

MY BLIND 1021

Chapter 1021 Confronting Ian

She smiled at him, her demeanor calm yet determined. "I have a gift for you, Ian," she declared. She grabbed the objects on a nearby table with swift precision and launched them towards him. Though he managed to evade the first cup she threw at him, Otto quickly intervened, restraining Ian. In the ensuing chaos, hot water, a kettle, teacups, plates, and fruits rained upon Ian.

After hurling everything within reach, Cherise regained her composure quickly, to everyone's surprise. "Take him back to the mental hospital," she instructed, her voice steady. She took a moment to gather herself before continuing, "His presence is no longer needed."

"Mrs. Lenoir, are you absolutely sure?" Otto's grip tightened on Ian as he posed the question, his concern evident on his wrinkled brows. Damien had emphasized to Otto about Ian's role in recovering Cherise's memories. Hence, Otto hesitated to send Ian away despite what Cherise had said.

Ian was an incredibly sly man. Should his current schemes fail, his future ploys upon potential release from the mental hospital would undoubtedly escalate to more extreme measures.

"Yes," Cherise affirmed, drawing a deep breath. "Even if my memories remain elusive, I no longer require his presence." She felt distressed for Damien. A man of his stature rarely gave in and was barely swayed easily. He had only set aside his dignity because her memories focused on Ian. Cherise was Damien's number one priority. Yet, she refused to allow Damien to be so subservient or constrained, even if it was for her sake.

"Cherise!" Ian fought against Otto's restraint, his voice teeming with desperation. "Cherise, what I said before were lies, I swear... You might not recall Damien now, but you remember me. You know what sort of person I am."

"What I said earlier-Damien made me say it... Really..." Ian's gaze bore into Cherise, his expression fraught with pain and anguish. "I never meant to address you in that manner... This whole situation is Damien's doing. This is his and Otto's scheme!"

"Is that so?" Cherise retorted with a scoff. "But it was my choice to be here. Having this conversation was also my idea."

She gazed into Ian's eyes. "Ian, you're quite the performer. If it wasn't for what you said, I wouldn't have been aware that you had initially intended to dispose of the study materials you gifted me back then. I was deeply touched at the time, believing you genuinely cared for me, but it was all a facade. You've probably said the same to countless other girls."

"Thank you," Cherise added, offering Ian an indifferent smile. "You've taught me a valuable lesson."

Ian was taken aback. "What is it?"

"It shows that what you witness might not always be the whole truth. Moreover, I can't take others' words at face value. Take him away," she commanded before briskly leaving the room.

As she swung the door open and stepped into the corridor, a frown ergased Cherise toward the

to glance at Otto. "By the way, Otto, if I'm about to meet someone dangerous, can you ensure I may safe?"

keep you protected." After a momentary pause, he looked at her with Grerise, "Want to face a dangerous individual, Mrs. Lenoir, it'd be best for Mr. Lenoir to be there with you."

"Otherwise, Mr. Lenoir won't rest easy. And I'd strongly suggest steering clear of any risk to your knowledge," Otto advised. Despite his recent return to the country, Otto had already shown himself reliable, as others had attested.

Chapter 1022 I'm Pregnant

The cause of Mr. Kolson's disappearance and Cherise's memory lapse stemmed from her clandestine rendezvous with a highly perilous individual. It was time for Cherise to take action regarding Sebastian. This time, she didn't want Damien meddling in her affairs.

"I'm not keen on him accompanying me," Cherise declared, drawing a deep breath. "What about this? I'll set up the meeting, designate the time and place, and you can make preparations in advance. If he tries anything, you can keep me safe."

Otto hesitated for a long time, but after locking eyes with Cherise and seeing her resolute expression, he eventually acquiesced with a nod.

"I've got your back. Even if it's not for Mr. Lenoir's sake, I'll still protect you," Otto assured Cherise before handing Ian over to a nearby bodyguard. "Send him back to the mental hospital." With Ian taken care of, Otto turned to Cherise. "Mrs. Lenoir, where do you plan to meet this person?"

"Right here," Cherise replied, scanning the surroundings. "Get ready. I'll set up the meeting now."
"Alright," Otto acknowledged before exiting.

Once Otto left, Cherise dialed Sebastian's number. Despite knowing the individual she wanted to meet posed a threat, there were issues that she could only resolve with Sebastian.

"Cherise, what's the occasion for this unexpected call? Sebastian's voice over the phone carried a trace of amusement. "It's quite the rarity. Did Damien finally loosen the reins and let you reach out to me?"

"He can't restrain me anymore," Cherise responded with a slight chuckle. "If you've been keeping tabs on Damien, you'll know he's been holed up in Lenoir Manor all day. He hasn't even stepped out of his room."

Cherise's revelation left Sebastian silent for a long time. Eventually, he chuckled. "So, where do you want to meet?" "At Adania's Atlantis Hotel," Cherise answered readily. "Room A302 on the third floor." "You're suggesting we meet at a hotel?" Sebastian snickered. "And in a presidential suite? Aren't you concerned about..."

"Not at all," Cherise interjected calmly. "Even though I can't recall everything, I'm not afraid of you, especially since I gave birth to Alexis for you four and a half years ago. You can't do anything to me. And meeting at a reputable hotel like this means you don't have to worry about Damien secretly sending someone after you, right?"

"Trije," Sebastian's voice was subdued. "Similarly, I don't have the means to send anyone to deal with you or Damien." He remarked, "Such a shrewd plan seems uncharacteristic of you." Sebastian had been keeping tabs on Lenoir Manor all along, and his people confirmed that Damien had been asleep in his bedroom all day.

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dddPet' s meet in two hours. | have something important to discuss with you." Without

"Mrs. Lenoir, everything is in order," Otto announced pushing the door open. "Will Sebastian... be joining us?"

"He will," Cherise remarked, lightly raising an eyebrow. "Let's head hospital I, Laave todo SaKething."

e Dotto s evident concern, he followed Cheris and accompanied her to the hospital.

Two hours later, upon Sebastian's arrival at the hotel, Cherise had just returned from Mosovexs 19s, pital. |. Seated!) together 6 tHe &Sfa in the presidential suite, Cherise motioned for Otto to pour tea for Sebastian and placed a hospital report on the coffee table. "Sebastian, | have news. I'm pregnant."

Chapter 1023 It's Your Child

"You must take responsibility for this child," Cherise declared firmly.

With a loud clatter, the saucer in Otto's hand slipped and struck the coffee table. Otto's face paled as he glanced at Cherise. "You're so clumsy." Cherise, unfazed, shot him a cold look. "Leave if you can't handle such a simple task!"

Pressing his lips together, Otto's expression soured as he turned away and left the room. Once he was gone, Cherise maintained her smile, turning her attention back to Sebastian. "Do you think | should keep this child or get rid of it?"

Sebastian raised his brows slightly. He didn't even bother to glance at the test report. "It's Damien's child, and you want me to decide?"

"It's not his. It's yours," Cherise insisted, maintaining her smile as she spoke to Sebastian. "You see, this child isn't even a month old yet. Everyone claims | slept with you to secure shares for Damien around two weeks ago. But after | regained my memory, | never had any intimate relations with Damien."

"After doing the math, it's clear this child is yours," she continued, her smile unwavering as she looked at Sebastian. "I want to keep this child, take our first child, Alexis, and run away with you."

Sebastian wrinkled his brow, slight frost seeping into his deep gaze. "Is that so?"

"Absolutely," Cherise said, a smile playing on her lips as her eyebrows arched and her eyes twinkled. "Damien doesn't love me enough. Maybe you were onto something. Perhaps we used to be head over heels for each other. That's why I'm thinking of leaving Damien." Her gaze dropped instinctively as she rested her hand on her abdomen. "This baby is ours."

"Get rid of it," Sebastian responded, his eyes narrowing, his tone slightly gentle yet forceful. "If you want to be with me, you need to get rid of this child."

"Why?" Cherise looked up, her expression guarded. "Judging by the timing, this baby is yours!" "It's not."

"Why do you doubt it's yours?" Cherise bit her lip, disappointment flickering across her features. "Are you trying to absolve yourself of responsibility? Sebastian, don't let me down!"

"Cherise," Sebastian sneered, "Do you think you're putting on a convincing act? Even if there's a baby on the way, it's not mine." He yawned, unimpressed. "I figured you had more tricks up your sleeve when you asked me out. Is this all? Seems like Damien didn't teach you much,"

"Why won't you believe me?" Cherise pouted. "Is it because I'm not convincing enough?"

"Because you made a mistake. Are you seriously claiming you're carrying my child?" Sebastian's gaze turned icy. "Even if you're lying, you should at least stick to some basic truths, don't you think so? I haven't laid a finger on you, yet you're trying to sell me this story that you're pregnant with my child. Cherise, do you honestly think I'm that naive?"

"Oh, Cherise let out a drawn-out breath. "I get it. So you never touched me. There was even a pinhole camera on the pen in her front pocket."

In the adjacent room, Otto's team was transmitting the conversation and live videofeeds! of Chkris® and

S Setian to numerous media channels that had previously propagated rumors about them.

Therefore, Cherise purposefully echoed Sebastian's Woe several y HES, 'Sqydlizdiniپیing that all those claims about us being together and loving each other are lies?"

Sebastian smirked. "Has Damien never whispered such sweet nothings in your ear?"

Chapter 1024 There's No Escaping

"If you tell me you're genuinely interested in being with me, I'd be thrilled to have you by my side." Sebastian lifted the teacup to his lips, taking a sip. "But you're fabricating a pregnancy, acting like you want to be with me. What's your game?"

"Are you planning to murder me when I lower my guard? Or perhaps you want me to publicly admit that I returned Damien's shares to him just so everyone believes his wife cheated on him. I never expected you to defend Damien like this, even with your memory loss."

"If I'd known you'd react like this, I wouldn't have let you slip away in the first place." He yawned, his voice laced with indifference. "Maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea to incapacitate you and make you a foolish, helpless person."

"I'm not like Damien. He revels in your vivacious essence and spirited demeanor, whereas I..." Sebastian set down the teacup, fixing a menacing gaze on Cherise. "I cherish you in every form. Look at you now, with your pallid complexion, harboring fear in your heart... I love it." Shifting into a more relaxed position on the sofa, his frigid gaze swept past Cherise, his words sharp and brutal, sending chills down her spine.

"Before our paths crossed again, all I could envision was possessing you at any cost," he declared. "I once believed that an innocent country bumpkin like you would willingly become my bride. After all, I'm from a wealthy family. I thought I could manipulate you and triumphantly flaunt you to the world, but... alas."

"Damien beat me to the punch." Sebastian toyed with the pen in his hand, a cold smile gracing his lips. "Not only did he snatch you away, but he also ensnared your heart, leaving nothing for me. So, what do you expect me to do? | can attempt to seize you physically, but | can't capture your heart."

Cherise's complexion paled, her fingers clutching the sofa's armrest tightly. "So you're responsible for my memory loss?"

"Not really," Sebastian yawned. "Your amnesia wasn't part of my scheme. | conspired to drive a wedge between you and Damien. | didn't foresee you actually losing your memory." He met Cherise's gaze boldly. "However, | don't care about your current condition. It doesn't matter whether you recall anything." Regardless if she's lost her memory, her mind is consumed with thoughts of Damien, and she'd never draw near to me!

"I've been pondering a lot lately," Sebastian drawled, sinking lazily into the sofa. "Wouldn't it be nice to put you into a vegetative state so you could be a mere trophy?" His chilling proposition rolled off his tongue nonchalantly. "I could manipulate you as | please. You wouldn't be able to leave or betray me."

"When your mind goes blank, you won't be dreaming of another man in front of me," he smirked at Cherise. "There's no escaping."

"Is that so?" A deep male voice interrupted as Sebastian issued his menacing threats, causing him to jolt from the sofa.

Standing at the door clad in black, Damien fixed Sebastian with a co stare. "AsWielsstGroup's future eir, S Grant you be worried about Weiss Group's shareholders hearing such unsettling remarks, Mr. Sebastian Weiss?"

Sebastian's brows knit into a deep frown. "How did you..." S ast 's\\ aciates tid daduré him that Damien had been resting at home all

this time! How can this be...

"Are you wondering how! got here?"

Chapter 1025 The Truth Revealed

Damien strolled over with a faint smile, sliding into the seat next to Cherise and pulling her into a gentle embrace. "My lovely wife is chatting with a guy I abhor. Even if I wanted to take it easy, I had to keep an eye on things."

He reached for the test report on the coffee table, giving it a thorough once-over. He playfully tweaked Cherise's nose with a little chuckle, teasing her. "I almost fell for it. I thought you were expecting, you sneaky thing." Blushing, Cherise responded with a shy smile, opting to stay silent.

Sebastian's brow furrowed as he finally noticed the test report in Damien's hand. Damien handed it over. "Hey, Mr. Weiss, read this." Sebastian took the report, his face visibly paling.

The document wasn't a pregnancy test but rather a comprehensive report on Cherise's hormone levels and ultrasound results. Signed off by several reputable doctors from the hospital, it clearly outlined Cherise's menstrual cycle from twenty days prior, with specific dates highlighted. Remarkably, Sebastian's encounter with Cherise aligned perfectly with her menstrual cycle.

"Mr. Weiss, did you not take my wife's physical health into consideration before spreading rumors?" Damien queried with a faint smile. "Do such basic considerations elude you?"

Sebastian's face flushed instantly. He shot Damien a fierce glare but found himself speechless. As a man who had been single for many years, he couldn't have possibly factored in Cherise's physiological state before inventing tall tales!

The hidden camera nestled in Cherise's front pocket captured everything Sebastian said and all his expressions distinctly. When broadcast online, it created an uproar! The scandalous rumors of Damien's wife sleeping with Sebastian for money were exposed as utter falsehoods! It left everyone stunned. No one fathomed that Sebastian would give up a fortune worth ten billion to Damien just to spread a rumor!

Even more astonishing was the revelation that Cherise was menstruating on the very day he claimed to have been with her! No further evidence was required. Cherise's menstrual cycle stood as the most undeniable proof.

“Is Sebastian Weiss your son?! Is he the one who will inherit Weiss Group from you?!” While everyone reeled in shock, Alain’s phone at Weiss Group’s headquarters rang incessantly. “What was he thinking?! Ten billion down the drain over a stupid rumor?!”

“If he had truly been involved with Damien’s wife, squandering ten billion might have been somewhat justified, given the potential humiliation of Damien, towering figure in the business realm. But now? He’s only succeeded in making a laughingstock of himself”

“Outrageous! We demand a new president for Weiss Group!”

“Replace the president! We want a new president!”

Overwhelmed by the flood of calls, Alain was awfully frustrated. “Your lack of judgment is Ne! astourging!”

galled is bon irtan oyance. “I’m telling you, Weiss Group is cutting ties with you from this moment onward!” He didn’t wait for Sebastian’s response and ended the call after exclaiming, “I’m disowning you!”

Sebastian was stunned and

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“It’s futile.” Damien smiled knowingly. “Mr. Weiss, do s ale (we been' | amnesia all this time? You underestimate me.”

Chapter 1026 Betrayal

The man cradled Cherise tenderly in his arms, yet his icy gaze pierced Sebastian. With a contemptuous sneer, he remarked, “You previously made it clear that if you didn’t return the shares worth ten billion. to me, Lenoir Group would be renamed to ‘Weiss Group.’”

“But what you don’t know is...” With a dismissive flick, he tossed a stack of share transfer documents. onto Sebastian’s lap. “Starting tomorrow, Weiss Group will be rebranded as ‘Lenoir Group. Your father has already signed a contract with me and transferred all the shares under his name to me.”

Sebastian's eyes widened abruptly, and he hurriedly sifted through the documents. To his astonishment, they bore the unmistakable signature of the elderly Alain! "How can this be..." He collapsed back onto the sofa, bewildered. "I'm his flesh and blood..."

"Your father spilled the beans," Damien smirked, "He made it clear that you're the most unreliable person on the planet."

"He also mentioned that Yolanda couldn't snag a decent husband. Since you're so reckless, he has no one to count on. He would rather sell off Weiss Group's shares, move overseas, and start afresh. Anyway, this money will ensure Yolanda lives a carefree life from now on. And as for you... he never considered you his son."

Sebastian felt like he'd been struck by a bolt of lightning, his mind reeling... Did my own father... forsake me?

"Of course, the surprises I have in store for you don't stop here, Mr. Weiss," Damien remarked with a yawn, motioning for Otto to enter. Otto swiftly led a team to remove all the hidden cameras and bugs in the room.

"And this." Damien extended his hand, retrieving the pen from Cherise's front pocket. He deftly disassembled the pinhole camera from the pen cap and handed it to Otto. Then, he reached out and playfully pinched Cherise's nose. "What's about to happen isn't meant for outsiders to witness."

Cherise pressed her lips together, staring at him blankly. "Why not?"

"Because it's going to be rather frightful," Damien explained, planting a kiss on her cheek. "And some folks prefer to remain out of the limelight."

The door swung open, and a middle-aged man in a silver-gray suit entered briskly. Cherise glanced up, taking in the spirited figure. Though he appeared to be in his fifties, there was a vitality about him that belied his age, with no hint of weariness or aging evident on his face. He looked very lively and... attractive. Still, Cherise couldn't shake the feeling that she knew him.

"Call him 'Dad,'" Damien whispered softly to her.

Cherise's eyes widened in realization. "Is this... my dad?"

"Yes." "Um... Hi, Dad," Cherise rose awkwardly, her voice stiff.

Sebastian, grabbing his collar firmly. "You insulted my daughter. Tying my eye innocence."

"Didn't | hear you blabbering about putting my daughter into a vegetative state meant for display?" He swung his fist forward, striking Sebastian's face. "I won't put you on display, but I'll definitely put you in a vegetative state." Despite being in his fifties, Beckham exercised regularly and took care of himself. When his fist landed, Sebastian had no chance to fight back.

With one punch, Sebastian's nose gushed blood, some of it splattered on Cherise's hand. As the warmth of Sebastian's blood splashed on Cherise's skin, she paused, inspecting it closely, and realized it was blood.

Chapter 1027 Settle It Tonight

Instinctively, Cherise glanced upward, finding Sebastian's face already drenched in blood. Despite his young, slender frame, Sebastian seldom exercised. Beckham hoisted him effortlessly as though Sebastian was as light as a feather.

Meanwhile, Damien held onto Cherise, her hand now tainted with Sebastian's blood. He produced a napkin for her to dab it away, then redirected his gaze. "Father, I'll escort Cherise out for now."

Beckham, in the midst of beating Sebastian up, furrowed his brow slightly as he turned around and realized the extent of his violent, gory actions. Recognizing that Cherise was still grappling with amnesia and might not cope well with such a spectacle, he offered Damien a faint smile. "Take her away. I'll remain here."

Damien scooped Cherise up as the man's words trailed off and swiftly exited the room. In the corridor outside, Otto and other men clad in black stood at both sides. Damien kicked the door open and strode out, Cherise cradled in his arms. The men promptly cleared a path for him, bowing slightly as he passed.

Cherise rarely found herself subjected to such scrutiny, causing her discomfort to spike, especially under Otto's gaze. His smile sent shivers down her spine. "Please, put me down..." She murmured, her lips pressed tightly against Damien's ear.

"Even if I put you down, they'd still stare," Damien replied with a faint smile, his voice low. "You have short legs. Mine are longer, and I walk at a quicker pace." He had an inkling of Cherise's thoughts, a playful grin tugging at the corners of his lips. "Being carried by me saves time and keeps you out of the spotlight."

Cherise fell silent, mulling over Damien's words. Though they held merit, she couldn't help but feel a flush of embarrassment. "Why do you think you're quicker?" she interjected, her cheeks red. "Also, my legs are perfectly adequate."

Damien chuckled softly. "Why don't we compare and settle it tonight in bed?"

Cherise huffed. "Fine! We'll see then!" She nestled against his shoulder, observing their reflections in the mirror as they moved. His legs appeared impossibly long and slender, the fabric of his trousers tapered elegantly at the ankles. Glancing at her legs dangling from his arm, she couldn't deny that her legs were shorter. Yet, she clung to her pride nonetheless.

"Don't get too smug," Cherise retorted, her lips forming a tight line. "It's probably just your pants making your legs look longer than they are." She paused, then added, "And don't assume my legs are short either. This skirt is intentionally designed this way. Once we remove our bottoms, my legs won't be as short as they seem, and yours won't be as long as they seem!"

Damien couldn't suppress a chuckle at her words. "So you suggest we remove our bottoms to settle this tonight?"

Cherise nodded, her expression determined. "I am at, fight! I don't! I topetle! I am here for all! I'm not backing down."

"Sure," Damien remarked with a smile, his voice low and suggestive.

Cherise pouted, a sense of unease creeping over her. It only dawned on her as Damien settled her into

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AN Renias Discussing how clothes made their legs look was her attempt at preserving her dignity. She thought it was merely innocent banter. But to Damien, it might have sounded like a clumsy proposition...

His tone and the mischievous glint in his eyes flooded her mind. He must have interpreted her wretched situation as an invitation to do the deed! He must have thought she was acting coy with him, hence his sly grin and playful tone.

Chapter 1028 The Accidental Kiss

As she mulled over her predicament, Cherise couldn't help but bury her face in her hands, grappling with uncertainty. It seemed she had inadvertently dug herself into a hole and leaped right in.

Meanwhile, Damien had slipped into the car from the other side. He settled beside her, radiating warmth that gently brushed against her cheeks. Cherise felt the heat rising in her face.

"Why are you blushing?" Damien's sudden inquiry caught her off guard, his dark eyes gleaming as he playfully surveyed her flushed cheeks. "Let me guess why you're rosy-cheeked, Mrs. Lenoir." He teased her playfully. "Are you already thinking about our evening plans, Mrs. Lenoir?"

Cherise remained silent momentarily, her mind racing to find the right words. "I... I didn't mean to suggest anything inappropriate earlier," she stammered, her cheeks burning under the weight of his intense gaze. "I... I didn't mean anything of the sort!"

Her heart fluttered erratically as she averted her eyes, chastising herself inwardly. Why am I still reacting like this with Damien after all this time? It was absurd! As she reproached herself silently, Cherise focused on steadying her breath.

understand," Damien replied, unexpectedly leaning closer to her. "You must be reproaching yourself for losing your composure. Am I right, Mrs. Lenoir?" His voice sent shivers down her spine as he whispered

into her ear. "But fret not, Mrs. Lenoir. Regardless if you've lost your memory, you always find a way to engage in these little battles with me, ending up intertwined with me at night."

Cherise was slightly startled. She instinctively turned around. "You..." With her back facing Damien, she hadn't anticipated the outcome of her abrupt action. When she turned in that split second, her moist lips perfectly met Damien's cool ones.

As their lips touched, it felt like an electric current traveled from Cherise's lips to her brain. Countless images of her and Damien kissing flashed through her mind. There were tender, gentle, intense, and passionate kisses. She was stunned by the flood of emotions accompanying each memory. In those mental images, she felt the overwhelming depth of her love for the man before her. Every kiss conveyed the same message: she loved him deeply.

Damien, caught off guard by the accidental kiss, was unaware of the shift in Cherise's thoughts. He was taken aback by the unexpected intimacy. It had been a while since she had kissed him like this. Driven by impulse, he lifted his hand. He gently cradled the back of her head, prolonging the kiss indefinitely, lost in the intensity of the moment.

Seated at the helm in the driver's seat, the new chauffeur, Timothy, silently covered the car windows and lowered the partition thoughtfully, effectively turning the back seat into a private enclave.

Meanwhile, Damien tenderly pressed his lips against Cherise's as he gently laid her down beneath him. Cherise felt benhead gpinniny çfor his tender caresses, the sensations on her lips triggering a cascade of mernories within her mind. Unable to resist, she closed her eyes as images flickered through her consciousness, one after the other.

Cherise witnessed herself holding a photograph of Damien, her cheeks flushed as s addrgssetia com middle aged man. "Uncle Shaw, I'm willing to marry him," she confessed, her voice tinged with excitement and nervousness.

Then, the scene shifted, and Cherise saw herself signing a contract before an elderly man. With a w rm_- seylen assured| Hi Grandpa, rest assured, I'll fulfill my promise to you! I'll strive to have children for Damien!" Each memory flickered vividly in her consciousness, stirring a whirlwind of emotions within her.

Chapter 1029 Unlocking Memories

Amid their modest wedding ceremony, Cherise clenched her fists, gazing at Damien earnestly and determinedly. "Don't worry," she vowed, her voice resolute. "I'll work tirelessly to give you the family we desire." These scenes, though straightforward, resonated deeply with Cherise. They were undoubtedly her own memories./

Unconsciously, her cheeks flushed a deeper red as she recalled her past confrontations with Damien, her righteous indignation fueling fiery debates about the nature of their marriage, assuming it was merely a financial transaction.

But as she pieced together her memories, Cherise came to a startling realization. She had been the one to take the initiative in their marriage from the very start. Surprisingly, Damien had been the passive one. The unfolding scenes in her mind mirrored the vivid dreams that had haunted her during this time, leading her to the staggering conclusion that her dreams had been her reality all along. As the memories in her mind took an unexpected turn...

"Alright, I'll let you go," Damien murmured, moving away from her lips and wiping his elegantly. "We'll pick this up later tonight. There are pressing matters to attend to now."

As Damien released her, the images swirling in Cherise's mind ceased abruptly. She was left dumbstruck and looked at Damien in confusion. "... she began, her voice faltering. Locking eyes with him, Cherise bit her lip, then threw herself into his arms. without another thought. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him with a passion born of newfound understanding.

Cherise felt another surge of electricity coursing through her veins as their lips met again, yet it wasn't enough. Desperately, she mirrored Damien's fervent kisses, hoping to trigger more memories, but to no avail. A twinge of frustration gnawed at her. She hoped kissing him would unlock more of her past, but it seemed futile.

Just as she was preparing to pull away in disappointment, Damien's hand tightened around her slender waist as he asserted his dominance. Suddenly, Cherise's memories began to flood back. She saw herself meeting Ian. She recalled him helping her secure a part-time job and saw the confrontation between Ian and Damien... But as Damien released her once more, the memories ceased abruptly, leaving Cherise bewildered and longing for more.

Cherise fell silent, her mind swirling with confusion. What kind of predicament am I in? Must Damien kiss me to unlock my memories? Will my memories only surface when he's being assertive? The notion left her feeling perplexed and conflicted.

What's wrong with me?! Is this the only way to retrieve my memories? Must I be subjected to his control before all my memories are restored? Will he think I'm a deviant? She found the idea disturbingly perverse.

"What's wrong?" Damien's concerned voice interrupted her thoughts. His brows furrowed as he gazed at her. "Are you feeling unwell? Or..."

"I..." Cherise hesitated, chewing on her lip. She longed to confide in Damien about what had just transpired, but its implications gave her pause. Will it give him the license to constantly have his way with me?

"I remember telling you to stay home and rest today," Cherise said, pursing her lips as she instinctively shifted the conversation away. "How did you end up here?"

The man offered a faint smile, reaching up to gently smooth a stray lock of hair from her temple. "I couldn't bring myself to leave you to deal with Sebastian alone."

"Yes," Damien confirmed.

"Otto!" Cherise pouted in frustration: "I specifically

Damien sighed. "He knows

Chapter 1030 Proceed as Planned

"He told me he expected you to be upset and berate him at most," Damien explained calmly. "But if he hadn't informed me and something happened to you he'd face more than just my wrath."

Cherise fell silent, begrudgingly acknowledging what Damien had said. "And what about dad?"

"He was meant to arrive today," Damien replied, gently embracing her. "It wasn't easy to deal with him. either. I only informed him about your amnesia yesterday, and he rushed over today."

Cherise pressed her lips together. "Sadly..." It was unfortunate that she couldn't recall her dad at all now. Even if she couldn't remember him, she could sense how much her dad cherished her, judging from Beckham's protective stance while 'confronting Sebastian.

"Don't worry," Damien reassured her, wrapping his arms around her. "I'm sure Father won't hold it against you." Cherise stayed quiet, resting against his chest with pursed lips, feeling a subtle unease in her heart.

Before long, the car pulled up to Lenoir Manor. Inside, Frances busied herself with packing Cherise and Damien's belongings, stuffing three or four oversized suitcases to the brim. "I specifically told you not to pack Mrs. Lenoir's silk dresses!"

"Mrs. Lenoir is headed to the countryside. Silk won't fare well there!" Frances chided the servants beside her as she crouched on the floor, pulling clothes from the stuffed suitcases. "This won't do either! It's already autumn, and these clothes are too thin. The countryside is chillier, so they need thicker garments. Put away the thin ones! And this..."

Cherise interrupted Frances as she entered the house catching the woman reprimanding the young servants. "Frances." Cherise wrinkled her brow, approaching to inspect the suitcases. "What's all this?"

"These are your packed suitcases!" Frances quickly stood up upon Cherise's return, offering a smile. "Mrs. Lenoir, have you forgotten? You were supposed to go to Shawbury today. Mr. Lenoir planned it yesterday."

Cherise paused, contemplating. "Do we... really have to go?" She had intended to revisit Shawbury to reclaim her memories, especially those involving Ian from their high school days since he was the only person she remembered. However, with Ian back in the mental hospital, her urge to return had diminished.

Frances hesitated, "But Mr. Lenoir mentioned everything will proceed according to plan..."