

## MY BLIND 211

### Chapter 211 Romantic Feelings for Cherise

She was sure of it! Even if Damien had no romantic feelings for her, he certainly wouldn't be interested in those girls who passed him notes.

"So here's the question," Lucy interjected while rubbing her aching stomach. "if you're so dead set that Damien's into you, why do you keep bickering with him? Trust issues aside, you're his top pick, right?"

Cherise hesitated and turned her face away. "It's not the same."

Having a crush on someone was one thing, but cherishing her as a serious priority was a different story. Her frustration didn't stem from Damien's lack of romantic feelings but from his inability to see her as his own or as part of his real family.

"Assemble!"

While Cherise was lost in thought, the PE teacher arrived. Lucy pulled her to attention, and she quickly joined the others in forming lines.

"As agreed in the previous class, we will be conducting physical fitness tests this time," the PE teacher announced with his expression stern. "However, I have some last-minute business to attend to today, so I've arranged for a substitute teacher to oversee the fitness tests."

The teacher's gaze shifted meaningfully over Cherise's face. "Now, let's welcome our substitute teacher for this class, Mr. Lenoir!"

Mr. Lenoir?

Cherise frowned, and an ominous feeling welled up within her. She raised her head.

Sure enough, the man walking toward their group, dressed in gray sportswear, was none other than Damien.

However...

Cherise pursed her lips; this was probably the first time she had seen Damien in sportswear, except for when he practiced martial arts. Apparently, attractive people possessed the knack for looking good in whatever they wore.

His sportswear, matching that of the balding PE teacher, assumed an entirely fresh allure on him, almost like he were a supermodel effortlessly strutting down a runway rather than just in everyday attire.

“Wow, the new sub-teacher is a real heartthrob!”

“Yeah, and he’s got a fit body too!”

“Did you check out his eyes? So intense! Oh, he’s looking over here, he’s looking over here! Ahhh!”

1/2

The girls’ chatter was relentless. Cherise bit her lip; having a handsome husband could be quite

the hassle.

“Hello, everyone. I’m your sub for today,” the man’s deep voice echoed, sending more girls into fits of excitement.

A daring girl at the front said, “Mr. Sub, do you have a girlfriend?”

Holding the attendance list, the man hesitated briefly, then glanced up, his eyes skimming past Cherise. I’m sorry, but I’m already married.”

“Ah?”

The girls collectively mourned. “He’s so young to be married...”

Lucy playfully nudged Cherise with her shoulder. “Did you hear that? It’s the sound of broken hearts all around.”

“All those hearts? You’re the heartbreaker here.”

Cherise bit her lip, a mysterious sense of joy bubbling up inside her.

With a subtle smile, she stole a glance at Damien, who had his eyes on her. Their gazes locked, and he grinned at her before returning to the attendance list.

“Lucy Staber.”

“Present!”

“Cherise Shaw.”

“Here.”

“Leticia Wright.”

“Present.”

Cherise stood still, observing as Damien continued calling out names. It was a side of him she hadn’t witnessed before.

He had cast away his previous facades, unveiling his genuine self. In every move and gesture, he exuded confidence, aloofness, and that undeniable handsomeness.

## Chapter 212 I Don't Need Special Treatment

Damien was very different from how he used to be.

Cherise looked at him, entranced. In the past, she had never noticed this energetic side of the man who was always in a wheelchair. Could it be that she was the reason for his change?

Cherise shook her head, abruptly interrupting her train of thought. What had she been thinking? Even the truth about Damien's eyes was uncovered by her, with Damien merely acknowledging her discovery. How could she be so naive as to assume she was the cause of his transformation?

With these musings, a sensation of loss swelled within her heart, like ink saturating paper. It weighed on her until Lucy tugged at her arm and said, "Let's go!"

Only then did Cherise return to reality; it was time for the physical fitness test.

Due to her short stature, her starting position was toward the rear, and she happened to be in the last group of students participating in the 800-meter assessment.

Observing the students who went before her, visibly fatigued and sweating, Cherise felt an inexplicable pressure mounting within her.

Positioned at the starting line, Lucy clenched her fist and cheered her on. "You've got this!"

Cherise's gaze involuntarily shifted to Damien. He had stripped off his outer layer, revealing a white T-shirt identical to hers. With a sun hat, stopwatch hanging around his neck, and the attendance roster in hand, he emitted a youthful vibe, more like a fellow student helping out than a teacher conducting an assessment.

Cherise's heart quickened.

Sensing her gaze, Damien smiled gently at her. "Get ready."

Cherise refocused her attention and fixed her gaze ahead. With the whistle's shrill sound, she and the other girls bolted off.

Yet, strangely, just halfway around the track, the girls' pace in front of Cherise began to dwindle. Although Cherise maintained her initial speed, her thoughts wandered to Damien, her mind drifting.

Two of the girls collided in a moment of distraction, and due to inertia, Cherise found herself sprawled on the ground. Strong, masculine hands steadied her shoulders just before her face could meet the unforgiving earth.

While her face was spared a painful collision, her knee took the brunt of the fall, slamming onto the rubber track with an agonizing thud that furrowed her brows.

Damien lent a hand and inquired, "Can you keep going?"

1/2

Cherise clenched her teeth and responded, "Yes."

Giving up halfway wasn't in her nature, especially not for a minor scrape.

"Perfect, Damien said with a touch of admiration.

"Let's patch you up now and have you complete the test separately. I'll also inform the PE teacher about your situation. If you make it to the finish line, you'll pass."

Cherise shook her head. "No thanks," Pass or fail, she didn't need any special treatment.

Damien gestured to Lucy. "Let's patch her up. We shouldn't delay the other students."

"Are you going to run again later?" Lucy questioned, frowning as she applied a band-aid to Cherise's leg. "They might pass you since Damien's your husband, even if you don't make it."

"With an injury like this, they really should consider passing you."

Cherise shook her head. "It's just a minor injury, and I don't want any special treatment."

"Plus..." She observed Damien as he meticulously recorded the results for the other students, occasionally glancing her way. "It's just 800 meters; I've got this."

#### Chapter 213 Cherise Running Solo

Lucy sighed. "But you'll be running solo later; everyone's done. Are you sure you still want to go for it?"

"Don't sweat it." She gave Lucy's shoulder a reassuring pat and smiled. "I can handle a solo run."

After recording the results for the other female students, Damien strolled over to Cherise and Lucy.

Cherise didn't want to delay any longer. She swiftly got up and asked, "Is it my turn now?"

"Yep." Damien nodded, taking a few strides and glancing nonchalantly at the scrape on Cherise's knee. "You're absolutely sure you want to run, right?"

With precise determination, the girl nodded. "Absolutely!"

The three of them headed to the starting line on the track. Damien handed Lucy the stopwatch hanging around his neck and the result record book. "You keep time."

Lucy widened her eyes in surprise. "And what about you?"

The man chuckled softly, positioned himself at the starting line next to Cherise, and elegantly stretched his muscles. "I'm running with her."

Lucy and the other girls were taken aback. Cherise's treatment seemed unusual. After her clumsy tumble during the solo run, it almost seemed like she was getting special attention! And now, a handsome teacher was about to run with her? Not fair at all!

Some female students teased, "If we had known, we would've pretended to trip too."

"I know, right! If I could get the sub teacher to run with me, I'd purposely trip..."

Lucy furrowed her brow, turned around, and glared at the students behind her. She added, "Even if you did break your leg, the teacher wouldn't flinch, believe me."

Several students bit their lips and fell silent.

Cherise gave Damien a concerned look. "Are you sure about this?"

Damien had been in a wheelchair for years, and Cherise was skeptical about his legs handling an 800-meter run after all that time.

Damien reassured her with a smile. "If you're up for it, so am I."

Cherise pursed her lips. "Don't expect a leg massage tonight if you're in pain. I won't do it."

She then remembered their ongoing silent treatment and turned away without saying more.

1/2

Damien smiled and said, "Then I'll massage myself."

Cherise hmped and didn't respond.

"Ready... Beep!"

Lucy signaled the start of the run with a sharp whistle, simultaneously setting Cherise and Damien into motion from the starting line.

Damien's long legs glided gracefully and swiftly over the rubber track, commanding the attention of every female student present.

As more gazes zeroed in on him, Cherise's discomfort deepened. It felt like the entire class of female students had their eyes on her during the 800-meter dash.

She clenched her jaw and decided to pick up her pace, choosing not to keep pace with Damien.

Damien effortlessly caught up. "Running so fast can affect your breathing."

She ignored him and continued her stride. As they ran, a persistent ache began to churn in her abdomen. Cherise furrowed her brow; could her overdue period decide to arrive now?

No, not during the run! She gradually slowed her pace, but the pain didn't ease.

With the finishing line approaching, Cherise gritted her teeth and pushed through the discomfort. "Are you okay?"



Damien noticed her condition. "Don't overexert yourself."

"No," Cherise pursed her lips. "I can't quit halfway."

She didn't want to run the 800 meters again.

Chapter 214 Was Cherise Pregnant?

Besides, it was just her period, nothing major. But why did it hurt so much this time? She felt a cold sweat break out, and the pain gradually drained her strength.

Damien held her hand. "Listen to me. Don't push yourself."

"It's not much farther," she said, determination in her voice despite her eyes moistened with sweat.

Finally, at the very last second, Cherise collapsed at the finishing line before reaching the physical assessment standard time.

There were small, scattered red spots on her bottoms. Damien's eyes darkened, and he quickly lifted her. "Where's the school clinic?"

Lucy rushed over, assessed the situation, and tremblingly dialed 120 on her phone. "The school clinic won't cut it! What if it's not her period but a miscarriage?"

The word 'miscarriage' hit like a thunderclap, momentarily freezing Damien.

Lucy explained, "Cherry mentioned earlier that her period was late. I suggested she buy a pregnancy test, but she didn't take it seriously, saying it might not be accurate. Given the situation. now, if it's indeed a miscarriage..."

Before Cherise could finish her sentence, Damien had already swept her into his arms and bolted out of the gym.

Curious female students soon congregated. "Cherise had a miscarriage? Does she even have a boyfriend? And she had a miscarriage?"

"A top student with an impeccable reputation, getting pregnant before marriage and suffering a miscarriage? This is major news!"

Lucy had no time for idle chatter with these girls. She set down her belongings and swiftly trailed after Damien.

Damien's embrace was warm and reassuring.

Despite her weakness, with her eyes closed, Cherise could feel the frequency of his heartbeat in his chest while he ran. There was the sound of the wind and his slightly heavier breathing in her

cars.

Even with her eyes closed, she sensed his swift pace. She creased her brow and softly said, "Slow

down."

"Your legs may not handle this."

Damien probably didn't expect her to be awake. "It's my fault. I should've known better, and I

never considered you might be pregnant...”

Had he thought of it or suspected it, he would have never allowed her to partake in physical. education class. He would’ve canceled the class, ensured she didn’t go out alone the previous day, and evented her from going through emotional turmoil.

Cherise shook her head. “Relax; it’s probably just a delayed period. It’s not that easy to get

pregnant...”

“Please don’t talk right now!”

He took a deep breath. “We’re almost there; hold on a little longer.”

Soon, Cherise felt a shift in her surroundings.

“Doctor!”

His voice took an unanticipated urgency, unlike his usual distant and icy demeanor. Ordinarily, he spoke with a remote, aloof tone. Still, at this moment, his appeals to the doctor were laden with the desperation of a family member trying to save a loved one.

“Damien.”

Before the doctor arrived, she tightly grasped his arm. “If I mean so much to you... why couldn’t

you trust me?”

Damien, soaked in sweat and gasping for breath, was taken aback by her words. Before he could respond, the doctor rolled a gurney over to them.

He gently placed her on the bed. "She suddenly experienced severe abdominal pain while running."

The doctor wheeled Cherise into the emergency room.

## Chapter 215 A Miscarriage

As the emergency room door closed, Damien exhaled deeply, leaned against the wall with one hand, and closed his eyes. If Cherise had a miscarriage because of the physical evaluation, he would never forgive himself. It was his negligence that led to the current situation.

When Cherise was pushed out of the emergency room, Lucy hurried over with Cherise's belongings in her hand, accompanied by Blake.

Cherise lay on the bed, looking as pale as a sheet.

"Doctor, how is she? Why did she bleed?" Lucy approached the doctor and asked while pushing Cherise back to the ward.

The doctor shook his head. "She was only pregnant for two weeks, but she miscarried."

Damien's legs felt shaky, and he almost slumped onto the floor. Cherise couldn't bear to see his agonized look. She held his hand and muttered, "It's not your fault."

"You should reflect on yourself!" Lucy shot a fierce glare at Damien, pushed him aside, and pushed Cherise back to the ward with the doctor.

Cherise's gaze had not left Damien's face. She had never seen him this desperate and distressed.

He stood tall at the ward door, looking lonely and desolate.

The door was like an invisible barrier that separated them into two worlds.

Cherise's heart ached when she saw his disheartened look. Both of them didn't expect her to be pregnant. She failed to take care of herself.

Damien had lived alone for a long time and wouldn't understand these things. She didn't even tell him about the delay in her period because she felt embarrassed. Thinking back, if she had told him earlier, the miscarriage might not have happened. After all, he was prudent, unlike her.

Cherise knew the miscarriage was not entirely Damien's fault. However, Damien was so remorseful that he didn't even dare to look at Cherise.

Finally, Cherise couldn't bear it any longer. "Lucy, please ask him to come in. I'd like to talk to him."

Lucy frowned. "Cherry, it's his fault that you had a miscarriage. Why do you want him to come in?"

Cherise pouted. "He's not the only one responsible... I didn't think of it either..."

Seeing that Lucy refused to go, Cherise glanced at Blake. "Go and get him."

Pressing his lips, Blake walked out of the ward and tugged at Damien's sleeve. "Dame, come in."

1/2

Damien lifted his eyes to look at Cherise before entering the ward

"Please don't blame yourself. She held his hand. "I have the biggest responsibility.

Please stop blaming yourselves, both of you.” The doctor spoke up. “Didn’t you know that the patient took abortion pills yesterday, which caused the miscarriage?”

Abortion pills?

Cherise, Damien, and Lucy were dumbfounded.

“Doctor, are you sure you’re not mistaken?” Lucy’s eyes widened in shock. “Two of them were unaware of the pregnancy. While we were rushing to the hospital, they thought it was a menstrual cramp. How could Cherry take abortion pills?”

Cherise shook her head. “I didn’t take any pills yesterday.”

The doctor furrowed his brows. “My diagnosis can’t be wrong. Your symptoms are exactly the same as the others who had abortion pills. It’s just that your pill took effect a day later. Please think carefully. Did you take any medicine yesterday?”

Chapter 216 A Coffee From Ian

Lucy still found it unbelievable. “Doctor, isn’t it caused by intensive exercise?”

The doctor heaved a sigh. “I guess you’re students from the nearby medical school. If you’re a medical student, you should know that one pill is enough to cause a miscarriage when the woman is only two weeks pregnant. If it’s caused by intensive exercise, most would only show signs of miscarriage but not such severe bleeding. Moreover, her blood test result just came out, showing residual drug components in her body.”

The doctor sighed. “You should take care of yourself, knowing there’s a possibility of conceiving. Look how sad your boyfriend is now,”

With that, the doctor shook his head and walked away, leaving Cherise stupefied.

Little did she expect the miscarriage was caused by drugs...

They departed from the Shaw's village yesterday morning and only arrived in Adania in the afternoon. Then, she took a nap at home and was asked out by Ian...

Suddenly, she knitted her brows. Yesterday, all she ate was breakfast at Sarah's place, the dinner Frances prepared, and... a cup of coffee Ian ordered.

That coffee was placed on the table before she arrived and had turned cold when she drank it.

A chill ran down her spine. Cerise shivered. No... It's impossible... How could Ian...

However, besides Ian, she couldn't think of other possibilities. Sarah wouldn't harm her; neither would Frances.

After eliminating all other people, the remaining person had to be the answer, even if it was improbable.

Damien glanced at Lucy and asked, "Where did you bring her to yesterday?"

Lucy was startled. "I didn't go out with Cherry yesterday."

Following that, the two turned to look at Cherise, who was ashen-faced.

She bit her lips forcefully. "I... went to meet Ian yesterday."

It was Ian who told her Damien wasn't blind, and he made a bet with her to test Damien.

It was Ian who gave her that cup of coffee.

Jan... How could this happen....

“Ian Philips?” Damien narrowed his eyes and smirked coldly. He believed Ian would commit such an act.

1/2

“D’mn it, as hole! I’ve told you, he’s up to no good!” Lucy smashed what was in her hand onto the ground.

“How could you secretly meet up with him?!”

Cherise pressed her lips. “He said... he wanted to talk to me about Damien’s eyes...”

Lucy gasped, “So, was he the one who told you Damien wasn’t blind, and that’s why you argued with Damien?”

Cherise lowered her head. Although she didn’t want to admit it, she nodded.

“I’ve told you he’s unreliable, but you insisted on trusting him! You even brought Damien to see Dr. Johnson, claiming he could heal Damien’s eyes. See what happened now!”

Cherise bit her lips and remained silent. She was at a loss for words to defend herself. It was her fault she thought Ian was diligent and had an excellent character, so he would never harbor evil

intentions.

She had placed too much trust in his character.



Damien furrowed his brows when he heard Lucy and Cherise's conversation. He walked out of the ward and called Sarah.

"Sarah, I'd like to ask about Dr. Johnson from the neighboring village."

Sarah was startled. "Dr. Johnson?"

"Yes." Damien closed his eyes and asked, "I heard he's a well-known gynecologist. Is that true?"

#### Chapter 217 A Hypocritical Weakling

Sarah smiled. "Yeah. Dr. Johnson is an expert in gynecology. Many women from the nearby villages would come to him. He even claims his pulse diagnosis technique is so advanced that pregnancy test kits can't match his accuracy!"

After hanging up the call, Damien leaned against the wall as a dangerous, frosty smirk rested on his lips.

The truth was Ian took advantage of Cherise's trust in him and plotted this scheme.

Ha! Ian Philips!

Around five in the afternoon, Ian was about to get off work. He stood in the corridor and called Cherise multiple times but failed to reach her.

Even if something happened and she blocked his original number, she hadn't seen his other number, so she wouldn't deliberately reject his call.

However, he couldn't reach her through both sets of numbers.

"Ian!" Just as Ian was perplexed, the director's voice came forth.

He lifted his head to see the director standing next to a tall man in white, staring at him and saying something. The man was tall and thin, but one could tell his body was well-built.

He wore a pair of glasses. However, the aura he emanated was not refined but overwhelming.

Ian didn't remember seeing a young, handsome staff in the research institute.

All the while, he thought he was the most handsome guy in the institute.

Frowning, Ian kept away his phone and walked to the director. "Yes, sir?"

"Mr. Belcourt, this is Ian Philips." The director introduced them to each other with a smile. "Ian, this is Mr. Lennon Belcourt. He just returned from overseas and wants to ask you some questions."

Then, the old director patted Lennon's shoulder and left. "I'll leave it to you guys to solve your problem."

After the director left, Ian stared at Lennon with a frown. "What's the matter, Mr. Belcourt?"

Ian wasn't short, but when faced with Lennon, he was overwhelmed by the latter's height and vehemence, which made him feel uncomfortable.

Lennon looked at Ian with a half-smile. "It's not a good place to talk here. Shall we head outside?"

Ian nodded.

He thought Lennon intended to have a talk in a quiet place, like a cafe. Little did he expect Lennon to bring him to an empty space behind the institute.

Ian arched his brows. "Mr. Belcourt, are you sure you want to talk here?"

"Yeah." Lennon elegantly took off his jacket and threw it aside. Then, he rubbed his fists with a cold smile. "I don't have to choose a special venue to beat you up, right? The director is my distant relative, so I promised him not to stain his institute, but it doesn't mean I won't stain its backyard!"

As soon as he said that, he punched Ian in the face. When Lennon was abroad, he enjoyed going to the fighting arena and practicing boxing during his free time. He was an experienced fighter.

Clenching his fists, he roughed Ian up mercilessly. Ian instinctively wanted to run away, but Lennon wouldn't allow him to.

"Why are you punching me?!"

Ian shielded his head and was completely defenseless.

Lennon booted him emphatically. "Normally, I disdain roughing up someone like you, a hypocritical, bookish weakling."

Chapter 218 Go Ahead and Hit Me

"But since you dared to harm an innocent woman and child, I can't let you off!" Lennon punched. Ian while scowling, "You're a medical student. You should understand how precious lives are. Cherry is only two weeks pregnant, and you spiked her drink, causing her to lose the child. Aren't you ashamed of doing such an act?!"

Only then did Ian understand this man was Damien's friend. He came to punch him because Cherise had a miscarriage!

Enduring the severe pain, Ian guffawed. "So, that drug worked!"

Damien took advantage of Cherise and made her marry him because she was from a poor family. He's a jerk! Cherise shouldn't bear children for a jerk! It's worth being beaten up if she indeed had a miscarriage!

Jan's laughter further irritated Lennon. He punched Ian in the face mercilessly. "How much hatred do you have against Cherry that you have to treat her like this?! She drank the coffee from you because she trusted you, but you used her trust to harm her!"

"I can't let her bear children for a jerk! It'll ruin her life!"

Gnashing his teeth, Jan glared fiercely at Lennon and became pathological. "Go ahead and beat me up to vent your anger. No matter how you beat me, it won't change the fact that Cherise had a miscarriage. I can't be happier!"

Lennon clenched his teeth and launched another fierce punch.

Ian lost his balance and slumped onto the ground, but he was still laughing. "Go ahead and hit me. I don't care!"

It had been a while since Lennon was this infuriated. He went forward and kicked Ian ruthlessly. "Don't assume the matter will be over after today. I'm warning you; this is just the beginning!"

Lennon shook his hand fiercely, picked up his jacket from the side, and left.

Ian lay on the ground and couldn't bring himself to his feet. The smile remained on his lips. Despite being beaten up, he was thrilled that Cherise had lost her child.

"Ian!"

After Lennon walked away, a young lady stood up from a nearby bush with her phone in her hand.

She scurried over to help Ian get up. "Who's that man? He's so violent!"

"Mia?"

Jan frowned. In the rays of the setting sun, he saw clearly that this was an intern from the research institute. They joined the institute at the same time. The girl had always been attentive to him,

1/2

but he didn't bother about her.

He sighed and stood up with Mia's help. "It's okay. I can handle it.

Mia was indignant. "Let's call the police. I recorded it when he beat you up. We have evidence, so the police will surely arrest him."

Ian was surprised. "You took a video?"

Mia nodded and showed him the video.

The recording started when Lennon beat him.

After the video finished playing, Mia frowned. "He's too much! All you did was abort the woman's child. I'm sure she must have done it willingly, right? Ian, you're a kind man. You can't possibly abort her child without her knowing. I bet the woman didn't tell him the truth!"

Ian narrowed his eyes and nodded. "You're right."

"Is he the father? He seemed so angry."

## Chapter 219 Please Say Something

Mia became more enraged. "We should make a report to the police! He came and beat you up without understanding the situation!"

Ian shook his head. "Forget about it. He's powerful. Even if we submit this video recording to the police, they might not file a case..."

Mia pressed her lips. "Right. His outfit doesn't look like one of the commoners. What about this – I'm considered an influencer on Twitter. I can post the video online and pressure him to apologize to you. 'Rich man roughed up a doctor. How does this title sound?'"

Ian shook his head and wore an evil smirk. "Put it this way 'Rich man slept with his buddy's wife and roughed up the doctor after the woman miscarried.'"

Mia's eyes widened in shock. "That's shocking news! The woman who was pregnant is his buddy's wife?"

In the hospital.

Cherise leaned against the bed with her cheeks flushed, looking at Damien, who was massaging her legs. "I'm okay. You don't have to do this..."

After Lucy left, Damien had been massaging Cherise's legs for almost an hour without saying a word.

Even if he was not tired, Cherise became restless.

He was right her legs were indeed painful previously. But after the massage, her legs only felt

warm.

—

“Damien.” She called out to him softly, but the latter did not respond.

“Hubby.”

Only then did Damien lift his eyes to look at Cherise.

“Say something, will you?”

Cherise stared at him and nervously bit her lips. “I feel anxious when you’re silent...”

“I know it was my fault. I shouldn’t have concealed the intention of returning to my hometown this time. I shouldn’t have lied to you that I was visiting Dr. Johnson for a gyne checkup. I shouldn’t have met Ian behind your back and drunk his coffee... It was all my fault. I admit my mistakes. Please don’t remain quiet.”

Around five in the evening, Damien went outside to make a call. After that, he stayed by her side without saying a word.

1/2

He diligently attended to all her requests but remained silent throughout.

At first, Cherise was reluctant to talk to him because of the matter of his eyesight. She didn’t want to forgive him easily.

However, she gradually became flustered when Damien continued remaining silent. She thought he was angry because he had all the reasons to be.

He didn't deem her a family member and hid the truth about his sight from her. Meanwhile, she mistrusted another man and caused them to lose their first child, who was just a two-week-old

embryo....

Cherise became nervous and kept talking to Damien, but he didn't respond.

"Hubby!" The young lady pouted and suddenly straightened her back, wanting to hold Damien's

hand.

However, the sudden movement gave her a dizzy spell. She instinctively pressed her temples and closed her eyes to relieve the dizziness.

"Stay still." Damien frowned and pressed Cherise onto the bed. Cherise took the chance to hold his hand and gently kissed him on his lips, sending an electric pulse through his body.

Stunned, Damien looked at her.

With reddened cheeks, Cherise gazed at him shyly. "Hubby, please stop being angry... I was wrong. I promise not to repeat the same mistake..."

The woman was petite and looked innocent.

Looking into her dark and sparkling eyes, Damien frowned. "You silly girl."

Chapter 220 A Resolved Misunderstanding

She was the one who was injured. She was the one who was hurt and hospitalized.



Yet she was concerned about his feelings. She pulled at his arm, hoping he would be soothed.

“Don’t you like silly fools?”

She pursed her lips and clung to his arm. “Don’t be mad at me.”

Damien sighed helplessly. He raised a hand and caressed her soft, white face. “And you? Are you still mad at me?”

Cherise paused and realized that he was referring to his eyes.

She shook her head at once. “I’m not! Not anymore!”

“I’m not mad at you either.”

His voice deepened as he pulled her closer. “I’m mad at myself.”

He placed his chin on her shoulder. “I’m mad at myself for letting things get to this point. At first...”

He shut his eyes. His voice was filled with pain.

“At first, I asked Frances to prepare the food you like and instructed the butler to send away all the servants. I was planning to explain about the eyes. Before we went to the countryside, I got Jacob to form the best team of opticians overseas. I wanted them to create a plan and prepare a reasonable reason for my eyes to be ‘healed. But I didn’t want to lie to you. Before everyone else knows that my eyes are all right, I wanted to tell you there was nothing wrong with my eyes the whole time. But Ian beat me to it.”

Cherise hugged him. When she noticed the sorrow in his voice, her heart ached as though it was pierced by an arrow.

When they argued the night before, she was unaware of the truth. She thought it was just an excuse when he said he was planning to reveal it to her then.

But now that she thought back...

Before everything happened, Damien instructed Frances and had her prepare a table full of food. The servants were dismissed, too.

It was not just an excuse. He was telling the truth.

Last night, he planned to accept her wholeheartedly and lay all his secrets before her.

Yet...

1/3

Cherise pursed her lips. "I was wrong, honey..."

She did not give him a chance.

She trusted Ian too much.

In the end, she did not give him the opportunity to explain himself, nor did she give him the chance to care for their unplanned child.

She hugged him tightly. "It's my fault. I'm wrong. I wasn't a good wife. I'm not a good cherry. I'm at bad cherry..."

Damien chuckled at her babbling.

He sighed softly. "Cherise."

"Mmhmm."

"You must tell me when you meet any other man."

"Mmhmm."

"You mustn't lie to me when you meet other women."

"Mmhmm."

"You must tell me when your time of the month is late."

Her face immediately flushed as red as a ripened apple.

"Can... can I tell Frances?"

He released his hand and pinched her round face.

"Frances will report to me anyway. Do you think you should tell me yourself, or should I hear it from another person?"

Her face reddened even further. "I'll just... tell you myself then."

"Good."

He hugged her and gave her a peck on her forehead. "Are you sleepy?"

“A little.”

She yawned.

She had been drowsy since some time ago.

But Damien was silent the entire time, so she could not sleep.

Now that their misunderstanding was resolved, she began to relax and felt herself getting sleepy.

But she took the opportunity and wrapped her arm around his neck. “Sleep with me!”