

MY BLIND 361

Chapter 361 You're Not A Tanner

Beckham felt humiliated, so he raised his hand and slapped Gwenn again. "Apologize to Mrs. Lenoir!"

Gwenn was in tears from the pain. She gritted her teeth. "L

Are you going to apologize?"

Beckham raised his hand as he threatened her.

"Forget it, Beckham."

Mr. Tanner smiled indifferently. He lifted his hand to pull Beckham's hand down. "If this was the past, it would be acceptable if you hit her to teach her a lesson."

"But now..."

Mr. Tanner glanced at Gwenn nonchalantly. "She's no longer a Tanner. It would be inexcusable if you continue to hit her.

Beckham's face turned pale.

Gwenn looked up in astonishment. She didn't dare to believe her ears.

The crowd around them was in an uproar.

As far as everyone knew, Beckham's wife, Charisa Neller, had left the Tanner family twenty years ago and had never appeared again. Gwenn was the only daughter of Charisa and the head of the Tanner household.

But now, Mr. Tanner was saying. Gwenn wasn't a Tanner?

"Grandpa... You're joking, right?"

Gwenn had a handprint mark on her tear-streaked face as she crawled over to pull the corner of Mr. Tanner's shirt. 'Grandpa, you must be joking, right?"

"How can I... How is it possible that I'm not a Tanner?"

1. I've been a Tanner since I was young.

Mr. Tanner sneered and grabbed Gwenn's hand on the corner of his shirt. He pried apart her fingers one at a time.

"You're not"

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Gwenn was utterly perplexed.

She turned to look at Beckham. "Dad, I..."

Mr. Tanner had a hesitant expression, but he sighed indifferently. "What your grandfather is saying is true."

The crowd was in a commotion.

Mr. Tanner glanced at Beckham. "It's time to announce it."

“It’s like this.”

Beckham took a deep breath and slowly walked to the banister on the second floor. He towered over everyone at the scene. “Actually, everyone must be quite surprised. I’m only forty-six years old this year. It isn’t my fiftieth birthday yet, so why did I hold such a grand birthday banquet?”

Actually, I have something to announce.”

The man took a deep breath and glanced at the butler by the side.

The butler understood implicitly and immediately lowered a large white screen before projecting an image on it with a projector.

The lights in the entire hall darkened.

Cherise was slightly at a loss as Damien held her in his arms. “What are they...”

“They’re about to announce the inexplicable mystery.”

Damien narrowed his eyes and looked at the screen intently.

His European information network had sent him information in the past few days.

He understood to some extent why Mr. Tanner liked Cherise so much.

If Cherise was the secret that the Tanner family wanted to solve tonight, Mandy would no longer be a problem.

An image was quickly projected on the white screen.

It showed a young Beckham and a young woman standing by the sea.

The woman on screen had black, lively eyes like Cherise.

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“This is my wife, Charisa Neller.”

Beckham took a deep breath. “As everyone knows, my wife, Charisa, left home for certain reasons nineteen years ago. She left our child with me to raise.”

“Everyone is well acquainted with the child. She’s the daughter of the Tanner family, Gwenn Tanner.”

“All these years, the Tanner family and I trusted with absolute certainty that this child was my daughter, and we didn’t doubt it at all.”

Chapter 362 A Painful Reality

“However,” Beckham took a deep breath, “half a year ago, I discovered during one of Gwenn’s physical examinations that her DNA does not match mine.”

“Despite having the same blood type, we are not biologically related.”

This revelation caused a commotion among the crowd.

Gwenn’s face turned pale as she knelt on the floor, as if all the blood had drained from her face.

She... was not Beckham’s biological daughter...

How can this be...

She had always taken pride in being the Tanner family's daughter.

Just ten minutes ago, she had even mocked Cherise mercilessly, believing herself to be born into a noble family.

But now...

She sat on the ground, paralyzed, and shook her head vigorously. "This can't be real..."

"It's not true!"

Kareen crawled over and hugged her tightly. "Gwenn, the DNA test center must have made a mistake. There has to be an error!"

On stage, Beckham felt a twinge of sympathy as he witnessed her distress.

After all, Gwenn had been his daughter in every sense of the word for nineteen years.

It pained him to see her like this.

But...

Reality was often painful.

He took a deep breath and continued, "I found it difficult to accept this result, so I conducted multiple tests with a dozen DNA test centers. All the results confirmed that Gwenn is not biologically related to me."

"After over a month of investigation, the Tanner family has come to believe that when Charisa left me all those years ago, she also secretly took our biological daughter with her."

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“We suspect that Charisa substituted my biological daughter for a child adopted from the orphanage.”

Offstage, frenzied discussions erupted.

They had stumbled upon astonishing information about a wealthy and influential family, completely free of charge!

It’s gossip about the Tanner family!

Attending the birthday banquet was truly worth it!

“We have been searching for Charisa and this child for six months, but we have come up empty-handed.”

Beckham took a deep breath. “Therefore, on my forty-sixth birthday today, I have invited all of you to my birthday banquet to earnestly implore for help in finding my biological daughter.”

“If anyone can provide information about my daughter’s whereabouts, the Tanner family will be forever indebted to them.”

“You can use this favor to request anything within our capabilities. I will not hesitate to give up the entire Tanner Residence.”

The crowd stirred once again.

The Tanner family’s wealth...

No one would turn down such an offer!

From the audience, some bolder individuals called out, “Mr. Beckham, don’t just ask us to search blindly. Can you provide us with some clues?”

“This world is vast, and without any clues, it would be like searching for a needle in a haystack.”

Beckham smiled nonchalantly. “Of course, there are clues.”

The image on the white screen onstage changed, revealing a jade pendant with an intricate pattern.

“She wore this jade pendant around her neck from the moment she was born. Charisa was in a hurry to take her away, so she didn’t leave the pendant behind.”

“Although I don’t know if she still wears the pendant, if you can find it, you will uncover

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clues from that time.”

Beckham narrowed his eyes. “I gave this jade pendant to Charisa when I proposed to her. There is only one like it in the world, with no imitations. Everyone can try to search for it.”

Chapter 363 Birthday Cake

“If anyone can find it, you may ask the Tanner family for something within our capabilities.”

“I think this is a fair trade.”

The crowd offstage eagerly discussed it.

Cherise leaned back in Damien's arms and gazed at the unique jade pendant projected on the white screen. "The jade pendant looks very distinctive."

"But we're in such a vast world. Searching for the jade pendant is more challenging than searching for a person, isn't it?"

She pouted. "Do you think we can find it, honey?"

Damien casually embraced her and smiled. "We can."

One day ago, he had instructed Mr. Hampson to retrieve the jade pendant from the safe in his study room.

Jack had given him the jade pendant during Cherise's and his visit to Shaw's village.

It was identical to the jade pendant depicted in the picture on stage.

The rest of the night was filled with liveliness.

It was as if the entire birthday banquet had transformed into a press conference where Beckham was searching for his daughter.

Someone in the audience began asking questions, and Beckham earnestly answered them.

They inquired about how he and Charisa fell in love, why they argued, and what he did after Charisa left.

They asked about every detail, regardless of its significance. Cherise quickly grew tired of listening to the questions before anyone else.

She reclined in Damien's arms and yawned incessantly.

"Are you sleepy?"

The man asked softly.

"A little."

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The girl smiled, feeling slightly embarrassed. She was about to turn and grab a cup of coffee from the table to freshen up.

But Damien stopped her.

"It's not good to drink too much coffee."

"If you're tired, let's go back and rest, hmm?"

"I... don't think that's appropriate."

Cherise pursed her lips and looked up at Beckham on stage, still earnestly discussing how much he valued finding his daughter. "The main character hasn't even cut his cake yet."

"Is it right for us to just leave like this?"

Damien was slightly taken aback. He suddenly realized that to her, a birthday banquet was incomplete without a birthday cake.

He smiled in exasperation and tapped her nose. "Tell me. Did you ask for an invitation to enter because you wanted to eat cake?"

Cherise smiled, slightly embarrassed. "Grandpa told me that tonight's cake... was made by a famous European pastry chef..."

She recalled how Mr. Tanner had described the delectable cake to her.

Mr. Tanner said that he had eaten many delicacies over the years, but he loved the cakes made by this pastry chef the most!

He also mentioned that hiring this pastry chef was expensive and beyond the means of an ordinary person. Only the Tanner family could afford it...

Therefore, she...

Damien shook his head in exasperation. "He knows how much you love indulging yourself."

After that, he took a deep breath and motioned for Mr. Hampson to come over. He spoke to Mr. Hampson in a low voice.

Mr. Hampson was slightly astonished but followed the instructions and approached Mr.

Tanner.

Mr. Tanner's eyes lit up upon hearing what Mr. Hampson said.

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He glanced at the time, then quickly grabbed his walking stick before walking over to Damien. "Alright, everyone. You can ask more questions later."

“Today, we’re not only searching for my biological granddaughter, but we’re also celebrating my son’s birthday!”

“If we don’t start soon, the cake will get cold!”

Everyone was stunned.

Isn’t cake supposed to be served cold?

Although many still had questions, no one continued to ask after Mr. Tanner spoke up.

The birthday banquet officially commenced.

The pastry chef wheeled in an enormous three-tier cake from backstage.

“Come here, Cherise!”

Mr. Tanner said, beaming at Cherise. He positioned her between him and Beckham. “Come on, let’s blow out the candles together and make a wish!”

Chapter 364 Helpless And Lonely

This position had always belonged to Gwen, but she was demoted to the corner, feeling helpless and lonely.

Meanwhile, Kareen was taken away by Zachary

No one cared about Gwen anymore, even though they would usually flatter her and speak to her with respect.

Jealousy consumed her as she watched Cherise take her place as the true daughter of the Tanner family.

I'm..... no longer part of the family. I have no rights to-

"Gwen!" Before blowing out the candles, Beckham couldn't bear to leave her in that state and asked her to join him.

"Let's blow out the candles together."

Tears welled up in her eyes. "B-But, Grandpa said..."

"Even though you're no longer part of the family, we have been father and daughter for so many years. I can't just abandon you like that." Beckham sighed. "But if you continue to abuse your position, the Tanner family might disinherit you."

Wiping away her tears, Gwen replied, "I understand."

Looking at Cherise beside her, she quietly concealed the animosity in her eyes.

Although Aaron was displeased with Beckham's actions, he didn't comment on it.

As they blew out the candles together, he asked Cherise to stand beside him and warned. Gwen in a low voice, "If you have any ill intentions towards my baby Cherry, I will not let it go!"

Gwen clenched her fists tightly, but she still replied respectfully, "Yes, Grandpa. I will change my ways."

Finally, the cake was cut after the host of the ceremony made an announcement, and. Cherise got the most delicious piece.

Sitting on the couch, she happily swung her legs as she savored it. "Grandpa was right- this is really delicious. It's the best cake I've ever had!"

Damien smiled helplessly and pushed his portion towards her. "Take it. There's more."

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Surprised by his actions, Cherise turned to look at him. "Aren't you eating too, dear?"

"I don't like cream."

He's lying! Back in Adania, he's the one who asked Frances to prepare cakes filled with cream and spread it all over my body before eating it!

However, she understood his underlying intentions-he wanted her to enjoy more of the food she liked.

Taking advantage of his distraction, she fed him a spoonful of cake.

Stunned by the sudden food in his mouth, he glared at her before swallowing it-that was the only action he could take.

"Don't say things like that anymore. I know you like this too." Cherise took a bite before scooping some onto a spoon and lifting it to his mouth. "Sharing food together will bring us closer."

He looked at her in exasperation and ate the cake she offered. They continued this until she finished her portion.

Finally, he surrendered. "I can't eat anymore. I'm full."

When she saw the expression on his face, she stopped feeding him and finished the rest of his cake as her legs swung back and forth on the couch.

Beside her, Damien played with his phone as he quietly observed Beckham, who was talking to other people at the party.

I initially thought Cherise was someone Grandpa found in the countryside. It turns out her father is Beckham Tanner.

Chapter 365 Locked Out Of The Room

Fortunately, we got married before this was revealed. Otherwise, I would have a difficult time understanding how they treat their children as priceless treasures.

“Darling.” Cherise said timidly.

“Yes?” Damien turned around, frowning.

She burped and continued, “I ate too much again.”

“Are you suggesting that we... exercise at night?” He smirked mischievously, leaving her speechless.

However, that night, he found himself locked out of the room due to her vehement

protests.

On the couch, he suddenly found himself face to face with Hampson.

“Sir, it’s getting late. It’s time to go to bed soon.”

“Why aren’t you in your room?” Damien inquired.

“Blake locked me out, so I’ll be sleeping on the couch tonight.”

“Well, Cherise kicked me out too, so it seems I’ll be joining you on the couch tonight.”

Hampson was speechless upon hearing that. Do we really have to fight for the couch nowadays?

After a moment of staring at each other, Damien sighed. “You can have it. I’m going for a walk.”

Hampson glanced at his watch; it was already ten p.m.

“Where are you going, sir?”

“To the Tanner Residence. Maybe I can get a spare key or a ladder to get back into the room.”

After a brief silence, Hampson replied, “Good luck, sir!”

Indeed, Damien went to the Tanners after leaving the house. Instead of following his earlier plan, he immediately went to meet Aaron.

From the balcony on the third floor, one could have a clear view of the garden.

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Damien and Aaron stood there, observing Beckham bidding farewell to the guests.

“Because of me, Beckham can only remain within this garden,” Aaron sighed. “When he was young, he had dreams of being a singer, traveling the world with his guitar. But he’s part of the Tanner family, and he’s my son. He’s not in a position to have dreams of his

own.”

With another sigh, Aaron asked, “What is Cherise’s dream?”

Damien hesitated briefly before replying. “To become the best cardiology surgeon.”

Aaron smiled. “At least it’s much better than her father’s.”

Damien frowned. “Mr. Tanner, there’s something I don’t understand. Since you have already confirmed that Cherise is indeed your granddaughter, why did you keep it from Beckham and even announce that

they would be rewarded for finding her?”

Damien had a fair guess himself, but he wanted to hear it from Aaron.

“Because it’s not safe for Cherise. Beckham is not my...” Aaron looked at the silhouette of his son, who was still bidding farewell to the guests one by one. “He’s an open book. Everything is written on his face. If Cherise knew the truth but refused to come back to us, what would happen to her? Although we have considerable influence in Europe, we also have numerous enemies. If they discovered her true identity, your peaceful days with her would come to an end.”

Chapter 366 Cherise’s History

Damien frowned. “But we can’t keep hiding this from him forever.”

“I’ll bring it up again when he hardly remembers.” Aaron smiled at Damien. “Don’t worry. I know my own son.”

He then turned serious and continued, “You’re an intelligent young man with a future full of potential. I’m relieved that Cherise is with you. However, if you ever mistreat her, the entire Tanner family will be your enemy!”

Damien nodded earnestly and smiled back. "I promise to take good care of her."

Aaron sighed. "But she doesn't need to know this. Actually, I've known Charisa's whereabouts all along, but I couldn't tell Beckham about it. And you shouldn't let Cherise know either. I want her to remain as carefree as she is today. If she knew about her birth..." He shook his head as his voice trailed off.

"By the way, about the chip in her brain..." Aaron produced a bottle of medicine. "Divide this into three portions and have her take it every morning. Three days later, the medicine will take effect and corrode the chip. After that, no one else will be able to control her. A broken chip won't cause too much harm."

Damien nodded and took a deep breath before placing a jade pendant on Aaron's palm.

"I also fulfilled my part of the promise and found this for you."

Aaron examined the jade pendant and smiled.

"Beckham personally made this for Charisa back then. Unfortunately, things have changed..."

After putting the pendant away, Aaron noticed that Beckham was about to return. "Beckham is coming back soon. I think you should leave now so he won't become suspicious."

Damien nodded and left.

"Don't let hatred blind you." Aaron sighed as Damien walked away. "There's a reason behind your sister's accident back then."

He paused for a moment and replied, "Thank you for the advice. I will keep it in mind. I will also visit you often with Cherise."

Aaron closed his eyes and let out another sigh before speaking to a man concealed in the

shadows. "Come out."

1/2

"Your senses are sharp. I thought you would have fallen asleep by this hour." A man dressed in black emerged from the shadows.

"You planned to sneak in while I was asleep to steal something, but you ran into Damien. and me having a conversation, didn't you?"

The man froze and nodded in response.

"Well, you've heard everything." Aaron's eyes remained closed. "I suppose you know better. than me what to tell Charisa in a few days."

Zachary's usually gentle face looked serious. "I know, but I need to return that pendant to her." His gaze fell on the object in Aaron's hands.

"So many years have passed. What on earth does she want this for?" Aaron smiled with exasperation. "She could bring herself to leave her child, yet she still wants this?"

"Aunt Charisa didn't abandon Cherise." Zachary's voice was filled with pain. He took a deep breath and continued, "When my uncle imprisoned Aunt Charisa, he planned to raise her child himself."

Chapter 367 A Foreboding Premonition

"We once had a bodyguard named Elvis. Charisa instructed him to secretly take Cherise away, and they have not been seen since then. Zachary's eyes narrowed. "If that child ist really Cherise, then the person who took her away should be... Elvis Shaw."

Meanwhile, moonlight illuminated Shaw's Village.

Elvis stood in his front yard, smoking a cigarette and wearing a thick coat, while Sarah put the children to bed. She then went into Old Mrs. Shaw's room to spray some insect repellent before quietly stepping out into the yard.

"Can't sleep?" she asked when she reached him.

Elvis let out a heavy sigh and embraced her. "I've been having a bad feeling lately. Cherise. told me that Damien took her to Europe a week ago, and she doesn't know when they will

return."

He closed his eyes. "She looks just like her mother. I'm worried..."

Sarah tightly held his hand. "She has been safe and sound all these years, hasn't she? You also mentioned that her birth mother has remarried. Perhaps she has her own children now and has forgotten about Cherise."

Elvis furrowed his brows deeply as he let out a long breath. "You don't know her." He put out his cigarette and continued in a husky voice, "She is someone who would seek revenge. without a doubt. She left for another man because she didn't want to bring down the Tanner family. Nineteen years ago, she asked me to take Cherise away. In the following six years, she was confident that she could seek

revenge on all the people who framed her and her husband. However, thirteen years ago..." He sighed. "Something terrible is about to happen. I can't shake this feeling."

With that, he took out a bank card and handed it to Sarah. "After that incident thirteen. years ago, I felt guilty. Besides the money used to save Cherry's life, I haven't touched the rest of the money. Two months ago, not only did the Lenoir family pay for Mom's medical expenses, but they also gave a generous amount as a token of appreciation for raising Cherise all these years. The money in this card is enough for you to relocate Sky, Tay, and Mom. If something happens to me, don't confront Cherry. I hope you won't blame her either. Take everyone and start fresh in a new place." He slowly closed his eyes. "Perhaps you can even find a good man to remarry."

Tears streamed down Sarah's face. "I'm not young anymore. Don't you think it's too much to ask of me to move and find-

"I made too many mistakes when I was young. Elvis chuckled bitterly. "Some things are bound to come to light eventually. It's good to have some backup plans."

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Sarah wiped away her tears and took a deep breath before looking into his eyes. "You haven't told me how you managed to get the two hundred thousand to save Cherise's life. thirteen years ago. And there was even some left over! What on earth-"

"I did something immoral." Elvis shook his head and laughed at himself dryly.

"Uncle Shaw!"

In Tanner's Residence across the Pacific Ocean, Cherise woke up abruptly.

Cold sweat covered her forehead as she opened her eyes. Her heart was pounding so fast. that it felt like it might jump out of her chest.

"What's wrong?" a deep voice sounded as Damien appeared. "Did you have a nightmare?" he asked, pulling her into an embrace.

Chapter 368 Nightmare

"Yeah..."

Cherise trembled, still feeling the lingering effects of the nightmare. "I-I dreamt that Uncle Shaw was burned alive in a fire!" Tears trickled down her cheeks. "But he wouldn't let me save him, saying it was his destiny!"

She wiped away her tears and reached for her phone to call Elvis. However, as soon as the call connected, she quickly hung up.

“Ah...” she sniffed. “If he hears me crying, he’ll probably think it’s your fault. I can’t call him now!”

She put the phone away and snuggled back into Damien’s embrace.

As soon as Elvis saw her missed call, he called back. As the phone vibrated on the bed, Cherise looked at Damien with fear in her eyes. “I don’t dare to answer it...”

He shook his head in exasperation and answered the call.

“Hi, Uncle Shaw.”

“Damien?” Elvis smiled on the other end. “Why did Cherise call at this hour?”

“She had a nightmare about you and was worried.” Damien teased the woman in his arms. “She woke up sobbing, saying she missed you and called you immediately. But then, she hung up, afraid that you might tease her.”

Cherise angrily bit into his chest, which was exposed through the collar of his shirt.

“Silly girl,” Elvis said with a laugh. “Tell her I won’t tease her and ask her to come to the phone.”

Damien handed her the phone. “Sure.”

“Cherry?” Elvis asked fondly.

Cherise glared at Damien before running to the balcony with the phone in her hand.

“Yes, Uncle Shaw. I’ll be back in a few days. Would you like some souvenirs?”

“No way! When did you go to Europe? It’s my first time here.”

“Alright, alright. I know you don’t want anything. So I’ll buy for Aunt Sarah, Grandma, Sky, and Tay. Oh, and for Jack! I’ll buy something for everyone except you!”

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Damien shook his head as her cheerful voice echoed from the balcony into the room.

He turned around and noticed the wet pillow.

Seems like it was a terrible nightmare-the pillow is set.

Just as he was about to change the pillowcase, he suddenly remembered something, went into the bathroom, and prepared a bath for her, just like she did on their wedding day.

When everything was ready, he walked out of the bathroom and found Cherise, who had just finished the call.

Though her hair was disheveled, her mood had visibly improved. There was a smile on her lips.

“Dear, Uncle Shaw lied to me. He said he had enough souvenirs from Europe and asked me not to bring him anything. Hmph! I’ve been here for so long, and I haven’t gotten tired of anything. How could he, when he was just sitting at home watching television?”

Damien shook his head, led her into the bathroom, and helped her undress before gently placing her in the bathtub. “Let’s not worry about that and take a bath first.”

Cherise frantically covered herself and looked at Damien as he closed the door. "A-Aren't you leaving?"

He rolled up his sleeves gracefully and took a towel from the wall with a smile. "I'm here to help you shower."

"W-Wait!" Cherise's eyes widened in surprise. "Oh, it hurts! Be more gentle!"

Chapter 369 Workaholic

It turned out that Damien had a talent for giving massages.

Although it was painful during the process, Cherise felt relaxed afterwards.

Once everything was finished, she began to insist that they go sightseeing.

"I promised Uncle Shaw that I would get presents for everyone."

Lying on the couch, Cherise grabbed Damien's arm as he worked on his laptop and shook it. "Honey, you don't want people to think your wife is unreliable, do you?"

Damien smiled at her and gently caressed her hair. "Hey, don't think I didn't hear your conversation. You were the one who offered to buy them presents."

Nevertheless, Cherise continued to pester him. "Come on, let's go! What are we waiting

for?"

Damien shook his head with a smile of exasperation and typed, 'Meeting paused.

‘What’s wrong? Is there something wrong with my report, Boss?’ the Caucasian employee replied nervously in the group chat. Just let me know, I will

‘Your report is fine, but I have to go sightseeing with my wife. Just compile all the documents again and email them to me later. Damien elegantly typed on his keyboard.

The employee was shocked upon hearing that. What is happening? Work has always been his top priority. Since when does he skip work to go out with his wife?

While Cherise was changing, Damien continued his reply. ‘By the way, there was an issue. with your report. It’s up to you how you want to fix it.”

“Yes, Boss.’

However, Damien’s screen shut down after he managed to type two words.

“Didn’t you say you were about to stop working just now?” Cherise pouted.

Damien shook his head helplessly and pulled her into his arms. “Do you know what the consequences would be if it wasn’t you, the woman I love, who unplugged the power

cord?”

Cherise froze, finally realizing the seriousness of her actions.

After all, Damien’s time was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars per minute.

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Biting her lip tentatively, she said, “I’m sorry, honey.

She even crouched down to plug the power cord back in. "Why don't you continue? I--"

It's not necessary for him to go with me. If we were in Adania, I could find Lucy or Mandy. I could even go out alone. But I'm not familiar with Europe and the language here. People only understand me if they're patient enough to listen to me making mistakes. Besides, we've never been sightseeing before. That's why I kept pestering him. Well, if he's free, of course, we should go, but if he's busy, we

don't have to.

Damien shook his head at her.

"I don't blame you. We've been here for quite some time, but I haven't spent much time. going out with you, and we're heading back soon."

Chapter 370 Shopping

"It's alright," he smiled at her. "You're more important than work."

Cherise blushed and followed him into the car.

As the car started, Cherise began searching for nearby attractions and the most interesting. souvenirs to bring back.

Meanwhile, Damien found amusement in the ensuing chat conversation.

'Boss, what's wrong? Are you hesitant to correct my mistakes?'

'Boss, just let me know what I did wrong. I'll definitely fix it.'

'It's been a while since you replied. Oh, I hope you're not considering firing me.'

As the typing chat bubble appeared, Damien replied, "You're overreacting. I'm not unhappy with you. It's just that my wife shut down my laptop just now."

His response left the employee speechless.

'But, the mistake is quite disappointing.'

"Yes, Boss. I—'

'I'll give you a chance to redeem yourself-what's the name of the mall we own?'

The employee was speechless, thinking, 'Don't you know your own business, Boss?'

Half an hour later, Mr. Hampson parked the car in front of DL Mall.

When Cherise got out and saw the large sign, she exclaimed, "Dear, I can't believe we have a mall so far from home."

Damien hugged her. "How did you know it's ours?"

"Isn't DL the abbreviation of your name?" Cherise looked at him blankly. "I also read the pamphlet you brought back a few days ago. CY Group belongs to you, right?"

Damien nodded. "Yeah."

He had a financial group here that primarily invested in his properties, but he entrusted a part of it to Lennon to manage.

And it was evident that he named the

group.

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Cherise confidently strolled into the mall and tried on various clothes, since they belonged to Damien.

Initially, Damien enjoyed watching her try on different outfits.

However, as time passed, it drained all his energy. Shopping is such a tiring activity. There are so many options, and I just want to go home.

Observing the distracted look on his face, Cherise thought he was still preoccupied with the interrupted meeting and considerably led him to a resting area.

“Why don’t you continue your work here? I’ll take Blake to the store. Just call me when you’re finished.”

Her thoughtfulness touched him.

“Sure.” He nodded and took out his phone.

Cherise assumed he was working, but he was actually messaging Lennon instead.

Were you the one who named it DL?”

Lennon chuckled. ‘Yeah. Isn’t it unique? It’s so recognizable!’

Yeah. Damien narrowed his eyes. ‘And I’m going to name the next subsidiary company LennonxLucy!’

‘Please! No!’

‘Don’t you love her?’”

‘I...’

‘Okay, I’ll send a screenshot of this to her.’”

Speechless, Lennon replied, ‘Alright, I’m sorry for the name.’