

## **MY BLIND 161**

### Chapter 161 A Dream

He even asked about the age of the elderly lady in Cherise's story!

Frances and Mr. Kolson were taken aback. This was unlike Damien!

Normally, he was so distant that he couldn't even be bothered to listen to Tristan's romantic escapades. Now, he was quietly listening to Cherise talk about the everyday lives.

of the rural folks!

Love, indeed, had a way of making people throw caution to the wind...

Cherise lay her head on Damien's lap and kept talking until she drifted asleep.

Damien gently lowered his head, running his fingers through her dark, silky hair, a subtle smile gracing his face. He glanced at Mr. Hampson, who was half-dozing behind him, and said, "Condense my schedule and free up a week."

Mr. Hampson snapped back to attention and furrowed his brows as he looked at Damien. "Mr. Lenoir, are you... planning to accompany Mrs. to the countryside?"

"Yes," Damien replied in a low, affectionate tone. "she's probably homesick."

It had been a month since they got married, and it was natural for Cherise to feel homesick. He should have considered her feelings and taken her back home sooner. It was his failure as a husband for not noticing sooner.

Mr. Hampson furrowed his brows. "But, this is such a critical time. After signing the agreement with Raetec Group, we're worried that they would back out or deliver subpar products. Our company needs

your presence now.”

Damien sighed and closed his eyes. “Try to bring Lennon back.”

Mr. Hampson was surprised. “Mr. Lenoir, there are too many complications surrounding. Mr. Belcourt. Bringing him back now... wouldn’t that be too conspicuous?”

“Not at all.”

Damien stroked Cherise’s hair as he continued, “Although Lennon has severed ties with the Belcourt family and found success overseas, he still cares about his sister, Violet.”

Mr. Hampson chimed in, “That’s the persona his management company has designed for him.”

“In that case...

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A sly glint flickered in Damien’s deep, enigmatic eyes. “If Violet were to have a car accident and end up in a coma in the ICU, and Lennon rushed back from abroad in great distress, would it be convincing for his return?”

Mr. Hampson was at a loss for words.

No worries, Mr. Hampson Damien said.

He lifted Cherise gently into his arms. “It’s settled then.”

Mr. Hampson hesitated and then said, “Very well. I’ll inform Mr. Belcourt and the family.”

As Damien carried Cherise upstairs, he realized a loophole in their plan. He turned to Damien and said, "But, Ms. Belcourt is perfectly healthy. If word gets out that she's in a coma, she'll be isolated and

unable to interact with anyone...

"Do you think she'll like that idea?" Damien raised an eyebrow, his pace unhurried as he ascended the stairs. "She will."

"Tell her it's the consequence of her attempts to cause discord."

Meanwhile, Cherise had a long dream.

In her dream, she led Damien to an old countryside mansion, where a wise, white-bearded man handed Damien a miraculous pill. After Damien swallowed it, his vision was miraculously restored.

In her dream, Damien, now with his restored eyesight, showered her with compliments and affectionate kisses.

Blushing, she playfully scolded him, saying, "Alright, honey, that's enough kissing..."

"Alright, no more kissing"

From a distance, a deep, amused laughter seemed to resonate...

Cherise jolted awake.

There, in front of her, she found Damien's eyes, adorned with a mischievous grin.

She blinked in surprise. It had all been a dream.

## Chapter 162 Dream and Illusion

The dream had lifted Cherise's spirits and sparked hope, only to crumble into mere illusion.

Using his finger, Damien raised her chin. "Mrs. Lenoir, was that inappropriate dream you had there?"

Blushing at the dream memory, Cherise stammered, "N-no!"

"No?" The man chuckled and picked up the voice recorder from the table, pressing the play button.

"No, don't..."

"Honey, stop kissing me."

"There's so much saliva, don't kiss me..."

"No, I don't mind your saliva, but stop kissing... I can't catch my breath..."

The woman's giggles echoed in the room.

Cherise's face turned red as a beet, and she quickly wrapped herself in the blanket. "I didn't say that!"

"It wasn't me!"

How embarrassing! She couldn't believe she had said those things in her dream.

Oh no, Damien isn't going to let me live this down!

Damien smiled, gently pulling the blanket aside and pinning Cherise beneath him. "Mrs. Lenoir, let me enlighten you. When a normal man hears these sounds from his wife in the early morning..."

"He won't be able to resist."

Cherise's brain stalled for a second. "Resist what?"

The next moment, the man's fiery lips pressed against hers. "You'll find out soon."

"Umph!"

Eventually, Cherise was worn out by Damien before noon, feeling sore all over and with no desire to leave the bed. And she was famished!

1/3

She looked at Damien, who lay in bed listening to the news with a relaxed demeanor, and asked, "Are you hungry?"

Damien raised an eyebrow slightly. "A bit."

A bit?

Cherise rolled her eyes. She was physically spent, practically stuck to the bed, but he, who had been doing all the work, claimed to be only 'a bit' hungry?

Monster!

She took a deep breath, slipped into her nightgown, and tried to get out of bed. Just as her feet were about to hit the floor, Damien suggested, "Why don't you ask Frances to bring your food up?"

He raised an eyebrow as he shifted to a more comfortable position and leaned against the bed. "You're the lady of the house; you don't need to handle everything yourself."

Cherise shook her head. "No, better not..."

Cherise hesitated, concerned that asking Frances to bring her food would give away what had happened. Besides, it felt awkward and impolite to trouble the elderly maid.

Even with her resolve to get out of bed and manage her meal independently, her sore and, feeble legs almost gave way, nearly sending her tumble forward.

Fortunately, she managed to grab onto the bed's edge.

Damien couldn't help but jest, "Looks like your legs have given up on you."

With a resigned smile, he continued, "Instead of putting on a show for Mr. Hampson and the whole household as you scuttle around like a crab, why not have Frances come up? That way, only Frances will be in the know, and the rest won't."

Cherise hesitated. While reluctant to admit it, she realized the wisdom in his words.

"Okay."

She replied with a hint of disappointment and climbed back into bed.

Damien grabbed his phone, punched in a number swiftly, and tossed the phone her way. "Tell Frances what you're in the mood for."

Cherise blushed like a tomato.

2/3

“Mrs. Lenoir, what can I get you?”

Frances, a seasoned household staffer, instantly got what had happened and was happening.

Cherise bit her lip. “I’ll have pasta bolognese...

Looking sheepishly at Damien, she added, “Uh, for two, please...”

Downstairs, Frances was confused, and she thought.

What? For two??

“But, Mrs. Lenoir, I know Mr. Lenoir’s appetite well. Even if he’s famished, he wouldn’t need two portions.”

Cherise’s hand holding the phone wavered momentarily, and her cheeks flushed. “Well, um... the two portions are for me.”

Chapter 163 Trusting Ian

Frances was caught off guard.

Yet, half an hour later, she arrived with a generous serving of pasta Bolognese, enough for three people.

Damien swiftly polished off his plate of food and made his way to his study, as business called his attention to the company.

Cherise perched by the windowsill with her legs crossed. She listened to music on her headphones while finishing her second plate of pasta Bolognese.

It was precisely at that moment when Lucy's call came in, "I've got some major news!"

Cherise continued slurping her pasta, "What's the scoop?"

All she cared about was to know Damien's eyesight had improved; other than that, she couldn't care less.

Lucy's dramatic voice sounded from the other end of the line, "Do you remember that lady we spotted at the Viopril Palace? The one who runs the show, Violet Belcourt?"

Cherise's grip on the phone tightened a tad. "I remember."

Not only did she remember, but she also bore a strong distaste for Violet.

"She got into a car accident!" Lucy let out a dramatic sigh.

"You won't believe it, but people are saying her arch-enemy pulled a fast one on her, and the car crash was no joke. She's currently knocked out in the ICU, and there's no telling when she'll wake up."

"Her parents are devastated and have launched a full-scale investigation into whoever's behind the accident.

"Even her brother from overseas has flown back!"

Lucy's voice on the phone was filled with amazement. "I just found out that Lennon, the gorgeous and talented sensation who started his career abroad, is, in fact, Violet's brother,"

"Oh, Cherise responded indifferently, continuing to slurp her pasta. "And?"

Cherise's indifference took Lucy aback. "Aren't you even a little surprised? We met her just days ago, and now she's in such a critical condition. Don't you care?"

1/3

Cherise savored her last spoonful of soup and dabbed her mouth with a tissue. "My main concern is for my husband's sight to be restored, other than that I couldn't be bothered."

Lucy was left speechless.

"Well, I know love-struck women only have eyes for their partners," she sighed. dramatically. "only us, the single people, would have time to scour social media and keep up with the news."

Cherise playfully teased, "Why don't you find yourself a boyfriend too?"

She furrowed and pondered. "You know, Ian's a good catch. He's intelligent, kind, and ambitious."

Lucy nearly choked on her saliva, "Spare me! Just mentioning him gives me the creeps. Don't bring him up around me!"

Cherise stretched her sore legs and feigned yawning, "Why does Ian make you so uncomfortable? Are you smitten with him or what?"

Lucy was rendered speechless by Cherise's accusation.

"Seriously?! Imma come and get you!"

Rather than feeling intimidated by Lucy, Cherise burst into laughter.

After a brief pause, Cherise composed herself. She began discussing her plan with Lucy to take Damien back to the countryside.

“Hmm... Why do I have mixed feelings about this?”

“If you’re really set on exploring holistic medicine for Damien’s eyes, wouldn’t it be more practical to find a city-based specialist in this field?”

“I’ve

got my doubts about these so-called famous rural doctors. You better tread carefully.”

Lucy’s words made Cherise pause for a moment. Then, she smiled and replied, “I trust Ian

on this one.”

“After all, he owes Damien a great debt of gratitude. Even if he’s not particularly fond of husband, I don’t think he’d deliberately harm him.”

Lucy pursed her lips. “I hope you’re making the right choice.....”

The two friends chatted for a bit longer, but Lucy had to suddenly hang up because of an unforeseen issue.

Cherise stashed her phone away. After the strenuous bedroom adventure with Damien, two hearty plates of pasta had her feeling rejuvenated.

Chapter 164 Garden Mishap

Suddenly, Cherise was brimming with newfound energy, unsure how to channel it.

She left the bedroom and heard the faint voices of Damien and Mr. Hampson drift from the study. It seemed like a mountain of work was demanding their attention at the

company.

Cherise didn't want to interrupt, and with time on her hands, she decided to head downstairs and seek out Frances.

Since June was no longer around, Frances assumed June's responsibilities and took on a more significant role. Formerly in charge of the kitchen, she now held a position second only to Mr. Hampson, assisting in various villa tasks.

"I'm so bored."

Cherise practically dragged Frances by the hand as she approached. "Is there anything I can help with?"

Having spent over a month at the estate, Cherise understood the household's dynamics and the importance of respecting each servant's designated tasks. She knew she couldn't simply do as she pleased without the risk of upsetting the household staff.

Relenting to Cherise's insistence, Frances motioned toward the small garden outside. "It's scorching out there, and the flowers and grass in the garden have wilted."

"Coincidentally, the gardeners are on leave and aren't around. Would you like to water the garden?"

Cherise's eyes lit up with excitement. She loved playing with water!

She asked Frances for the rain boots, proper gardening attire, and tools the gardeners usually used. Then, she energetically headed out to the yard to water the plants.

Frances watched as her lady boss, dressed in overalls, rain boots, and a straw hat, stood in the bright sunlight with a hose in her hand, tending to the flowers. A smile unconsciously formed on her lips. "Youth is such a wonderful thing, isn't it?"

The midday sun beat down relentlessly. As the water from the hose intermingled with the sunlight, it cast whimsical rainbows. Cherise worked diligently, unaware that just outside the villa's gate, a black Porsche Cayenne had parked, and a man had stepped out of the

car.

When Lennon arrived at the gate, the first thing that caught his eye was the woman in the garden.

1/2

Had Damien suddenly become interested in being surrounded by women, especially young and pretty ones? Until then, Lennon had only encountered older folks and children on his buddy's property. It was his first time seeing such a young servant at Damien's house.

When had Damien's preferences shifted?

Nonetheless, Lennon couldn't deny that Cherise had an enchanting look.

Just as Lennon contemplated entering through the garden, Cherise inadvertently moved too far from the water source, causing the hose to snap.

Coincidentally, the rupture was right in front of Lennon.

'Psstt!' A powerful jet of water suddenly surged in all directions!

Before Lennon could react, he found himself drenched.

Upon hearing the commotion behind her, Cherise snapped back to reality. She was taken, aback, her eyes widening. Did somebody come into the garden without her noticing? But it wasn't the time to dwell on that!

"Turn off the water!" She hollered back toward the villa and hurried over to Lennon. "Are you alright?"

Lennon, who had arrived in his usual dashing and stylish attire, was now utterly drenched. He hadn't seen this unexpected twist of events coming.

He had been a celebrated figure abroad for many years, with crowds admiring him wherever he went. Yet, during his visit to his best friend's house, he unexpectedly caught up in a water mishap involving a household staffer or gardener.

The man scowled. "What do you think?"

Cherise bit her lip as she assessed his thoroughly drenched state. He didn't look okay obviously.

"I have spare clothes in my car," Annoyed. Lennon instructed, as he handed her the car. keys. "go fetch them."

Chapter 165 Damien's Wife

Fortunately, he had a habit of keeping spare clothes in his car since he frequently went on business trips.

"Oh, right away!"

Cherise took the car keys and went to his car. Sure enough, she found a complete set of men's clothing on the back seat. She quickly grabbed it and ran over to Lennon. "Here."

Lennon shot her a stern glance. "Can't you see my current state? And you expect me to hold these clothes?"

Is she blind or something?

Cherise blinked, realizing her oversight. "Oh, right."

She pursed her lips. "I'll hold them for you, then."

The man raised an eyebrow. "Take me to the changing room."

"Of course!"

While clutching Lennon's clothes, Cherise guided him to a nearby gardener's resting area. "No one uses this room. You can change here."

Cherise placed the clothes on a chair and was about to leave.

"Not yet."

Lennon gave a resigned glance at the young woman's innocent look, baffled by how someone as oblivious and slow as her could have managed to keep her job without getting fired.

Cherise turned around with a puzzled expression. Just in time, she caught a glimpse of Lennon unbuttoning his shirt, revealing his well-defined abs.

Her face flushed, and she quickly looked away. "Is there anything else?"

"Send my clothes for dry cleaning." Lennon nonchalantly handed his wet clothes to Cherise. "I thought you, like other women, got me wet just to admire my abs."

Cherise didn't expect his teasing response. She hadn't done it intentionally; she hadn't even known he was there!

“Silence implies agreement, doesn’t it?”

1/3

Cherise blushed with her eyes closed as Lennon lightly pinched her cheek.

Where did Damien find this charming and innocent girl?

If it were up to him, he’d never have the heart to let such an adorable woman work as a maid.

Cherise moved away from Lennon’s touch, not out of excitement or embarrassment, but rather a discomfort at being touched by a man other than Damien.

“Are you... done changing?” She asked with gritted teeth.

“I’m done.”

Lennon raised his hand, using his shirt to bundle the wet clothes, and handed them all to Cherise. “Walk two blocks down the street and take the second left to find the dry cleaner’s. shop. Don’t mess it up.”

“Alright!” Cherise turned away, holding the clothes, and hurriedly ran off.

Lennon stood still, watching her petite figure. A sly grin spread across his face.

Given his friendship with Damien, asking him for a maid from his household shouldn’t be too hard, right?

“Where’s your wife?”

Sitting in the living room, Lennon sipped his tea and asked casually.

Damien's brow furrowed slightly. "Probably at school."

During breakfast, he had been preoccupied with addressing some European matters alongside Mr. Hampson in the study, inadvertently neglecting Cherise.

But she should be in school at this hour.

"Oh, didn't know she's still a student."

Lennon teased Damien with a suggestive look. "I can't believe the celibate Damien Lenoir is interested in a young girl."

Damien sipped his tea, his expression unwavering. "I remember warning you that disrespecting me, a.k.a your boss, would result in a 50% pay cut."

Lennon chuckled. "Do I look like I care about the salary?"

2/3

With that, he leisurely stretched. "Anyway, you brought me back with a scheme to let you and your wife escape to the countryside for a few days. Don't you think you should at least

show your appreciation for my help or something?"

Chapter 166 The Gardening Woe

"Stop beating around the bush with me."

"I want one of your female helpers in this house."

As Damien was pouring tea, his hand paused slightly. "A female helper?"

He remembered that most of his household staffers here were in their forties and above. This was something Lennon had long known even before he went abroad.

Damien chuckled. "Are you sure?"

"Of course."

Lennon closed his eyes, envisioning the image of that young girl's bright eyes widened in shock, "I want the youngest maid in your house."

She looked like she was only seventeen or eighteen, making her likely the youngest here.

"By the way, there's no child labor working at your house right now, right?"

"Of course not."

Bingo! Then, the youngest one is indeed her!

Damien took a sip of tea. "When did your preferences become so 'explicit?'"

Lennon casually raised an eyebrow and grinned. "You wouldn't get it."

He took the chance that Damien hadn't met this particular maid in his house. Apparently, Lennon had reservations that if he provided too many details, it might pique Damien's curiosity about the girl,

potentially leading to him discovering more about her and, by some chance, developing feelings for her and subsequently refusing to let him have. Cherise.

By keeping it vague and simply stating his interest in the youngest maid in the house, Lennon hoped Damien would manage it through the usual channel- through Mr. Hampson.

Lennon sipped his tea with anticipation, looking forward to the puzzled expression he imagined on Cherise's face when she visited his villa the next day.

"All right, then. Have her come to my place tomorrow!"

Damien nodded, a tug on his lips. "I hope you won't regret this."

1/2

Despite attending university in Adania for more than a year, Cherise's life before.

and her dormitory. In other words, her repetitive routine and lifestyle had made her a stranger to the city.

marrying Damien had been confined to the library, classrocherise's life before

After an extensive search for the dry cleaner's shop that Lennon had mentioned, Cherise. finally located the store.

Upon returning to the Lenoir Residence with the dry cleaning receipt in hand, she noticed the black Cayenne parked at the entrance was no longer there.

Has he left? She muttered as she kept the receipt, thinking Lennon would return for his clothes again.

Cherise then went on fixing the broken water hose and resumed tending to the plants.

By the time she finished the gardening, her clothes were soaked. Cherise went back inside, leaving wet trails behind.

Sitting on the couch and taking a tea break, Damien noticed Cherise standing at the door, soaked to the bone. "Come over here,"

Cherise instantly beamed a hearty smile at the sight of Damien, "Honey, are you done with your work?"

Puzzled by her drenched state, Damien probed, "Where were you? Why are you all wet?"

Only then did Cherise notice her condition, including the wet marks on Damien she accidentally transferred from touching him.

She quickly moved away and, somewhat embarrassed, laughed, "Oh, I didn't have much to do, so I decided to water the flowers and plants in the garden. And then, the hose burst, but I fixed it myself. That's why I got all wet. I'll change my clothes and be fine in no time!"

With that, she dashed upstairs. Ten minutes later, she returned with clean and dry clothes.

But before going to Damien, she returned the gardeners' clothes to their rest area. Then, in the living room, she threw herself into Damien's arms, saying with a happy smile, "All good now!"

But Damien's clothes were damp from her earlier embrace. She pursed her lips and asked, "Oh, no. Would you like to change into dry clothes too, honey?"

Chapter 167 Cherise's Hometown

"Nah, it's fine," Damien assured, gently cupping her face and kissing her lips. "I've already made the arrangements. Tomorrow, we'll go to your hometown."

Cherise's eyes widened in disbelief. She couldn't utter a word.

"We'll be there for a whole week. The man continued, "That should give us plenty of time. for

you to take me fishing and feed your cat.” Damien teased her while ruffling her hair dotingly.

Overwhelmed with joy, Cherise was left momentarily speechless. When she finally came back to her senses, she excitedly grasped Damien’s hand and blurted, “No way! Is this for real?”

She thought she’d have to wait for a while.

After all, when she had mentioned going back to her hometown to Damien the previous night, he hadn’t immediately agreed. She wasn’t in a hurry, though. Lennon was managing the company in her absence, and she didn’t want to burden him with trivial matters.

However, it was a delightful shock that Damien agreed to visit her hometown together!

Cherise enthusiastically showered Damien with kisses all over his face and practically bounced beside the sofa. “Yay! We’re going home!”

Her excitement wasn’t just about bringing Damien to see the holistic medicine doctor because she was starting to miss home.

Damien leaned back on the sofa, watching her with a contented smile.

Little did Cherise know that Jacob would return with a team of medical experts in just a week. When she happily returned home after that week, she was in for even more good news double the happiness!

Damien gazed at her flushed, excited face and cautioned, “Don’t get too carried away for

now.”

Cherise looked back at him with a beaming smile and replied, “I can’t help it. I’m just so happy!”

He pulled her into his arms, hugged her tightly, and said, "Think about what gifts to bring for your grandma, uncle, aunt, and your uncle's Tay and Sky."

The familiar and refreshing scent of Damien made Cherise's heart race unexpectedly. She bit her lip and asked, "Oh, do we need to bring gifts?"

1/2

In the past, when she visited her hometown, her uncle had constantly reminded her not to waste money on gifts.

"Of course, you're wealthy enough and have plenty of money to spend now," Damien assured her, pinching her cheek. "besides, this is my first time visiting your family. I can't. show up empty-handed, can I?"

Cherise nodded and agreed, "Okay, after dinner, let's buy some gifts!"

Damien asked, "What does your grandma want the most?"

Cherise blushed slightly, recalling her grandmother's request. "My grandma said... She wants to hold her great-grandchild from me the most..."

Damien chuckled, his gaze fixed on her flat abdomen beneath her clothes, and remarked, "I also wish to grant Grandma her wish. However, it's only been less than a month since we were intimate. Even if I wish for it to happen, it's going to take time, my dear."

Cherise's face turned bright red instantly, and she replied, "In that case, we can only give her something simple for now,"

Seeing her blushing face, Damien smiled contentedly. "Let's go have dinner, and afterward, we can brainstorm ideas for the gifts, okay?"

Cherise nodded and said, "Sure!"

After dinner, Damien kept his word and took Cherise to the mall to shop for gifts.

As they headed to the supermarket, Cherise couldn't help but feel a little worried. Damien couldn't see, so navigating the crowded supermarket with only his sensitive hearing might be challenging. However, when they arrived at the mall, she was surprised to find it almost empty.

The bustling shoppers were nowhere to be seen, and the only sound was the music playing in the stores. Besides the staff, Cherise and Damien were practically the only customers in the mall.

Chapter 168 Cherise the Fool?

Why is this mall so deserted?

As if he could read her mind, Damien spoke softly. "This mall belongs to the Lenoirs."

Then, it made sense why the mall was open only for them. "But the weekend is the time when malls make the most profit. Closing abruptly like this would cause losses, wouldn't it?" Cherise asked.

Damien smiled gently. "This mall's in the Lenoir name, but it's actually owned by Tristan. If it loses money, that's on him."

Cherise pursed her lips. "Then so be it!" Her determined tone elicited a chuckle from Damien. "You dislike him that much, huh?"

"Of course!" Just the mention of the name made Cherise feel disgusted.

"He's not inherently a bad person," the man sighed. "since you want him to suffer, we should take more of those expensive things."

He continued, "We don't need to pay for anything here."

Cherise responded with an enthusiastic cheer. "Oh yeah!" But what did he mean by 'expensive things? She didn't have a clue.

She pushed Damien around the mall for a while, buying a smart foot bath to relax her grandma's tired feet, a massager and a phone for her uncle and aunt, and a bunch of health supplements to improve her family's overall health.

Finally, in the stationary section, she bought two college prep textbooks for Sky and Tay, her twin cousin brothers.

Seeing the gifts she chose for her cousin brothers, Damien couldn't help but laugh out loud. "They're going to hate you."

Cherise carefully wrapped the exercise books, her movements precise and efficient. "Why would they hate me? They're about to enter their senior year and need this!"

Damien's faint smile softened his angular features, "Not everyone is as fond of studying as

you are."

"But for them, studying is their only way out of the mountain village."

Cherise became serious, her eyes dark and bright. "The children in the mountain village have to work very, very hard to have a better life than those in the city."

1/2

Looking at Cherise's glistening eyes, Damien's heart twinged slightly. "And what about. you? How hard did you work back then?"

Cherise smiled. "I'm smart, so I only needed to study for twelve hours a day!"

He gestured for her to come over. She obediently approached.

The man pulled her into his arms. "Studying for twelve hours a day... isn't that tiring?"

"Not at all!"

The young girl shook her head and playfully pecked his face, leaving a mark. "Besides, I don't have any other skills. If studying harder can give my uncle, aunt, and grandmother a better life, even if I have to study for eighteen hours, I'm willing to do it!"

Damien's grip on Cherise's arm tightened imperceptibly. "You only need to live well for yourself."

Cherise shook her head. "That would be too selfish."

"My uncle, aunt, and grandmother raised me. And I must care for them and ensure they have a good life. Although I don't have much ability now, when I become a doctor, I can support them!"

Damien gazed into Cherise's delicate features and let out a faint sigh.

Damien had never met anyone like Cherise before, someone who strived to better herself, loved life, and cherished the world.

If it weren't for Cherise, he probably would never have realized how hard those born into poverty must work to secure a better life.

The past thirteen years had been a blur of loneliness and hatred.

He resented the Lenoir family for not valuing him, resented himself for not being able to exact revenge on his enemies, and resented the world for taking his loved ones away one by one.

Before, Damien always thought that people who loved life, like the ones in TV shows and novels, were fictional.

The world was so cold and indifferent that only a fool would genuinely treat others with kindness.

Until Cherise, the fool he had always despised, came into his life.

Chapter 169 She's Not a Maid

"Silly girl," Damien muttered, ruffling her hair gently.

Cherise was so excited about going back to her hometown the next day that she didn't sleep well the whole night.

"Hey, sleepyhead. You're up before me today."

"Yeah, we're going back to my hometown today. I'm so excited!"

Cherise tied on an apron and went to the kitchen to help.

She furrowed her brow and looked at the maid busy in the kitchen. "Huh? Isn't Frances supposed to be making breakfast today?"

Why is someone else making breakfast today? Is she sick?

The maid cooking smiled and replied, "Frances got lucky! Mr. Belcourt, Mr. Lenoir's good friend, came over yesterday and specifically requested Frances to serve him."

She continued with a hint of envy, "According to Mr. Hampson, it seems that Mr. Belcourt has taken a liking to Frances!"

“Can you believe it? Frances is in her forties and divorced twice, but she landed at and talented guy like Mr. Belcourt. I’m so jealous!”

Cherise nodded as if she understood. She then started cooking the porridge.

young.

Cherise nodded knowingly and started cooking the porridge. But she couldn’t help but feel a bit sad about not seeing Frances again.

At the Belcourt Residence, Frances stood nervously in front of Lennon. “Mr. Belcourt, Mr. Lenoir said I should be your maid from now on.”

Lennon stared at Frances, who had dressed up for the occasion, and his eyes almost popped out of his head. “What? Why??”

Frances looked innocent. “Didn’t you request for the youngest maid in the Lenoir Manor?”

“That’s me.”

“I’m the youngest.”

Meanwhile, Damien had been awakened by Lennon’s phone call. He answered the phone with his eyes closed. “What’s up?”

1/2

“Damien, what the hell is wrong with you?!” Lennon was furious. “I asked you to send the youngest maid over, and you sent Frances instead!”

Damien yawned. “Isn’t Frances the youngest?”

He didn't care much about the ages of the household staff.

"What the heck?!" Lennon yelled on the other end of the phone. "I saw a younger maid in your garden yesterday, watering the plants. She's young, beautiful, a bit blurry, and incredibly cute! That's the one I want!"

Damien raised an eyebrow. "How young is she?"

He got up and started getting ready for the day. "I don't remember having a young maid in my house."

"Yes, you do!" Lennon fumed. "I saw her in the yard yesterday. She was watering the plants!"

Young, beautiful, a bit blurry, but cute? Damien recalled the girl who had been soaked and had thrown herself into his arms yesterday.

"Your description is spot on." He spat his mouthwash and said, "But she's not a maid."

Lennon raised an eyebrow. "Then who is she?"

"When it's time for you to know, you'll find out."

Damien hung up the phone coldly.

On the other end of the line, Lennon stared at the phone in disbelief.

After hanging up, Damien sat in a wheelchair and went downstairs.

His young wife donned a pink apron and was setting breakfast on the table.

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Seeing him come downstairs, she smiled sweetly. "Honey, you're up!"

Damien nodded. "What smells so good?"

Cherise wiped her hands and rushed over, pushing his wheelchair. "Our hometown is pretty far away, so I made your favorite pies just in case you get hungry in the morning."

She parked his wheelchair and brought over the bowl and cutlery. "Eat up, honey!"

Damien calmly accepted what she handed him. "Were you watering the plants outside. yesterday?"

Cherise was a bit puzzled. "Yeah. Why do you ask?"

His deep voice carried a hint of amusement. "Anything interesting happened yesterday?"

Cherise furrowed her brow as she thought. "Well, I guess... Yesterday, there was a car parked in front of our house. Maybe it was a neighbor who got lost?"

"And then, when that person came into the garden, my water hose happened to get pulled. apart, so he got soaked."

Cherise pouted. "He was a little strange and had a bad temper. He asked me to fetch him some clothes to change into and acted arrogant, making me take his clothes to the dry. cleaner some more."

Damien nodded in agreement.

Based on Cherise's account, it made sense.

It seemed that Lennon had been the one who got soaked by the water yesterday, and he probably mistook Cherise for a household servant, which was why he had asked for the youngest maid.

He clicked his tongue and shook his head. "That guy has pretty good taste. Too bad this woman is already mine."

"Honey, what's wrong?" Cherise asked cautiously, noticing that he was lost in thought.

"Nothing's wrong." Damien smiled faintly. "Where's the dry cleaning receipt?"

"Here it is." Cherise retrieved the neatly folded receipt from her pocket. "When I came back yesterday, he and his car were gone. I didn't know how to give it to him."

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"Mr. Hampson." Damien calmly instructed, "Take it."

Mr. Hampson, holding back a smile, took the receipt from Cherise's hand.

Cherise blinked in confusion, "Honey, do you know that person?"

Damien nodded slightly. "I know him, but remember to stay away from him after this."

"Why?" Cherise widened her eyes in surprise.

"He's a bad guy."

The young woman frowned. "I knew it! I knew he wasn't a good guy!"

"Don't worry, honey, if I ever see him again, I'll steer clear of him!"

Damien chuckled, "Very well."

After breakfast, Cherise started busily packing for their trip back to her hometown. She had so many gifts for her family that they filled an entire car.

"I'm coming too." Blake stood in front of his room for a long time and finally spoke, sounding sulky.

The teenager's self-invite put a smile on Cherise's face. "As long as you don't mind that my hometown is a bit out in the boonies, you're welcome to come along!"

Because the more, the merrier!

And her uncle's house had plenty of rooms, so there was space.

So, the happy teenager returned to his room to pack.

Once everything was prepared, Cherise pushed Damien into the car. As the car started, Cherise even hummed a song happily.

Cherise's hometown must be super out in the boonies because the songs she hummed were from over a decade ago.

Blake sat in the passenger seat and couldn't help but purse his lips. "So old-fashioned."

Cherise and Blake had become close enough to joke around with each other. She rolled her eyes. "You little brat."

After saying that, she quickly looked at Damien. "Honey, do you think the songs I hum are old-fashioned?"