian arrived bearing the truth.

After all, he exposed revelations that Damien had kept hidden from her.

Could Sebastian be her true love, her past choice?

With a steadying breath, Cherise began to move towards Sebastian.

As she did, a glint of coldness flashed in Damien's eyes.

In an instant, he forcefully pulled her back into his embrace.

"Let go of me!"

Cherise instinctively fought against the sudden embrace, wrenching herself away from his grasp. She turned to meet his gaze squarely. "Don't lay a hand on me!"

Her eyes held a mix of unfamiliarity, resistance, and hostility, igniting a deeper intensity in Damien's gaze.

Undeterred by her resistance, he lifted her up after a deep breath, reminiscent of how he had rescued her from the trash can moments before.

But while she had been filled with happiness then, now she brimmed with defiance and resistance, evident in her expression and demeanor.

Damien held her firmly, refusing to let her resist.

"Let me go!" Cherise demanded, her struggle growing more fierce with each passing moment.

"You, the murderer of my mother!" she accused, her words striking Damien.

"You, who orchestrated my marriage!"

Each accusation pierced Damien's heart like daggers.

Yet Damien remained resolute, his demeanor serious careful, and deliberate as he carried her towards the exit with purposeful strides.

No matter what, he couldn't allow Cherise to fall back into Sebastian's grasp.

He had already made one mistake, already lost her once..

So, even if she hated him or resented him, he would bring her home!

"Damien." Sebastian's voice cut through the tension as Damien, with Cherise in his embrace, strode past him, a faint smile playing on his lips. "You cannot best me. She is mine, whether now or in the future. If she cannot be mine, I would sooner see her destroyed than with another."

With a meaningful glance at Damien, Sebastian redirected his attention to Cherise in his rival's arms. "My dear, I'll be waiting."

Unaware of Sebastian's ominous words, Cherise continued to struggle vehemently.

Unable to break free, she resorted to verbal assaults on Damien, hurling every angry epithet she could muster in his direction.

Despite Cherise's actions. Damien remained stoic, as if impervious to her assaults. He stood like a statue, allowing her to strike him, vent her anger upon him, without flinching or reacting.

He didn't release his grip.

Eventually, Damien escorted Cherise out of the library.

Just before they reached the awaiting car, Damien closed his eyes wearily, instructing Mr. Hampson in a tired tone. "Take care of those journalists inside."

"If any of them dares to spread even a whisper of today's events, I want their entire publication brought to ruin!"

"Make it clear to them that I, Damien, possess both the means and the resolve to do so. I'm not in a forgiving mood, and no one should dare to provoke me further!"

## Chapter 997 Unyielding Embrace

After pronouncing those words, he firmly clasped Cherise's shoulders, guiding her into the car with purpose, and followed suit, enveloping her in his embrace as they settled inside the vehicle.

Throughout the journey, Cherise hurled curses at him, her anger simmering beneath the surface like a tempestuous sea.

Her ire stemmed from Damien's confining of her freedom and his inexplicable failure to offer an explanation.

Why, she pondered, did he not clarify if he was facing difficulties?

Why did he remain silent if the situation did not align with Sebastian's depiction?

Given her current feeling explanation he provided.

him, he should have known that she would unquestionably believe any

Yet, he uttered not a single word of clarification.

Did he truly lack an explanation, or did he feel absolved of the obligation to offer one?

What, she questioned, did he perceive her as?



An object?

A pet?

Or perhaps merely a plaything devoid of memories, past, or the capacity for independent thought?

In truth, she harbored doubt regarding Sebastian's assertions concerning their relationship.

Her instinctual response to Sebastian was repulsive, while her innate connection lay with Damien.

Furthermore, she entertained the notion that the version of herself devoid of memories held affection. for Damien.

Yet, she struggled to reconcile how the former Cherise could have been entangled with Damien amidst an arranged union resembling a transaction, compounded by her parents' evident hostility.

Ultimately, wearied by the ceaseless internal conflict, she yearned for resolution.

With closed eyes, Cherise surrendered to the enigmatic warmth that radiated from Damien, a familiar and foreign warmth enveloping her in its embrace. "Damien," she breathed softly.

"I am not the same Cherise you once knew," she confessed, her voice tinged with a newfound resolve.

"I aspire to embody a clarity that discerns between love and hatred," she continued, her words trailing like delicate whispers in the still air.

"But I cannot... after comprehending the depth of those emotions, I cannot remain by your side," she

Summoning courage from the depths of her being, she exhaled a deep sigh. "Let us part ways, Damien," she murmured, her words weighted with finality.

"Promise me, we shall dissolve our union," she implored.

But Damien, steadfast and unyielding, tightened his grip on her arm. "I refuse," he declared firmly.

Cherise met his unwavering gaze as she reopened her eyes. “By what right do you oppose my decision?” she questioned, her tone laced with a hint of defiance

“Our marriage may have begun as a transaction and later entangled with my mother’s life.”

“But that chapter has long been closed.”

Damien’s eyes narrowed, his voice carrying a steely determination. “I swore an oath never to let you slip away from me in this lifetime,” he asserted, his words echoing with an unyielding resolve.

“What relevance does your vow hold for me?” Cherise challenged, her voice tinged with defiance.

“I am no longer the Cherise of yesteryears!” she declared, her words brimming with a newfound sense of self.

“I refuse to be the woman who would relinquish all for love! I possess reason and intellect,” she asserted boldly, her conviction unwavering.

A furrow formed on Damien’s brow as he regarded her with an intensity that pierced through her defenses.

After a moment of tense silence, a faint smirk played on his lips. “Are you suggesting that the former Cherise was a woman governed solely by her emotions, devoid of reason and intellect?” he inquired, his voice laced with a hint of amusement.

Cherise pursed her lips, nodding in affirmation. “Yes, she admitted.

A dangerous glint flickered in Damien’s eyes, his expression inscrutable as he considered her re

In an instant, he drew near, capturing her crimson lips in a fervent kiss that transcended mere affection.

But as the kiss reached its conclusion, he seized her with force, his teeth harshly sinking into her flesh.

An amalgam of sweetness and blood filled Cherise’s mouth, the sharp pain causing her brow to furrow deeply.

“You...” she began, her voice a mixture of surprise and reproach.

With a wicked grin, Damien released her, wiping the blood from his lips with cruel satisfaction.

“Consider this your retribution,” he declared, his gaze cold and unyielding.

“Given your current state of amnesia, I am displaying leniency,” he added icily.

“But should I hear you degrade yourself in such a manner again, my punishment will be far more severe than a mere nip.”

With those chilling words hanging in the air, the car arrived at the Lenoir Residence.

Damien wasted no time, swiftly opening the door and lifting the still-dazed Cherise, carrying her with purpose up the staircase and into the confines of their bedroom.

“Guard her closely, he instructed the vigilant sentinel posted at the door, his tone commanding. “You all are not to leave this room under any circumstance

With a furrowed brow, Cherise watched him depart, her voice tinged with uncertainty.

“Where are you going?” she inquired, her apprehension palpable.

Was he intending to confine her to this room indefinitely?

## Chapter 998 Unveiling Deceptions.

“Didn’t you demand an explanation?”

The man glanced back at her with an icy stare. “I’ll procure an explanation for you,” he retorted curtly before shutting the door behind him, leaving Cherise alone in the silence of their chambers.

From behind the barrier of the closed door, Cherise listened intently as Damien issued instructions to Frances. His voice, though muffled, carried a sense of authority and concern.

“Cherise has had a mishap,” he explained calmly, his words filtering through the thick wood. “She may not feel inclined to freshen up after she fell into the trash can. Ensure she is properly bathed and dressed in clean attire.”

“I’ve arranged for Lennon to procure her favorite fragrance from abroad,” he continued, his tone unwavering. “Sprinkle it throughout the room to create a more comfortable atmosphere.”

“And...”

Pausing momentarily, Damien’s voice took on a softer tone. “Given her current state of mind, prepare a meal that she enjoys,” he instructed, his concern evident in every word.

Having conveyed his directives, Damien leaned in to murmur a few additional instructions to Frances, his voice barely audible as he imparted his final guidance and slowly left.

Cherise sank to the floor as his footsteps faded into the distance, leaning heavily against the door.

This man... even in moments of turmoil, he exhibited such care and concern, enlisting the aid of their household staff to tend to her needs.

It was difficult for Cherise to reconcile this compassionate side of him with the portrait painted by Sebastian, the man who had manipulated her amnesia and harbored a deep-seated vendetta against

her.

The memory of their tumultuous kiss in the car flashed through her mind unbidden.

She subconsciously traced her lips with her fingertips

Upon her lips, the lingering sensation of the wound he had inflicted remained.

Closing her eyes, she replayed the emotions etched on Damien’s face during that heated moment.

His demeanor unmistakably conveyed a simmering anger.

Yet despite the palpable anger radiating from him, Damien’s actions remained restrained, limited to a passionate kiss and the sharp nip of her lip.

Cherise couldn’t help but acknowledge the complexity of his feelings, realizing that his ire had been ignited by her disparaging remarks about her former self.

He only bit her in response to her perceived self-deprecation, not in reference to any judgment of her

He said that she was demeaning herself, not demeaning the former Cherise.

She realized that Damien didn't perceive her and the former Cherise, who hadn't lost her memory, as distinct entities.

This revelation stirred a pang of sadness within her, prompting a desire to shed a few tears.

Despite her newfound wariness towards him, she couldn't deny the kindness he had shown her.

She couldn't help but wonder: How deeply did he cherish his former self?

With her memory loss, she struggled to comprehend the depth of his emotions,

"Madam?"

Frances's gentle voice interrupted her thoughts, accompanied by a soft knock on the door. "I've brought your favorite incense. Would you like me to open the door and assist you with a bath?"

Initially hesitant, Cherise contemplated whether to open the door.

However, after a moment of reflection, she relented and opened it, allowing Frances to enter.

Frances entered the room with a gentle smile, the aroma of the incense she carried immediately pleasing Cherise's senses.

She liked it.

As Frances assisted her with the bath, she couldn't help but inquire softly, "Are you and Mr. Lenoir having a disagreement?"

Cherise nodded solemnly. "Sort of," she admitted, her expression serious.

After settling g into a more comfortable position on the bed, Cherise regarded Frances with a serious expression. "We had an argument because..." she began, hesitating briefly before revealing the truth "He discovered that Alexis is the son of my first love."

“Thud!”

A loud thud echoed through the room as the incense burner slipped from Frances’s grasp, clattering the ground.

Flustered, she quickly knelt down to clean up the mess, her movements hurried and agitated. “Who would spread such falsehoods?” she exclaimed, her brow furrowing in concern.

Cherise pursed her lips tightly, “My first love was the one who told me,” she confessed.

“He claimed that we were childhood sweethearts,” Cherise continued, her voice laced with a hint of incredulity.

“According to him, we met in a small mountain village during junior high and made a promise to be together when we grew up.” She paused, her expression clouded with uncertainty.

Frances shook her head incredulously as she tidied up the scattered items, her expression a mixture of disbelief and concern. “Madam, you’ve been deceived she insisted gently.

“Since when did you have a first love?”

“You’ve always regarded Mr. Lenoir as your true love. You once told me it was love at first sight when you met him.”

“Although your marriage with Mr. Lenoir didn’t originate from love,” Frances began, carefully choosing her words, “you did harbor feelings for him at the time.” She paused, reflecting on their journey together.

“And after your marriage, despite starting as strangers you gradually fell in love with each other over time.” she concluded.

## Chapter 999 Deceptive Depths

“Many unfortunate events may have transpired between you and Mr. Lenoir afterward,” she began, her words measured and deliberate, “but he has tirelessly endeavored to reconcile and has never ceased searching for you.”

“As for what you mentioned, Alexis being the child of you and your first love....” Frances shook her head with a knowing smile. “That scenario is even more implausible,” she asserted calmly.

Her hands tightly clasped together, Cherise tilted her head inquisitively as she locked eyes with Frances. “Why is it impossible?” she questioned, her brow furrowing with curiosity.

With a serene smile, Frances proceeded to elucidate, placing the aromatherapy machine on the windowsill as she spoke. “Such fabrications are often concocted by men who lack common sense,” she explained patiently.

Cherise furrowed her brow, her confusion evident as she continued to gaze at Frances, seeking further clarification and understanding.

As Frances positioned the aromatherapy machine on the windowsill, she turned to Cherise with a smile, preparing to elucidate. “These intricacies are often clearer to women,” she remarked softly.

“Consider this: Alexis is four and a half years old this year, born just under six months after Soren and Sera.

Frances paused, allowing the weight of her words to settle. “Pregnancy typically lasts ten months,” she continued, her tone gently guiding Cherise’s understanding.

With a subtle wink, she posed a thought-provoking question. “How could you have given birth to Alexis in such a short span after Soren and Sera?”

Cherise was rendered speechless.

Frances explanation does indeed appear to be plausible and grounded in logic...

She pursed her lips, a realization dawning upon her that Sebastian had indeed deceived her.

Turning her gaze to Frances’s retreating form, Cherise couldn’t help but seek further guidance. “So. Frances,” she began tentatively, her voice tinged with uncertainty, “if both men have deceived you, which one would you choose?”

Frances paused momentarily, caught off guard by the unexpected inquiry. However, she quickly composed herself and turned to face Cherise with a warm smile. “As a loyal servant of the Lenoir family, I would naturally advise you to choose Mr. Lenoir,” she replied diplomatically.

“But I understand that may not be the answer you’re seeking.”

“If I were in your position,” she confessed, her eyes gleaming with mischief, “I wouldn’t choose either. Instead, I would feign illness to observe their reactions.”

Cherise, her lips pursed in contemplation. “Just like that?” she echoed.

“Yes,” Frances affirmed simply.

Frances approached Cherise and gently tucked her into bed, her movements imbued with a sense of maternal care. “I may be old and thus tend to be more pragmatic,” she began, her voice soft yet resolute.

“In situations where both parties have deceived me, I would choose the one who consistently demonstrates kindness and concern for my well-being.”

She paused, her eyes meeting Cherise’s with unwavering sincerity. “Even if he has deceived me, it may have been with good intentions rather than ulterior motives, she explained.

“However, if the individual who deceives me shows no care when I am unwell, it may indicate deeper intentions.

After Frances left, Cherise closed her eyes and contemplated deeply while lying on the bed.

She acknowledged the validity of Frances’s perspective, yet a sense of constraint weighed heavily upon her.

Confined by Damien’s control, even if Sebastian wished to provide care, he lacked the resources to do

Despite any genuine care Damien may show her, Cherise cannot easily overlook their tumultuous past.

She has evolved from the person she once was and cannot pretend to be indifferent.

At eight o’clock in the evening. Damien returned home, his laughter with the children downstairs echoing through the house.

Cherise remained confined to her bedroom, where the sounds of Damien’s laughter and the children’s joy downstairs echoed through the house. She could



discern their shared meals, playful games, and the general revelry from her solitary perch upstairs.

Cherise, however, remained confined to her small bedroom, with dinner brought to her by Frances.

At half past nine in the evening, Cherise discerned Damien's footsteps as he exited the children's bedroom

The lengthy corridor seemed unusually quiet, amplifying the sound of his approach towards her room, one footstep after the other.

Damien was walking towards her bedroom.

Shortly after, the door swung open, revealing Damien dressed in light gray loungewear, his demeanor carrying an air of nobility and aloofness.

Furrowing his brow slightly, Damien addressed the skipped dinner. "Frances mentioned that you didn't eat, he remarked with concern

Cherise turned away, her expression resolute. "I couldn't bring myself to eat, she admitted, her voice firm "I won't eat until you provide me with answers"

Damien sighed, acknowledging the complexity of the situation. "There are numerous matters that I cannot clarify all at once," he explained patiently.

"Then explain it slowly."

## Chapter 1000 Eat Properly

"Struggling with words, huh?" Her gaze shifted to him, a glint of unfamiliar animosity flickering in her eyes. "We have an arranged marriage. Why'd your sister plunge a knife into my mother at our wedding. leading to her untimely demise?" She couldn't fathom what he was hiding. "Can't you just explain this to me?" Her words hung in the air, stark and unyielding.

"There are too many players in the game," Damien responded, a bitter smile tugging at his lips as he shut his eyes momentarily. "But if you're up for it, I can explain everything in detail."

"Are you stalling to conjure up a tale?" Cherise's lips pursed, memories of Sebastian's warning echoing in her mind. "You've had ample time on the ride home to concoct a story to fool me." As Cherise said these words, she couldn't help

but recall Sebastian's insinuations. With a sneer, she retorted, "You want to explain everything to me in detail? Are you simply putting it off, as Sebastian implied?"

"If I were concocting a tale, would I go to such lengths?" Damien's eyes narrowed slightly as he advanced towards her, purposeful steps backing her into a corner against the wall. "Cherise, from this moment forward, I won't tolerate that tone from you again."

"You're disregarding my feelings, and you've never grasped how much you mean to me," he continued. his gaze brimming with a dangerous fervor. "Do you realize the magnitude of memories you've lost?"

"All of them," he emphasized. "You've lost every memory from the past two decades. We've known each other for almost six years. That's nearly two thousand days. You expect me to untangle our memories in a matter of minutes and elucidate it to you swiftly? This is utterly impossible!"

Cherise felt a jolt as Damien's gaze bore into her. She nervously bit her lip, meeting his stare with silence.

"I know you're stubborn," Damien began, his voice measured yet firm. "Once you've set your mind to something, nothing sways you. It doesn't matter how you see me now-as a stranger, an adversary, or a

lover. But Cherise, heed my warning. Until your memory returns, take care of yourself. Eat your meals properly and wait for my explanations."

"Don't try my patience. You know me well enough," he continued, rising abruptly. "I have plenty of tricks to ensure you eat your meals." With a cold finality, he instructed, "Frances, prepare another meal. for the lady. If she refuses, keep making food until she complies."

A chill crept down Cherise's spine. She pouted, feeling a pang of betrayal. "You were so kind to me once... Is this who you truly are?" Just days ago, she never would've imagined that Damien, who had shown her such kindness, would utter such harsh words.

"Cherise, even if you regard me as your foe, Damien's laughter cut through the air, icy and mocking. He turned away, dismissing her with a cold chuckle. "It's in your best interest to eat your meals. Otherwise, you'll find yourself incapable of seeking justice for your mother!" With that, he slammed the door shut, paying no heed to Cherise's turmoil on the other side.

Alone in the room, Cherise stared at the closed door, her expression hollow. Tears silently flowed down her cheeks as she sank to the floor in despair. She had hoped that her assertiveness would elicit some semblance of understanding from him. Yet, his resolve was unyielding. She finally realized that men were terrifying when they were being merciless.

““14 Cherise okay?” Marve, seated downstairs spotted Damien descending and rose from the sofa. “Should I explain the situation back then to her?”

“What transpired back then was my fault...” Maeve’s face contorted with shame as she confessed. “I can’t forgive myself if my actions continue to affect you and Cherise...”

“It’s alright,” Damien murmured wearily, closing his eyes and slumping onto the sofa. “Her thoughts are utterly poisoned by Sebastian. Even if you explain, it won’t make a difference.”

“What should we do then?” Maeve’s anxiety was palpable. She paced back and forth in the living room. “Why did you go up and argue with her again? She’s already harboring misconceptions about you. Aren’t you thinking clearly?”

“There’s no alternative. We’ll have to apologize to Cherise later.” Damien admitted with a helpless smile. “Right now, she sees me as an adversary. Even if I treat her kindly, she’ll perceive it as deception. It’s better to provoke her and position myself against her. She’ll take better care of herself despite her animosity towards me.”

As Damien finished speaking, Frances hurried down the stairs, excitement evident in her voice. “Mr. Lenoir, Mrs. Lenoir has eaten! She even asked for seconds!”

It seems she was truly famished, Damien remarked with a faint smile. Prepare more delicacies tailored to her preferences.”

“Alright!” Frances nodded eagerly. She had just turned away before she hesitated as if remembering something. “Mr. Lenoir, Mrs. Lenoir... was just... cursing you.”

“It’s a positive sign that she has the energy to curse me, Damien remarked, a slightly amused smile on his lips. “Let her vent.”

“I believe the priority now is to expedite the investigation on Jacob’s end,” Maeve interjected, her lips pressed into a thin line as she glanced at Damien. “Cherise’s hostility towards you is concerning. She’s bound to get into trouble sooner or later.”

Damien nodded confidently. "I have a plan to address it."

As night descended, Cherise paced her room restlessly after eating. Opening the door, she found two bodyguards stationed outside. Peering out the window, Cherise spotted another pair stationed below.

Frustration mounting, she reached for her phone, only to discover that the internet had been disconnected. Cherise felt a sense of helplessness wash over her. It appeared Damien was resolute in confining her.

Taking a deep breath, she urged herself to remain calm as she reclined on the bed. Damien's expectation for her to yield loomed, but she couldn't bring herself to comply. She refused to believe that Damien could confine her indefinitely or surveil her every move for the rest of her days.

With a sigh, she closed her eyes, attempting to quell the fluctuating emotions that had plagued her throughout the day. Exhaustion weighed heavily upon her, exacerbated by the day's events and the hearty dinner she had consumed. Succumbing to weariness, she yawned, allowing herself to sink into the softness of the mattress, unknowingly drifting into slumber.

In her dreams, she sensed the door creaking open slowly. Someone settled on the edge of her bed,

## Chapter 1001 Forgive My Unkindness

"What transpired back then was my fault..." Maeve's face contorted with shame as she confessed. "I can't forgive myself if my actions continue to affect you and Cherise..."

"It's alright," Damien murmured wearily, closing his eyes and slumping onto the sofa. "Her thoughts are utterly poisoned by Sebastian. Even if you explain, it won't make a difference."

"What should we do then?" Maeve's anxiety was palpable. She paced back and forth in the living room. "Why did you go up and argue with her again?"

She's already harboring misconceptions about you. Aren't you thinking clearly?"

"There's no alternative. We'll have to apologize to Cherise later." Damien admitted with a helpless smile. "Right now, she sees me as an adversary. Even if I treat her kindly, she'll perceive it as deception. It's better to provoke her and position myself against her. She'll take better care of herself despite her animosity towards me."

As Damien finished speaking, Frances hurried down the stairs, excitement evident in her voice. "Mr. Lenoir, Mrs. Lenoir has eaten! She even asked for seconds!"

It seems she was truly famished, Damien remarked with a faint smile. Prepare more delicacies tailored to her preferences."

"Alright!" Frances nodded eagerly. She had just turned away before she hesitated as if remembering something. "Mr. Lenoir, Mrs. Lenoir... was just... cursing you."

"It's a positive sign that she has the energy to curse me, Damien remarked, a slightly amused smile on his lips. "Let her vent."

"I believe the priority now is to expedite the investigation on Jacob's end," Maeve interjected, her lips pressed into a thin line as she glanced at Damien.

"Cherise's hostility towards you is concerning. She's bound to get into trouble sooner or later."

Damien nodded confidently. "I have a plan to address it."

As night descended, Cherise paced her room restlessly after eating. Opening the door, she found two bodyguards stationed outside. Peering out the window, Cherise spotted another pair stationed below. Frustration mounting, she reached for her phone, only to discover that the internet had been

disconnected. Cherise felt a sense of helplessness wash over her. It appeared Damien was resolute-in confining her.

Taking a deep breath, she urged herself to remain calm as she reclined on the bed. Damien's expectation for her to yield loomed, but she couldn't bring herself to comply. She refused to believe that Damien could confine her indefinitely or surveil her every move for the rest of her days.

With a sigh, she closed her eyes, attempting to quell the fluctuating emotions that had plagued her throughout the day. Exhaustion weighed heavily upon her, exacerbated by the day's events and the hearty dinner she had consumed. Succumbing to weariness, she yawned, allowing herself to sink into the softness of the mattress, unknowingly drifting into slumber.

In her dreams, she sensed the door creaking open slowly. Someone settled on the edge of her bed, the overwhelming drowsiness and fatigue proved insurmountable.

"I haven't quite figured out how to articulate it to you, the man's deep yet polished voice filtered through her daze as he gently ran his fingers through her hair. "Forgive my unkindness earlier."

"I'll make every effort to assist in jogging your memory, he continued, shifting into a more comfortable position beside her. His voice, smooth and refined, enveloped her in its charm. "Let's start from the very beginning, from the day we first crossed paths."

"Our initial encounter was on our wedding day. Absurd, isn't it?" He paused briefly, a hint of wryness coloring his words. "My parents perished in a car accident when I was eight, and my sister abandoned me after a fire when I turned thirteen. With Uncle Raymond's family lurking eagerly, I had no recourse but to feign disability, confined to a wheelchair while also pretending to be blind."

## Chapter 1002 Catching Feelings

“I never thought you would actually agree to marry someone like me,” his voice softened, quieter than the whisper of the night breeze. “Sebastian’s intel was spot-on. He didn’t lead you astray. Our marriage was a deal between you and my grandfather right from the start.”

“And it wasn’t until our wedding day that I fully understood the terms of this deal. That night, I put you to the test. Surprisingly, you pledged never to regret marrying me. You even vowed to make an effort to start a family with me. Can you believe it? I saw you as a naïve, foolish girl at that moment.”

As he spoke, he gently stroked Cherise’s forehead, his smile remarkably tender. “It’s almost unbelievable that not long after that day, I found myself catching feelings for the same silly girl...”

Amid the man’s deep, soothing tone, Cherise drifted into a dream, feeling like she had entered the world he painted. He posed as a blind man while she was a resolute girl, determined to safeguard him at all costs. As she pushed him through a corridor adorned with lilac flowers, Cherise apologized softly. “I seem to have lost my way. If only I’d requested a servant to guide us.”

“The servants here won’t offer guidance,” Damien chuckled self-deprecatingly. “It seems you don’t know your husband well enough. I’m Damien Lenoir, the renowned bad luck charm of Adania. I lost my parents at eight years old. When I was thirteen...”

In her dream, Cherise held onto the wheelchair’s handle. Damien had black silk covering his eyes, and she observed him as he recounted his past calmly yet self-deprecatingly. A feeling akin to heartache gradually stirred within her. Ultimately, she gritted her teeth determinedly, summoning courage as she vowed, “From this moment on, I’m your family! I swear to protect you...”

The night slipped away silently. Damien tenderly ran his fingers through Cherise’s hair, observing as her breathing gradually settled into a peaceful rhythm on the bed. Assured of her slumber, Damien leaned in gently, pressing a kiss to her forehead. “Silly girl,” he murmured softly. After taking a deep breath, he tucked her in snugly before quietly slipping away.

Exiting the bedroom, Damien made his way to the study. He was seated at the desk and initiated a video call with Jacob and Lennon. “Looks like we’ll be burning the midnight oil tonight.”

“Working late again, Damien? You’re relentless!” Jacob quipped. “Although your wife won’t even share a bed with you, my girlfriend can’t keep her hands off me!”

Damien glanced at him casually, then returned his attention to the documents before him. “Is it the woman you met at the bar a few nights ago?” Jacob shook his head. “It’s someone else.”

The man’s hand froze briefly while holding the folder. Then, he lifted his head, fixing a cold gaze on Jacob. “I provided you with funds to go abroad to aid in recovering Cherise’s memory, not to chase after a new fling”

Lennon burst into laughter on the other end of the screen. “Jake, you’ve gone overboard.”

Jacob pressed his lips together. “I have not!” He then shifted his gaze to Damien’s stern expression. “I consulted with an expert today. They suggested the most effective approach is hypnotizing Cherise, calming her mind, and guiding her to retrieve her lost memories?”

## Chapter 1003 What About Hypnosis?

“Well, that’s certainly the gist of it,” Jacob mused, his brow furrowing. “How about bringing Cherry over soon? If we hypnotize her, her memory should fully recover within a couple of weeks.”

“Hypnosis?” Damien scoffed, shaking his head. “No.” Sebastian’s words had already completely shattered Cherise’s trust in Damien. Proposing hypnosis now would only confirm her suspicions that he was erasing her memory once more, just as Sebastian had suggested. Not only would she reject the idea, but it would also deepen her distrust of him. “Let’s explore other options,” Damien suggested.

“Then we might have to consider medication.” Jacob suggested, his lips pouting. “But given your perspective, medication probably won’t be effective either, right?”

“Absolutely not, Damien responded, his gaze dropping to the pen he idly twirled between his fingers. Letting out a sigh, he continued, “Are there any other options we could explore?”

“In my opinion,” Lennon chimed in, taking a deep breath, “you should just take Cherry for hypnosis. Whether it’s medication or hypnosis, it’s worth a shot if it helps her regain her memory! Plus, she already sees you as an adversary. Why fret? Once she recalls everything, she’ll understand!”



Do you think I haven't thought about that?" Damien narrowed his eyes, shooting a cold glare at Lennon. "It's just that... though Jake mentioned that these methods are viable suggestions from experts, Damien continued, his gaze slightly frosty. "No one can guarantee with certainty that hypnosis or medication will fully trigger her memory."

"If we repeatedly try hypnosis or medication to no avail, she'll eventually leave me," he continued, his eyes shutting briefly. "I can't bear to lose her again."

The weight of Damien's words hung heavy in the room, immediately silencing the others. Damien and Cherise had endured countless trials together. Jacob and Lennon were familiar with the challenges the couple had faced.

If Damien pushes for hypnosis or medication, it'll only drive Cherise further away. Their thoughts echoed silently in the somber atmosphere of the room. She'll always question and resent him, especially with Sebastian lurking in the shadows. If she leaves this time, it might be permanent. And what if her memories don't return?

"Then we have no choice but to... revisit the past. Try to trigger some of Cherise's latent memories and assist her in recalling them," Jacob sighed heavily. "We should start with the people Cherise still remembers."

Leaning over to scrutinize the data, he wrinkled his brow lightly. I've arranged for individuals to gather information about Cherise's connections in Shaw's village, including her classmates and acquaintances from school, as well as those she encountered in Lermille later on in life."

"This task is quite immense. If it weren't for your influence, Damien, I might have struggled to gather everyone's photos within a week," Jacob admitted with a wry smile. "I've arranged for Lucy to visit tomorrow and show Cherise the photos. Surely, there are gaps in her memories of the past two decades."

Damien nodded in agreement. "It seems like our most viable option."

As Damien and Jacob conversed earnestly, Lennon remained fixated on the computer screen, lost in thought. His eyes widened abruptly. "Jake, did you mention contacting Lucy?"

Caught off guard, Jacob's guilty expression was evident as he quickly diverted his gaze. "Um, well..."

“Is Lucy going to Damien’s place tomorrow to see Cherise?” Lennon sought clarification.