

MY BLIND 151

Chapter 151 A Kind Boss

Bernard was excited. "Ms. Shaw, can I really choose anywhere?"

Cherise frowned and considered. "Erm... Not somewhere like Viopril Palace."

It's too expensive.

Bernard laughed. "I won't choose somewhere that expensive. Don't worry, Ms. Shaw,"

With that, Bernard rushed out of the room to make preparations.

Cherise looked at the smiling faces in the office and felt glad.

She turned to Damien. "Dear, is it okay for me to decide like this?"

You've done well."

Damien patted her head.

Due to her 'wise decision, the employees lined up and gave Cherise and Damien a grand send-off to their car.

Cherise waved at the employees through the car window. Then, she sat down and breathed a sigh of relief.

"Everyone's so friendly!"

That's because you're a kind boss."

Damien smiled at Cherise. "What gave you the idea for everyone to gather and have fun. after work?"

Damien had never skimmed on rewarding his employees all these years.

However, he only gave them a raise or cash.

Thus, he always thought money represented his affirmation of his employee's capabilities.

He did not expect to see them excited over a dinner gathering and karaoke worth less than ten thousand. Furthermore, these people had annual salaries of a few million.

Cherise chuckled awkwardly. "It's because I'm on the study committee of my class. I have to read the exam results for my class every time..."

"Reading the name list just now reminded me of it."

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"After every exam, my classmates would gather in groups to go for dinner and karaoke. It was to relax after studying hard."

"Then, I thought about these employees working overtime daily for the order. It's similar to students studying for finals."

"Once the exam is over, everyone wants to relax."

Cherise grinned happily at Damien as she explained. "That's why I wanted everyone to go out and have fun."

“If the company pays, they will be even more willing to go and destress.”

“As for us bosses, we shouldn’t join them. Our presence will only make them nervous.”

Cherise was explaining eagerly.

Damien smiled as he looked at her.

He caressed her hair and said, “I take back what I said about you being unsuitable to be a company president.”

“If you work hard, you might turn out more brilliant than I am.”

Damien understood business, while Cherise knew more about human nature.

Cherise was stunned and shook her head, messing her hair. “That’s not true. You’re the best!”

“I’ve only applied something I experienced at school.”

Damien smiled. “If possible, I wish to experience what it’s like to attend university.”

Due to his ‘blindness’ and lack of mobility, Damien stopped going to school when he was thirteen.

He attended all his lessons and learned everything in Lenoir Manor. The butler had hired teachers for him.

Sometimes, he was curious about what it would be like to have friends his age to study. together.

Cherise clasped her hands tightly.

Before marrying him, she knew he had been home-schooled since the second year of middle school.

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It seemed she had brought up something that made him sad.

Cherise pursed her lips. "Dear, school is not that fun."

"It's crowded and noisy!"

Seeing Damien remain silent, Cherise took a deep breath and held his hand. "Dear, what about this?"

Chapter 152 It's Time

"Let's work hard to cure your eyes."

"Once you regain your sight, will you go to university with me?"

Cherise's eyes gleamed with sincerity. "To be honest, I hope to experience campus

romance."

"That's why you must recover soon!"

Damien cleared his throat. "Mr. Kolson, start the car."

No one knew he closed his eyes behind the black sash.

He did not dare to look at Cherise's innocent and earnest gaze.

Her eyes were clear and pure as the finest crystals. They were so untainted that Damien could not bear to lie and hide the truth from her.

Damien had always been cold and logical. Yet, he did not dare to meet Cherise's gaze.

Until he was sure, he could not reveal everything to Cherise yet.

It was better for her to know nothing and be kept in the dark.

Then, she could remain as his wife in name. She would be safest this way.

Cherise was too innocent to know the evils of human nature. Damien feared she could not keep his secret.

If she accidentally revealed his secret...

The consequences would be unimaginable.

Meanwhile, Cherise was unaware of Damien's internal struggles.

She smiled cheerfully and said, "Dear, you must keep your word."

"Once you regain your sight, you must attend the university with me!"

Damien returned to his senses and chuckled. "Sure."

"Let's make a pinky promise!"

Cherise linked her right pinky with Damien's pinky. "You will attend classes and study

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sessions with me. We will have lunch at the cafeteria!"

"Sure."

"I'll

get us a table while you get the food!"

"Sure."

Mr. Kolson listened to them talking from the driver's seat. Their conversation was so childlike that he could not help but smile.

Soon, the car stopped.

Cherise glanced at the window. "Huh, why aren't we returning home? Why did you send me to campus?"

You have a class at ten thirty."

Damien smiled and pressed his phone's time button.

An automatic female voice sounded. "The time is 10:10 a.m."

Cherise smacked her forehead.

I have classes this morning.

I skipped a class to go to the company.

If I don't hurry up, I will be late for my second class!

At that thought, she immediately took the bag in Damien's hand and thanked him. Then, she exited the car and ran into the university campus.

Damien smiled as he watched her leave.

She had always been able to cheer him up when he needed it.

Her presence was like good medicine or warm sunlight. It warmed him. up when he needed it the most.

Damien switched into a comfortable position and leaned into the leather seat. "Mr. Kolson, I need you to contact Jacob. Give him a chance to meet with a prominent foreign ophthalmologist."

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Mr. Kolson was stunned. "Mr. Lenoir, what do you mean?"

"Jacob has been my doctor for thirteen years and failed to cure my condition. I can't rely on him if I want to recover my sight."

Then, he sighed. "We can only pay a foreign expert to act a role"

Mr. Koilson was stunned "Mr. Lenoir, do you mean....."

Damien raised his hand and pulled off the black cash over his eyes. A pair of cold and sharp eyes immediately appeared. Tre worn this thing for too long. It's time to throw it

DWRY

Mr. Kolson's eyes flickered with excitement. "Yes! Ill contact Dr. Caldwell now!

Damien closed his eyes and leaned into the leather seat.

Chapter 153 Dissatisfaction in the Bedroom

He did not want people to find out too soon about his sight.

After all, everyone assumed a blind man was harmless and of no competition.

But once he regained his sight, all attention would be focused on him.

Still...

A sweet and soothing female voice sounded in his ear.

"You'll attend classes and study sessions with me. We'll have lunch at the cafeteria!"

"I'll get us a table while you get the food!"

"I want us to share a cup of smoothie..."

"I also want you to feed me in public."

Damien rubbed his brow and chuckled.

What am I to do?

The temptation is too great. I really want to make her happy.

Cherise arrived in the classroom with only two minutes to spare.

Lucy offered her a wet tissue and looked at her sweaty face with disdain. "Where have you been?"

"You've never been late, yet you suddenly skipped class. The history teacher asked about you a few times. I had no choice but to lie that you were ill."

"Thank you."

Cherise grinned and wiped her sweat. "Thank goodness I made it to this class!"

"So, where have you been?"

"Was Damien too wild last night that you could not get out of bed this morning?"

Cherise was aghast.

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She took out her notebook and textbook from her bag. "Aren't you a bit too imaginative?"

Lucy pursed her lips. "What if I'm right?"

"Ever since you married Damien, you seem to be in bliss every day..."

Cherise's face was red.

She pressed her hands on her warm cheeks. "Really?"

"Yes,"

"How frequently do you two do it?"

The teacher entered at this moment and began teaching from the podium.

Cherise slumped on the table and whispered, "I think..."

There was the time she brought Damien to meet her grandmother. She had drugged him then. They never did it after that day.

"You must be kidding me."

Lucy widened her eyes in shock. "It can't have been that few. What kind of newlywed only does it once during their first six months of marriage?"

"Is it because you're terrible in bed, and he doesn't like it?"

Cherise panicked upon hearing that.

Is... Is that true?

Cherise blushed as she recalled carefully what had happened that night.

I thought I did well...

I didn't let it show when it hurt.

What was he dissatisfied with...

Cherise was a serious person. She would keep pondering on a question until she found the answer.

Therefore, she thought about it from ten thirty in the morning until her classes ended in the afternoon.

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"Cherry, let's go!"

The bell rang, and students left the classroom in cliques. However, Cherise slumped over the classroom desk and scribbled something on paper.

Lucy patted Cherise's head in frustration and asked, "Are you still thinking about that matter?"

Cherise came to her senses. She packed her bag and nodded. "Yes."

"Goodness."

Lucy rolled her eyes. "All you need to do is go home and ask him what he's dissatisfied with?"

"You'll never figure it out by thinking over it."

"A man's heart is a deep ocean of secrets. Stop pondering over it on your own!"

Cherise pursed her lips. "Isn't a woman's heart a deep ocean of secrets?"

Lucy knocked her head. "It depends on the person!"

"Other women's hearts may be deep oceans of secrets, but yours is as straightforward as a compass. Moreover, it's a giant compass!"

Chapter 154 Scaring Her into Submission

Cherise rolled her eyes. She grabbed her bag and headed out of the classroom.

"Are you Cherise Shaw?"

A middle-aged couple blocked Cherise's way.

Cherise nodded politely. "I'm Cherise. You are..."

"We are Sunny's parents."

The middle-aged woman glared at Cherise furiously. "My son is in police detention. How can you feel no remorse and attend class as if nothing happened?"

Lucy rolled her eyes.

Sunny took Cherise hostage. There was solid evidence against him. Thus, he deserves to be locked up. Who are these people to blame Cherise for attending classes?

Cherise pursed her lips. She did not want to waste time talking to Sunny's parents. "Mr. and Mrs. Wood, you should have a good talk with Sunny instead of bothering me."

"If he admits his mistake, I will pardon him."

Once she pardoned Sunny, he would only have to remain in detention for a few days. He would be completely fine.

However, Sunny's mother sneered, "You want him to admit fault and get your pardon?"

"Cherise, aren't you a bit too full of yourself?"

"Sunny said you broke your promise and tried to escape without paying. He only intimidated you to make you pay as you promised!"

Sunny's mother argued adamantly.

Lucy sneered in her anger. "She went back on her words?"

"Your son should have said that he was a greedy crook. Why didn't he tell you that he tried to trick her?"

"He found out that my friend is rich and tried to scam money from her. Yet, you still think he has done nothing wrong?"

Then, Lucy regarded Sunny's parents' clothes. "You two don't look like people from the

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upper class.”

“Do you know what kind of place Viopril Palace is? Do you know how much your son’s action cost my friend last night?”

“It’s eight hundred thousand. That’s enough to buy a house, isn’t it?”

Sunny’s parents’ faces turned pale.

Lucy pursed her lips and dragged Cherise away. “You should know that money is hard to earn. Would you be willing if someone asked you to fork out tens of thousands on a meal?”

Lucy spoke the truth but it was harsh to hear.

Sunny’s parents were visibly triggered. “You may be wealthy, but you have no right to look down on us.”

“Wealthy people should spend some money on meals for ordinary people. Isn’t it common sense?”

Cherise frowned.

She finally understood why Sunny behaved like making Cherise pay eight hundred thousand for dinner was nothing.

It turned out that was what his parents taught him.

Cherise found it laughable but pitiful.

She took a deep breath and said, “Lucy, let’s go.”

However, why would Sunny's parents let them go?

His

parents were loud and attracted a curious crowd.

The crowd filled the corridor, making it difficult for Cherise and Lucy to leave.

Furious that Cherise would not give in to their demand, Sunny's father grabbed a chair from the door and charged at her.

He never wanted to hurt Cherise. It was to scare her into submission.

However, Sunny's father did not expect someone to rush out and stop him from approaching her.

He slipped and fell with the chair in his hand, causing it to hit the person's body.

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'Bam!'

"He hurt someone!"

"Call the police!"

A series of commotion broke out behind her.

Cherise instinctively glanced behind. What she saw caused her to widen her eyes in shock.

Chapter 155 The Benefits She Got from Him

The chair that Sunny's father was holding fell and crashed onto...

Jan! A man Cherise had not seen for a long time.

"Ian!"

Cherise let go of Lucy's hand and rushed to him.

Someone from the crowd had helped Sunny's father up. Cherise pulled the chair away and asked, "Ian, are you okay?"

"I'm fine."

Ian clenched his teeth. "I got hit, but I'm not hurt."

Cherise quickly helped him to stand up. "How did you get caught up in this?"

"I saw him raising the chair to hurt you and rushed without thinking to stop him."

Ian smiled with relief. "I'm glad you're not hurt."

His gentle voice and warm gaze made Cherise feel a little uncomfortable.

She glanced toward the infirmary and said, "I'll send you to the infirmary."

After saying that, she supported Ian and walked with him.

“I’ll do it.”

Lucy came over and pushed Cherise aside.

She supported Ian as they walked. She even rolled her eyes at Cherise. “You walk at a snail’s pace.”

Cherise pursed her lips and quietly followed Lucy.

But with Lucy supporting Ian, she found their situation much less awkward than before.

Ever since what happened that time.....

Cherise never initiated contact with Ian.

She felt it would be awkward for them to interact.

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It was not only due to Ian’s misunderstanding about Damien blacklisting him. There was also the way Ian looked at her and his tone when speaking to her. Those had exceeded the boundary of friendship.

Ian had likely treated her the same way before this.

But Cherise was now someone’s wife. She felt uncomfortable if Ian were to continue to treat her that way.

The three entered the infirmary.

There was no one around.

Cherise brought a medical kit over. She opened a bottle of antiseptic, but Lucy snatched it from her. "I heard someone called the police. You should check if it's true."

"Once the police arrive, you should get them to record your statement. Tell them the truth."

"We'll send Sunny's parents into police detention to reunite with him there!"

Cherise pursed her lips, wanting to say something. Meanwhile, Lucy had already begun disinfecting the wound on Ian's leg.

Thus, Cherise smiled at Ian, "Ian, I'll be going out to see if the police are here."

She closed the door and left after that.

"Does it hurt?"

Lucy gritted her teeth and pressed the antiseptic-soaked cotton bud against Ian's leg injury.

Ian broke out in a cold sweat from the pain. "What are you doing?"

"What am I doing? I should ask the same for you."

Lucy rolled her eyes. "Didn't Damien recommend you to work in a medical research institute? Is that not good enough? Why did you come to campus to look for Cherry? Don't you have anything to do in the research institute?"

Ian's expression changed. "It's nothing to do with you."

“When it involves my best friend’s happiness, it has everything to do with me!”

Lucy was a straightforward person. She immediately exposed Ian’s ruse. “You deliberately

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got hurt to get Cherise to take care of you. It’s a pretty good plan, but unluckily, you bumped into me!”

Then, she slapped his wound. “You like getting hurt, right? Let me hurt you a bit more!”

“If I’m not mistaken, you’re Cherise’s best friend, not Damien’s.”

Ian narrowed his eyes, trying not to express his pain. “You keep defending Damien. What benefits do you get from him?”

“Lots!”

Lucy rolled her eyes and roughly bandaged his leg. “Damien promised that when he and Cherise have a child, I’ll be the baby’s godmother!”

Chapter 156 Crimson Heels

Ian’s eyes darkened. “You won’t have the chance.”

“Why wouldn’t I?”

Lucy looked at him with a half-smile. “Why, do you want to be their children’s godmother.

too?”

He was silent.

His hands on his sides were clenched tightly.

He would not allow it.

He refused to let Cherise have Damien's child!

The police arrived in no time.

Cherise went to the police station with Sunny's parents as a witness.

After listening to their explanations, the officer taking their statements laughed. "So, your son threatened and caused intentional harm. Then the parents went to school and made a fuss?"

All three members of the family kept silent.

The injury on Cherise's neck and the student who came along could prove the incident with Sunny's parents.

Yet one more person was needed to prove Sunny's behavior.

Cherise took out her phone. "I'll call the people on the scene yesterday."

Besides Cherise and Sunny, an entire class of students witnessed the incident yesterday.

"Never mind."

The officer waved his hand. "We've contacted the person in charge at the hotel. They'll be here soon."

A knock was heard on the door immediately.

Cherise turned toward the source of the sound instinctively.

Standing in the doorway was Violet in a red outfit.

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The tight-fitting dress on her showed off her figure. The makeup on her face was alluring. She was gorgeous.

The three men in the room were stunned.

Violet sauntered into the room and placed a USB on the desk. "Officer, I brought the evidence."

The officer only returned to his senses and plugged in the USB.

It was the security video of the floor Sunny booked yesterday.

The camera was pointed directly toward the door. Everything that Sunny did to Cherise was captured clearly.

The officer played the video thrice to verify the truth.

The first two times, Cherise did not notice anything out of place. On the third time, she suddenly spotted a red pair of heels outside the door.

The heels came close and stopped outside the door. It stood near a pair of leather shoes, then turned to leave.

Her forehead was locked in a deep frown.

She eyed Violet subconsciously.

Violet gave her a polite smile.

Cherise's gaze landed on Violet's feet.

If she was right, the pair of heels on Violet's feet were the exact ones in the video.

She could not have been wrong about the bright crimson shade.

The officer played it again.

This time around, Cherise saw it clearly.

When Violet's heels appeared at the door, Sunny held the knife against Cherise's neck.

She frowned.

If Violet saw Sunny threatening Cherise herself, why did she pretend to be clueless and ask what had happened when they met on the other floor?

Besides, Violet was the one who decided the bill would be free. When Sunny was threatening her, Violet was right outside the door. She could have just told them the decision right away.

Then, Sunny would not have been ridiculed for being poor. He would not have been aggravated, lost control, and injured her with the knife.

All sorts of questions were unanswered in Cherise's mind.

"Alright then, we've verified the incident."

The officer was done with the statements and raised his head.

"Ms. Shaw, you can leave now. The ruling for these three people will not be given to you. until the court hearing a few days later."

Chapter 157 My Husband Is Remarkable

Cherise nodded and turned toward the door.

Her mind was still fixed on the incident with Violet.

"Mrs. Lenoir."

She only took a few steps when a woman's pleasant voice came from behind.

Cherise looked back. Violet was moving slowly toward her in the eye-catching heels.

"I didn't expect us to meet so soon."

Cherise pressed her lips together. She did not have a good impression of the woman.

She smiled lightly.

“I didn’t know you would come. I thought the manager yesterday would send the evidence.”

She was not mocking Violet as it was her actual thoughts.

Yet, from Violet’s stance, it sounded as though Cherise believed she did it on purpose.

Of course, she did it on purpose.

But she only shot a plastic smile toward Cherise.

“Mr. Lenoir is our boss. It’s only right for me to personally assist Mrs. Lenoir.”

Cherise quirked an eyebrow. “Did you say Damien is your boss?”

Violet narrowed her eyes and smirked.

“Yes. Do you not know, Mrs. Lenoir? Mr. Lenoir is...”

“Wow, my husband is remarkable.”

Violet furrowed her forehead. This shouldn’t be her reaction.

She furrowed her eyebrows. Before she could speak, Cherise pursed her lips.

“Yesterday, you said my husband’s eyes work fine, and you know him better than I do. Today, you say my husband is your boss. Are you going to say my husband is secretly a big boss tomorrow?”

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Cherise glowered at Violet. "My husband is just a regular man with a disability!"

Violet owned Viopril Palace, a luxurious restaurant. Her husband was Violet's boss?

This woman will stop at nothing to drive a wedge between us!

Violet frowned. She had been speaking the truth.

Besides, Cherise was convinced and left looking dejected yesterday.

Yet she was having issues with it today?

Who gave her the confidence to do so?

Violet took a deep breath and smiled coolly. "Mrs. Lenoir, you should believe me. I have no reason to lie to you."

"But you do."

Cherise pressed her lips together.

"You have a grudge against this family because Tristan groped you. But Tristan is the one. you have bad blood with. Get him if you want revenge. We're not close with him!"

Cherise turned and strode away.

Violet stomped her feet furiously. Just as she was about to follow her, a dark blue figure appeared.

A young man in blue leaped down from the railings on the second floor, blocking her path.

He had an envelope between his teeth.

“This is for you.”

He stuffed the envelope into Violet’s hand. Stretching and yawning, he headed toward where Cherise had left with wide strides.

Violet clenched the envelope in her trembling hand.

That boy in the blue shirt... is Blake Lenoir.

It was said that Blake was adopted by Damien. He was Damien’s right-hand man with exceptional athleticism. He was mysterious and only appeared whenever Damien was in

danger.

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However, the boy appeared nonchalantly where Cherise was.

Does this mean... Damien sent his last line of defense to be Cherise’s personal guard?!

Jealousy bubbled through Violet’s heart.

My father and I devoted ourselves all these years to him. What right does that woman have?!

She opened the envelope with her quivering hands.

A photo slipped out of the envelope.

It was Cressa, daughter of Randall Lyes, signing an agreement at a closed campus where she could not leave for the next four years.

Chapter 158 Where's Ian?

Violet clenched her fists in silent frustration.

Cherise returned to school to find Lucy lounging in the infirmary, engrossed in a phone game. She furrowed her brow and reached out to block Lucy's phone screen. "Where's

Ian?"

Lucy shot her a disdainful look, adjusted her phone, and continued playing. "He's gone."

"Just like that?" Cherise bit her lip, realizing she hadn't thanked Ian properly for helping with her injury.

Lucy leaned back. "Well, it's better he split than stick around and make a fool of himself. I mean, he'd never compete with me to be your kid's godparent."

Cherise was puzzled. "What do you mean by 'making a fool of himself' and 'being my child's godparent'?"

Caught off guard, Lucy cleared her throat and mumbled, "I didn't say anything. You must've misheard."

Cherise's intuition told her something was up between Lucy and Ian.

She snatched Lucy's phone, demanding, "Tell me what happened!"

Lucy was annoyed at the interruption. "What's there to explain? I got rid of that Ian guy. He knew you were married but kept pestering you with his schemes."

"Just now, Sunny's dad lifting that chair was just a scare tactic. He rushed in and got hurt, hoping you'd feel sorry for him."

"A conniving guy like him being gone is a win for you and Damien!" Lucy explained.

She took advantage of Cherise's stunned state and snatched her phone back. Unfortunately, when Cherise took her phone, her in-game character had been defeated, and her opponent had wiped out her virtual crystals.

Seeing the big 'Failed' word on the screen, Lucy was upset and shot Cherise a resentful glance. "You owe me a game!"

"Hey, I helped you, and you delayed my game?!"

Cherise pressed her lips together.

"Lucy, you can't talk badly about Ian like that."

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Cherise took a deep breath, suppressing her anger, and looked earnestly at Lucy. "Ian isn't the person you're saying."

"He used to be someone I admired, our high school pride."

“Maybe he came to see me just to thank me or wanted to chat.”

“I reckon he didn’t have the full picture earlier. When he saw someone being unkind to me, he stepped in to help out of sheer kindness.”

Her

gaze was sincere, “We’re all from the same background; helping each other is the least we can do.”

“Even if he had ulterior motives, he did get hurt trying to protect me. I haven’t had a chance to thank him, and you drove him away. No matter what, that’s not right of you.”

Cherise might not be the quickest thinker, but she understood the basics of human relationships and principles. Her aunt had always taught her to repay kindness.

After all, Ian intended to help her.

Lucy pursed her lips. “But he’s got motive!”

“Cherry, can you please not think so highly of everyone?”

“I can see right through Ian’s intentions.”

Cherise took a deep breath, smiled at Lucy, and said, “Maybe you’ve misunderstood him.”

“You carry on with your game; I’ll find Ian.”

With that, she picked up her backpack and dashed away.

Lucy furrowed her brows, annoyed and worried with Cherise's naïve and overly trusting nature. "Why do you want to see him?"

Chapter 159 Switching to Holistic Medicine?

"At the very least, I should treat him to a meal and thank him personally," Cherise mused

as she set off.

Meanwhile, when Cherise spotted Ian, she uttered apologetically, "Hey, Ian. I know there might be some misunderstandings between Lucy and you. Please don't mind her."

They were seated on a bench outside the medical research institute where Ian worked. She handed him a cup of iced lemon tea. "Is your leg okay now?"

"Yea. I'm all healed now." Ian replied, sipping the milk tea while sighing. "But your friend has some pretty off-base ideas about me."

"But it's okay. I'm not that close to her to mind that trivial."

"As long as you don't misunderstand me, it's all good."

Cherise quickly shook her head. "I won't!"

Ian and Cherise had been classmates in their hometown's high school. In their small-town high school, Ian had been an exemplary student, loved by the teachers. His grades, dedication, and impeccable character set the bar for all the students.

A man so dedicated and wholesome couldn't be as conniving as Lucy had said him to be.

Ian smiled. "As long as you don't misunderstand me, that's all that matters."

The two of them sat on the bench, both enjoying their milk tea.

Ian stood up. "Do you have any plans after this?"

Cherise shook her head. "No."

"Let me show you around this place."

Ian smiled and extended his hand to help Cherise up. "I've come to love working here."

This place had once been a distant dream for him.

"By the way, I should thank your husband. Without him, I might never have had the chance to work in such a prestigious place."

"You don't have to. In fact, my husband shares the same sentiment. He believes you shouldn't be confined to our little town." Cherise smiled at Ian and strolled with him into the small garden outside the research institute.

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"But, you know, he had mentioned that even if he could help get you in, it's all about your determination and effort if you're going to stick around for the long term."

Ian smiled. "I'll give my best!"

"Great!" Cherise nodded with a radiant smile. "I have faith in you!"

The setting sun's rays painted Cherise's face with a warm, golden hue, and Ian felt as if his heart were dipped in honey. As he gazed at Cherise, a mysterious spark danced in his laden with cryptic meaning.

Such a wonderful girl, so full of life and potential, yet she's with that blind, obnoxious rich guy,

Damien...

eyes,

As Ian thought about this, an idea hit him. "By the way, is there any chance your husband's eyes could be healed?"

"I'm not sure. But the doctors did mention the possibility of a cure. It's a slim chance, but I'm willing to try with him."

A faint blush appeared on her face. "If he could regain sight, we could do many things together."

Cherise said with pure bliss beaming on her face.

Ian's gaze flickered, and with a smile, he said, "You know, there's a renowned holistic medicine doctor back in our hometown. Would you consider taking Damien to consult him? If typical medicine can't help, perhaps holistic medicine might have a shot?"

Cherise's googly eyes instantly lit up.

She stared at Ian with widened eyes. "You're absolutely right!"

"Damien has always been treated by Dr. Caldwell. Perhaps switching to holistic medicine. might be worth a shot!"

Seeing her so excited, Ian smiled. "I'm just throwing it out there. It doesn't guarantee that holistic medicine will work, but it's worth exploring."

Chapter 160 Damien Being Unusually Accommodating

“Maybe you can persuade him to give it a shot. Who knows, it might work?” Cherise. nodded enthusiastically. “Definitely!”

“Do you know where the holistic medicine doctor is located? I can take my husband to see. him sometime.”

“It’s up

in the mountains near our hometown, Jan furrowed his brows, thinking for at moment.

“But Cherry, I’d suggest you plan a little getaway with your husband, and during the trip, you can visit the old holistic medicine doctor.”

Cherise furrowed her brows. “Why’s that?”

Ian began gently persuading her. “Firstly, that old holistic medicine doctor has some, family connections with me. Your husband hasn’t been the most welcoming toward me, so if he figures out you took him there and finds the connection, he might jump to conclusions.”

Cherise paused, then nodded. “I see. Anything else?”

“Secondly...” Ian thought for a moment. “Your husband probably wants his eyes to recover even more than you do, but holistic medicine is a bit of a long shot. If you don’t tell him beforehand, he won’t get his hopes up, and he won’t be let down if it doesn’t work, right?”

Cherise pressed her lips and contemplated. “That makes sense.”

She took a deep breath and looked at Ian with gratitude. "Thank you. He should have. some free time coming up."

"I'll arrange a visit to our hometown soon under the pretense of visiting my grandma and taking a little break, and we can see the doctor then."

With the plan in place, that evening after dinner, Cherise deliberately stuck close to Damien.

"Honey, it's been a while since we visited my grandma."

She rested her head on Damien's lap, her eyes shining as she gazed at him.

Damien

gave a faint smile and ruffled her hair. "Didn't we talk to her on the phone just a few days ago? She mentioned she's back home after being discharged from the hospital."

"But a phone call isn't the same as seeing her in person." Cherise pouted.

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"Darling, we've just closed a major deal, and the whole team is taking a break. You should unwind, too."

"I'll take you to the countryside to visit my grandma, and we can have some relaxation time by catching fish with our bare hands and feeding them to my cat. How does that sound?"

Damien chuckled. "Oh? You're that skilled, catching fish barehanded?"

"Obviously!" Cherise said with a sense of pride, raising her head high. "Catching fish with bare hands, like fishing, requires a calm and focused mind."

“Those folks in my hometown couldn’t match my skills!”

“I used to catch so many fish when I was a kid. We’d fry the big ones for my aunt and take the small ones home to feed Plumkin.”

“Plumkin is the cat I raised in the countryside! I found her when she was just a kitten!”

“Now, she’s aged and probably turned into a Grumpkin...”

As a country girl at heart, Cherise couldn’t resist sharing her stories about rural life.

She recounted every detail, from fishing with equipment to hands-on fish-catching. And from her cat, Plumkin, to Jack, the neighbor, giving birth to chubby twins.

Even Mr. Hampson, standing nearby, grew tired and disinterested. He didn’t know these country folks and didn’t care about their stories. Who would bother listening to these mundane tales?

But Damien listened attentively and quietly as Cherise let loose her stream of stories. Occasionally, he’d pose a question.

Like, “So, did Vivian finally get married?”

Or, “Can your uncle’s cats, Sky and Tay, climb trees?”