

Marrying 191

Chapter 191 Karma

Elvis exchanged a glance with his wife, Sarah, and they quickly helped Vivian to her feet.

“Don’t worry about it. We’re neighbors, after all. Let’s get along with each other!”

Amidst Vivian’s heartfelt apologies, Cherise couldn’t help but let out a heavy sigh. “Knowing that this was bound to happen, why did you start this in the first place?”

I’m not as forgiving as Aunt Sarah or Uncle Elvis. Vivian insulted my husband-I will never forgive her for that.

Tears streamed down Vivian’s cheeks as she pleaded, “My husband is behind bars now. I need money to get him out of there...”

“He deserves it! If you keep going down this path, you might end up there too!” Cherise retorted.

With that, Cherise helped Damien to his feet. “Dear, let’s go feed Plumkin outside.”

“Sure,” he replied with a smile.

Finally, when both of them were out of sight, Sarah helped Vivian up from the ground. “Cherry has her reasons for not being able to forgive you. You’d better get a divorce and start a new life.”

The next day, the village held a meeting. Eventually, they took Damien’s suggestion and. nominated Jack as the next village chief.

With a bewildered expression, Jack held Damien’s hand and thanked him profusely before. discussing the future plans for the village together with him.

Damien smiled. "The only reason I backed you up is in hopes that you will watch over Elvis' family and stop the villagers from bullying them any longer."

Jack froze for a moment before swiftly nodding his head. "Of course! I'll treat your uncle as my own in the future!"

Because of this, the rest of the villagers greeted Elvis and his family with a wide smile over the next few days.

All of a sudden, Elvis, who had never been popular, found himself at the center of attention in the village; he received dozens of visitors every day.

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"You're really something, dear," Cherise sighed in admiration while nestled in Damien's arms. They were on their way back after their vacation had ended. "No one liked the previous chief, but they dared not speak up. I'm sure Jack will make an excellent leader. You have such a good eye!"

Damien flashed a small smile before pinching her cheeks adoringly. "Of course I do. Just look at who my wife is!"

Cherise blushed shyly and started using her phone as a distraction.

'Are you back, Cherry?'

'Call me as soon as you're back. I've something to tell you!'

All of a sudden, she received two texts from Ian.

Cherise's village was quite far from Adania. Despite starting their journey back early, it was already three in the afternoon when they arrived in the city.

Blake complained about the tiring journey and went back to his room immediately.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hampson summarized a list of work items for Damien to review.

Cherise stretched her body lazily and returned to her room to rest after letting Elvis and Sarah know they arrived safely.

Around four in the afternoon, Ian's call interrupted her nap.

"Cherry, you're back, aren't you? Where are you now?"

She yawned. "I'm taking a nap at home."

"Haven't I told you to call me as soon as you get back?" he reproached.

With another yawn, she replied in embarrassment, "I was thinking of meeting you instead..."

Considering that it was already late afternoon and she was feeling quite drained, Cherise hesitated.

There was a moment of silence on Ian's end. Finally, he said, "Come meet me now. I really have something important to tell you."

Cherise pursed her lips and frowned. However, since he was her senior, she conceded. "Alright, then."

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Chapter 192 A Cure for Damien

After confirming the time and the location, Cherise climbed out of bed. She hastily got ready, yawning as she went along.

She gathered her hair into a loose ponytail and slipped into a casual jumper.

When she arrived at the living room downstairs, she saw Damien engaged in a conversation with Jacob. However, their discussion subsided the moment they saw her.

Jacob cleared his throat and appraised her from head to toe. "That was a short nap."

She frowned and looked at him curiously. "What brings you here?"

Jacob is Damien's personal doctor. If he's here as soon as we get back, does this mean Damien has a health condition?

The thought worried her.

When we were in the village, I wanted to stay a few more days because I liked it there, but I never considered how that might've affected his health. Did something happen to him?

"Why can't I be here?" Jacob retorted with a scowl. "I have some good news for you."

"Good news? From you?" she pouted.

"Of course!" Ignoring Damien's look of warning. Jacob continued loudly, "You don't know the lengths Damien has gone through for you! He never cared about his eyes, but this time around, he asked me to find the best ophthalmologist abroad. Can you guess the outcome?"

Cherise perked up as soon as she heard that. "How did it go? When will he be able to see again?"

Jacob was taken aback upon hearing her reply.

Instead of inquiring about the possibility of a cure, Cherise cut to the chase and asked when Damien's recovery could be expected.

She really does think that Damien can fully recover, doesn't she?

He nodded and proceeded to provide her with all the details.

"If we follow their treatment thoroughly, Damien could regain his eyesight in a week and fully recover in a month."

Jacob had pushed the boundaries of medical science to expedite the recovery process as much as possible.

Overjoyed by the news, Cherise threw herself into Damien's arms and showered his cheeks with kisses. "You're truly amazing, my love! I always knew you'd regain your eyesight!"

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Jacob wrinkled his nose, taken aback by Cherise's display of affection.

I'm the doctor, Shouldn't I be receiving the hug and the praises instead? What the hell did Damien do? Nothing' I'm the one who traveled everywhere to find the specialists and looked into the possibilities, while all Damien did was travel around with Cherise. After all the hard work I've put in, all Cherise did was shower praises at Damien instead? Ugh... Forget it! Her mind works differently from the rest, and even more so when she's in love!

Jacob shook his head. Just let her be....

"Okay, okay." Damien stroked her hair gently and pried her hands away from his face. "Why are you up?"

Cherise pouted. "Ian asked to see me."

Oh, he doesn't like Ian. I shouldn't have told him about that at this joyous time.

Regardless, Damien gave her a swift peck on the cheeks. "It's not early now. Don't get late, okay? I still have something to discuss with Jacob."

back too

Cherise hummed in reply and went out in huge strides.

On the couch, Jacob watched as she left, unable to stop himself from smiling. "No wonder Lennon fancies her. She really is adorable."

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Chapter 193 He's Lying

"You've also heard about what Lennon did?"

"Of course." Jacob grimaced. "You never mentioned to him that she's your wife. That guy bugs me every day, asking if there's another woman in your house who's neither your wife nor your servant. It's annoying!"

Damien took a sip of his tea with a smile. "Did you tell him?"

Jacob shook his head firmly. "Absolutely not. The more he probes, the less inclined I am to tell him anything."

"Good job," Damien commended.

“Of course!” Jacob raised his tea unceremoniously. “I look forward to seeing the expression on his face when he realizes the girl he’s interested in is your wife. That would be an incredible

moment.”

Damien merely replied with another smile.

After leaving the house, Cherise hailed a cab to meet Ian.

The moment she walked into the cafe, she spotted him seated beside the windows.

He was dressed casually in white, which made him appear handsome and gentlemanly.

Cherise waved at him before walking over and taking a seat. “What’s the matter, Ian? It seems urgent.”

Even though she was slightly annoyed that he woke her from her nap, she knew he was a polite. and reasonable person. Hence, she didn’t hold any grudges against him.

“Well, you see...” Ian took a deep breath before continuing. “Didn’t you bring your husband to Dr. Johnson the other day?”

She nodded. “Indeed. But he doesn’t seem to be able to cure him...Never mind about that!”

She finished with a smile, knowing that Damien had consulted a team of specialists abroad and was on track to regain his eyesight within a week.

“That’s not quite the case.” Ian weighed his words carefully as he passed her a cup of coffee. “After the session, Dr. Johnson confided in me privately that there doesn’t seem to be any issues with your husband’s eyes.”

Cherise froze, her grip on the cup tightening. “What do you mean?”

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"It means that he's not blind. He's been lying to you all this while."

A heavy silence descended upon them.

With a frown, she asked, "What? You're saying that... his eyes have been perfectly fine all along and that he's lying to me?"

Ian nodded gravely. "Yes. It's not that Mr. Johnson couldn't cure him-it's simply because there's nothing wrong with him in the first place. He's been lying to you. Cherise."

"That's impossible. Cherise shook her head firmly and smiled back at Ian. "You must be quite prejudiced toward my husband, Ian. He's a bad liar, especially to me. We're husband and wife. there's no need to lie to each other. Even if he were a liar, I'm sure he would never lie to me."

Determination blazed in her eyes as she defended Damien.

Damien once said that the most important thing between a couple is trust. Before we can trust each other, we have to first be honest. Since he brought it up before, it shows he's already been doing that.

Hence, she didn't believe Ian's bold statement at all.

"Stop pulling my leg, Ian."

On the other side of the table, Ian's brows were locked into a tight frown.

It's not a bad sign that she doesn't believe me-it shows how much she trusts Damien. The greater the trust, the greater the feelings of betrayal and despair when the truth is revealed.

He took a deep breath and proposed, “How about this, Cherry? Let’s make a bet.”

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Chapter 194 Let’s Make a Bet

“Let’s bet on Damien’s eyesight if he’s truly blind. If he’s genuinely blind and we’ve been wrong. I’ll never utter a negative word about your husband again. However, if his eyesight is perfect, it proves he’s been lying to you. Promise me you won’t forgive someone who’s been dishonest with you.”

Taken aback by his audacious proposal, Cherise involuntarily loosened her grip on the coffee cup.

“I don’t think so, Ian.”

There’s no point in taking such a bet.

However, Ian appeared resolute in his determination to reveal Damien’s true colors.

“I don’t need anything else from you, Cherry. This is the only and final request I make of you.”

Cherise pursed her lips worriedly.

I firmly believe that Damien wouldn’t lie to me, regardless.

She let out the breath she’d been holding. “Fine, then. Let’s do that.”

Even though she didn’t understand why Ian insisted on a losing bet, she agreed out of respect for

him.

It was raining by the time she made her way back. Still, she took a detour to the supermarket to buy some fish.

By the time she got home, Jacob had already left while Mr. Hampson was giving instructions to the maids.

“Welcome back, Madam,” he greeted her with a smile.

Her brows furrowed together when she saw the maids changing their uniforms and leaving. “Why are they leaving so early today?”

He explained with a smile, “Mr. Lenoir wants some private time tonight. There’s something he wants to discuss with you. So, I dismissed everyone earlier.”

With that, he noticed the fish in her hands. “Dinner is already ready; Frances and the rest have already left. I think it’s better to put the fish in the freezer for tomorrow.”

There was a moment of pause as she took in the situation before shaking her head. “It’s fine. I can cook it myself. It won’t take long.”

With that, she headed to the kitchen. Mr. Hampson watched as she tied her hair up and started cooking, shaking his head in response.

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Hope everything goes smoothly tonight. What is Mr. Lenoir thinking? Dr. Caldwell has already come up with the perfect plan to have his eyes cured in a week. Why does he insist on telling Madam the truth behind the feigned blindness all these years? There’s no need for that, really.

Mr. Hampson sighed.

Damien didn't want Cherise to hear the truth from another person and misunderstand his intentions.

Seeing how kind and amiable she is, I'm sure she won't make a scene.

With that thought in mind, he heaved another sigh as he gave orders to the rest of the maids in the house.

I'll leave the matter to themselves. There's only so much we can advise.

By the time Cherise finished cooking half an hour later, the entire house was so quiet one could hear a pin drop.

It seemed that everyone else had already gone home.

When dinner was ready, Cherise took the apron off and made her way upstairs.

In the study, she found Damien seated in the corner, deep in his thoughts.

To her astonishment, his eyes weren't covered by the usual black cloth, and they looked sharp and intelligent.

Her lips pursed as she knocked on the door. "Dinner is ready, dear."

He turned around and looked at her lovingly before standing up.

Shocked, Cherise quickly walked over to help him up.

What's the matter with him today? He's not using the black cloth or the wheelchair tonight!

As she helped him make his way downstairs, she said, "I heard that Mr. Hampson made everyone else go back early tonight because you wanted to discuss something with me in private."

Chapter 195 Well?

"That's right," he replied in a low voice that masked his emotions. "Let's leave that after dinner."

"Sure."

Her lips were pressed firmly together in a line as she guided him to the dining table. Then, she started serving the food.

Once everything was ready, Damien handled his cutlery with an elegance that aroused her suspicions.

Sitting across from him, Cherise frowned slightly as she observed him closely.

She had once wondered how he could get the food accurately despite not being able to see. All this while, she came to the conclusion that he had honed his senses over the years.

Assuming that he remembered the position of the dishes, she would always put the dishes in the same spots on the table..

However, because of the bet with Ian that day, she moved everything around deliberately.

Yet, it didn't seem to affect Damien in the slightest.

Her brows were firmly knotted together into a terse frown at that moment.

“He’s lying to you, Cherry.” Ian’s voice reverberated in her mind. “If you don’t believe me, you can test him out when you get back later.”

She tightened the grip on her fork. Should I really do that? If he’s not lying, he’ll be disappointed in me.

Ian’s voice rang in her ears once again. “If he’s really blind, he wouldn’t know anything about this.”

She bit her lips nervously, not knowing what to do.

“Something on your mind?” Damien shot a glance at her and asked.

“No...” she replied guiltily and lowered her head to eat.

After a while, she raised her head tentatively and started taking off her clothes,

If he really is blind, he wouldn’t react to this.

At that moment, tension was thick in the air between them.

Luckily, no one else is in the house. Otherwise, this is going to be so embarrassing!

She took off her shirt and trousers, leaving only a bralette and a pair of extremely short pants on her body.

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Damien narrowed his eyes as her beautiful figure was slowly revealed to him. His breathing started becoming long and deep

What are you doing?" he asked in a low voice as he stared at her grimly.

Cherise tightened her hold on the handle of the chair nervously. "It's a bit warm in here"

"Only a bit warm" His eyes flashed dangerously at her.

"Yeah she replied with a blush.

As she couldn't think of the next step, she went back to eating at the dining table.

Unable to decide on her next move, she returned to her meal at the dining table. After taking a few bites, it suddenly dawned on her how careless she had been.

Since I'm testing him, why didn't I check his pulse right after I took my clothes off? I'm studying cardiologist I'm quite sensitive to the pulse of the heart. Now that I brought my attention back to the food, I didn't achieve anything except for making myself uncomfortable.

Unbeknownst to her, Damien was completely aroused.

After all, it had been years since he had been with any woman.

If she went to him immediately after removing her clothes, he would try his best to restrain himself.

Instead, she went back to her seat and continued eating her meal instead.

No men could restrain themselves with the sight of an almost naked woman right before them.

On top of that, Cherise was the woman he loved.

As she was lost in her thoughts, she bit her fork inadvertently. After a while, she got up and went to the kitchen under the excuse of needing something else, walking right past Damien.

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Chapter 196 Broken Trust

As Cherise walked past him, she casually stretched her hand out to touch his chest.

What she felt left her stunned-his heart was pounding like a drum.

It does affect him' she thought.

Initially, she had no intention to test if he was really blind. If she truly believed Jan's words, she would have come up with an intricate plan-it was not difficult for someone who had always been passing her exams with flying colors.

Her actions had been more of a half-hearted test because she trusted him completely.

However, his pulse rate was far beyond the average range,

Cherise withdrew her hand sharply as if she had been electrocuted. As she entered the kitchen, she felt her blood run cold.

Something else must have been causing his unusual heart rate! It can't possibly be because of how I look right now. He's blind!

She bumped into a glass door before the kitchen, and the plate in her hand fell to the ground with a loud crash.

Staring at the shattered porcelain fragments, she began to see them as a metaphor for her broken

trust.

“Cherry.”

Damien rose from his seat and approached her with a look of deep concern.

Meanwhile, she froze as she looked at his gait. He walked to her steadily and calmly, without any hesitation or any fumbling of steps, as if he could see clearly.

In that instant, she had no clue how to face him.

It was apparent to him that something was wrong with her. He held her hand and asked, “What’s wrong?”

“L” She pursed her lips and shook his hands away before crouching to pick up the broken pieces. “I accidentally-

Lost in her thoughts, she inadvertently brushed against the shards, causing them to scratch her. Blood oozed from the wound onto the white porcelain pieces.

Damien frowned and pulled her hand to him. “Did something happen to Lucy?”

She was just fine this afternoon before heading out. I’ve been so busy with work and Jacob just now that I

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didn’t have time for her. By the time she got back, she was already in this disoriented manner.

Hence, Damien attributed the sudden change in behavior to the meeting with Lucy.

From his knowledge of her behavior, it was not normal for her to suddenly take off her clothes. during dinner.

Cherise bit her lips without replying to him.

“Leave it.” He held her bleeding hand and carried her to the couch before turning around again to find the first aid kit.

The scene before her reminded her of the time she injured herself during his birthday-he did the same thing as well.

Back then, she doubted his blindness, but he told her his eyesight might return sporadically. It was stupid of me to believe that excuse. How was it plausible?

Damien found the first aid kit and started cleansing her wound.

“I’m always here to hear you out if you face any problems. Perhaps I can even help.”

Staring at his perfectly sharp jawline, Cherise felt a sharp pang of pain stabbing at her heart.

“Damien Lenoir.”

“Yes?” he replied with a pause.

It was rare for her to call his full name. Ever since Sarah told her off on the second day of their marriage, she had been calling him endearing terms like ‘darling’ or ‘dear.

”

Chapter 197 The Truth

Cherise inhaled deeply. "Lucy's perfectly fine. Not me, though."

As Damien applied disinfectant to her wound, he furrowed his brows. "What's wrong with you?"

I helped her fix the problems back in her hometown. Did I miss anything?

"My own husband... has been deceiving me."

She let out her breath in a huff and gazed up at the ceiling with tears welling in her eyes.

As soon as she finished her sentence, she could no longer hold back her tears. Still, she kept her head lifted to keep them from streaming down her face.

Damien's movements froze upon hearing that..

He glanced up, meeting her tear-filled eyes. They felt like shards piercing his heart.

"You... already knew everything?"

He could think of only one reason that would evoke such a reaction from her.

Finally, Cherise broke down before him, her teary gaze locked on his face as she cried, "Damien, you once told me that the most important thing in a relationship is trust. I trusted you with all my life and showed you my vulnerabilities. What about you?" She sniffed and shoved his hand away. "You didn't even tell me the truth about yourself. I understand you may have your reasons for feigning blindness, but why didn't you tell me? I-It's because I'm not important enough to you, isn't it?"

Her voice, filled with despair and heartbreak, trembled and broke at the end.

At that moment, how Violet gloated in Viopril Palace appeared in her mind.

“It turns out that I’m the one who understands Damien the most,” Violet announced pompously.

Cherise closed her eyes in despair.

Indeed. She’s the one who knows him best, while I’m nothing to him.

Damien frowned and pulled her into his embrace. “Cherry, I planned to tell you the truth this evening.”

I specifically asked Hampson to arrange for everyone to leave earlier just to tell her the truth. However, it seems to be too late.

“It’s only because I found out about it.” Cherise laughed bitterly as she struggled to get away from him. “If I didn’t discover it myself, you were going to keep me in the dark forever, weren’t you?”

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“No. Listen, Cherry. That’s not the case!” He hugged her tightly and pressed a loving kiss to her ears. “I have reasons for doing this, and it’s not to deceive you. I’ve been pretending to be blind for thirteen years, even before we got married. I couldn’t just reveal everything as soon as we

met

Cherise closed her eyes in disappointment. “All in all, you don’t trust me enough.”

She tried to pry his hands from her. “The other day, Violet told me that she knows you better than I do, and she even asked me if I know the truth about your eyesight. I thought she was sowing discord

between us on purpose. It's only now that I realize she's been showing off in front of me! I'm your wife, yet she knows you better! Since you are so close with her, why didn't you marry her instead?"

Deceiving her wasn't entirely unforgivable. However, it became a different matter when Violet, who usually wasn't around him, knew everything.

Cherise had always prided herself as the person who most understood and trusted him. Yet, she had been under the false impression that he was blind all along.

Just that afternoon, she was overjoyed at the prospect of a cure for his eyesight.

The more she dwelled on it, the deeper her resentment. She couldn't contain the torrent of tears. that welled up and streamed from her

eyes.

Chapter 198 She Left

Apart from hugging her, Damien couldn't do anything. Though they had only been married for a month, he had come to understand her stubborn temperament.

Once she fixated on one thing, no one could change her mind.

She was too agitated and emotional at that moment. There was nothing he could say to change her mind, and he knew it was best for her to calm down first. Yet, he struggled to find a way to make that happen.

He had been a gifted child since he was young-he could learn anything and achieve the best result, except when it came to relationships.

No one taught him how to love, and he had never taken the initiative to learn about it.

It was only after he found himself in a relationship that he realized how ill-equipped he was.

All this while, he thought he had been helping her to solve her problems. Ironically, her biggest problem was him..

“Cherry.”

“Let me go.” She tried to escape from his embrace, but he refused to budge.

“Let me go now.” She glared at him. “If you still want to call yourself my husband, let me go right.

now!”

He stared at her for a while before relenting.

Cherise got up and put her shirt back on. Before leaving, she felt sorry for him. “I made the fish specially for you. Thank you for helping me and my family out these few days. Hope you enjoy

it.”

“Where are you going?” Damien asked grimly.

Where am I going? Where can I go? Cherise thought as she wiped the tears from her face.

She once thought this place would be her home for the rest of her life and moved all her belongings there.

During the recent trip back to her hometown, she even took all her belongings in her youth back to Damien’s place.

Now, this place I call home has no room for me anymore. The man I vowed to go through the thicks and thins of life has never regarded me as his family.

It was raining heavily at that moment. When she reached the door, he grabbed her hand.

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“Let go,” she said coldly, turning around to look at him impassively.

With a frown on his face, Damien handed an umbrella to her. “Don’t catch a cold.”

Cherise grinned at him mockingly. “It’s unusual of you to be so concerned about a stranger.”

“You’re not.” He looked at her intently. “Come back to me soon.”

The sarcastic smile played on her lips as she threw the umbrella on the ground and ran into the rain.

Yet, he didn’t stop her; he couldn’t, even if he wanted to.

With his eyes closed, he picked up his phone and called someone.

Cherise walked along the streets forlornly as the entire city was shrouded in rain.

A young boy dressed in blue held an umbrella behind her, but she waved him off with a bitter smile. “Go back. Don’t follow me any longer.”

Blake shook his head and continued following her. After all, his stubbornness could rival hers.

She chuckled but stopped talking to him, continuing her aimless walk in the rain.

What does Damien mean by this? He didn't come after me personally, yet he sent Blake to follow me? He doesn't trust me enough, yet he still asks Blake to keep an eye on me. What the hell is he thinking?

After some time, a black Porsche stopped next to her.

As the windows rolled down, Lennon's exasperated face was revealed.

"You guys gave me a hard time finding you," he remarked, casting a quick look at their surroundings. "It's impressive how far a woman and a kid can walk. I can't believe you guys managed to reach here."

With that, he opened the door. "Get in."

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Chapter 199 Damsel in Distress

Cherise frowned at him. "Why would I do that?"

Lennon let out a chuckle. "I know you don't mind, but have some pity for the little guy behind you. He's completely drenched."

Cherise turned around. Sure enough, Blake was soaked to the core.

She smiled in embarrassment and conceded. "Alright, then. Let's get into the car."

I can handle this, but it won't do Blake any good if he catches a cold. He's still a kid.

After getting into Lennon's car, he sent them to a mansion nearby.

"I used to live here before going abroad. It's a bit old, but I hope you don't mind staying here temporarily for a few days. A wry smile spread across his face as he shook his head. "I bet Damien. will fetch you back in a few days anyway."

"You... know Damien?" Cherise froze.

"We go way back. Lennon made a face, passing a towel to her. "I spent my best years with that. loser, yet the pay he gave me isn't even enough to get by!"

Shocked by the sudden revelation, Cherise was momentarily stunned before returning to her senses. Lennon is not his neighbor or whatnot; he works for Damien!

She pursed her lips and sat down on the couch angrily. "Did he ask you to bring me here?"

"You're smart, m'lady." He snapped his fingers. "He said you wouldn't want to go home or see him. at this moment, so he arranged a place for you to stay and asked me to send you here. What's going on? Did you guys get into a fight? What do you think about splitting up with him and marrying me instead?" He grinned at her mischievously.

Cherise rolled her eyes at him before hurrying Blake into the shower.

Interested in teasing her even more, Lennon leaned behind the couch as he scrutinized her face. "Come on, won't you give that a thought?"

When he assumed that she worked for Damien, he was surprised that Damien hired such a woman as one of his housekeepers.

He only found out about Cherise's true identity as Damien's wife a few moments ago when he received a call from Damien himself.

Whenever he recalled how Damien and Jacob avoided his questions about Cherise, he felt embarrassed.

Hence, he continued to tease Cherise. "Give it a thought! I will never lie to you, and I will always

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treat you like a queen"

Cherise merely made a face and ignored his advances.

After the long walk in the rain, she had calmed down. Despite everything that had ensued, the thought of having a divorce with Damien had never crossed her mind, even at the peak of her disappointment.

Divorce was a serious matter. Before getting married, Elvis and Sarah reminded her that such a word should not be played around with simply because one was upset.

She had also sworn to herself that as long as Damien would help her save her grandmother, she would never leave him.

The revelation made her upset and disappointed, but that was all.

Damien had done what he promised-her grandmother was indeed cured. Hence, she resolved. not to leave him.

However, it made her even more upset. I'm nothing to him, yet I have to be with him for the rest of my life. Just the thought of it makes me miserable....

Noticing that she was almost on the verge of tears, Lennon quickly shook his head. "Wait, wait. I'm just kidding! No matter how much I like you, I can't possibly compete openly with that sly fox Damien!"

Upon hearing his words, Cherise became even more upset.

She took some tissues and wiped her tears away. "You're right. He is sly indeed!"

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Chapter 200 Damien's Past

Lennon smiled as he looked at the tears streaming down her face. "Is it such a big deal? He only kept a secret from you."

Cherise ignored him with a grimace.

Facing another rejection, he settled into the couch in exasperation and took a picture of her.

I demand double pay for this."

He sent the message to Damien with the picture attached.

On the other end, the notification reverberated in Damien's huge, empty mansion.

Damien was standing by the window, looking in the direction of Lennon's house as he got lost in his thoughts.

After a lengthy pause, he finally turned around and picked up the phone.

Upon seeing the picture of Cherise sobbing her heart out, he caressed the screen and replied, "If you manage to cheer her up, I'll increase your pay tenfold."

What? Tenfold?

Lennon rubbed his eyes, questioning what he had just seen.

I've never seen him so generous! Is Cherise so important that he would increase my pay tenfold just to cheer her up?

'Ha! I'm definitely getting the money!' Lennon replied, yet he couldn't help teasing Damien next. Though you appear to be disabled, you've been successfully directing numerous companies abroad and heading various financial corporations in Europe, yet you're remarkably useless when it comes to your wife. I didn't use to believe Jacob's claims that you have low emotional intelligence, but now I'm convinced."

'I'll take it as you don't want the money."

"Wait, that's not what I mean! I want the money, of course!"

With that, Lennon put his phone away and looked at Cherise, who was still sobbing on the couch.

"There's a balcony upstairs with a good view. Would you like to have a look? I'll bring two bottles of wine along."

Cherise thought about it briefly and nodded.

When they reached the balcony, the rain had already stopped, and the air was crisp.

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Lennon set up a table and some chairs, opened the wine, and proposed a toast with Cherise.

"Why are you so upset? It's just about his eyes."

She shook her head. "It's about trust. He has never trusted me."

With tears still glistening in her eyes, she gulped down the contents of her glass. “Back when I was hiding something from him, he told me that trust is the most important thing in a relationship. I’ve trusted him completely, but he-

Lennon interjected with a smile. “Cherry, I have to defend him on this. Yes, he shouldn’t deceive you, but the circumstances—”

“What kind of circumstances?” Cherise interjected defiantly.

“Loads of them.” Lennon sighed as he gazed at the vast sky. “You’re lucky that you’ve only met him now. Do you know how I met him? In the office of my psychiatrist. When Damien was thirteen, a fire broke out in his house, killing his beloved sister. That accident left him unconscious for ages. When he finally woke up, his family abandoned him, sending him abroad alone he was only fourteen then. Unable to accept the change of events, he became suicidal. When he realized something was terribly wrong with him, he decided to seek help.

After hearing that, Cherise looked at Lennon in stunned silence.