

MY BLIND 1004

Chapter 1004 No Vacancy

Jacob emitted a quiet sound of acknowledgment, and his lips pressed together in a tight line as he nodded.

"Fair enough," Lennon conceded. He took a deep breath, steeling himself before announcing. "I'll gather my belongings and seek refuge at Lenoir Manor."

Surprise flickered across Jacob's features, and Damien interjected, "There's no vacancy." "I'll crash on the couch," Lennon retorted, determination lacing his words. "I'd rather let a stray dog crash on my couch," Damien countered.

Lennon fell into a tense silence, grappling with the turn of events. Frustration bubbled within him. "D*mn it!" He hurled the pen from his grasp, watching it clatter against the floor. "Damien, are we even friends?" he seethed.

"It's precisely because we're friends that I can't let you crash here," Damien shot back, his brow wrinkling. Lucy's warning echoed in his mind, her words from her last visit haunting him. "Don't breathe a word to Lennon that I've been here. If you do, I'll never return, even if Cherise is in a bind next time."

Damien locked eyes with Lennon, his expression unwavering. "She's made it clear she doesn't want any encounters with you," he declared firmly. "Even if you can't confront her here, you can still catch a glimpse of her from a distance outside. But if you do show up, she won't return to Adania again, not even for Jake or Cherise."

A heavy silence hung in the air as Damien's words settled in. After a beat, Lennon offered a bitter smile on the video call, his voice tinged with desolation. "We love each other. Must I be reduced to observing her from afar?"

Jacob let out a deep sigh, his tone weighted with emotion. "Let me correct you. You don't love each other, he began. She loved you unconditionally, only to be left high and dry in the end. How could you subject her to such pain if your love for her was genuine?"

Lennon's eyes shot up, his eyes brimming with anguish. "What have I done to her?!" he exclaimed, his voice trembling with emotion. "That's not what I intended! I never meant to cause her any harm!"

"But that child is yours," Jacob asserted, his eyes narrowing with skepticism. He adopted a scornful tone. "If you didn't love her, why stay with her? And if you were with her, why not implement any precautions?" As a physician, he comprehended the sacrifices Lucy had made for Lennon. "If you didn't love her, why pledge to marry her? If not for your promise back then, she wouldn't have..."

"Enough!" Damien interjected icily before Jacob could conclude. "You're not privy to the whole story, so hold your tongue for now."

Lennon visibly slouched on the other end of the video call. "I've always... actually..." he began, trailing off. After a moment of

silence, Lennon mustered a bitter smile and shook his head. "Forget it," he muttered, resigned. "Just catching a glimpse of her from a distance will suffice."

Cherise stirred from her sleep, finding her pillow damp with tears. She couldn't quit the memory of her dream. The remnants of her

dream lingered—a vision where Damien appeared kind, handsome, and attentive. He even had a blindfold obscuring his eyes.

"Seems like you're in fine spirits today, Mrs. Lenoir, Frances remarked cheerfully, tiding lightly on the door as she entered, bearing a tray of breakfast delights. "I've whipped up your favorites. Have a peek and see if they tickle your fancy."

"If it's not to your liking, just say the word, Frances continued, swiftly arranging the dishes before Cherise. "I'm here to help you with anything!"

Whatever it is, I'll whip it up in a minute!" Frances suddenly thought of

a jiffy! something. "Oh, Mr. Lenoir left a message for you this morning." Frances added. with a bright smile. "Ms. Staber will be paying you a visit today. With her company, you certainly won't be bored!"

"Ms. Staber?" Cherise's brow furrowed in confusion. "Tacy?"

"Exactly!" Frances affirmed, passing a set of utensils to Cherise. "Please, dig in. I need to attend to some matters downstairs. If you require anything, don't hesitate to summon me."

Chapter 1005 A Black Fabric

"I'm heading downstairs now. If you prefer not to raise your voice, just inform the bodyguard at the door, and he'll relay the message, Frances offered before making her exit.

Cherise hesitated for a moment before speaking up. "Actually... I do have a request." Frances halted in her tracks, turning back to face Cherise. "What else can I assist you with?"

"I need a piece of fabric." Cherise explained, her brow wrinkling as she tried to recall the details of the black satin cloth covering Damien's eyes in her dream. "A piece of black satin fabric with intricate dark patterns." She gestured with her hands, indicating the desired dimensions. "About this size."

Frances' heart skipped a beat as she processed Cherise's request. The fabric she described... can it possibly be... "What's wrong? Is there a problem?" Cherise inquired noticing Frances sudden silence.

"Oh, no. No issue at all!" Frances quickly reassured her, flashing a bright smile as she swung the door open. "I'll fetch it for you right away!" It's just a simple piece of black fabric. It's completely harmless, right? With that thought, Frances descended the stairs, making her way to the utility room to locate the requested item.

After a thorough search, Frances finally located the black fabric amidst the various spare pieces stored in the house, remnants from when Damien pretended to be blind five years prior. "Here you go," Frances said, presenting the fabric to Cherise, who accepted it with hands trembling uncontrollably. It was exactly as she had seen in her dream.

Shortly after Cherise had finished her meal, Lucy made her entrance. "Damien's keeping a close eye on you," she remarked, opening the door and settling on the edge of Cherise's bed. "When I arrived, I

spotted someone lingering beneath a window of one of the rooms. It puzzled me initially-what could be the purpose of standing under a window? But now that I'm here, it's clear. It's your room."

With a swift motion, Lucy opened the book she had brought and laid it out before Cherise. From her pocket, she retrieved a box of cigarettes. "Mind if I indulge?" she inquired, to which Cherise shook her head. "Not at all."

"Does Damien truly believe you've become invincible?" Lucy chuckled, crossing her legs and lighting a cigarette. "Even with amnesia, you're not foolish enough to contemplate a leap from a room at this height!" She pushed the book toward Cherise. Take a look."

Cherise furrowed her brow as she inspected the item before her, flipping through pages of the book. with a puzzled expression. "What's all this?" she queried, the book revealing a collection of old photographs depicting a diverse array of individuals spanning various ages.

"These are faces from your past," Lucy replied casually, taking another drag from her cigarette. "I heard. you and Damien had a bit of a falling out?"

"It's rather unnecessary," Lucy said, gracefully blowing smoke rings into the air. "Lately, Damien's been on preoccupied with 'Since you mentioned a desire to reclaim your memories, about a week ago, he began dispatching people to gather information from those who knew you. He's been requesting any

"Cherry, you're twenty-five now," Lucy remarked, her smile aloof. "In those twenty-five years, I've crossed paths with thousands but found it as an impossible feat, but Damien somehow managed to pull it off." She produced several additional books from her bag nonchalantly. The man's utterly mad. He's gathered photos of every person who has ever known you.

As Cherise continued to leaf through the pages, her expression "by looking at these photos?" she inquired, searching for clarity.

"Of course not," Lucy replied curtly.

Chapter 1006 Cherise's Inner Turmoil

Lucy exhaled a smoke ring. "I want to experiment and see if there are still remnants of your memories lingering within you even when experiencing amnesia. By starting from these fragments, perhaps you can expedite the process of recovering your memory."

"Pay no heed to those voices outside insinuating that Damien doesn't wish for your memory to return," the woman stared at Cherise intently. "Truth be told, Damien is yearning most fervently for your memory to be restored."

Cherise pressed her lips together, sensing a warmth in certain recesses of her heart. She managed to muster a wry smile. "Is that so?" In her mind echoed Damien's chilling words from the previous day when he had instructed her to regard him as an adversary. She pursed her lips once more. "I haven't noticed."

"Of course you haven't," Lucy sneered. "Your animosity towards him blinds you, so naturally, you can't perceive it." Rising from her seat, Lucy unlatched the window, inviting in the crisp autumn breeze. "I can empathize with Damien. It's not that he doesn't want you to regain your memories. He simply wishes to approach it with greater sensitivity."

Cherise regarded Lucy with a puzzled expression. Lucy closed her eyes, relishing the sensation of the wind caressing her skin. "Because many memories from your past may inflict pain upon you," she elaborated. "Look at what's happening now. The last time we spoke on the phone, you were blissfully unaware of what had happened with your mother or the circumstances surrounding your marriage to Damien."

"But look at you now," Lucy continued, retrieving a mirror and presenting it to Cherise. "Take a good look at yourself. Since waking up this morning, you haven't washed your face or brushed your teeth. You look exhausted, as though you have a lot on your mind. Aren't you constantly grappling with inner turmoil, questioning why things unfolded this way?"

Cherise scrutinized her reflection in the mirror, her lips forming a tight line. Lucy's remarks rang true. The figure staring back at her bore little resemblance to the Cherise of yesterday. Just twenty-four hours prior, she could have easily donned overalls and styled her hair into pigtails, accompanying Blake to the library to catch a glimpse of the girl he admired.

But now... The image in the mirror seemed to embody years of weariness and uncertainty. With a resigned sigh, she pushed the mirror aside. She rose to attend to her morning routine, resolving to brush her teeth, cleanse her face, and apply moisturizer in the bathroom.

"That's more like it," Lucy remarked, leaning casually against the bathroom door, observing Cherise's actions. "You're aging. A twenty-five-year-old woman still needs to prioritize self-care." She paused, allowing her words to sink in. "Now, do you grasp why Damien has always sought to tenderly guide your memory recovery?"

"Transitioning from a carefree state to embracing reality is indeed a journey," Lucy affirmed. "However, Sebastian circumvented this process by divulging the truth prematurely, disregarding your emotional well-being. His aim? Simply to drive a wedge between you and Damien. Someone who genuinely cares for you wouldn't exploit your most painful memories to manipulate you."

Cherise's hand faltered momentarily as she applied moisturizer. After a contemplative pause, she lifted her head and uttered those words yesterday?

"Yes. You might not be aware, but Damien has a personal physician named Dr. O'Neil revealed that "Since the day of your accident, Damien swiftly dispatched him overseas to confer with specialists and devise a strategy aimed at facilitating your memory recovery."

Cherise's lips formed a tight line. "But no one ever informed me," she murmured, realization dawning upon her.

"Those who genuinely prioritize your well-being often work silently behind the scenes without seeking recognition. Those driven solely by self-interest will eagerly step forward to claim credit. With that, Lucy extinguished her cigarette and settled back onto the edge of the bed. "Your task now is to look through these books."

Chapter 1007 A Difficult Position

"Let's see if anyone sparks a memory. Otherwise, all our efforts will have been for naught," Lucy suggested. Cherise's lips pressed into a thin line as she settled back onto the bed, resuming her examination of the photos.

As daylight waned and the room darkened with the onset of evening, Cherise noticed the fading sunlight giving way to the

encroaching night. By eight o'clock at night, Lucy's persistent yawns betrayed her fatigue. After hours spent poring over the photographs, Cherise's breakthrough came unexpectedly. She identified a figure in one of the books with a pointed finger. "I remember him," she declared. "I recall his name, and I remember he once lent me a hand."

Lucy's expression soured as she glanced at the page subconsciously, her disbelief evident as she covered her face with her hands in frustration. "After all this time, you only remember one person?"

Cherise nodded solemnly. "It appears so."

"Very well," Lucy sighed, closing the book and tucking it away. "I'll have a word with Damien and see if we can arrange for this individual to be released from the mental institution."

As Lucy departed, Cherise remained seated, her gaze following the woman until she disappeared. Then, realization struck, causing her eyes to widen in astonishment. "M-mental institution?"

Yes. Lucy confirmed, reopening the door at the sound of Cherise's startled voice. She offered a reassuring smile. "He's the only person you remember. Even if he's currently confined, Damien will see to his release. Lucy's expression softened, a faint smile gracing her lips. "I just... worry that Mr. Lenoir will have to go through quite a hassle."

Lucy's voice trailed off her words hanging in the air, leaving Cherise puzzled over her cryptic statement. "In my recollection... Ian was a standout student. How could he possibly end up in a mental institution..."

"Because he desired something he shouldn't have," Lucy clarified with a subtle smile before departing, leaving Cherise still befuddled by the revelation.

Cherise contemplated chasing after Lucy for clarification, but her intentions were thwarted by vigilant bodyguards stationed at the door. "Mrs. Lenoir," they interjected, raising her, "Please don't put us in a difficult position."

Cherise fell silent and resigned to the situation. Fine. won't put them in a difficult position stuck in this challenging situation.

Retreating to her room, Cherise stretched out on the bed, her senses attuned to the faint sounds downstairs. With the villa's impeccable soundproofing, she strained to discern Damien's tread with a hint of self-deprecation. The current Cherise remained unaware of Ian's fate

Leo. Teratone Damien's role in orchestrating Ian's admission to the mental institution.

The commotion downstairs persisted for a long time. After more than half an hour, the faint sounds faded away. She could hear nothing outside. Another half hour elapsed before the measured footsteps of a man ascended the stairs and approached Cherise's room.

adversary, maintaining an air of indifference toward him. However, today... she felt a different, satiating influence on her thoughts. Even if Lucy's assertions were untrue, Cherise couldn't continue treating Damien as an enemy

Moreover, her attention was drawn to the black silk cloth resting in the corner of the desk. Last night so much

and a last in barter

Cherise was jolted from her reverie by the nearing footsteps of the man. As they halted outside her door, she could distinctly discern his deep voice asking the bodyguard about her.

Feeling a surge of unease, Cherise hastily scrambled onto the bed, pulling the blanket over herself to feign slumber.

Once the bodyguard updated Damien on Cherise's condition, he gracefully opened the door and entered the room.

Chapter 1008 Playing Catch-Up

A slight figure lay beneath the covers in the dimly illuminated room, her features concealed from sight. The man chuckled softly. He knew she was awake but approached the bed quietly, settling himself on the edge. Tenderly, he brushed his fingers through her hair, offering a gentle pat on her shoulder.

"Lucy filled me in," he began, reassuring her gently. "Since you still remember Jan, I'll arrange for you to meet him tomorrow... in hopes of sparking some memories of him within you. Perhaps it'll awaken memories of me as well." After that, he tucked her in with care. "Recovering your memories takes time, so prepare yourself for a prolonged battle."

Cherise, inexplicably sensing an ache in her heart, felt her pulse quicken. She slowly felt herself caring more for Damien.... Yet, Cherise maintained her facade of slumber, unwilling to put aside her pride. After all, she was stubborn and spoke to him coldly the day prior.

After what had happened today, Cherise sensed a shift in her feelings toward Damien, yet she couldn't bring herself to face him. Though Damien remained silent, she imagined him inwardly mocking her lack of restraint, ridiculing her previous defiance. Thus, she kept her eyes shut, deepening her breaths to enhance the illusion of sleep.

A faint smile tugged at Damien's lips. He was amused seeing her oblivious state, lost in her imagination. Nevertheless, he decided against exposing her charade. Instead, he spoke softly, "I'll be working late tonight, wrapping up matters in Adania."

"Considering your memories of Ian, you likely recall events from high school," he continued, his fingers gently trailing through her hair. "Starting tomorrow, I'll take you back to Shawbury and revisit your old high school grounds." He let out a soft sigh. "I'm also curious about your high school days. We only met when you were twenty, so I missed two decades of your life. Perhaps this is my chance to catch up."

Cherise pouted, feeling her heart flutter in response to Damien's words. She couldn't deny their power. He could melt any woman's heart, and Cherise wasn't immune, even if she had lost her memory. Seeing such warmth and sincerity from a usually reserved man was enough to move any woman. In the dim room, Cherise's features softened subtly.

Since coming back from Ziphon, I've been caught up with work, Damien revealed, his hand still gently stroking her head, oblivious to her. "We are at Gterisesexblessidn That might be why you think I'm being indifferent, right?" He leaned in, let out a soft sigh, and planted a gentle kiss on her forehead. "I feel responsible for your current state." Damien pledged, "From tomorrow onward, I'll carve out time to be by your side. Things will start looking up,"

With the man's brief, tender kiss, a profound ripple surged through Cherise's head and then fists over his sides. He promised things would improve. And in that promise, she found solace, daring to believe in a brighter future. It will get better....

That night, Cherise plunged into yet another extensive dream. In this reverie, she was back at the KarSak Katong side of the river, and Damien, his eyes covered by a blindfold, frolicking, and fishing in a picturesque mountain village.

Chapter 1009 Cherise's Dreams

"Sweetheart, even though you can't see anything, allow me to paint the scene around us with words," Cherise began softly, leaning into Damien's embrace. "We're standing on a bridge overlooking a serene river. The clear water below flows gently, originating from a mountain stream" She continued, her voice earnest. "There are fish in that river... There's trout, whitelish..."

Cherise was always happy and joyful in her dreams, even when Damien was blind. Yet upon waking, Cherise found half her pillow soaked with tears. The laughter and delight of her dreams stood in stark contrast to the emptiness that enveloped her upon awakening.

Since Sebastian had emerged, there was a rift between her and Damien. Damien had distanced himself from Cherise and never shared a bed with her. The stark contrast between the warmth of her dreams and the chilly reality made Cherise feel like her heart was being constricted, causing considerable discomfort.

With pursed lips, she opened the door without a second thought. The vigilant bodyguard outside offered a cautionary reminder. "Mrs. Lenoir, it's not safe for you to venture out."

"I'm not," Cherise asserted, her lips forming a tight line. "Just relay to Damien that he must come to me immediately, without delay"

"Mrs. Lenoir... I don't think that's a good idea." The bodyguard hesitated, his concern evident. "Mr. Lenoir is presently engaged. While this fact might have eluded others in the house, the bodyguards on shifts were privy to it. Damien had dedicated the entire night to his work within his study, scarcely allowing himself any repose."

Emerging briefly only ten minutes ago to instruct Frances to warm a cup of milk for him as dawn broke, he retreated to his bedroom. Yet Cherise remained oblivious to these particulars, her mind failing to recall Damien's pledge to accompany her to Shawbury after toiling overtime

She frowned at the bodyguard's remark. "Why is he occupied?" Recollecting the dream wherein Damien had vowed to eternally be by her side and share in her joys and sorrows, Cherise was overwhelmed by an inexplicable sense of emptiness and unease in her heart.

"Mr. Lenoir is... "You're awake?" A deep male voice interjected before the bodyguard could finish, halting further interaction.

Cherise's eyes snapped upwards at the sound, recognizing the man's voice. In the distance, Damien strode toward her, clad in light gray pajamas, his voice carrying a deep, captivating timbre that matched his striking appearance. The loosely draped collar of his attire revealed his sturdy collarbone. Bathed in the morning light, his slow approach to her exuded a comforting warmth and undeniable allure.

"Da..." she murmured, her voice barely above a whisper. Then, spurred by a surge of courage, she opened her arms wide and dashed towards him. "Honey!"

Her tender form collided with his, causing Damien to sway slightly. It wasn't her weight that caught Kim's attention but the unexpected embrace. "What's wrong?" Concern etched across his features, and he searched her eyes intently. "Did you have a nightmare?"

That seemed the only plausible explanation. If not for a nightmare, it seemed unlikely that Oee® who regarded him with hostility and treated him as an adversary suddenly rushed into his arms, addressing him as "honey. Since encountering Sebastian at the library, she had consistently referred to him by his name.

Cherise met his eyes, which were brimming with genuine worry. The sincerity in his eyes caused her to relax. Her emotions relaxed inexplicably, and tears began to trace silent paths down her cheeks as she shook her head. "No... I didn't.. It wasn't a nightmare."

Chapter 1010 You Must Shave

Am I under a spell? Why do I think of such a decent man as my adversary? "I just..." she trailed off, her thoughts interrupted by Damien's gentle inquiry.

"What did you dream about? You can confide in me," his deep voice resonated with genuine concern as he brushed away a tear from the corner of her eye. "Or, if you're hungry. I can prepare something for you."

As he expressed concern for her, Cherise struggled to suppress her tears. A flicker of panic was heard in Damien's voice. This was a rare occurrence. Enveloping her in a comforting embrace, he carried her towards the bedroom. Tenderly easing her onto the bed, he couldn't help but notice her tear-stained pillow.

A heaviness settled in the man's heart. "Why do you seem so sad?" he inquired, his lips pressed together as he wiped away her tears. "Is it because of a nightmare, or..." His gaze darkened. "Are you upset at being trapped here by me?"

"I never meant to confine you or take away your freedom. I'm just afraid of something happening to you. Damien confessed, a touch of sorrow and distress in his tone. After a moment, he chuckled softly. If you want to leave, I won't hold you back. But..." He reached for her hand. "Let my people protect you, okay?"

Cherise sniffled, feeling dazed from crying. Upon hearing his words, she suddenly lifted her head and met his apologetic gaze. Taken aback by his misunderstanding, she hastily shook her head and pursed her lips. "I'm not..."

"Please don't refuse me," Damien implored, interpreting the shake of her head as a rejection of the protection he wanted to arrange. "It's for your safety. Lowering his voice to a gentle murmur, he added. "I understand..."

"I know you have doubts about me because of the past. Perhaps you doubt my character or whether I'm worthy of you, Damien continued, lips pursed with slight desolation coloring his words. But please believe me. I'm the last person who wants to see you hurt."

"Don't cry," he urged, wiping away tears from the corners of her eyes, his sincere gaze tinged with distress. "I'll let you go. You can go wherever you want. I won't stand in your way."

Cherise's heart clenched as if gripped by an unseen force, leaving her unsettled. As she gazed into Damien's eyes, which held a humble and slightly sheepish gaze, she had a whirlwind of conflicting emotions while listening to his pleading tone. Without thinking, she reached out and gently touched his face, running her fingers over his stubble. "You need to shave, she remarked softly.

Damien was taken aback by her gesture, instinctively reaching up to touch his chin. Indeed, his stubble was making its presence felt again. His ingrained personal hygiene habits persisted despite his busy schedule dealing with Cherise and the company's affairs.

However, in recent days, she had been ignoring him and treating him like an adversary. Feeling mentally and physically drained, Damien had grown concerned about his appearance. After all, the woman he cherished most seemed indifferent to his existence. Consequently, his stubble had stealthily reappeared amidst him being preoccupied.

With a helpless smile, he gently grasped her hand, which was empty. "I'll shave later," he promised.

Cherise pursed her lips, her head earnestly,

Damien wrinkled his brow slightly and replied, "I'll shave later."

"Shave now," Cherise persisted, seemingly having a bone to pick with him. In truth, she had no reason. Cherise simply hadn't yet found the words to express that she no longer harbored any blame toward him. Instead, she understood the efforts he had made on her behalf.