

Marrying 931

Chapter 931 Lower Your Head

After breakfast, Frances took Soren and Serafina to kindergarten. Meanwhile, Damien's phone rang several times. They were calls from the Weiss family. Go ahead. You don't have to stay with me." Cherise blinked at him, "By the way, what should I do while you're at work? Without you and the kids around, I'll be quite bored."

Damien smiled faintly. "You can stay at home and watch television or play games. You can also ask Frances to go out and buy groceries so you can make lunch and dinner for me." Cherise was like a blank canvas now, innocent and unblemished. He didn't want Cherise to interact with too many people or hear unnecessary gossip during this time.

Cherise nodded. "Okay!" After that, she ran downstairs with a grin. She sat on the sofa, grabbed the remote control, and asked, "What should I watch?" Damien furrowed his brow, pondered momentarily, and played a show she used to enjoy.

His phone continued to ring. Damien knew he couldn't stay with her any longer. After all, matters with the Weiss family needed his attention. Upon seeing her engrossed, the man headed to the door to put on his coat and change his shoes. As he was about to leave, Cherise suddenly turned around. "Hold on!" Damien's tall figure froze. He asked gently. "Is something wrong?"

"Um..." Cherise ran to Damien. "Lower your head." Damien furrowed his brows. Although he was perplexed, he complied obediently. As he lowered his head, Cherise tiptoed and planted a kiss on his forehead. It felt like an electric current surged through his body from the touch of her lips.

Faced with the man's surprised gaze, Cherise blushed her heart racing. "They have farewell kisses." She pointed to the TV screen. "We're husband and wife... I thought we should do it too..." Damien's body froze. He looked down at the woman before him with flushed cheeks. "You..."

Cherise met his gaze nervously. "What's wrong?" The man's Adam's apple bobbed slightly. "Um... good job." The man looked at Cherise and raised his hand to stroke her hand. "Be good and watch television at home. I'll be back early."

“Okay!” Cherise nodded earnestly. “I will! I’ll also learn cooking from Frances!” After saying that, she blushed and lowered her head slightly. “I can’t always have you cook for me while I do nothing, right? I think I can cook well, so come back early for lunch. I’ll prepare a table full of delicacies for you!”

Damien’s heart warmed slightly. The man embraced Cherise tightly at the next moment. “Good girl.” After that, he let her go and walked away. Cherise stood by the door and watched Damien leave lovingly. As it turned out, her husband was... such a kind person.

But Cherise didn’t know that her embrace and kiss at that moment gave Damien great strength to face the challenges outside. No matter how strong and indifferent a man appeared on the outside, he would always yearn for a woman’s tenderness. Despite her memory loss, Cherise still warmed his heart.

When Damien returned to Lenoir Group, people from the Weiss family already blocked the building’s entrance. Yolanda and her associates obstructed the entrance of Damien’s company, preventing Lenoir Group employees from entering or leaving.

Chapter 932 I Heard Rumors

“I’m telling you!” Yolanda didn’t care about her reputation at all. “I’m not here to make things difficult for you. If you tell Damien to meet me, I’ll let you resume work as usual!” She stood in the highest place among the crowd. She held a megaphone and began shouting loudly. “It’s great news for everyone if Damien doesn’t show up today. His company can forget about operating normally!”

Lennon leaned against a car parked across the building. He leisurely recorded the scene before him. with his phone and sent it to Damien. “A woman with a nasty temper is causing a scene. What should we do?”

On the other end of the phone, Damien was in a car rushing towards Lenoir Group. After receiving Lennon’s video, a faint smile appeared on the corner of the man’s lips. “Adania has a police station with police officers, right?”

“You mean...”

“Yes.” Damien smiled lightly. “She’s obstructing traffic and disrupting others by being a public nuisance. This is a matter that requires the police, not me.”

Lennon pursed his lips and pouted in exasperation. “You’re an unscrupulous businessman.” Though Lennon said that, he still quietly picked up his phone and called the police after hanging up with Damien. “Hello, I’d like to report a situation here right now...”

Ten minutes later, police cars arrived quickly with sirens blaring. Because Yolanda had so many people causing trouble with her, it was too much for one police station to handle. They had to call in all the police officers in the city to bring them to the station.

“Why are you arresting me?!” Yolanda roared angrily as she was being put into the police car. “Damien hurt my brother. Can’t I come here to seek justice? Did Damien bribe you?!”

After Yolanda was taken away, Damien’s car slowly stopped in front of Lenoir Group’s building. A man got out of the car elegantly and walked into the lobby,

“Mr. Lenoir.” Candace greeted Damien as soon as he entered. She leaned closer to him with a smug, taunting smile. “Mr. Lenoir, I heard some rumors... I wonder if they’re true?” Damien narrowed his eyes. slightly and stopped in his tracks. “What do you want to say?”

“Mr. Lenoir, I don’t think your wife is that kind of person...” Candace smiled and pursed her lips. “But she loves you so much. Even though what she did was unexpected, it’s not entirely surprising. I wanted to ask what happened. And what do you plan to do?”

“If you don’t divorce Cherise, you might be mocked for being a cuckold for the rest of your life. But if you divorce Cherise... She only did it for your sake. If you kick her out after getting what you wanted, wouldn’t that be ungrateful of you?” Candace’s words were harsh, but there was no denying that many in the company shared her thoughts.

“Since you believe my wife and Sebastian slept together, please provide evidence.” Damien sneered and turned to glance at Candace. “If you can’t prove it, I’ll sue you for defamation and spreading rumors.” The man’s gaze was cold.

“Mr. Lenoir, how can you say I’m spreading rumors?” Candace pursed her lips and quickly forced a smile. “I heard it from someone else...”

“Who did you hear it from? Tell me. If you can’t tell me, it means you said it. Then, you’re the one spreading rumors.” Damien narrowed his eyes. “Is there anything else you want to say?”

Chapter 933 A Wimp

Candace was dumbstruck and slightly flustered. Judging from Damien’s voice, demeanor, and gaze, he didn’t seem like he was joking! She was a proper lady, after all. She would be utterly humiliated if she was sued for spreading such rumors! As she thought about this, she pouted. “I’m sorry, Mr. Lenoir. I shouldn’t have believed rumors...”

“Good.” Damien smiled faintly. “You can make up for your mistake by giving me a list of everyone in the company who shares your thoughts. I’ll sue each of them.” Candace was stunned and immediately shook her head. “Mr. Lenoir, why don’t... you let it go?”

“Why should I?” Damien raised his brows. “You can’t live with a charge of defamation because you fear being embarrassed, but you casually believe such promiscuous rumors about me and my wife. Lenoir Group doesn’t need employees with such double standards.”

Candace pursed her lips, finally realizing her words had offended Damien. She thought that... after such an incident, Damien would no longer defend or stand up for Cherise. However, she didn’t expect... that Damien had such affection for Cherise... He didn’t even care if Cherise had slept with someone else or betrayed him... “Mr. Lenoir, I understand.” Candace bowed deeply. “I’ll tell others not to continue spreading rumors!”

“I never expected our boss to be cuckolded in this lifetime!” Before Damien entered the room for Lenoir Group’s morning meeting, he heard the people inside gossiping freely. “Impossible! I don’t think the boss’ wife is that kind of person...”

“Nothing is impossible. Don’t you know that the Weiss Group snatched shares worth one billion from Lenoir Group? One billion! Have you ever seen so much money in your life? But if you think about it, our boss’ wife is valuable. One night with her is worth one billion. That’s a fortune!”

“Nonsense. Do you think Cherise’s body is worth so much? Our boss’s reputation is the most valuable! She’s not priceless because of her charm. It’s because she’s Damien’s wife!” said Paulo Blatt, the sales manager of Lenoir Group’s fifth sales department. Damien didn’t recognize this person’s voice because of his outstanding performance but because this person was good at sucking up to him.

Every time Damien met with the sales departments, Paulo, the sales manager from the fifth department, would always fawn over Damien and serve him drinks. Paulo would also applaud and praise Damien for everything he said. Hence, Damien naturally remembered this man’s voice.

If Damien remembered correctly, Paulo had taken some documents from Cherise during a meeting a few days ago. What did he say back then? Paulo had said Cherise and Damien were a perfect match, destined to grow old and be together forever. But now, he was saying such things behind their backs after such a rumor had spread.

“Speaking of Cherise, although she’s pretty and gorgeous...” Inside the room, Paulo certainly didn’t expect Damien to resolve the situation outside so quickly, so he continued to blabber endlessly in the meeting room. “This woman is really materialistic. If she wasn’t, would she marry Mr. Lenoir? She humiliated her husband for one billion and basically told the world that her man is a wimp...”

Chapter 934 Damien’s Sincere Feelings

Before Paulo could finish, the office door was kicked open from the outside with a loud bang. Damien stood coldly at the door, his dark eyes staring at Paulo icily. “Go on.” The meeting room instantly fell silent. Paulo’s jaw dropped to the floor.

Damien walked in indifferently and sat at the head of the meeting room. Despite what had happened, Damien still had a frosty presence. The man’s indifferent demeanor effectively lowered the meeting room’s temperature. Damien shifted in his seat, lit a cigarette, and looked up at Paulo coldly. “What else do you want to say?”

Paulo stood frozen in place. After a moment, he smiled at Damien with a pale complexion. "Mr. Lenoir... I... I was just talking nonsense. Please don't take it seriously..." Damien chuckled. He flicked his cigarette ash elegantly and asked, "What if I did take it seriously?" Paulo's face turned ashen instantly. Behind Damien, Blake leaped out and slapped Paulo before dragging him out.

The meeting room door closed, and the man's screams could be heard outside. Amid the screams, Damien glanced casually at the people in the conference room. "If there's nothing else, let's start the meeting." Throughout the meeting, everyone besides Damien was on edge, afraid of saying the wrong thing and meeting the same fate as Paulo.

Despite being the source of everyone's panic, Damien was relaxed after the meeting. He instructed his secretary to order a large bouquet of roses. Although Cherise had lost her memory, he could tell she was still herself, the girl who loved reading romance novels and watching romantic movies. Therefore... roses were still his indispensable weapon to win favor with his wife.

News of Damien buying roses for Cherise undoubtedly sparked more rumors throughout the Lenoir Group once again. "Even though there are such rumors... Mr. Lenoir is still buying roses... It seems Mr. Lenoir's feelings for his wife are sincere..."

Meanwhile, Sebastian lay in bed in a ward at Adania Hospital. "Is Yolanda a fool? Does she have a brain?" He cursed angrily with his phone in hand. "Did she really declare war with Damien online and barricade herself at Damien's office early in the morning for me? She's just dying to tell the whole world I was injured by Damien and hospitalized, right? I bet she's eager for everyone to know that Damien is a brave man willing to stand up for his wife."

"Sebastian, Damien is suing your sister for obstructing his company's operations. He wants your sister to pay the price..." The old man on the other end of the phone sighed lightly. "I consulted a lawyer. In cases like this, where the accused was provocative and acted out of line, she'll be locked up for a week at the very least... Maybe even longer..."

"Sebastian, your sister has lived a pampered life since she was young. Staying even one day in a place like a prison is torture to her..." The old man's voice on the phone was slightly pleading. "I've never asked you for anything, but I'm begging you now to get your sister out... no matter what. I've already booked a flight to Adania..."

Sebastian chuckled as he held his phone. He was hospitalized after Damien shot him in the leg last night, but his father had barely asked about it over the phone.

Chapter 935 Don't Go Out

Yolanda brought it upon herself and got arrested. Now that Damien wants to sue her, Dad booked a flight and even wants me to bail Yolanda out even though I'm lying in bed and unable to stand up! This was Adania, where Damien's word was law. He was also the one preventing Yolanda from being released. Sebastian had to go to Damien if he wanted to get Yolanda out. Go to Damien for her sake? In your dreams!

"I'm currently injured now and need to recuperate." Taking a deep breath, Sebastian said coldly, "If you're worried about your daughter not being treated well in prison, hurry over. I can't help you." After speaking, Sebastian hung up.

On the other end of the phone, the middle-aged man with graying hair sighed lightly. "My flight to Adania leaves in an hour." He turned to look at his butler. "I must meet Damien and talk to him about matters between the Lenoir and Weiss families before the sun sets today." Damien had harmed his son and put his daughter in prison... It was time for the old man to have a good talk with Damien.

Cherise watched television until ten in the morning. As the clock struck ten, Frances was about to shop for groceries. Damien would have lunch around twelve o'clock, according to his regular schedule. Upon seeing Frances get dressed and get ready to go out, Cherise quickly approached. "Frances, are you going out to buy groceries?"

"Yes, Mrs. Lenoir." Frances was slightly startled, but she nodded quickly. "Is there anything you need me to buy for you?" Cherise frowned. She thought for a moment, cautiously approached Frances, and whispered. "What does Mr. Lenoir, I mean, my husband usually like to eat?"

Frances was slightly startled. What does Mr. Lenoir like to eat... After briefly pondering, Frances suddenly remembered. "I remember Mr. Lenoir used to say he likes the salmon and pierogis you make."

Cherise's spirits instantly lifted. "Frances, can you help me buy salmon and ingredients to make pierogis?" Upon looking at the woman's timid gaze, Frances's heart softened slightly. "Sure!" She beamed at Cherise, "I'll get them. Wait for me at home. Don't go out!"

Cherise nodded earnestly, "Okay." After Frances left, Cherise sat on the sofa, thinking about how to make pierogis. Unfortunately, she didn't remember much about the past. Apart from some basic knowledge, she couldn't remember many things.

For example, Frances said Damien liked the pierogis she made. But... what pierogi filling does Damien like? What does it taste like? Cherise had no idea. She lay on the sofa helplessly, took out her phone, and was about to look up a recipe.

However, she didn't expect to receive a call from someone named 'Lucy Staber as soon as she turned on her phone. The woman furrowed her brows and answered, "Hello, who is this?" On the other end, Lucy was stunned. She hesitated and said, "Um... isn't this Cherise Shaw's phone?"

"Yes, I'm Cherise Shaw." Cherise pursed her lips. "But I have amnesia. I don't know who you are." Lucy was dumbfounded. "Do you think you're in a telenovela? You have amnesia?"

"I really have amnesia." On the phone, Cherise sounded exasperated. "All I know now is that my husband is Damien Lenoir. My son is Soren Shaw, and my daughter is Serafina Shaw. We have a servant named Frances and a butler named Mr. Hampson at home."

Chapter 936 Wait Patiently

"I also have a younger brother named Blake. I don't know anyone else." After that, she asked sincerely, "What about you? I see that your name is Lucy Staber. What is our relationship? Are you a friend?"

Lucy was flabbergasted. Cherise's voice was very earnest and calm. She didn't seem like she was joking at all. But doesn't amnesia only happen in fiction? "I'm your friend." Lucy sighed helplessly. "You said you have amnesia, so do you remember what happened to you in the past few days?"

"No," Cherise answered earnestly and candidly. "When I woke up, I was covered in blood and mud. There are still knife wounds on my legs. Blake supported me as we made our way back. I don't remember anything that happened in the past."

Lucy pursed her lips. She pondered for a long time and resisted the urge to tell Cherise about the rumors outside. She asked, "Do you want to regain your memories?"

"Of course. No one wants to live without knowledge of the past," Cherise answered without hesitation. "Everyone is very kind to me now. Although I think my current life... is decent, I still want to know what happened to me." With that, she asked hesitantly, "Damien told me not to overthink things. What about you? Can you tell me anything?"

"Let's wait for a while. I've been researching with medical experts abroad recently, and I may find a way to help you recover your memory." Lucy smiled faintly. "But it'll be a while before I can help you. All you have to do is wait patiently, okay?"

"Mm." Cherise pouted. "I guess that's the only thing I can do now." She hated the feeling of being unable to recall her memories. She could only listen to what others told her. Since she couldn't remember anything, she was clueless. Everything she was told seemed like the truth.

Not long after the phone call ended, Frances returned with two servants carrying bags of groceries. "Mrs. Lenoir, are you planning to make pierogis for Mr. Lenoir?" Cherise nodded earnestly. "Yes... I plan to do so." But the reality was different. Standing in the kitchen, Cherise watched Frances skillfully make the pierogis. She slowly pinched the pierogi dough with her hands as she observed carefully.

The first pierogi fell apart, the second pierogi tore, and the third pierogi looked so funny that Cherise burst out laughing. "You have to take your time." Frances smiled as she looked at Cherise. "Mrs. Lenoir, why don't you take a break? I can make the rest of the pierogis with the other servants."

"Didn't you say my husband likes the pierogis I make?" Cherise shook her head thoughtfully. "I'll keep practicing."

"Mr. Lenoir is blessed." Upon seeing Cherise like this, Frances couldn't help but smile. "Even though you don't remember the past, Mrs. Lenoir, your love and care for Mr. Lenoir is unchanged!" Cherise's face flushed at Frances's words. She pursed her lips and looked at Frances. "Um... do you know how I met my husband?"

Frances's body stiffened slightly. How did Mr. and Mrs. Lenoir meet... Didn't they meet and get married because Mrs. Lenoir's grandmother was sick backthen? But Frances felt that this was inappropriate to say. Hence, she smiled and shook her head. "As servants, how could we know about your affairs?"

Chapter 937 Ninety-Nine Roses

"Why don't you ask him yourself when Mr. Lenoir returns for lunch?"

Cherise pursed her lips and could only nod in agreement as she continued to learn to make pierogis. Although she lost her memory, she still had muscle memory. After ruining over a dozen pierogis, Cherise mastered the trick of proficiently making pierogis. She gradually got faster and made decent pierogis. Frances was stunned. Isn't... this how Mrs. Lenoir used to make pierogis? She's as good as she was back then!

The pierogis were cooked at eleven o'clock. At twenty minutes past eleven, the steaming hot pierogis were served to the table. Five minutes after that, Damien's car stopped outside Lenoir Manor. The man exited the vehicle, opened the trunk, and carried out a bouquet of ninety-nine roses as he walked into the house.

"Honey! You're back!" When Cherise heard the car stopping, she rushed to the door. As she opened the door with a smile, the first thing she saw was the red roses in front of her. The woman's heart suddenly skipped a beat.

The tall, lanky Damien stood at the door with a large bouquet of countless red roses in his hands. Each rose was a crimson red and even had fresh dew on it. The scene before Cherise made her go slightly weak. She had never imagined receiving such a romantic gift like the main character of a movie.

"Darling." Damien smiled at her. "This is for you. Do you like it?" Cherise pursed her lips. She was so nervous that she was briefly rendered speechless. Ultimately, she stuttered. "Y-Yes..."

"If you like it, accept it."

Her blank, dazed, and confused expression made Damien think of when they had just gotten married five years ago. Back then, she was also constantly in a daze. Cherise was clueless and just listened to

everything he said without questioning him. She believed him when he told her he was disabled. When he told her that his Uncle Raymond had harassed him, she threw her heels at Tristan and swore to protect him.

Back then, Cherise was endearingly foolish. However, Damien wasn't very romantic in the past. Moreover, he made her suffer a lot. Perhaps it's good she lost her memory. Do I have another chance to love her in a way she deserves?

Cherise pursed her lips and timidly extended her arm to Damien. She took the large bouquet of ninety-nine roses but underestimated its weight. The unexpected weight almost made her drop them. Damien quickly reached out and supported her hands, and his palm pressed against the back of hers.

This warm touch made Cherise's heart inexplicably start to beat faster. She panicked and tried to pull her hand back, but the man held it firmly. "This represents my heart. It's priceless." A fond smile crept onto the man's face, outlined by icy features. "You must take good care of it."

Cherise's face was burning. She pouted, not knowing what to say for a moment. The woman took a deep breath and looked up at Damien, who gazed at her affectionately. Their eyes met. One had a shy gaze, while the other had a loving gaze.

"Um..." After some time, Frances finally cleared her throat. "Um, Mr. and Mrs. Lenoir, I don't mean to interrupt..."

Chapter 938 Cherise's Pierogis

"The pierogis are getting cold. Would you like to eat now, or should I reheat them for you later?" Frances's voice instantly brought Cherise back to reality. Blushing, she quickly pulled her hand from Damien's grasp and hurriedly sat at the dining table. "Let's eat!"

Damien looked at her charming appearance, a smile unconsciously forming on his lips. The man carried the large bouquet of roses to the dining table, placed it on the corner, and turned to go to the bathroom. As Cherise sat on a chair and waited earnestly to eat, she carefully glanced at the large bouquet of roses from the corner of her eye. It's beautiful.

Shortly after, Damien came out of the bathroom. Upon seeing that she hadn't started eating, the man smiled. He picked up a pierogi and placed it on her plate. "Let's eat. If you like the flowers, I'll buy you a bouquet every day from now on. You don't have to stare at it like that."

Cherise was dumbstruck. "I... I wasn't staring at it." Cherise came to her senses, blushing as she retorted, "I was just lost in thought while waiting to eat... Upon witnessing her vehement denial, Damien stopped arguing with her.

The man smiled as he ate a pierogi and said indifferently, "Did you make these pierogis?"

"Mm." Cherise nodded earnestly. "Frances said you liked the pierogis I used to make for you, but I don't know how they tasted back then, so I just made the filling according to my taste. Then, Frances taught me how to make pierogis..." After that, she looked up at Damien expectantly. "Quick, try it. Does it taste like the pierogis I used to make?"

Damien smiled and picked up a pierogi. Before eating, he had actually prepared himself mentally. The current Cherise remembered little about the past. She may not have remembered how her pierogis

tasted, or maybe what she made wasn't very tasty. But no matter how bad it tasted, he would eat it all and praise her sincerely.

But Damien was caught off guard... After eating a pierogi, he stared at Cherise in surprise. "Did you really make this?" Cherise pursed her lips, nodding with a guilty conscience. "Yes... I made it..." She observed the man's face. "What's wrong? Does it not taste right? Is it too salty or too bland?"

Damien looked at her affectionately. "It's just right." It tasted exactly like the pierogis she used to make. While eating, he even thought for a second that her amnesia was just an act. Why does it taste so perfect?

Cherise finally felt relieved when she heard what Damien said. She picked up her utensils and kept serving Damien pierogis. "If you like them, eat more." Cherise felt a sense of accomplishment as she watched him eat her pierogis.

When half of the pierogis were eaten, Cherise told Damien what had happened in the morning. "A woman named Lucy Staber called me and said she was my friend."

"Mm. Lucy did have a good relationship with you in the past," Damien said casually as he ate pierogis. "Even if you ignore me, you would never ignore her. That's the kind of relationship you have with her."

Cherise was stunned, "Do we have such a good relationship?"

Damien nodded. "Mm."

"If we have such a good relationship, why doesn't she want to tell me about my past?"

Cherise scratched her head in confusion. "I asked her if she knew about what happened between you and me before. I also asked if she knew about my past, but she didn't say anything."

"She mentioned that I should ask you directly if I want to find out the truth."

Cherise looked up at Damien earnestly, her wide eyes staring back at his. "Can you share details about my past with me?"

Damien furrowed his brows. "What specifically do you wish to know?"

"Many things."

Cherise pursed her lips, then she tilted her head and pondered for a moment. "Can you recount the story of our relationship?"

"I've lost my memory, and it's a bit challenging for me to accept your claims that you are my husband upon arrival."

"However, if you enlighten me about our past, it might make it easier for me to take it all in."

Damien breathed deeply through his nose and rubbed his temple. After contemplating for a while, he nodded, realizing the validity

of Cherise's words.

Therefore, the man cleared his throat and began, "Actually, our initial meeting was quite straightforward."

"You fell in love with me at first sight and pursued me fervently."

'Clang!'

When Damien mentioned that Cherise had pursued him fervently, Frances, who was cleaning, accidentally dropped her broom.

Mr. Hampson silently shot Frances a reproachful glance. "Why are you so careless?"

Frances' face squirmed in embarrassment, then she swiftly retrieved the broom and hastily departed.

She desired to distance herself from the situation.

Otherwise, she feared she might burst into laughter and hinder Damien from continuing his story.

After Frances departed, Cherise pursed her lips in deep thought. Then, she gazed up at Damien, blinking her wide, clear eyes in succession. "Really?"

"I fell in love with you at first sight and pursued you fervently?"

Was I that proactive in the past?

Damien cleared his throat and nodded, "Yes."

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Chapter 939 More Questions

"At that time, I had no intention of pursuing a relationship, but you persisted, claiming you couldn't live without me."

The man spoke, locking eyes with Cherise. "You see, as your husband, I am quite compassionate; I couldn't bear to see you resort to drastic measures for me."

"So, I reluctantly agreed to marry you."

"Subsequently, in the days following our marriage, your sincerity touched me, and I gradually fell in love with you."

"Eventually, Soren and Serafina came into our lives, and we lived happily together as a family."

Cherise blinked her black grape-like eyes. She continued gazing sincerely at Damien, seeming to believe in his every word. "Is that so?"

"Then it appears that I genuinely adored you in the past."

After expressing this, she lowered her head somewhat sheepishly. "Since I was so persistent in my affection for you, I must have been devoted to you..."

"But now, I can't recall anything. I've even forgotten all my emotions for you..."

She lifted her gaze to Damien. "Aren't I terribly dreadful?"

Damien was taken aback and promptly shook his head. "No, not at all."

"Amnesia is beyond your control."

"You will recollect everything in due course," he reassured with a gentle voice.

Cherise pursed her lips, seemingly lost in thought. Then, she smiled as she raised her head to say, "I watch Korean dramas where the male lead loses his memory, and the female lead recreates romantic moments they shared in the past to aid in memory recovery."

She grinned at Damien. "Darling, do we have any unforgettable romantic moments together?"

"Should we reenact them? Perhaps that will trigger my memory!"

The chopsticks that were lifted up by Damien stopped in the middle of the air.

He fixed his eyes onto hers, his expression serious as he observed Cherise. "Do you genuinely wish to recall the past?"

Chapter 940 You're Scaring Me

In reality, after the interactions throughout the day, he felt that it wouldn't be a bad thing if Cherise continued to live in blissful ignorance.

They could start anew, and she wouldn't have to bear the weight of so many painful memories.

Isn't it nice when you forget things sometimes? Like, it's almost like a little bit of happiness, right? He thought to himself, casting his downwards.

eyes

“Of course, I truly wish to recall the things from before,” Cherise’s clear voice interrupted Damien’s thoughts. She pursed her lips, looking somewhat aggrieved as she gazed at him. “Everyone has a past filled with memories, but I have none. I don’t even know where I come from, what my parents’ names are, or if they are still alive.

“Regarding my situation, I have to take your words as truth. I have no memories, so I have no way to confirm or deny.”

After speaking, she took a deep breath and gazed at Damien with seriousness and solemnity. “I truly wish to remember. I want to know what my past was like, what kind of person I used to be, and...”

Cherise closed her eyes and added softly, “I want to understand why I was covered in blood that day and returned in the pouring rain without a word.

“I want to know who the villain in my hazy memories is and what connection he has to me...”

Damien’s lips turned thin as he narrowed his eyes. “You mentioned there is a villain in your mind?”

Cherise nodded honestly, “Yes, there is such a malevolent person.

“He said disrespectful things to me, and it seems like he also intends to do inappropriate things to me...”

The woman raised one hand to support her head, furrowing her brow as she tried hard to recall the faint images that had once surfaced in her mind.

But the more she tried, the more she felt like she was blanking out everything.

It felt like there was a barrier in her mind preventing her from recollecting those memories.

After pondering for a long time, her headache intensified, yet she still couldn't remember anything.

Cherise could only reluctantly give up. "In any case, its very uncomfortable. That faceless person has been pressuring me at every turn. As for what he said. I'm not certain."

"Well..." Before Damien could respond, Mr. Hampson hurriedly interjected them. "Madam, do you remember what he did to you?"

"Mr. Hampson!"

Before Cherise could reply, she heard Damien's low voice. With a hardened edge, he rebuked, "Aren't you being too intrusive?"

Mr. Hampson's face paled as he instinctively took a step back. "I apologize, sir. I'm just concerned about the rumors circulating If madam is certain that nothing of that sort occurred, we can

confidently..."

"Confidently inform others?" Damien raised his jet-black eyes, the icy shards in his gaze enough to plunge one straight into an icy cave.

Receiving Damien's anger, Mr. Hampson promptly lowered his head. "I'm just trying to do things good for you two..."

"No need!" Damien's dark eyes bore holes into him. "I don't want to hear this again, and I don't want Cherry to face such inquiries in the future. What happens between us as a couple does not require explanation to anyone outside!"

The table trembled slightly from the force of Damien's anger.

Mr. Hampson pursed his lips and sighed softly, "I understand."

After speaking, the middle-aged man silently withdrew.

The scene before her left Cherise somewhat stunned. She blinked her eyes in incredulity, still shocked by the turn of events.

Then, she gazed blankly at Damien. "Mr. Hampson did not say anything inappropriate... why were you so harsh to him?"

Damien turned around, his expression shifting from stern to gentle. "He said something he shouldn't have said."

Cherise bit her lip and looked at Damien with a hint of timidity in her eyes. "Then... what if I say something I shouldn't say in the future..."