

MY BLIND 391

Chapter 391 Would She Forgive Him?

“Oh, sure. No problem.”

Frances hurried to the kitchen and grabbed a plate. She sat uncomfortably before Damien.

She didn't hesitate because she thought she had misheard, but rather because she was taken aback.

Frances had been Damien's housekeeper for almost six years.

It was the first time Damien had spoken to her in such a friendly manner and invited her to dine with him.

His sudden kindness left her stunned.

Even so, she only ate the side dishes and didn't dare to touch the fish Cherise cooked for him.

“You don't have to be so formal.”

Damien chuckled and shook his head helplessly.

Seeing Frances' reaction, he couldn't help but wonder, “Am I that unapproachable?”

Frances seemed afraid as she dined with him.

However, she was different when she was with Cherise.

Cherise would even hug Frances and act cute with her.

“No.....

Frances met Damien’s gaze.

But she immediately looked down again. “Mr. Lenoir, you used to be intimidating...”

“You didn’t interact with any staff in the household except Mr. Kolson and Mr. Hampson.”

“But even when someone as close to you as Mr. Kolson made a mistake, you made him run in the rain as punishment.”

“That’s why you were unapproachable.”

Damien closed his eyes and thought. He vaguely remembered the incident Frances mentioned.

However, he hadn’t punished any staff for a long time.

“You became a completely different person after you married Mrs. Lenoir.”

1/2

“Mrs. Lenoir is kind and friendly. You gradually became more compassionate...”

Frances realized she had overstepped her boundaries and added cautiously, “Mrs. Lenoir has had a tremendous influence on you.”

“She’s... similar to the late Mrs. Lenoir.”

The late Mrs. Lenoir' Frances mentioned was Damien's mother.

Damien's hands trembled slightly.

"I almost forgot you used to work for my mother."

He sighed and looked at Frances. "If my mother were alive, would she forgive the caused the fire that injured me and my sister?"

person who

Then, he realized his question was too ambiguous. He added, "I meant the person who set the fire, not the person who ordered it."

"Your mother was friendly."

Frances took a deep breath and closed her eyes to think. "When she and your father had just gotten married, your father's ex-fiancée hired someone to hit your mother with a car."

"Although your mother wasn't injured, she would have died if the person had accelerated."

"Later, the person's family came to beg for mercy. They said the person did it to save his mother..."

Damien's temple throbbed. "What happened next?"

"Your mother forgave the person, sparing them from the death penalty. They were sentenced to a few years in prison."

"Your father argued with your mother about this. He said she was too soft-hearted."

Frances smiled as she reminisced. "In the end, your mother retorted, What's wrong with being soft-hearted?"

"She angered your father so much that he wouldn't eat for two days."

Frances was so absorbed in her memories that she forgot to be cautious around Damien. "At the time, your mother whispered to me that everyone faces difficulties in life."

"The driver of that car didn't intend to harm her. Otherwise, they would have driven much faster."

"They only wanted to earn money to protect their loved ones. That's why they hardened their heart to hurt others."

"People like them are quite pitiful.

Chapter 392 A Clever Little Bunny

Damien closed his eyes and nodded. "Yes..."

That does make Elvis a pitiful person.

"Uncle Shaw, may I ask you a question? When you set fire to the house, didn't you feel any apprehension about hurting the people inside?"

"I didn't know there were people in the house. I was told to burn it due to an economic dispute. That's why I started the fire and left right after."

Damien couldn't help but recall his conversation with Elvis in the detention center.

He smiled bitterly before turning to Frances. "Do you remember how my sister and I escaped the burning house?"

“Yes, I do!”

Frances nodded eagerly. “I’ll never forget it for the rest of my life!”

“I remember it was your birthday that day. Ms. Lenoir was afraid you would be lonely if she couldn’t return on time for your birthday. That’s why she rushed home in the middle of the night.”

“I was the one who called the police.”

“Ms. Lenoir threw you from the second-floor balcony, and you fell into the swimming pool...”

“As for Ms. Lenoir..”

Frances frowned and continued, “I remember a man brought her out of the burning building.

“He said she was seriously injured and ordered me to call the ambulance.”

“After I called the ambulance, I rushed to pull you out of the pool with the security guard’s help. By then, the man had disappeared.”

Frances sighed. “At first, I thought the man was a Good Samaritan.”

“Later, I realized he was probably a thief. Otherwise, why wouldn’t he reveal his identity after rescuing you and Ms. Lenoir?”

“He might even be the one who started the fire!” Frances added angrily.

Then, she turned to Damien, “Mr. Lenoir, why did you suddenly bring up this matter?”

Damien smiled. “Perhaps I’ve become nostalgic about the past now that I’m older.”

1/2

Cherise was awakened by the counselor's call the following morning.

She groggily grabbed the phone and answered it without checking the number. "Who's this?"

"Cherise, it's eight o'clock! Why are you still in bed?"

The counselor exclaimed on the other end. "Have you forgotten that you used to wake up at five o'clock every day?"

"You used to prioritize studying. You were so diligent. What happened to you?"

Cherise yawned and glanced at the time. It was past eight.

However, she had become lazy since getting married.

She used to wake up at five every day.

But now... Cherise sighed.

"My friend has already arrived.

The counselor coughed and continued, "He was curious about a clever little bunny like why he's eager to tutor you."

you. That's

Cherise frowned and felt that the counselor's words were completely out of character for him. "I understand."

"Can you give me his number? Maybe you can give him mine? I want to talk to him."

"That won't be necessary."

The counselor continued eagerly, "I've reserved a private study room in the library for you.... Ahem.... You should hurry since he's already there. I want you there in ten minutes. You can find him on the south side of the second floor of the library!"

The counselor hung up after that.

Cherise was confused.

Nevertheless, she got out of bed and packed her bag before heading downstairs.

Frances saw Cherise run down the stairs and head for the door. She chased after Cherise and shouted, "Mrs. Lenoir, won't you have breakfast?"

Chapter 393 You're Incredibly Lazy

"No, I have to go. My classmate reserved good seats in the library. They are waiting for me to study together."

Cherise yawned and glanced at the food on the table. "Oh, can you give me two cartons of milk?"

Frances nodded and placed two cartons of milk into Cherise's backpack.

Cherise sat on a chair by the entrance and put on her shoes, "Where's Damien?"

“He said he had to attend to some personal matters and left early.

Frances smiled cheerfully. “Don’t worry about Mr. Lenoir. He always does his own thing. You should focus on preparing for your exam.”

Cherise nodded. She finished putting on her shoes and stood up to leave. “I’ll only be back tonight.”

“You don’t have to prepare lunch for me.”

Since the counselor’s friend offered to tutor her, she felt she should treat him to lunch out of courtesy.

Cherise hurried to the library. When she arrived, it had been around twenty minutes since her counselor called.

She felt nervous and apologetic as she scanned her card to enter the library.

Then, she took the stairs to get to the second floor. She came across someone unexpected at the landing. It was Kareen.

Kareen had a backpack and carried a book in her arms. She seemed in a bad mood as she walked down from the second floor.

Seeing Cherise, Kareen groaned angrily. “Consider yourself lucky!”

Cherise was confused.

Why should I consider myself lucky?

As she hesitated whether to ask Kareen to explain what she meant, her phone rang in her pocket.

“Cherise, it’s nearly eight-thirty! Why aren’t you in the library yet?”

“My friend is getting tired of waiting for you!”

“Hurry up!”

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"My friend is getting tired of waiting for you!"

"Hurry up!"

1/3

Cherise felt an urge to argue with the counselor. If he's tired of waiting, tell him to leave!

However, she did not dare to say that.

After all, she was dealing with her counselor, whose status at the university was equivalent to a head teacher at school.

She would face consequences if she dared to disobey him.

“Sir, I’ve reached the library, I should be able to find your friend soon. Please don’t worry.”

Then, she hung up and walked upstairs indignantly.

She followed the counselor’s instructions and arrived at the south area of the second floor.

It was quiet in this area. There was only a man sitting at a desk with his back facing her. He was engrossed in a game.

Cherise frowned and felt skeptical that the man was her counselor’s friend, a top student.

But why does his back profile look familiar?

The man heard her footsteps and turned off the computer. He turned around....

Cherise was stunned from shock.

“You, you...”

“What? What are you mumbling about?”

Zachary grinned and crossed his arms as he looked at Cherise. “You’re incredibly lazy.

“Your counselor told me you were a good student who woke up at five every day to study.

“Although I’ve witnessed how much you could sleep in Tanner Residence, I thought I should give you another chance. Perhaps what your counselor said was true.”

“In the end, you lived up to my expectations. That means I won.”

Cherise was rendered speechless.

She couldn't believe that Zachary was the legendary top student who could guide her to score the highest grade in every subject.

Cherise glanced left and right. She didn't believe that someone like Zachary was ever a top student.

However, she knew not to judge someone by their appearance.

Thus, she took a deep breath and sat before Zachary. She took out a carton of milk from her bag and gave it to him. Thank you for offering to tutor me.”

Chapter 394 I'm Not A Bunny

Since Zachary was assigned as her tutor, Cherise felt less antagonistic towards him than before.

Although he seemed like a slacker, he was less detestable than some people.

“Thanks!”

Zachary accepted the milk carton and yawned as he sipped from it. “I'm so sleepy.”

After finishing the milk, he grinned at Cherise. I'll take a nap. I woke up too early today.”

Cherise was speechless.

Zachary slept until around eleven.

“Is it time for lunch?”

He rubbed his bleary eyes and glanced at Cherise. “Why did you wake me up?”

“You were disturbing other students with your snores.”

Cherise lowered her voice. “Mr. Miles, if you want to sleep, isn’t a hotel much more comfortable than the library? Why torture yourself?”

Zachary yawned and propped his head on one arm. He smiled at Cherise. “I won’t be able to see you in the hotel.”

Cherise glared at him and continued studying.

However, she barely got through her notes when Zachary complained he was hungry.

Cherise had no choice but to go out for lunch with him.

“I recall you came to Adania to complete a task from the head of your family.”

“Do they know how free you are right now?”

Zachary shrugged. “They know.”

Then, he leaned towards Cherise’s ear and whispered mysteriously. “You probably have no idea that my mission is to accompany you in studying and help you achieve the highest grades in your

finals.”

Cherise was speechless.

Does the head of your family know how annoying you are?

Cherise took him to a diner.

1/3

Zachary had never been to Adania before. He was curious about everything.

He kept asking the owner questions about the items on the menu.

“Which is better, a club sandwich or a BLT?”

“What’s the difference between a club sandwich and a BLT?”

“What’s the difference between a wrap and a panini?”

“Do you have a grilled cheese sandwich?”

Cherise was speechless.

She noticed the owner’s growing annoyance and wished she had somewhere to hide.

However, Zachary remained oblivious and continued asking questions.

Since there was nothing she could do, she stayed in her seat and messaged Damien. Remember to eat your lunch.

Damien soon replied. "I know. You should eat properly, too.

'Okay, I will. Don't overwork yourself!"

"You too."

Cherise inexplicably calmed down when she read Damien's messages.

Her annoyance with Zachary disappeared without a trace.

"What are you reading? You seem happy."

Zachary finally turned his attention to Cherise after arguing with the owner. He sat opposite Cherise and grinned at her. "Were you messaging Damien?"

Cherise put her phone away and rolled her eyes. "Yes."

"How nice."

Zachary sighed. "When will I ever have my beloved bunny? I've been waiting for so long."

Then, he turned to Cherise excitedly. "Do you know any single bunnies with a similar personality to yours? Can you introduce them to me?"

Single... Bunny....

Cherise frowned. "Don't make me repeat this!"

“I’m not a bunny!”

2/3

“My friends aren’t bunnies either!”

However, speaking of single ladies... What about Mandy?

Cherise immediately shook her head.

Forget it. If Mandy finds a boyfriend, Jacob will be sad because he will be the only single person left.

She let out a breath and looked up. However, Zachary’s phone rang before she could say anything.

Chapter 395 I Need You

He furrowed his brow and answered the call.

“I understand.”

Zachary’s inquisitive expression vanished. He spoke coldly to the person on the phone. “He won’t die.”

“He won’t go to prison either.”

“Outsiders have no right to interfere in the matters of the Miles family

“Aunt Charisa despises people who break their promises.”

“It’s not the right time yet. Once the time is right, I’ll bring the person back to the Miles family.”

Cherise sat in her seat, sipping her tea as she listened to Zachary’s solemn voice. It felt strange to see him so serious.

If she were being honest, she would say he looked handsome in that moment.

Zachary appeared nothing like his usual talkative self. It was as if he had transformed into an entirely different person.

This made her wonder which version of Zachary was his true self.

Zachary soon ended the call.

He let out a long sigh and turned to Cherise with a playful grin. “Why are you looking at me like that? Have you fallen in love with me?”

Cherise rolled her eyes.

She should have known better than to expect him to behave normally.

After lunch, Cherise attempted to end the tutoring session with Zachary

“Zachary, you saw for yourself this morning.”

“I can study perfectly fine and focus properly without your help.

Cherise looked at him seriously. “Why don’t you deal with your own matters? You don’t have to study with me anymore.”

“To be honest, I never planned on getting a tutor. I only accepted the tutoring because my counselor was so excited about it. I didn’t want to disappoint him.”

“No, no, no.” Zachary wagged his finger. “You need me.”

1/3

Cherise groaned in frustration. “I don’t need you here.”

“No, you need me.”

Zachary looked at her and smirked with amusement. “If you insist on saying that you don’t need me, then I’ll say I need you.”

Cherise was left speechless.

“So, you’re determined to accompany me while I study for the exam?”

“That’s right.”

Zachary nodded solemnly. “I have to ensure that you achieve the highest grades in your subjects. Only then can I return home and report my success.”

Cherise didn’t know what to say.

It seemed he wasn’t lying about being assigned to monitor her studying.

Still, Cherise couldn’t slack off with Zachary around.

For the next few days, she maintained the habit of waking up at seven to go to the library and returning home at nine in the evening-

Even Damien complimented her on how hardworking she was.

Everything seemed to be going well.

Within three days, Cherise not only completed the homework for the classes she missed, but she also reviewed the lecture notes for each subject.

There were only three days left until finals.

On the fourth day, Cherise woke up early and was getting ready to go to the library when Mandy called.

“Sis...”

Mandy sounded timid on the phone. “Can you accompany me to Wool Residence?”

Cherise was taken aback. It was then that she realized it had been four days since she last visited Mandy.

In other words, Mandy had likely finished the medication and would be preparing to move to Tanner Residence.

Then, Cherise remembered Mandy tearfully mentioning that she wanted to go to Wool Residence to collect the things her mother had left behind.

She pursed her lips and considered. "Sure, I'll ask Blake to come with us."

If the Wool family were to cause trouble, Blake would retaliate immediately.

"Sure..."

Mandy pursed her lips. "Honestly... I was hoping you would bring Damien to accompany us..."

"However, Damien refused when I called him."

Cherise fell silent for a moment.

Chapter 396 Heading Into The House

"You have to understand. After all..."

After all, Maeve was at the Wool Residence.

Damien said he did not want to see his sister. He refused to acknowledge what she had become.

His refusal was expected.

"How about this?"

Cherise took a deep breath. "Give me your address. I'll bring Blake and Mr. Kolson along and accompany you to your house."

Bringing Blake alone was sufficient. With Mr. Kolson around, they would have nothing to worry about.

“Mmhmm.”

Mandy’s voice was filled with gratitude. “You’ve always treated me the best.”

“Because you’re my sister.”

Grinning, Cherise comforted her. She went downstairs and informed the two men.

Blake had no problem with it. Mr. Kolson unexpectedly agreed. “Any matters concerning Mrs. Lenoir concern us too.”

Before they left, she remembered and called Zachary. “I have something to do with my friend and won’t be going to the library. Don’t wait for me.”

“Where are you going? What will you be doing?”

Zachary sounded serious on the other end of the line. “Tell me the address. I’m going too.”

Cherise rolled her eyes. “This has nothing to do with you.”

They left after the call.

She called Damien on the way to their destination, telling him about her thoughts.

“Be careful.”

The man’s deep voice was filled with adoration. “Leave immediately after getting the things. Don’t take too long.

“I know!”

1/3

The car stopped right at the entrance when the call ended.

Mandy had been waiting for a while.

Cherise stepped out of the car, ran toward Mandy, and held her hand. "Should we go in?"

"Yes."

Mandy's face was flushed. She clasped Cherise's hand. "Thank you."

"You don't need to thank me."

Cherise was about to continue when an eye-catching sports car stopped in front of them.

The door opened, and Zachary stepped out gracefully. He looked at Cherise dejectedly. "How dare you abandon me, Bunny!"

Cherise was speechless.

How did he get here?

Dazed, Mandy looked at the man. "Who's that?"

"I'm your brother-in-law, first in line."

He leaned on the door, grinning at Mandy.

The two women were speechless.

Taking a deep breath, Cherise took a step forward and swung her bag at him. "What nonsense is that?"

"Who told you to leave me behind when you're having fun?"

He pouted and looked at Cherise innocently..

Cherise's blood boiled.

She scowled.

"This is a private matter between me and my friend! You're not involved here! Don't follow us!"

But he was already there. Would he really stay away from Cherise?

And so...

"Bunny, Bunny, what's this place?"

"Bunny, Bunny, what are we doing here?"

2/3

Irritated, Cherise rolled her eyes.

Mandy, on the other hand, explained kindly.

“This is my house. I’ve decided to sever my ties with my family and go to a faraway place. But I want to take what my mother left for me before I leave. Cherise, my sister, is here to accompany me. Do you understand? Mister?”

Zachary nodded, although he was confused. “Alright, I understand!”

The five of them slowly entered the house.

A Bugatti Veyron had been waiting at an intersection some distance from the residence for the past half hour.

Chapter 397 A Scene From A Horror Movie

Damien gripped the steering wheel with one hand, his gaze fixed on the entrance of the place they were about to enter.

It turned out that she had spent the past thirteen years in this dreadful place.

He closed his eyes, feeling a pang of guilt. As her brother, he should have rushed here as soon as he heard about her.

But fear held him back.

What if he and his once beloved sister were now on diverging paths in life?

Leaning back in the plush leather seat, Damien felt weariness wash over him, his eyes still shut.

He used to be consumed by hatred, wanting nothing more than to sever ties with the world, the Lenoir family, and anyone who had caused harm to those he cared about.

But he never expected....

His grandfather's decision that would turn his world upside down..

Lately, he had been sneaking back to the Lenoir Residence.

The old man's words echoed in his mind.

"Your hesitation and wariness towards meeting Maeve show that you've changed..."

He let out a sigh..

"At least Elvis did one good thing in his life. Otherwise, we wouldn't have Cherise, such a loving.

child."

Damien sighed again and reclined his seat.

It was Cherise's first time visiting Mandy's home.

The manor was enormous, but it exuded an eerie darkness.

The lighting inside seemed dimmer than in ordinary houses. The windows were either covered with dark, black paper or adorned with thick curtains.

The only source of light came from the swaying fixtures hanging from the ceiling.

It felt like a scene straight out of a horror movie.

“This is where I’ve lived for over a decade, Mandy whispered into Cherise’s ear.

“Her face is disfigured, so she avoids light, mirrors, and meeting people. She prefers having me stand before her so she can look at my face.”

Cherise clenched her fist silently.

The scene Mandy described was nothing short of horrifying.

They walked through the main hall and ascended the stairs to the next floor.

Mandy’s room was at the far end of the corridor.

“Mandy.”

A husky voice reverberated through the space.

Cherise turned to the source of the sound. It was a slender, middle-aged man.

He opened the study door and strode towards Mandy.

‘Smack!’

Before anyone could react, the man swung his hand and mercilessly slapped Mandy across the

face.

“Dad...”

Mandy gritted her teeth, her head spinning. Tears welled up in her eyes.

The man clenched his jaw. "DO NOT call me your father!"

He raised his hand again.

Blake was about to intervene, but Zachary was one step ahead.

Though his actions seemed nonchalant, he had a firm grip on the man's arm.

"You!"

Clinton glared. I'm teaching my daughter a lesson. Who are you to interfere?"

"Why arg

you slapping her if you're teaching her a lesson? If you were disciplining her, you would have hit her on her back."

"You!"

"What about me?"

Zachary gave him a smug look. "As your daughter's friend, it's my duty to protect her."

2/3

"Dad..."

Mandy clenched her teeth as tears streamed down her face uncontrollably.

“I don’t have a daughter like you!”

Clinton coldly glared at her.

“And now you claim this is your home? You disappeared for days, ignoring everything this family taught you, and yet you have the audacity to come back! If it weren’t for S suggesting we let you live, I would have sent people to kill you earlier!”

Clinton’s words were heartless.

Chapter 398 Meeting Maeve For The First Time

Instinctively, Mandy took a step back.

She maintained eye contact with Clinton, and a sense of unfamiliarity and indifference filled the space between them.

Truth be told, Mandy had doubts about whether to go through with taking that potion.

Her biggest worry was that Maeve might harm her father and brother once she was no longer bound by her. But now....

It had been quite some time since Mandy last visited her father, and this marked her first time seeing him after she had the chip removed from her body.

But boy, did Mandy get a shock from her father’s revelation, “If it wasn’t for Maeve telling me to spare your life, I would have ended you a long time ago!”

Mandy found herself baffled by this strange situation. Was she not her father’s biological daughter? Could Maeve be his true child and not her? How could a father treat his own flesh and blood with such cruelty?

She forced a bitter smile. "Your heartlessness only confirms my choice to have the chip removed from my body."

Apart from her mother's belongings, there was nothing in this house worth holding onto- nothing at all. She took a deep breath. "Clinton, I'm done with you. I never want to see your face again. Get out of my way; I just want to get to my room to retrieve my personal belongings."

Clinton shot Cherise a cold, raised eyebrow look. "The Wool family has invested so much and time in you, and you're just walking away?"

"Who do you think you are?"

money

Cherise narrowed her eyes and clenched her fists, positioning herself in front of Mandy. "She's a person, not a possession. At nineteen, she has every right to decide how she wants to live."

"Very well, then..."

Clap, clap, clap.

The study door creaked open, revealing a woman in a red dress seated in a wheelchair with her back facing Cherise.

"Oh, the wisdom! Who would have thought Cherry, my sister-in-law, is such a brilliant and eloquent mind?"

"She's a person, not a possession. At nineteen, she has every right to decide how she wants to live her life. The woman in the wheelchair repeated, her voice taking on an eerie, hoarse quality as

though it had been run through some strange sound device.

Cherise looked at the woman's back and was struck by a sensation that jolted her as if her blood had turned to ice. This was Maeve, the one Mandy had talked about – Damien's older sister.

"Did you not hear what Mandy said? Move it, Clinton. The woman, still with her back turned, commanded. "Do whatever she says. The chip has been removed and destroyed, and she's no longer

our property, so just let her be."

"But..." Clinton attempted to respond but was silenced by Maeve.

Maeve gave a slight smile. "Cherise, I'd like to talk to you."

Seated in the study at Wool Manor, Cherise felt an almost imperceptible tremor course through her body.

The woman before her had a face that seemed straight out of a horror movie with special effects makeup. Her features were distorted and marked by scars.

Cherise couldn't help but think back to the photos of Damien and Maeve together, and it dawned on her that Mandy's face closely resembled the way Maeve appeared back when she was Maeve.

Cherise was suddenly overwhelmed by a mix of emotions. In a way, Maeve was also someone to feel sorry for. She had lost the face she once prided herself on, which was why she went to such extremes to try and control Mandy like her very own porcelain doll.

"Drink up." The woman placed a cup of tea in front of Cherise. Her eyes, glimpsing through layers of scars, remained fixed on Cherise. "Don't worry, it's not poisoned."

Cherise took a cautious sip, forgetting to check the tea's temperature in her nervousness, and scalded her tongue, causing her to frown.

Maeve offered a faint smile. I'll keep my back to you."

She started to turn her wheelchair.

"No, that's not necessary," Cherise quickly shook her head. "I'm... okay"

Maeve gripped the wheelchair's handles, paused for a moment, and then smiled. "You're braver than I expected."

Cherise pressed her lips together and quietly set the teacup back on the table. "I bet you're wondering why I had Mandy sabotage your relationship with Damien."

Chapter 399 Elvis Shaw The Arson

Maeve didn't waste time on trivial conversations with Cherise. "You know, Mandy has labeled me a pervert for using a doppelganger to seduce my own brother. But to me, it's not perversion; in my opinion, it's taking advantage of an opportunity.

"Mandy and Damien, they were like my proteges. Especially Mandy. I shaped her and taught her everything she knows. If she follows the plan, she'll dominate Adania's high society, just like I

used to."

"Unfortunately..."

"There's nothing unfortunate about that," Cherise pursed her lips. "Mandy is an independent person with her own thoughts. You can't impose your ideas on her."

"She has the right to live life on her own terms."

Hah! The same old lame excuse.

Maeve let out a bitter laugh. "You're absolutely right. She can do as she pleases, just like Damien.

you and

"What about me, then?" Maeve's voice grew angry and raspy. She extended her scarred, disfigured hand, pointing to her ruined face. "Did I get to choose? What's left for me?"

Cherise bit her lip, looking at the horrifying sight before her, her hand clenched. "I sympathize with what you've been through, but you can't burden someone else with your misfortune. The person who started that fire thirteen years ago is to blame. Don't ruin Mandy's chance at happiness."

Maeve sneered, "So you mean I should seek revenge on the person who caused that fire and destroyed my life?"

Cherise furrowed her brow, taking a moment to think. "Well, in a way."

"Every wrongdoing has consequences; he did something he had no right to do, and he should face the consequences."

Maeve laughed once more. "You're incredibly naive. Perhaps you're still clueless even now."

Maeve's smile at the corner of her lips turned cold. "It was Elvis who caused that massive fire back then."

Cherise's expression froze immediately. Her eyes widened, her voice quivering slightly. "Which Elvis..."

"The Elvis who raised you."

Maeve's face took on a more sinister edge as she smiled. "Remember thirteen years ago when you

Maeve didn't waste time on trivial conversations with Cherise. "You know, Mandy has labeled me a pervert for using a doppelganger to seduce my own brother. But to me, it's not perversion; in my opinion, it's taking advantage of an opportunity."

"Mandy and Damien, they were like my proteges. Especially Mandy. I shaped her and taught her everything she knows. If she follows the plan, she'll dominate Adania's high society, just like I used to."

"Unfortunately..."

"There's nothing unfortunate about that," Cherise pursed her lips. "Mandy is an independent person with her own thoughts. You can't impose your ideas on her."

"She has the right to live life on her own terms."

Hah! The same old lame excuse.

Maeve let out a bitter laugh. "You're absolutely right. She can do as she pleases, just like you and Damien.

"What about me, then?" Maeve's voice grew angry and raspy. She extended her scarred, disfigured hand, pointing to her ruined face. "Did I get to choose? What's left for me?"

Cherise bit her lip, looking at the horrifying sight before her, her hand clenched. "I sympathize with what you've been through, but you can't burden someone else with your misfortune. The person who started that fire thirteen years ago is to blame. Don't ruin Mandy's chance at happiness."

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Elvis...”

“The Elvis who raised you.

Maeve’s face took on a more sinister edge as she smiled. “Remember thirteen years ago when you

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fell seriously ill and almost didn’t make it? And Elvis suddenly came home with twenty thousand to get you treated?”

Maeve’s gaze gradually became wild and deranged. “Do you know how that twenty thousand came about? It was the price for burning down my house!”

The woman’s voice was hoarse and unsettling. And every word she uttered struck Cherise to the

core.

“That day was Damien’s birthda

“You can verify it with the hospital; the day you were ill was Damien’s birthday. Those criminals had it all planned. They knew I would come back for Damien’s birthday, and they were certain my brother wouldn’t turn on the lights until I arrived, leaving him alone at home with his troubled thoughts.”

“Your uncle did their dirty work by burning down our house and destroying our lives!”

She pointed at her own disfigured face in a fit of anger. “Elvis Shaw, the man who raised you, turned me into this freak because of you.”

“By what right do you think you can marry my brother?”

Cherise slumped on the couch, her limbs turning to ice. She just stared at Maeve, her mind going blank.

Despite Maeve’s loud words, it felt as if they were miles away.

She continued to stare, unable to find the words.

She...

Thirteen years ago, the day she fell ill, it was Damien’s birthday that day.

Chapter 400 He Had Been Sincere

The Lenoir’s Manor had burned to ashes, and Maeve, Damien’s sister, was left burned and scarred by the fire. However, by some cruel twist of fate, Cherise got a second chance at life.

Cherise vividly remembered that ever since then, Elvis had refused to return to Adania. Whenever he drowned his sorrows in booze, he would blame himself for being wicked...

Cherise’s blood ran cold, and tears flowed uncontrollably. She stared at Maeve in shock. “Is that... is it true?”

“Absolutely!”

Maeve narrowed her eyes, burning with vengeful anger. “It’s all because of you that your uncle destroyed everything Damien and I had! We spent thirteen years living in fear while you married. into a wealthy family and enjoyed Damien’s love. Where’s the justice in that? That’s why I had Mandy interfere and take Damien away. I would rather see the two kids I raised together than let Damien dote on the murderer’s niece!”

Cherise’s tears finally welled up, and her vision blurred. “Does Damien know about this?”

“He didn’t know before, but he should know now.”

Maeve sneered, “By the way, you don’t know yet, do you? Elvis was arrested three days ago and confessed to what he did back then. If you doubt what I’m saying, you can ask him in person. I bet he’ll tell you the truth.”

Cherise trembled.

“Does Damien... also know about...my uncle?”

“You bet,” Maeve said succinctly.

Cherise stumbled off the sofa, finding herself on the floor in disbelief.

So... last night, Damien kissed her and asked her when they should make love again to have a baby. Were those just lies and pretense?

Now... What Maeve had shared seemed far too authentic to be dismissed as fiction. She wasn’t in the right frame of mind to process it...

“Bunny!”

Zachary stormed into the study. He hurried to Cherise, helping her up from the floor. "You! What did you say to Bunny?"

"I just told her the truth.

Maeve sneered, turned away from Cherise, and said, "I've said what I had to. You know, everyone

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should have the freedom to choose. So, I'm leaving that choice up to you. If you're determined to stay with Damien, there's not much I can do."

Cherise's body quivered in Zachary's embrace. Everything Maeve had mentioned left her feeling confused and dazed. She couldn't figure out if these were some kind of fabricated lies or...

Cherise clamped her hand over her mouth, struggling to contain her tears and sobs. Faced with these harsh truths, it was impossible to remain unaffected!

She bit her lip, making an effort not to let it get to her, not to let it disturb her. But it was in vain. She couldn't. She really, absolutely couldn't.

"Bunny!"

Zachary clenched his teeth and pulled her up from the floor. "Stop crying!

His demeanor was unusually severe, starkly contrasting with his usual playful self. He firmly held Cherise's shoulders. "Don't you dare doubt Damien's love for you!"

"Remember when you were at Tanner Manor, and he carried you back home on his back?"

"Do you recall when he put work on hold just to go shopping with you?"

“Do you remember when he playfully removed the hat from your bunny plushie on stage?”

The man’s persistent prodding into her memory gradually quelled Cherise’s tears. Every memory Zachary brought up resurrected vivid scenes and images from the past.

Indeed, Damien had always been good and sincere to her.