

MY BLIND 181

Chapter 181 Defending Love

She took a deep breath and held Damien's hand. "Honey, don't let those people's words. to you."

"Even though you can't see, in my heart, you're much better than those physically able," she reassured him.

She was afraid Damien might take it to heart.

In this world, there were far too many people like that: insecure people would choose to mock others for their imperfections. But deep down, they knew-these disabled individuals were often stronger and more resilient than them in ways they could never comprehend.

Damien smiled gently and wrapped his arm around Cherise's shoulder. "Do you like being with me is a burden?"

get

ever feel

"No, not at all," Cherise replied firmly. She lifted her head and planted a tender kiss on his cheek. "Hubby,"

"I don't find being with you burdensome," she reassured him.

"I'm just worried that you might feel hurt because of me, ridiculed by these uncouth. people," Cherise admitted her concerns openly.

"If you're not burdened, neither am I," Damien said reassuringly.

He squeezed his eyes shut as tears welled up.

Her pure-heartedness deeply touched Damien.

Despite facing ridicule and accusations from the people, Cherise never thought of herself; her concern was always for Damien's feelings.

He sighed, about to grasp her hand and turn back, when he heard Elvis's low voice.

"Cherry, take Mr. Lenoir home!"

Elvis' voice echoed, and the jeering crowd redirected their mockery from Cherise to him.

"Tsk tsd tsd, look who's here! Raised his daughter only to sell her away to a blind man!"

"Isn't that right? All for dear old Mom. He doesn't even care about his daughter's happiness!"

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"It's hilarious. The seemingly innocent ones are always the schemers in disguise..."

Their words dripped with venom as Cherise clenched her fists tightly and bit back her lips in anger.

Elvis noticed her barely suppressed rupturing rage and quickly responded.

"Why hold back? Don't you agree with them?" he sneered.

"Go home!" Elvis roared.

As soon as Elvis shouted, Cherise's anger vanished instantly.

Feeling completely defeated, she bit her lip and helped Damien get ready to leave.

However, Damien coldly shrugged off her hand.

He turned back and faced the villagers with a sarcastic smile. "Cherry always spoke highly of her hometown to me, describing the warmth and simplicity of the people here."

"When we were in the city, she was thrilled the whole night when she heard I was willing to accompany her back to our hometown."

"She loves this place more than she loves the glitz and glamour of the city."

"Even in wealthier surroundings, her heart yearns for the simplicity of this place-the little stream and the fish."

"But little did she know, the neighbors and fellow villagers from her home would see her and her uncle's family this way."

Damien spoke with clarity, his voice deep and imbued with.

arrogance.

A sudden hush fell over the crowd as his words hung in the air.

Before the incident, Cherise and Elvis had enjoyed a stellar reputation in the village.

Cherise had been a beacon of pride for the entire community when she successfully secured a spot in university.

Now, they faced the villagers' disdain. The shift from admiration to mockery was jarring and disheartening.

"Haha, do you think your words mean anything?" Ben sneered.

"I could come up with nonsense just like the garbage you spouted earlier."

"You don't have to be blind to sweet talk someone!"

"If Cherise was so attached to this place, why marry you? Why bother with college? Staying here would've suited her just fine, wouldn't it?"

Chapter 182 Hometown Tales

They scrunched up their face in contempt at Ben's obnoxious behavior.

He snickered coldly, "So you think she likes this village just because she says so?"

"You claim she shared everything about this village with you. Why don't you tell us what exactly did she say?" Ben continued.

Damien's lips twitched as he responded, "Oh, Ben, I think you'll find this quite intriguing. Vivian went on three blind dates before she settled with her current husband."

"The first suitor found our quaint village a bit too remote for his liking. This led to a collective uproar among the villagers."

"The second suitor? Vivian had reservations about his suitability. The entire village conducted a thorough analysis and ultimately deemed him unsuitable."

"Now, as for the third suitor..." Damien's smirk deepened.

“Shut your mouth!” Ben seethed; his anger was simmering.

Vivian’s ego, severely bruised, couldn’t hold back any longer. “Cherise? You share even these village matters with your husband?”

Her words hung in the air, plunging the surrounding villagers into an even more resounding silence.

Damien’s earlier comments had, ironically, confirmed that Cherise had indeed confided in him about village matters.

“Fine, let’s not talk about this then.”

Damien continued indifferently, “Mrs. Levine, the oldest in the village at ninety-three, was remarkably healthy, although she broke her leg a couple of years ago. She walked with a noticeable limp.”

“The neighbors, Jack and his wife, married for three years, gave birth to two chubby toddlers as innocent as their parents. Adorable and clueless kind of way.”

“The village chief’s daughter, now in high school, excelled academically. She had the potential to be the second girl from our village to attend university.”

“There was also a stray dog in the village named Yellow. It wandered every day, feasting at whichever house it pleased.”

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Despite Damien’s impassive demeanor, he meticulously recounted every detail Cherise had shared about the village that night.

Ben’s expression darkened with each word and contorted in disbelief.

The surrounding villagers squirmed uncomfortably, looking away and avoiding eye

contact.

Ah, the spectacle of it all! Cherise, the pinnacle of urban sophistication, astonishingly profound understanding of the village's intricacies.

possessed an

Even after embracing a more opulent lifestyle, she clung fervently to her hometown tales, holding them as dear as treasured gems.

Such a profound connection to her origins was genuinely heart-warming to witness.

And yet, there they were,

"Cherry, I shouldn't have judged you as they did," a towering figure sighed, his tone laced with genuine regret. "I was wrong."

"I promise to make it right. I'll bring my children to your doorstep and sincerely apologize."

This man was none other than Jack.

Jack took the lead, and gradually, the villagers, one after another, started to look at Cherise with remorse and guilt.

Cherise's eyes glistened, and tears began to well up as she couldn't help but admire. Damien even more than she did.

He had such an impeccable memory!

She used to avoid discussing her hometown in the city, fearing that she would be perceived as unsophisticated. However, she decided to open up when she convinced him to come back with her on that day. She expected him to listen and forget, but to her surprise, he remembered every detail vividly.

Ben clenched his teeth. "No matter how attached Cherise is to her hometown, it doesn't change the fact that Elvis pushed her into the fire for money!"

"Cherise's lifelong happiness was ruined just to save that stubborn old man!"

The crowd fell silent for a moment.

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Damien couldn't help but let out a chuckle.

He pulled Cherise close, wrapping his arms around her, and said affectionately, "Honey, don't you feel happy being with me?"

He rarely used the endearing term 'Honey' in public.

Cherise looked into his eyes affectionately and said, "Of course I am. You've brought endless joy into my life."

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She was afraid Damien might take it to heart.

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here would’ve suited her just fine, wouldn’t it?”

Chapter 183 Damien’s Bold Defense

There was pure happiness and endearment in Cherise’s voice.

Damien’s deep voice filled the air, “Everyone’s heard it. Cherise, being with me has only brought joy and fulfillment.”

He tightened his embrace around Cherise, and his eyes softened as he continued, “And as for Mr. Shaw’s words, they hold no truth. Cherise’s happiness has only deepened since she’s been with me.”

“Besides,” he continued with a smirk, “I am sure that I outshine all the other sons-in-law in the village, whether in looks or height.”

“And to add, my family has a prosperous business which has ensured our financial standing surpassing all the other sons-in-law in this village.”

“As for education, manners, and all the rest, if any of you have a son-in-law who even comes close to my caliber, please enlighten us.

A deafening silence settled in.

“No takers?” he quipped, his tone laced with sarcasm.

The wicked grin on Damien’s face widened as he continued sarcastically, “Oh, Ben, you’re so concerned about Cherise’s well-being, questioning if a disabled man like me can make her happy.”

"I can't help but wonder, though," he continued as he raised an eyebrow mockingly, "is your daughter's husband, the one currently behind bars, capable of providing happiness. to your daughter?"

Murmurs erupted among the villagers, each nodding in agreement at the undeniable truth in Damien's words.

Sure, he might be disabled, but at least he's better than Vivian's husband, who's constantly in and out of jail, right?

For Shaw to claim Cherise isn't happy marrying a disabled person, does that mean his daughter is happy with someone like her husband?

Damien's words stirred murmurs among the villagers as Shaw and Vivian's faces. darkened.

Vivian gritted her teeth and lashed out, "Why are you suddenly talking about. my husband? He might be in jail, but he can still protect me when he's out! Unlike you,

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marrying a disabled man who can't defend you!"

"Is that so?" Damien sniggered, a smug appearance adorning his face.

The man's words had barely left his mouth when his figure appeared in front of Vivian. A resounding slap echoed as his palm struck Vivian's face.

He then calmly retreated to Cherise's side.

"I don't usually resort to violence against women," Damien said calmly.

The slap mark on Vivian's face was visible. Her eyes burned with fury as she glared at Damien, her cheeks throbbing. "You!"

"I'm merely demonstrating my ability to protect Cherise," Damien's voice remained eerily calm.

Ben seethed with rage after witnessing Damien brazenly strike his daughter. He lunged forward, determined to retaliate, but Damien effortlessly countered his attack, deftly throwing Ben to the ground.

Massaging his wrist leisurely, Damien sneered, "Do the two of you still believe I can't protect my wife?"

Ben clenched his teeth, and his eyes flashed with anger. He could feel a colossal rage spewing in his chest.

Just then, the village chief strolled by, carrying a hoe on his shoulder. Ben swiftly called out, "Village chief!"

"Elvis had his adopted daughter and son-in-law bully us. Are you going to take action?"

The village chief was a distant relative of Ben's family but remained impartial in his judgments.

After hearing the current situation from the surrounding villagers, the village chief glared at Ben. "Nonsense! Don't make our Shaw Village a laughingstock to outsiders!"

He waved his hand at the crowd. "Disperse, everyone. Everyone has their own way of living; we're all part of the same village. No need to make it look bad!"

The onlookers gradually dispersed.

The village chief turned to look at Elvis. "Although Ben and his daughter are in the your son-in-law, an outsider, has indeed bullied our villagers. That doesn't reflect well, either. Take him back and discipline him!"

wrong.

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Elvis pursed his lips, then glanced at Cherise with some displeasure. "Take Mr. Lenoir and go back!"

"Sure," Cherise replied obediently.

Cherise noticed the displeasure in Elvis' expression, and a helpless anger brewed in her.

Chapter 184 The Jade Pendant

Despite them being in the right and her husband standing up for both her and her uncle, nobody seemed pleased.

Yet, she didn't blame her husband-she found it rather satisfying.

"Cherry!"

As Cherise and Damien started to walk back, Jack, who had been observing, approached with a playful grin. "Who would've thought you'd still remember me after moving to the city?"

"Let's not head home just yet," he suggested. "Why not come to my place and meet my chubby little ones? The older one just turned four and can call you Auntie now!"

Cherise bit her lip and glanced at Damien. "Dear..."

"Go ahead if you want to go," Damien had a faint smile on his lips and said calmly, "I haven't heard children's laughter in years."

“Alright!” Cherry responded eagerly.

Cherise’s eyes gleamed, and her face lit up with joy as Damien nodded.

“Mr. Lenoir truly has my respect,” Jack said.

Leading the way, Jack smiled as he spoke, “It is rare to have someone born in the city who holds rural life so close to their heart. I take back what I said before, questioning whether Cherise would happily marry a disabled man.”

“Only someone who genuinely holds her dear in his heart would bother to remember these little details about the countryside,” Jack said warmly.

Having been through life’s ups and downs, he could sense Damien’s sincerity towards Cherise.

Hence, he was particularly friendly towards Damien.

Their warm exchange continued as the trio reached Jack’s home. Cherise enthusiastically joined the children, and her laughter harmonized with their playful giggles as they affectionately referred to her as ‘Auntie.’

Jack poured a cup of tea for Damien, his eyes glinting with curiosity. “Any plans on having kids with Cherise?”

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Balancing the teacup, Damien’s eyes remained fixated on Cherise’s playful interaction. with the children as he drifted into thoughts of their future family.

A subtle smile curved on his lips. “We’ll let nature take its course.”

You reap what you sow.

Jack chuckled, "Make sure to treat our Cherise well, okay?"

"She was miserable, abandoned, and left in our remote village," Jack sighed, sipping his tea. "I was ten years old when she was found. I remember discovering a tiny jade pendant tucked inside her swaddling clothes."

"I used to enjoy watching TV dramas back then and innocently mentioned to my parents, 'Perhaps this is a sign of Cherise's origin.'"

"I got scolded by my parents. They said Cherise was now a part of the Shaw family, what other identity did she need?"

Damien's grip on his teacup tightened ever so slightly. "About that jade pendant you mentioned..."

"It's still in my house!" Jack exclaimed.

Jack stood up and disappeared into the house briefly. When he returned, he had a small metal box in his hands, which he handed to Damien and said, "The Shaw family rejected. this, stating they wanted to protect Cherise from the people who abandoned her."

"Cherise is completely unaware of its existence."

"I can sense your genuine care and affection for Cherise, so I'm entrusting this to you."

"If she ever decides to trace her biological roots, this might be useful."

Jack sighed and added, "I doubt I'll ever leave this mountain valley. Keeping this won't help her in any way."

Damien slipped the iron box into his pocket. "Thank

you."

"Why thank me?" Jack chuckled. "Cherise was like a sister to us, always helping with farming chores when she was young."

When lunchtime arrived, Jack's wife insisted that Cherise and Damien stay for the meal.

Cherise and Jack's wife entertained the children while chatting about daily life, and Jack smiled warmly as he shared stories from Cherise's childhood with Damien.

Chapter 185 The Ploy

It wasn't until the evening that Cherise reluctantly left and guided Damien back home.

The Shaw family estate glowed brightly like a beacon in the night.

Ben and Elvis, who were once bitter enemies in the day, were now sharing laughter.

The courtyard bustled with life, filled with the Shaw family, Ben's family, the village chief's family, and several other neighbors, all immersed in the joy of food and drinks, creating a lively atmosphere.

Upon Cherise and Damien's return, Aunt Sarah hurriedly approached with a warm smile. "You've finally decided to come back? I've saved some delicious food for you. Come inside. and enjoy your dinner!"

Cherise stared in disbelief at the scene before her. "Is this...?"

"The village chief and everyone came to apologize to your uncle. We're all neighbors; harmony is our priority," explained Aunt Sarah.

Suddenly, it dawned on Cherise. This was the best outcome!

Her excitement bubbled over. She gently guided Damien back to their room, settled him down, and stood up. "Honey, can you believe it? Everyone is here. I'm going to help Aunt Sarah. Stay here and enjoy your meal. If you need anything, call me!"

Damien's eyes softened with a fond smile. "Go, have fun."

Cherise beamed and planted a quick kiss on his cheek. "I'll be back soon! Be good!"

Cherise blushed and swiftly darted out of the room.

Damien chuckled, shook his head, and poured himself a glass of water.

Before he could finish the glass, a shadow slipped in stealthily.

The room was illuminated, and Damien immediately spotted the intruder-Vivian sneaking in like a thief.

Vivian checked the room and saw only Damien before sighing with relief.

She tiptoed to Damien's door and began to undress,

The black silk blindfold covered Damien's eyes, and he remained seated calmly and sipping his drink. He was seemingly oblivious to Vivian's performance.

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Vivian slowly removed her coat and started removing her dress, revealing her greasy figure.

A hint of disgust flickered in Damien's eyes beneath the black silk. He knew what she was. attempting but chose not to intervene, deliberately staying silent.

Vivian stood in front of Damien wearing nothing but her underwear as she gazed sensually at Damien for a while.

This man was really handsome, she thought to herself.

Cherise really lucked out!

If she had met this man earlier, even if he were blind or completely paralyzed, she'd still be willing!

Even though she made fun of Cherise's marriage with her father, she secretly envied their relationship.

She exhaled deeply, then approached Damien cautiously.

She finally mustered her courage, grabbed Damien's hand, placed it on her chest, and shouted at the top of her lungs, "Help! Someone, help me! R*pe!"

Vivian's piercing voice reverberated through the entire courtyard.

The village chief hurriedly rushed in with a few people.

Cherise was serving food to a few elderly women.

Aunt Sarah looked around and realized that the commotion was coming from the direction where Cherise and Damien lived.

She quickly approached and pulled Cherise aside. "Hurry, go and check. What if something happened to Damien?"

Cherise hastily put down what she was carrying and rushed into the house..

Vivian was unclothed and was sobbing profusely on the floor as she slurred, "He r*ped

me..

She gestured towards the red marks on her body and wailed, "See, these are the kisses he forced on me just moments ago! I felt a bit cold outside, so I decided to come in and sit for a while. I had no idea this was his room... Who would've thought he'd push me onto the brick bed and start..." She broke into sobs, her cries echoing through the room.

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Vivian's voice trembled with a sense of injustice. I originally came here with good intentions to apologize to Cherise. What happened today should never have occurred."

Chapter 186 Worth Less Than A Blade Of Grass

"Who would have thought that Cherise's husband would have such untoward intentions.

towards me... Sob..."

Cherise darted forward and shielded Damien behind her. "You're lying! My husband would never do such a thing!"

The village chief frowned. He sighed quietly before asking, "Vivian, think it over carefully. Could you have been mistaken? I don't think Cherise's husband would do that either."

"Maybe you forgot to announce your presence when you entered, and he mistook you for

Cherise?"

Damien narrowed his eyes.

The village chief had chosen his words carefully.

It may look like he was trying to help Damien by convincing Vivian that it was just a simple misunderstanding.

But his words were cleverly phrased to insinuate that something inappropriate had happened between Damien and Cherise, denying him the chance to explain.

It turned out that while the village chief appeared impartial, he had ulterior motives.

Vivian sniffled. She covered herself with a robe and dabbed her eyes. "I struggled and told him I wasn't Cherise. And he said he knew it was me all along."

"You're lying!"

Cherise shielded Damien behind her. "My husband isn't the kind of person who would do something like that!"

Ben rolled his eyes. "You've only been married to him for a month. How would you know the kind of person he is? What if he's just pretending to be a gentleman?"

He darted a glance at Elvis. "Your daughter is way too naïve for her own good. The man is obviously lying to her, yet she's serving herself on a silver platter!"

Elvis paled. He turned his full attention towards Damien, "Mr. Lenoir, tell me what really happened."

"What more does he have to say?"

Vivian crumpled onto the floor in tears. "He's not going to admit to it and accuse me of

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lying!"

The village chief thought deeply before sighing in exasperation. "That's true... Who would admit to doing something they shouldn't have?"

The people around them started muttering among themselves.

Cherise's hands were balled into fists.

Why would Damien choose Vivian, of all people?

Why did he stop on their wedding night if he were the type to sleep around with any woman?

Cherise clenched her teeth and glared at Vivian. "You're lying! You're trying to frame my

husband!"

Vivian sneered at her and gave her a pitiful look as if she felt bad for Cherise. "Me? Frame him?"

"Why would I tarnish my innocence by falsely accusing a blind man?"

"Besides, why would I frame him? Is a blind man like him worth all this effort?"

Cherise bottom lip trembled in anger. "You're trying to frame him! You're deliberately lying about this!"

She had always been terrible with confrontations and accusations. Especially times like this when she was pushed into a corner. All she could do was glare at Vivian.

Vivian chuckled.

Cherise hadn't changed. She was still easily defeated like before.

Did she think she'd be more powerful after getting married?

Vivian smiled. "Cherise, you and I are very different people. You treat this blind man like at pearl. But in my eyes, he's worth less than a blade of grass."

Cherise pursed her lips, "Vivian, sooner or later, you'll get what's coming to you!"

"Maybe I will, maybe I won't. I don't know. But right now..."

Vivian turned to the village chief. She sniffled and dabbed at her eyes, "What should we do

about this..."

"My husband is still in jail. If he finds out, he'll want Damien's life."

"And... If news about this gets out, my reputation will take a hit..."

The village chief frowned and looked at Damien. "Mr. Lenoir will need to be punished for his offenses."

Chapter 187 Fifty Thousand and Not A Penny Less.

"But if we report this to the police, their reputations would be ruined. How about we settle this privately?"

Damien chuckled. His deep voice, a pleasant rumble. "How do you propose to do that?"

"By not calling the police, the two of you discuss the best way to resolve this."

The village chief sighed exasperatedly, "Thankfully, everyone here is friendly and familiar with each other..."

"No one is allowed to spread news of anything that has happened here tonight. Do you hear me?!"

Everyone nodded in agreement.

Damien smiled faintly. "It looks to me like you've already come up with a solution. Am I right?"

He was addressing Vivian and Ben.

The father-daughter duo exchanged glances before thrusting his hand palm up towards Damien. "Fifty thousand!"

Ben looked down haughtily at Damien. "As compensation for my daughter's emotional distress, as well as... The damage to her reputation. That makes it fifty thousand!"

During the afternoon, Ben had sent people to look into Damien's car and found out it cost several million.

Fifty thousand was nothing compared to that.

"The both of you!"

Cherise finally understood this entire thing had been set up to extort Damien for his money!

“My husband will not give you any money!”

“Then let’s call the police. We’ll let the police handle this!”

“Cherise.”

Damien held her back. “You claimed I raped Vivian and want fifty thousand as compensation.” Said Damien in a calm, indifferent voice.

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“So if I provide proof that I did not rape Vivian... Will you also compensate me fifty. thousand?”

Damien stretched his arms over his head lazily. “After all, being accused by all of you. doesn’t exactly feel pleasant.”

Ben froze. He turned to Vivian,

Vivian frowned. Proof?

What proof could he possibly have?

He’s blind. How could he provide any evidence if he couldn’t see anything?

“Fine!”

Ben sneered. “But if you don’t have proof. Fifty thousand and not a penny less!”

Damien smiled calmly. “Sure.”

Cherise frowned. Gripping his hand tightly, she pleaded, "Damien..."

This was so methodically planned out, there was no way they would give him a chance to provide proof.

Damien's words left them in a bind. Even without evidence, he will have to give them fifty thousand!

Fifty thousand!

Just the thought of that amount of money made Cherise wince!

Her grandmother's treatment only cost sixty thousand.

That meant Damien only received sixty thousand as dowry when they got married.

And now, because of these people's trap. Damien will have to give them fifty thousand!

It wasn't worth it!

Damien smiled and kissed Cherise's cheek. "Trust me."

"Show me the proof you claim to have!"

Ben rolled his eyes and crossed his arms arrogantly.

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Damien chuckled. "I've never been somewhere this isolated before, so I'm not too sure if any of you are familiar with a mobile phone?"

Ben sneered and retrieved a phone from his pocket. "Everyone has it."

"Don't think we're cut off from the world just because we're from the countryside."

"Alright then."

Damien yawned and leaned more comfortably against the wall. "Show yourself, Blake!"

"Okay."

The masculine voice of a young man was heard, followed by the closet door swinging open. –

A young man dressed in a blue tracksuit emerged from the closet. "It was so cramped in there!"

Everyone's eyes widened in astonishment. Someone was hiding in the closet?!

Vivian was more shocked than any of them.

Chapter 188 Blake, Reveal Yourself!

How long had he been in that closet?

Did he see everything?

"Sorry for the inconvenience."

Damien lifted a teacup to his lips and nodded slightly towards the man. "That young man is like a brother to me. He's young and mischievous."

“Recently, he’s taken a liking to recording videos on his phone. Me being his primary subject.”

Vivian and Ben’s expressions changed significantly.

Someone had been filming them from the closet!

This was something they never anticipated happening!

Vivian smacked herself on the forehead. How could she forget that Damien and Cherise always had a young man following close by?!

She hadn’t seen the boy since returning to the village. So, this was where he had been hiding!

“Blake.”

“Yup.”

“What did you capture?”

“Her!”

Blake jabbed a finger at Vivian without any hesitation. “She took her clothes off on her

own!”

He took out his phone and showed everyone the video.

In the video, Damien sat on the bed, sipping water and eating his meal.

Then, the door opened. Vivian snuck into the room like a thief.

She cast longing glances at Damien for a while before proceeding to undress.

Once fully undressed, she stood before Damien, placed a hand on his chest, and screamed

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towards the door.

“Help! Help me! Rape!”

Vivian continued screaming in Blake’s video.

The truth was laid bare for all to see.

Vivian and Ben fell silent.

The video was proof of their guilt.

Who would have imagined that Damien would keep a young man who was ready to record at any time by his side?

The key point was he hid in the closet without saying a thing!

“Absolutely absurd!”

The village chief gave his sleeves a flick. “Ben, apologize!”

Ben, who had been frozen during this, suddenly jumped and quickly started apologizing. to Cherise and Elvis, "I'm so sorry! I had no idea my silly daughter would do such a thing."

"I'm sorry, everyone!"

"Let me take her home to discipline her. I'll make her come and apologize after a few days!"

Ben was about to leave with Vivian.

"Hold on."

Damien arched an eyebrow and poured himself a cup of tea. "Blake, playback what Mr. Ben Shaw just said."

"Okay."

The young man adjusted the video's progress bar.

The conversation between Damien and Ben played for all to see.

"So if I provide proof that I did not rape Vivian... Will you also compensate me fifty

thousand?"

"After all, being accused by all of you doesn't exactly feel pleasant."

2/3

"Fine!"

“But if you don’t have proof. Fifty thousand and not a penny less!”

Every word of their conversation echoed throughout the room.

Ben paled visibly.

“You can’t hold me to this! I truly believed... I thought that you assaulted Vivian!”

“You can’t do this!”

The village chief also tried to mediate the situation. “He’s right, Mr. Lenoir. I understand. you want compensation, but we’re just a poor, isolated village. Ben would never be able to come up with fifty thousand even if he were to sell his house!”

“How about this? I’ll make their entire family apologize, bow, and compensate you thousand on top of that. How does that sound?”

Chapter 189 Uncle and Father-In-Law

“For simple farmers like us, five thousand is considered a lot of money!”

Damien picked up his teacup and took a sip. “Mister village chief, your talent for stirring up trouble is remarkable to say the least.”

“As head of the village, not only did you not treat everyone fairly, but you kept wanting to start problems.”

“I truly do not understand what the villagers like about you. And why would they choose. you to be village chief.”

The village chief's lips turned white with anger, but he restrained himself. "What makes you say that, Mr. Lenoir?"

"I'm just trying to find a solution everyone will be happy with. How can you call that 'starting problems'?"

Damien chuckled.

"Firstly, you believed Vivian's claims without fully understanding the situation and asking me about my version of events. You were already convinced I was guilty. Does that sound like justice to you?"

"If I didn't have video evidence, it would have been impossible to clear my name from these allegations."

The chief's eyes darkened. "That was my mistake. Vivian is from my village. I saw her disheveled state and thought..."

"Secondly, when an incident like this happened in your village, your first thought was not to report it to the police but to settle it privately. It may look like it's for everyone's good, but in reality?"

"You said that five thousand is considered a lot of money in your village. But why didn't you advise Ben Shaw otherwise when he asked me for fifty thousand?"

"Oh. You probably thought that I had a lot of money, didn't you?"

"This afternoon, the man who lingered around my car and searched up its price on the internet was your son, wasn't it?"

The chief's expression was drained of all color, l..."

"You sent your son to confirm the price of my car to find out how wealthy I was. And when

Ben asked me for fifty thousand, you didn't even blink an eye. All of you probably agreed on this amount beforehand, right?"

Everyone was shocked.

Damien wasn't from their village.

But everything he said was believable.

The chief's son did indeed come back from town in the afternoon. The chief and Ben's family did spend the afternoon together, and they were indeed related.

It was clear who was telling the truth.

The crowd began to murmur among themselves. The chief, pale now from fear, attempted to defend himself. "I was momentarily confused. If I had kept a clear head, I would have stopped Ben."

Unfortunately for him, his excuses were shaky, and no one believed him.

Damien yawned. "If you can't even keep a clear head during a time like this, maybe you shouldn't be chief."

The chief's expression shifted. "You're not from our village. Who are you say I can't be chief?"

"I have no say, of course."

Damien smiled faintly. He poured a cup of tea and handed it to Cherise. "For your uncle."

Cherise carefully presented the tea to Elvis.

Elvis couldn't tell what Damien's intentions were, but how he handled the situation was remarkable.

That was the only reason Elvis accepted the cup and drank it.

Damien waited until Cherise took the empty cup from Elvis before calmly continuing, "Elvis is Cherise's uncle. But as we all know, Cherise grew up without parents. So, it can be said there's no difference between her uncle and father."

"If we follow this logic, Elvis Shaw can be considered my father-in-law."

"My father-in-law has lived in this village for forty to fifty years. Now that he has a son-in-law who has qualifications like me, he's being blackmailed by the village chief and his

relatives."

Chapter 190 No Greater Humiliation

He chuckled lightly. "Could you imagine if someone in your family found themselves with money?"

"And they suddenly found themselves accused of something they didn't do. And your village chief, with a head clear as mud, will settle the incident privately, and your money will be taken from you."

He shook his head, "How terrifying."

The village elders all lowered their heads when they heard what Damien said.

And this unjust village chief. Today, it was Elvis Shaw, but it could be any of them.

tomorrow!

He

was only interested in helping his family. He had no intention of being a fair village chief for the villagers!

The chief was paler than ever. His jaw was clenched tight. "You want me to step down?"

"You've only been here for a couple of days, and you want your father-in-law to take on the position of village chief? Can he do it?"

Damien shook his head. "Of course, he can't be chief. He is used to a quiet life and just wants to live without a care in the world."

"I'm just giving everyone here a choice. After all, he'll have to continue living in this village. I can't exactly let him be bullied by the chief and the village elders now, can I?"

Murmurs of agreement could be heard from the crowd.

Finally, an elder with a white beard stepped forward. "If that's the case, Mr. Lenoir. As an outsider, who do you think is most suitable to be chief?"

Damien poured himself another cup of tea. "I think Jack from next door would be a good candidate."

"He's young and promising. He seems like an upright person." Damien smiled.

The crowd started discussing. Jack did seem like a good candidate!

Ben never thought that this incident would lead to the dismissal of the village chief. “Why Jack?” He grumbled under his breath. “He can’t even handle his own affairs!”

“Because I like him.”

1/3

Damien yawned. “I spoke with Jack during the afternoon, and he told me the village is in a beautiful location with abundant resources. The land is perfect for farming. However, the village lacks capital for the initial investment...

“I’m willing to provide the funds for this if you choose him as your new village chief.”

The villagers’ eyes lit up!

It didn’t matter how much they talked or did. Nothing would beat the potential of making more money!

The white-bearded old man was equally as excited. “Mr. Lenoir, are... Are you really willing to invest in our little village?”

Damien nodded, “Of course. Cherise’s uncle and grandmother are still living here after all.”

Besides, several hundred thousand hardly counted as a significant “investment” for Damien.

“This is a big deal. We will need to hold a village-wide meeting to decide. You’ll have to wait for our decision!”

The group continued their discussions as the old man led them away.

Once everyone was gone, the room was left with Elvis, his family, the village chief, and Ben and his daughter.

Damien arched an eyebrow and said calmly, "Apologize."

Just one word and the village chief hurried to pull Ben and Vivian to their knees. "Mr. Lenoir, we sincerely apologize. We..."

Ever since they found out how much Damien's car cost, the chief knew Damien wasn't someone they could afford to mess around with!

But the temptation of fifty thousand was too great...

"Don't apologize to me. Apologize to Uncle Elvis and Cherise."

Damien raised an eyebrow. "I heard you've been making fun of Cherise since she was young and bullying Uncle Elvis for years."

Vivian and Ben paled.

There was no greater humiliation than apologizing to Cherise and Elvis!

2/3

But...

Compared to compensating fifty thousand, they had no choice but to apologize.

"Elvis, I'm sorry for bullying your family."

"Cherise, I'm sorry for making fun of you...."