

MY BLIND 231

Chapter 231 Are You Worth It

“You can leave”

Darmen smiled at the director. “My wife feels embarrassed to rest on the bed with you here.”

The director left with a smile

Cherise flattened her lips and glared at Damien, fuming

Damien smiled indifferently as he sat on the bed. “Why? Did I say something wrong?”

She pressed her lips together and switched to a comfortable position as she lay on his lap. “Even if you’re right, you can’t be so blunt.”

“Alright.”

He lowered his head and stroked her soft hair. “I’ll be more tactful next time.”

“That’s more like it...”

She must have been weak after her miscarriage. She slept shortly after lying down.

Around two in the afternoon, a clamor was outside the research institute.

The girl was awoken. “What’s that noise...”

Damien narrowed his eyes slightly. “I think the troublemakers are here.”

Cherise got up, still feeling dazed and sleepy. Looking out the window, she saw Ian standing in the crowd far away.

He's really here.

As Cherise stood by the bed, she felt her blood boiling.

Her impression of Ian had been ruined after discovering that Ian had drugged her and aborted her child.

His actions at that moment caused her opinion of him to collapse further.

She shut her eyes, and her body was trembling slightly.

He was always someone she had admired and trusted firmly. As it turned out, he was deceitful, malicious, and ignorant.

Cherise felt that she and everyone in her school were fools.

Everyone who idolized Ian like her was a fool.

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Damien held her hand. "Some people aren't worth it.

She felt disappointed as she heard the sound of her heartbeat.

The girl turned to look at him. "What about you, honey? Are you worth it?"

"I don't know."

He placed his chin on her shoulder. "But I know that you're worth it."

She was worthy of his protection.

"You're worth it, too."

Cherise turned to the side and kissed his cheek. "Darling, I won't admire anyone else in the future. I'll only admire you."

"You can't disappoint me!"

"Alright."

The man laughed nonchalantly as he agreed.

The volunteers outside shoved the security guards in front of the research institute. The situation was intensifying.

Ultimately, the research institute director appeared and instructed all the security guards to retreat so he could talk to Ian and Mia alone.

"Don't lie to us, old man!"

The head volunteer pointed at the director and berated him. "If you dare disobey us, I'll make sure your research institute can't operate properly!"

The director smiled. "This will be the last time you make trouble here. If this happens again, I'll call the police."

The volunteers wanted to retort, but Ian stopped them.

“That’s enough. I’m thrilled that the director is willing to talk to me.”

He sighed. “Actually, the director is in a difficult position. He doesn’t call many of the shots.”

After that, everyone else started blindly chiding Lennon and Cherise again.

Upstairs, Damien narrowed his eyes slightly. He picked up the phone and called Bernard. “Send more people here. I want two people for every one person cursing at Cherise downstairs. When they disperse, beat them up.”

“Don’t kill them, but give out bonuses according to the severity of their injuries.”

The man narrowed his eyes. A cold gleam flickered

“They happen

“What about those cursing at Mr. Lennon Belcourt?”

“Ignore them.”

Bernard was dumbstruck.

“Alright!”

After the call ended, Cherise furrowed her brows. “Do you have to be so vicious?”

The man narrowed his eyes. A cold gleam flickered across his deep eyes. "They have to pay for saying nasty things too."

Chapter 232 How Shameless

Cherise pursed her lips and wanted to say something else, but the director's office door opened.

Damien gestured at Cherise to be quiet.

The director's office was made up of two rooms. Cherise and Damien were in the room where the research institute director slept when he worked overtime. Meanwhile, the director led Ian and Mia to the space outside, where he received visitors.

The two rooms were separated by a hidden door.

Only a few people knew that the two paintings on the wall were a door.

The director had deliberately installed a pinhole camera in the other room so that Cherise and Damien could see what was happening.

At that moment, Cherise sat on the bed watching Ian on the computer screen.

Not an ounce of remorse or guilt was on his face.

The director sat on a chair. "Ian, I think I've made it clear to you. You were hired because of your connection to Mr. Lenoir. Now that you've done something to sabotage Mr. Lenoir, you naturally can't stay here."

"I've paid you double your salary. I don't know what else you're dissatisfied with. You led so many people to make trouble at the research institute's entrance."

Ian smiled indifferently and looked at the director firmly. "I think I have sufficient skills to justify working here,"

“Although my academic qualifications aren’t on par with the research institute’s strict

requirements, I have adequate skills. I’m not someone who did nothing after getting hired by the research institute through connections.”

“Therefore, I think that your decision is unreasonable. Since I have the skills and am qualified for the job, you can’t fire me just because I offended the person who recommended me. This is

unfair.”

Cherise heard Ian’s shameless words through the door. Her brows furrowed fiercely.

Does he want the director to ignore that he was hired through a connection and let him stay because he’s capable?

After listening to Ian’s words, she finally understood why Ian wasn’t appreciative that Damien had found a job for him and even held a prejudice against Damien.

It was because Ian felt that he was capable. Damien had just given him an opportunity by recommending him!

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Ian thought he had relied on his hard work and not his connections!

Is he really convinced by this logic?

Cherise’s hands clenched into fists.

How shameless!

The director also wanted to laugh at Ian's words. He shook his head. "What about the Good Samaritan Award prize money?"

Ian stood on his spot seriously. "I helped Mr. Lenoir abort the baby of his wife and another man. Don't I deserve the award?"

When he said it, the ridicule in his voice was evident.

Cherise finally couldn't hold back. She opened the door and went out. "You're talking nonsense!"

She glared at him furiously. "Ian Philips, you were the closest person to me in this town after my husband. I treated you as a hero, so I utterly and completely trusted you."

"But what did you do? You fed me that kind of medicine and caused me to miscarry. After Lennon beat you up, you sabotaged me coldly and ruthlessly for the sake of your reputation!"

"You're not worthy of being my senior, nor are you worthy of being idolized by the entire Shawbury High student body!"

Ian clearly didn't think Cherise would be here.

He was first startled before he laughed lightly. "Cherry, you should be happy I aborted the child for you.

"Damien forced you to marry him with money. Why would you give birth to the child of a scum?"

"I know you're innocent and naïve, so you would never personally abort the child."

Chapter 233 Do I Even Need Proof

He had an unusually fanatical gaze. "I was helping you!"

Cherise couldn't help but take a step back.

The lan before her was no different from a madman.

He looked at her with a strange, crazy, and ruthless gaze. It was how the village fool in their hometown would look at others.

The man behind her pulled her into his arms perfectly.

Intense and bitter resentment flickered across Ian's eyes when he saw Damien come out.

He sneered. "Don't you have great eyesight? Why did you keep insisting on pretending to be a blind man?"

Damien let out an indifferent laugh. "Aren't you quite underhanded, too, Mr. Philips? Why do you keep pretending to be virtuous and honorable?"

Ian choked and couldn't say anything for a long time.

In the end, he glared at Damien ferociously. "No matter how underhanded I am, I'm not as bad as you!"

"You used your wealth to force Cherise to marry you, and you even want her to birth a child for you!"

Ian grew angrier as he spoke. What right does Damien have?

Can he do as he likes because he's rich and take the girl I like?

The world was a level playing field, but it fell into turmoil because of these rich people who were born privileged!

Damien hugged Cherise and looked at Ian icily. "Do you have proof that I used my wealth to force her to marry me?"

"Heh. Do I even need proof?"

Ian narrowed his eyes coldly. "When Cherise's grandmother was severely ill in the hospital, the Lenoir family paid for her grandmother's medical fees. After that, she married you. Isn't it obvious?"

"It's because you're rich and powerful. You used your money to force Cherise, who was born impoverished, to marry you!"

Cherise pursed her lips, and her hands were tightly clenched into fists at her side.

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Everything Ian said was true.

Initially, she had married Damien for her grandmother's medical fees.

But she did it willingly!

After she got married, she discovered Damien was much better than she imagined!

"Rich people like you will never compete fairly with others, regardless if it's applying for jobs or pursuing women; you're tyrannical with your wealth!"

Ian grew even more furious as he spoke. His face, badly battered after being beaten up by Lennon, started to distort. "Cherise can never give birth to a child with a father like you!"

“Rich people like us don’t compete fairly?”

Damien raised his brows at Ian indifferently. “Let me ask you. You keep saying that you wanted to pursue Cherise. So where were you during Cherise’s toughest times?”

“When her grandmother needed money to treat her illness, where were you when Cherise felt alone and helpless?”

Ian’s complexion instantly turned ashen.

Damien’s words clearly touched his sore spot.

He didn’t have the nerve to help Cherise when her family faced hardships.

Ian heard his classmates say that Cherise’s grandmother was severely ill, and her family was raising money to save her grandmother’s life. Still, he told his classmates regretfully that there was no value in providing critical care to old people at that age.

He never dared to take the initiative and contact Cherise because he knew that Cherise’s family was having such a hard time but still insisted on treating the old woman.

He was afraid.

He feared he would have to disregard his pride and help Cherise raise money after getting close to her.

Mary’s illness was like a bottomless pit.

Therefore, he had never contacted Cherise.

He initially thought of waiting for Mary to pass away and for the Shaw family's finances to stabilize. If he still didn't have a girlfriend, then he would consider Cherise.

But he never thought he would bump into Cherise at the hospital, nor did he imagine that Cherise had married Damien to treat Mary. Ian believed that Damien had no virtues other than his wealth.

Chapter 234 You Weren't Willing

Damien elegantly put his hand on Cherise's shoulder. The smile on the corners of his lips was cold and taunting. "You avoided her during her toughest time when she needed the help most. You weren't even willing to encourage her sincerely."

"But when I helped her through the hard times, you jumped out to say that I used money to force her to marry me. You're saying that I didn't compete fairly with you. How shameless can you get?"

"I remember that you bought a car. How much did it cost? Sixty thousand."

"Cherise's grandmother's medical fees also cost sixty thousand."

Ian's complexion ultimately turned pale.

Cherise pursed her lips tightly.

She was impressed with that car.

When she was working at the sanatorium, Ian had driven her home. He flaunted that he had bought the car with his hard-earned money.

"It's not that you couldn't afford sixty thousand. You weren't willing to. You didn't think pursuing Cherise was worth sacrificing your lifetime savings, nor did you think her grandmother's life was worth the money."

Damien's voice was deep and apathetic, but each word was piercing. It penetrated Ian's heart viciously and brutally.

Back then...

He did use his savings to buy a car when Cherise needed help most.

He also thought Mary's life wasn't worth sacrificing his money.

The man's pale face spoke volumes.

Damien continued rubbing salt into Ian's wound. "I know you weren't willing to sacrifice anything for Cherise because you think she's an easy mark."

"She admired you so much. As long as you cared for her and were considerate, she would be obedient and dutiful to you."

"Therefore, you were stingy and unwilling to sacrifice anything."

"But when she married me, you felt resistant. You felt that she belonged to you in the first place."

He looked coldly at Ian's swollen face. "Actually, you don't like Cherise. You value yourself and your pride more."

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Cherise's heart kept constricting as Damien held her in his arms.

She thought of that helpless night when her pillow was soaked with tears as she held a letter notifying her of her grandmother's critical health.

The Lenoir family's appearance had changed everything.

She thought of Damien's respect for her grandmother.

She recalled everything Damien had done in the Shaw's village for Uncle Shaw and Aunt Sarah.

He really... had never considered her or her family members a burden.

As a businessman, he was willing to invest in the Shaw's village so that her uncle would feel less aggrieved.

Compared to Ian, who didn't even talk to her when she was feeling helpless...

Damien was much better.

He treated her so well that she thought it was unreal. It made her want to follow him. unswervingly for the rest of her life.

"Is... Is that true?"

The girl named Mia took one step back. She looked at Ian, who was silent, in disbelief.

He had always been eloquent and outspoken. He could refute someone's words in countless ways.

But when faced with Damien's criticism now, he couldn't retort a single word.

Doesn't it prove that... the man's words are valid?

She looked up at Cherise in fright..

Cherise was a pretty, adorable, and charming girl.

Mia glanced at her ordinary reflection in the mirror.

If... If even Cherise is Ian's backup plan, what am I?

The notebook in the girl's hands fell to the floor with a thud.

Mia immediately picked up the notebook before bowing to Cherise and Damien. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry! I really didn't know this was the truth!"

Chapter 235 This Is Only the Beginning

"I... I also admired Ian, so I believed everything he said!"

"I never thought..."

She shut her eyes and stomped her foot in her fury. "Let's just say I was blinded!"

"I'll post a clarifying statement on Twitter now and prove everything is false!"

As she spoke, she looked at Cherise as the rims of her eyes reddened slightly. "Ms. Shaw, don't blame me. Please forgive me."

"I really..."

Cherise furrowed her brows silently when she saw the girl's anxious, upset, and disappointed

appearance.

She was reminded of herself.

She had also felt the same when she discovered Ian's true colors.

She suddenly felt very magnanimous.

Everyone had to go through struggles in life before they could mature.

Cherise smiled at Mia. "Since you didn't know, you're not at fault. I don't blame you.

Ian stood on the spot. His hands were clenched tightly into fists.

He watched as Mia abandoned him. He couldn't do anything as she stood across from him.

Damien's words had hit the nail on the head. He didn't have any way to explain himself.

He gritted his teeth before looking up and glaring at Damien. "Don't think I'm out of options just because you did this!" -

"I'll try my best to survive!"

Damien smiled nonchalantly. "I'm not going to stop you. Murder is illegal. I won't do it."

"But no hospital or medical organization will accept you in the near future."

“Of course, you can choose not to work in this industry, but keep this in mind. Even if you want. to sweep the streets in the future, no one will give you a chance.”

“Didn’t you say I forced you to the end of your rope on the livestream?”

A sneer formed on the corners of his lips. “You’ll find out what it truly means to be at the end of

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your rope soon.”

“Watch and see!”

Lan steered before turning to leave.

“I’ve posted the statement!”

Mia held her cell phone and walked over to show it to Cherise like she was presenting a treasure. “Mrs. Lenoir, look. I really explained on your behalf...”

“This matter started because of a tweet of mine. I hope it can end after I post this tweet.”

“It won’t end.”

Damien yawned. “This is only the beginning.”

After that, he thanked the director while holding Cherise in his arms before leaving from the back

door.

Bernard had long been waiting at the back door. "Mr. Lenoir! Ms. Shaw!"

"Should I send you both home?"

Damien turned to look at Cherise. "Should we go to the hospital or go home?"

"Let's go home."

Cherise pursed her lips. "There's only one room in the hospital. It's too noisy..."

When Lennon and Jacob started arguing, it was an awful din.

If Cherise and Damien went home, Lennon and Jacob would only make a racket downstairs if they came. They wouldn't argue in front of her.

Damien smiled lightly. "They've always been like this."

The man opened the car door gracefully and helped her into the car. "Please excuse them. Your husband only has these two friends."

Cherise flattened her lips. "Really?"

"Really."

"I don't believe you."

The girl pursed her lips. "What about Violet Belcourt?"

“A casual employee or subordinate.”

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The man raised his hands to stroke her hair. “It’s been so long. Are you still feeling jealous?”

Cherise’s face flushed. “Who... Who are you calling jealous? I’m not jealous!”

“But”

Damien raised his brows indifferently. “It’s time for her to ‘wake up.’”

Cherise was baffled. “She’s been unconscious after getting into the accident. Didn’t the doctors say there wasn’t any other way?”

“That was fake.”

Damien shut his eyes. “She didn’t get into an accident, nor is she unconscious.”

Chapter 236 Isn’t He Done

“It was my orders.”

Cherise was astonished.

“Only when she got into an accident did Lennon have a legitimate opportunity to return to the country and help me put the company in order.”

“I only had the time to go to the Shaw’s village with you when he helped me with the company.”

Cherise was surprised. She only understood the connections involved after a long time.

Therefore, she asked the same question Mr. Hampson had initially asked. "If Violet is in the pink of health, how did she agree to stay in the ICU and pretend to be sick for so long?"

"She had to."

The man smiled lightly and squeezed Cherise's cheeks. "It's because she made my darling wife jealous."

Susan made a table full of nourishing and healthy delicacies at night to aid Cherise's recuperation.

"Mrs. Lenoir, try this. It's nutritious."

"Mrs. Lenoir, try this. It's good for you."

"Mrs. Lenoir..."

Susan introduced each dish on the table enthusiastically throughout dinner.

Blake held his plate and sat in the corner unhappily. "There's nothing delicious."

Damien glanced at him. "If you want something delicious, ask Jacob or Lennon to take you out for a meal."

"The meals at home will only be like this for the next month."

Blake was a growing boy. He liked greasy and flavorful food, which happened to be what Cherise couldn't eat.

The young teen's face instantly fell. "I'm in an inferno!"

Cherise was amused by his comical expression. "I'll ask Susan to make special dishes for you.

tomorrow."

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"Really?"

Blake's face immediately lit up. "I want to eat a lot of yummy food."

"Really."

Cherise smiled. She looked up at Susan. "I'm sorry to trouble you."

Susan shook her head at once. "It's no trouble at all. How could I find it troublesome to cook for

Mr. Blake?"

Upon hearing what Cherise and Susan said, the young teen held his plate excitedly and ate his meal with gusto.

After dinner, Cherise sat on the couch and played with her cell phone, bored.

She opened Twitter and saw that she was trending again.

She clicked on the trend with wrinkled brows. Everyone was still cursing her online, and some people's words grew even harsher!

She wrinkled her brows and clicked on the related news articles. She found out that after Mia had released a statement in the afternoon, Ian had also released one.

The statement was quite long, so Cherise skimmed through it.

This time, the content of his post mainly said that Mia had posted the statement because Damien had bribed her.

He even played a voice recording of their conversation in the research institute this afternoon.

In the recording, Damien's deep voice was as magnetic as usual.

"Didn't you say I forced you to the end of your rope in the livestream?"

"You'll find out what it truly means to be at the end of your rope soon."

Cherise's brows furrowed viciously. Isn't he done?

Is he being so shameless because he's shown his true colors?

Cherise's hand holding her cell phone started trembling slightly.

How shameless can he get?

Ian had edited Damien's threats toward him and posted them online.

Those online who had initially cursed at Cherise and Lennon also started cursing Damien.

Some of the volunteers who were beaten up even posted online that they were assaulted on the

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way back from the research institute this afternoon.

They said it must have been done by Lennon or Damien!

When Damien finished a work call and sat on the couch, Cherise handed him her cell phone. "What should we do, dear?"

Chapter 237 I Don't Want to Be President

Damien glanced at the cell phone. "It isn't time yet."

Cherise looked up at him, perplexed. "What do you mean?"

The man pulled her into an embrace and kissed her. "This matter has yet to evolve into its final stage."

"I've never liked to fight unnecessary wars."

Cherise lifted her hands and put them around his neck. Her dark, large eyes looked at him as she blinked. "I still don't understand."

"You don't have to."

The man reached out to tap her nose. "But there's been trouble brewing at the company lately."

Damien raised his hands to squeeze her soft cheeks. "Uncle Raymond tampered with that batch of goods. I'm going on a business trip to the neighboring town tomorrow to find a suitable factory for subcontract work."

Although Cherise couldn't grasp business dealings much, she evidently understood what he meant.

There was a problem with the project that Raymond and Tristan had discussed with Damien at home.

She pursed her lips. "Is the problem severe?"

"No."

The man smiled and stroked her hair. "Don't worry, Ms. Shaw. I'll ensure you can manage the company well."

Cherise flattened her lips. She looked at him slightly shyly. "Actually, I know everything..."

Damien had initially invested in Randall's company. Randall was sensible and immediately transferred his company to Cherise's name when he saw that his daughter had offended Cherise.

On the one hand, Damien wouldn't raise difficult questions. On the other hand, he had used such a unique way to flatter Cherise.

It was also because he was too resourceful as a father that Cressa had yet to be punished severely even after she had done so many bad things.

On the surface, Randall had given the company to Cherise. But actually... he was just returning it to the rightful owner.

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Dannen smiled and squeezed her face. "Even if he returned the company to the rightful owner. you're the president of Shaw Group, Mrs. Lenoir."

Cherise pressed her lips together. "Actually, I don't want to be president."

"You want to be a doctor."

Damien spoke aloud the thoughts in her heart.

The man raised his hands to hug her. "But I originally planned on giving Shaw Group to you as a marriage present."

"Since I'm being so sincere, can you please be president for a while even if you're feeling reluctant, Mrs. Lenoir?"

Cherise pursed her lips and didn't say anything.

Cherise needed to recuperate, so Damien didn't let her stay up too late. He carried her upstairs at nine o'clock at night.

After her shower, the man gently placed her on the bed.

Cherise looked up at him pitifully. "I'm not sleepy."

The man took off the slippers on her feet gracefully. "You must sleep even if you're not sleepy."

The girl's tiny face wrinkled. "I can't sleep."

The man gently tied her dried hair loosely with a hair tie. "You must sleep even if you can't sleep."

"Stay with me."

She reached out her delicate hand, and it crept around his waist. "You're going on a business trip tomorrow. You must sleep early, too."

She didn't believe Damien, who always slept late, could fall asleep now!

How can he ask me to sleep if he can't fall asleep?

The woman's tender and soft arm circled his waist. Damien's eyes dimmed slightly.

He resisted his body's impulses and shifted her soft arm away. "Alright. I'll stay with you."

After that, he lay by her side and held her in his arms.

She smelled his crisp scent in her nose and heard his shallow breathing in her ears.

It made it harder for Cherise to fall asleep.

She squirmed in his arms.

Chapter 238 You Must Restrain Yourself

"I can't sleep."

She flattened her lips, feeling very wronged.

“You can sleep if you shut your eyes.”

She shut her eyes and said brazenly. “I’ve shut them, but I still can’t sleep.”

He smiled lightly and kissed her lips. “Be a good girl. You’ll fall asleep soon.”

The bedroom was tranquil.

The bright moonlight shone in through the window. It lengthened the shadows of everything in the bedroom.

With her eyes shut, Cherise still couldn’t sleep, so she opened them.

Under the moonlight, the man’s cold, outlined features were more distinct.

She was lost in thought as she looked at his face.

She returned to her senses after a long time and patted her face.

Cherise was too smitten.

They had been married for more than a month. Why am I still so flustered...

Cherise turned around. Her back faced Damien so she wouldn’t continue to be rattled by his good.

looks.

Cherise was very bored. She thought of the trouble Ian had caused on Twitter and subconsciously took out her cell phone, wanting to check if there was any new content.

But she never imagined that Damien, who she thought had fallen asleep, snatched the cell phone from her hands precisely when she picked it up.

The cell phone screen lit up, but the man's large, merciless hands had snatched it away before she could unlock it.

"Sleep!"

He instructed coldly.

Cherise knew she was in the wrong, so she didn't dare to say anything else. She only mumbled softly. "But I really can't sleep..."

The man's breathing rang in her ears. "If you're feeling fine, I have countless ways to make you

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fall asleep."

At present...

Cherise's face flushed.

She roughly knew what he meant by... countless ways.

The girl raised her hands and pulled the covers to her neck. She wrapped herself in them tightly. "Honey, you must restrain yourself."

The man laughed nonchalantly. "I'm not so ignorant yet."

Cherise flattened her lips. "You're clearly always so ignorant..."

After that, she felt that the topic was too provocative. She quickly coughed lightly and turned her face away. "Go to sleep!"

She was feeling slightly sleepy after tossing and turning after a while.

When she awoke again, it was ten o'clock the next day.

Susan was keeping watch by the bed. "Mrs. Lenoir, Mr. Lenoir has taken a business trip to the neighboring town. He instructed me to take care of you. Don't go anywhere for the next two days."

Cherise yawned as she nodded. "Alright.",

Her body must have been weak after having a miscarriage.

After Damien went on his business trip, all Cherise did was sleep and eat in the villa. Her waistline: almost expanded half an inch.

She was still sleepy even if she slept more than ten hours daily.

Today, Cherise forced herself to lie in the living room and watch television to avoid sleeping more after lunch.

But as she watched television, she fell asleep again.

While she was half-asleep, she heard Ian's voice from the television. "Thank you for everybody's approval. I'll try my best and do this job to the utmost of my abilities."

Cherise opened her eyes. Hasn't he lost his job? How can he do his job to the best of his abilities?

Cherise yawned and changed the channel. She observed Ian's news segment carefully.

As it turned out, a company named Fuoco Corporation felt that Ian was a very righteous person filled with ideals, so they wanted to give him money to establish a private clinic. Cherise was mused.

At this time, Lucy called Cherise. "Cherry, are you watching the news?"

"Heh. You ignored Ian after he made such a huge mess. He's establishing a private clinic now!"

Chapter 239 Ask Damien What He Plans to 16

Cherise wrinkled her brows "I just saw it

"Them rushing to your house. Let's talk more when I arrive. How infuriating

"Alright.

After the call with Lancy ended, Cherise stretched and asked Susan to apply body lotion for her.

She had been sleeping a little too much recently.

Now that Ian was starting to act shamelessly again, she couldn't continue sleeping.

PR "I've researched. Fuoco Corporation's boss went to a media company for PR consultation two days ago."

"They started announcing extravagantly that they're giving Ian money to establish a private clinic. They're absolutely trying to promote it!"

Lucy sat on the couch. As she drank tea, she took out her laptop and opened it. "Look at the online opinion about Fuoco Corporation!"

"Fuoco Corporation's stocks were in extreme deficit half a year ago. They only survived and didn't go bankrupt after receiving an investment from the Lenoir family."

"In return for the investment, the Fuoco Corporation gave their oldest daughter, Miriam Fuoco, to be married to Damien. Ultimately, you know what happened. Miriam got into a car accident and passed away."

"Fuoco Corporation blamed Damien for this, saying that he was the bearer of bad luck. They made the Lenoir family pay for damages, which they did. But the amount didn't satisfy Fuoco Corporation. They demanded an exorbitant price."

"Henceforth, Fuoco Corporation and the Lenoir family were irreconcilable. Fuoco Corporation found an opportunity this time."

"On the one hand, they want to retaliate for their resentment back then."

"On the other hand, financing Ian, a man subjected to bullying and humiliation, to open a small clinic is enough to promote Fuoco Corporation's upright and compassionate image."

As Cherise listened to Lucy's string of reasoning, she couldn't help but give Lucy a thumbs up. "As expected of an investment analyst's daughter..."

Lucy rolled her eyes. "This is obviously information that can be easily found."

"You're just unfamiliar with Adania, so you don't understand these things much."

Lucy took a deep breath and shut her laptop. "Fuoco Corporation and Ian will be holding a combined press conference this afternoon to create the best corporate image for Fuoco.

Corporation. They'll sign a contract officially at the press conference, and Fuoco Corporation will invest in Ian's large private clinic."

Cherise was speechless. "Are they holding a press conference for a... clinic?"

Lucy placed the teacup on the table and lifted her hands to massage her temples. "They certainly don't have to hold a press conference to establish a clinic."

"But they're promoting themselves!"

"Fuoco Corporation wants to use this to establish their corporate image. Of course, they'll look better with a bigger crowd!"

Cherise pursed her lips. "I see."

Lucy sighed. "Although Ian was shameless in the past, he was working alone."

"But if he really colludes with Fuoco Corporation, it'll be hard to deal with him in the future."

"Ask Damien what he plans to do."

Cherise shook her head. "He's on a business trip outside. He's already pressured by his uncle. Troubling him."

She couldn't create more trouble for him.

She took a deep breath and looked up at Lucy. "Is it possible for us to solve this by ourselves?"

After that, she felt they might be unable to develop a comprehensive solution if they solved the matter themselves, so she called Lennon and asked him to come over.

After all, Lennon was also involved in Ian's matter.

Moreover, Lennon was older than them and ran a business overseas all year round. He must have been able to look at the problem clearly.

"You can only go and attend the press conference."

Chapter 240 This Is a Small Matter

Lennon narrowed his eyes. "I was just wondering if there was a way to clarify our relationship. officially."

"Since it's a press conference, this is a great opportunity."

Lucy was still a little worried. "Do we really not need to inform Damien?"

Cherise pursed her lips and thought of what Damien had previously told her.

They shared the closest relationship in this world.

No matter what happened, they couldn't hide anything from each other.

Ultimately, she picked up her cell phone and called Damien.

"I'm sorry, the number you have dialed is currently unavailable..."

A cold, automated woman's voice rang on the other end.

Cherise ended the call in frustration.

"He went to the countryside. It's normal if he has bad reception."

Lennon yawned. "This is a small matter. We can solve it. Why must you insist on telling him?"

At the scene of a particular press conference in downtown Adania at two o'clock in the afternoon.

The words 'Press conference of Fuoco Corporation financing Mr. Ian Philips in establishing a private clinic' were printed in yellow on a red background. It was hung in the most conspicuous position of the press conference.

Lucy, who had arrived covertly at the news conference early, looked at the banner and spat viciously. "How shameless!"

"Lower your voice."

Cherise tugged at the corner of Lucy's shirt.

They had entered while mingling in the crowd of reporters and were striking enough as they acted like reporters with their peaked caps and face masks.

Lennon narrowed his eyes slightly as he looked at the scene before him. "The Fuoco family is so willing to spend money."

The news conference began shortly.

May we invite to stage Fuoco Corporation's representative, the second daughter of the Fuoco family, Melanie Fuoco!"

A slim, petite young girl came to the stage elegantly and stood still.

"Let's welcome our angelic doctor with an immense sense of justice, Ian Philips!"

Thunderous applause rang offstage.

Ian went on stage with dark eye circles and a badly battered face.

Lennon frowned. "When I hit him back then, I didn't punch his face."

"I've been through professional training and will never hit my opponent's face unless necessary."

After that, he nudged Cherise beside him. "You're studying medicine. It's been almost a week. since I hit him. Can you assess why the injuries on his face are still so obvious?"

"No need."

Lucy flattened her mouth. "He used makeup to create his bruises. All the makeup artists in a movie production team know how to do it."

Cherise furrowed her brows. She took out a bottle of makeup remover from her bag thoughtfully. "It'll make an impact if this is splashed over him on stage, right?"

Lucy burst out laughing when she saw what Cherise was holding. "Cherry, why do you have everything?"

Cherise flattened her lips. "Susan was afraid I would get hurt, so she gave me this. She said if any woman dares to harass me, I can splash this over her."

Lucy was amused by Cherise. "Are all your servants at home so delightful?"

Cherise nodded. "Yes. They are."

After marrying Damien, other than a little spat with Susan on the second day after getting married, she got along well with the servants at home!

"Thank you to everyone for attending the press conference between the Fuoco Corporation and me amid your busy schedule."

At this time, Ian was already holding a microphone and speaking on stage. "When Ms. Melanie Fuoco came to look for me, she said the Fuoco Corporation would be honored to sponsor me in opening a clinic."

"I think that the honor belongs to me."

"I, Ian Philips, am only a doctor who left the small town to study hard. I don't have a powerful backer or much power. Even if I did a good deed, the people involved would only berate me