

## **MY BLIND 751**

### Chapter 751 I Won't Regret My Decision

Lyra looked down sadly. "After he proposed, he brought me here to meet you. Initially, he planned to introduce me to his parents and sister after we left here..."

She looked at Cherise earnestly. "Can you take me to meet his family? I'll convince them to let Zachary and I marry!"

Cherise furrowed her brow. "Lyra, I suggest you take some time to think this through. You haven't known him for long. There's no need to rush..."

"I've known him a long time!" Lyra quickly interjected, "I've liked him since we were in school!"

Cherise furrowed her brow. "You.... knew Zachary from before?"

If her memory served her right, Cherise recalled Zachary mentioned that he met his fiancée only recently.

Lyra realized she had misspoken. She quickly covered her mouth and cleared her throat. "I... I was his junior at school. He was popular, so everyone knew him. However, he didn't know me then. We only became acquainted recently."

Then, she blushed and looked down. "I've always admired him... I'm thrilled that our relationship progressed this far."

She looked into Cherise's eyes and pleaded earnestly, "Cherise, can you help me? I want to marry him, regardless of whether he wakes up."

"He mentioned he doesn't have many friends, and his relationship with his family is somewhat strained. Moreover, the only girl he ever truly liked has found her happiness."

Im genuinely worried that there will be no one to take care of him if he remains unconscious for a long time...

Lyra raised her hand and promised solemnly, "I absolutely won't regret my decision. I'll take good care of him! Please believe me!"

Lyra's eyes brimmed with unwavering determination.

"I'll help you." A stern male voice sounded from the doorway before Cherise could respond. "As long as you promise not to regret your decision."

Lyra was overjoyed. Her eyes sparkled with excitement as she looked at Damien. "Thank you! Thank you, Damien. Thank you, Cherise!"

Cherise frowned and seemed somewhat displeased as she turned to Damien. "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely." Damien smirked, "Leave it to me."

Cherise glanced at him but said no more,

Once they left the hospital and got into the car, Cherise sighed and asked, "Damien, are you really going to help Lyra win over the Miles family and marry Zachary?"

Damien hummed softly as he started the car and drove toward the kindergarten.

"Why?" Cherise took a deep breath and was somewhat puzzled by Damien's offer.

"You know we are not sure when Zachary will wake up. If Zachary remains unconscious for a long time, Lyra would be throwing her future away if she were to marry him. If Zachary knows about this, I think even he wouldn't want her to marry him."

After all, a woman's most precious time is in her twenties.

Lyra is still so young. If she leaves Zachary, her world will be filled with endless possibilities.

But if she stays by Zachary's side, her world will revolve around one thing: waiting for Zachary to wake up.

What if Zachary never wakes up? Won't that ruin her life?

Chapter 752 They're Grateful to You

Lyra's courageous affection touched Cherise, but she could not ignore the gravity of the situation. As Zachary's friend, she was reluctant to see Lyra sacrifice her future for him.

"But she is determined to be with Zachary." Damien looked ahead. His voice was steady and unwavering. "Do you know why I agreed to help her?"

Cherise shook her head.

"It's because she reminded me of you."

Cherise clutched her phone and paused momentarily.

She reminded him of me?

"She seems like you from five years ago."

Damien smiled as he recalled how they got married five years prior.

Back then, a certain naive girl had looked at him with the same earnest, persistent, and stubborn gaze. "I'm willing to marry you, care for you for a lifetime, and bear your children. I'll never regret it for a moment!"

Seeing Cherise's puzzled expression, Damien sighed. "Five years ago, did you ever consider you might regret marrying a disabled man?"

Cherise immediately shook her head. She had never thought about it.

At that time, everyone told her that he was blind and confined to a wheelchair due to disability in both legs. However, she had fallen in love with him at first sight and did not care about such things.

Thinking about this, Cherise quietly pursed her lips. I understand now."

Only the person in the relationship understood what constituted happiness. Others' so-called 'for your own good' advice were futile.

Since Lyra resolved to marry Zachary, the best she could do as Zachary's friend was to persuade the members of the Miles family with Damien and convince them to allow the wedding to proceed.

Cherise sighed upon realizing this. "Doesn't that mean I must take another leave to go to Miles Manor in Ziphon?"

Since coming to Adania, she had only worked for a day and had been on leave since. She worried what people at work would think now that she had to extend her leave.

The following day, Cherise nervously requested leave from the institute.

"It's fine. Don't worry about it." To her surprise, Mr. Whitlock, her supervisor, was very understanding. "Cherise, feel free to extend your leave if you have matters to attend to. Just make sure to submit your papers punctually every month."

Mr. Whitlock continued, "By the way, I've submitted your last paper to a professional journal. I believe it will be published soon! This is our research institute's first paper in an international journal. You are truly

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exceptional

Caught off guard by Mr. Whitlock's kind gaze, Cherise was flattered and confused "Won't the other colleagues resent me for being on leave for so long

Cherise sensed her colleagues scrutinizing her ever since she joined the institute. Their curious and probing looks made her uncomfortable. However, this was not her first time being subjected to such

attention

"No, not at all" Mr. Whitlock dismissed her concerns with a wave of his hand. He smiled and continued. "They're grateful to you!

"Grateful?" Cherise furrowed her brow.

I have only worked for a day before taking half a month off. Surely, my colleagues would be annoyed and envious. How could they be thankful

Seeing Cherise's puzzled expression, Mr. Whitlock chuckled and patted her shoulder. "It seems you're unaware. Your fiancé, Damien, sent invitations and gifts to every staff member in the institute early this morning. He is hosting a dinner and karaoke session on your behalf and has invited everyone to New World Restaurant tonight!"

Mr. Whitlock's eyes sparkled as he continued, "New World Restaurant has many of Adania's top chefs. It's a place that ordinary people wouldn't even dare to dream of going to. Mr. Lenoir is truly generous. He invited everyone from the institute."

#### Chapter 753 Repeat Those Words Again

Mr. Whitlock looked at Cherise earnestly. "Cherise, you frequently dine at New World Restaurant with Mr. Lenoir, right? How much does a meal usually cost?"

Cherise chuckled awkwardly, momentarily unsure of how to respond. It was because she was never the one to foot the bill.

Later, having finally escaped Mr. Whitlock, Cherise immediately called Damien when she left the office. "You planned to treat all my colleagues to a meal behind my back?"

"I didn't mean to hide it from you. I planned to inform you last." Damien chuckled softly on the phone. "I remember you mentioned that your colleagues dislike you because I made such a grand gesture during the proposal."

Damien's voice was deep and tender. "So, I consulted the female employees in my company. They all agreed that people feel obliged to be nice to the people they receive gifts from. As long as I keep your colleagues well-fed and well-gifted, they won't give you a hard time."

Cherise gripped her phone and felt inexplicably warmed.

She had long grown accustomed to how her colleagues perceived and gossiped about her. After all, people had regarded her with peculiar gazes during her three years in Lermille Hospital.

However, she never expected Damien, who was always busy with work, to go out of his way to seek advice from others because of a complaint she had once mentioned to him.

Moreover, he went to great lengths to shower everyone with gifts and treat them to meals, all to ensure that her colleagues treat her better in the future.

His thoughtfulness touched her. "Damien, thank you."

Damien responded affectionately. Take those words back. We are husband and wife. Those two words should never be uttered between us."

"Okay" Cherise leaned against a window along the corridor and gazed at the sky. Her lips curved into a smile. "I love you."

Since he refused to accept 'thank you,' she said 'I love you' instead.

There was a moment of silence on the other end. Then, Damien ordered sternly. "Meeting adjourned!"

Cherise was rendered speechless. Her eyes widened with embarrassment and horror..

Did he answer my call in a meeting?

She desperately wished she could find a hole to crawl into.

Cherise imagined a room full of staff silently observing Damien as he chatted with her.

Then, sounds of rustling footsteps echoed from the other end. Judging from them, there must have been twenty to thirty people in the meeting room. The realization prompted her cheeks to burn.

After a long pause, Cherise heard someone closing the door.

Then, Damien's deep voice sounded again. "Cherry, what did you say?"

Cherise pursed her lips. "Damien, did you answer my call in a meeting?"

"Yes" Damien seemed unconcerned. "I was in a meeting just now. To avoid missing your call, I asked them to pause the meeting."

He sounded a bit regretful. "If I had known you would confess, I would have adjourned the meeting as soon as you called."

Cherise was astounded. "You can hang up my call if you're in a meeting next time. I don't have anything urgent."

"Work is not as important as you." Damien reclined in his armchair and tapped his fingers on the table. "Now, repeat what you said before."

Cherise remained silent.

No! I'm not saying it!

She rolled her eyes. "I don't have anything else to say. Since we're going to New World Restaurant for dinner tonight, remember to pick me up from the research institute."

Chapter 754

Is She Your Friend?

"Sure." Damien chuckled wickedly on the other end. "We have plenty of time. I'm sure I'll hear you utter those words again."

Cherise pursed her lips. She was no longer interested in chatting with him and hung up promptly.



“Cherise, were you talking to Mr. Lenoir, your fiancé?”

The female colleague previously engaged in a lengthy discussion about Damien with her. She now boldly approached Cherise. I’m Heather Dupont, but you can call me Heather. You seem to have a good relationship with Mr. Lenoir.”

Cherise responded with an awkward laugh, “It’s all right...”

“That’s more than all right!” Heather immediately shook her head and showed Cherise the bag she was carrying. “I did some research. This bag costs around seven thousand, even when directly purchased from the brand’s boutique overseas! Yet, Mr. Lenoir gifted one to each of us. He’s incredibly generous.”

Cherise continued smiling awkwardly. “It’s nothing.”

But deep down, she could not help but inwardly scold Damien for his extravagance.

A bag worth seven thousand! Even my bag isn’t that expensive! He’s incredibly generous!

However, when she considered all that money was spent for her sake, she realized she was the cause of this. wastefulness.

Seeing that Cherise was approachable, Heather followed her into her office and chatted about various things. She even inquired about Damien and Lennon.

“Cherise, here’s what I’m thinking.” Heather looked at Cherise earnestly. “Aside from Mr. Lenoir, Lennon the most intriguing man in Adania. Moreover, he’s still single. Since you’re with Damien, I’ll pursue Lennon instead. Also, Lennon and Damien are such close friends, so let’s become best friends too.”

Cherise listened in a daze, feeling uncomfortable with every passing moment.

Even though she was not particularly fond of Lennon, she felt uneasy hearing another woman express her intention to pursue him. After all, Lucy still seemed to harbor feelings for him.

For the whole afternoon, Cherise focused on dealing with paperwork while answering Heather's queries about Lennon absentmindedly.

Finally, when Damien arrived to pick her up from the institute, Heather boldly followed Cherise into Damien's vehicle.

"Is she your friend?" Damien furrowed his brow as he glanced at the woman in the back seat through the rearview mirror.

"She's a colleague," Cherise responded with an awkward laugh.

"Since she's a colleague." Damien accurately discerned how Cherise felt about Heather from her expression. and tone. Thus, he said coldly, "Miss, I suggest you find another ride at the back."

Damien's stern tone sent a chill throughout the car. Even the outgoing Heather could not ignore his unwelcoming demeanor. Terrified, she hurriedly exited the car and joined her other colleagues on the bus.

The door closed with a thud.

Damien withdrew his frosty demeanor. His eyes crinkled with amusement as he observed the helpless woman in the rearview mirror. "You're still the same as before and never learned to say no."

Cherise pursed her lips. "She was friendly and chatted with me all afternoon. I couldn't kick her out."

It was not that she disliked Heather. Instead, she found her too noisy. Moreover, Cherise felt.

uncomfortable listening to her constant chatter about her desire to pursue Lennon.

## 755 A Shocking Revelation

Cherise's phone rang as Damien started the car.

It was a call from the detention center. "Ms. Shaw, Ursula attempted suicide in her cell, and we barely saved her life. She asked to see you. Will you be willing to meet her?"

Cherise was astounded. Ursula tried to take her own life?

She frowned and asked, "Are you sure it was Ursula who attempted suicide and not Rowena?"

"It was Ursula." The police officer confirmed. "Ms. Shaw, we wouldn't make such a mistake. The one who tried to end her life is the younger sister. The elder sister is in a different cell."

Cherise pursed her lips. "I'll be there shortly."

Even though she was not fond of Ursula, it was still a life at stake. Furthermore, after Cherise played Ursula an audio recording that proved Rowena had been manipulating her, Ursula broke down in tears. It seemed unlikely that Ursula would conspire against her with Rowena anymore.

Thus, she turned to Damien, who was driving. "We must go to the hospital. Ursula tried to kill herself."

Damien's brow furrowed slightly. His voice was laced with indifference. "Are you still concerned about the Two sisters?"

"I'm not, but Ursula asked to see me." Cherise took a deep breath before continuing. "Perhaps she has something important to tell me."

Damien fell silent for a moment. Eventually, he turned the car around. "I'll go with you. Ursula has always been hostile toward you."

Cherise and Damien arrived at the hospital half an hour later.

The hospital room smelled strongly of disinfectant.

Ursula sat up, leaning against the headboard. Her face was ashen. Meanwhile, her left wrist was swathed in thick bandages, and crimson stains seeped through the layers.

Her pale lips twisted into a sardonic smile when Cherise and Damien entered the room. "Why? Are you still concerned that I might harm her in this condition?"

Damien ignored her question. "What do you want from Cherise?"

"Nothing much." Ursula looked at Cherise and smiled weakly. "I wish to say goodbye."

"Tomorrow, I will go to court and accuse Rowena of fraud and deceiving Mr. Lenoir's trust to extort valuables from him. However, I will likely be sentenced for attempting to run you over."

Her voice was as raspy as before but now devoid of arrogance. Moreover, every word she uttered was steeped in resignation and melancholy.

"I should thank you. Without you, I would have been Rowena's puppet for the rest of my life. Do you know she still called me 'sis' when she arrived at the detention center? It disgusts me..."

Cherise pursed her lips. "Ursula, I understand that you feel despair from being betrayed by your loved ones. But... you're still young, you can't give up on life yet..."

Although Cherise felt no affection for Ursula, she was still a doctor. It pained her to see someone attempting to take their life. Thus, she felt compelled to counsel Ursula.

“Thank you for caring about me.” Ursula smiled. Her eyes were filled with self-derision. “I was foolish to plot against you and cause you trouble...”

Then, she sighed and looked up at Cherise before continuing, “I have something to tell you.”

“Go ahead.”

“Before this...” Ursula closed her eyes. “I bribed one of your servants under Rowena’s orders and stole latest research paper.”

Her revelation cast a momentary silence over the hospital room.

Cherise frowned. “You stole my research paper?”

“Yes.” Ursula smiled bitterly. “Rowena said your non-biological sister wanted it.”

Chapter 756 It’s Too Late

“That day, a woman came to collect the research papers. I suspect your sister intends to use them against you in the future. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have gone through so much trouble to have me steal them for

her.”

After saying that, she looked into Cherise’s eyes and smiled sadly. “I have nothing with which to repay you. I can only offer you this warning so you can be prepared.”

Cherise furrowed her brow and sighed. “Thank you.”

“You don’t have to thank me.” Ursula sighed. Her face was still pale. “Previously, I could never understand. why Damien would reject Rowena’s advances and go around the world looking for you. Now I finally understand...”

“You’re kinder, more virtuous, and endearing than Rowena. If I hadn’t tried to harm you on Rowena’s behalf, I might have also desired to be friends with you.”

After uttering these words, Ursula closed her eyes. “I’ve said all that I have to say. You can leave now.”

Cherise looked at Ursula’s face, wanting to say something, but ultimately, she remained silent. She turned to Damien instinctively.

Damien furrowed his brow. “How did you know Gwenn?”

“We have known Gwenn from the beginning. That’s how we were able to act as your saviors.”

Ursula smiled bitterly. “Do you think Rowena could have tricked you all by herself, making you believe she was the one who rescued you? It was always Gwenn who controlled everything behind the scenes.”

“Gwenn knew what Cherise wore that day. She even knew when Cherise appeared and details about how she saved you. Those details were so numerous that it felt like she was right there at the scene of the fire. Perhaps the fire was orchestrated by her.”

Then, Ursula paused and looked at Damien: “Didn’t you also fall for her scheme?”

Damien narrowed his eyes. His gaze gradually turned cold.

On the day of the massive fire three years ago, a business partner invited him for a drink. He kept mentioning Cherise, causing Damien to drink more than usual.

Moreover, Damien usually had good alcohol tolerance. Yet, he passed out after a few drinks that day and only regained consciousness after being rescued from the fire.

Ursula's words triggered his memory. The business partner who drank with him that day used to have frequent business dealings with the Tanner family.

"Dame?" Cherise voice awakened Damien from his reverie.

"Let's go."

Cherise held his hand before turning to Ursula. "Please take care."

Then, she looked at Damien. "My colleagues are still waiting for us."

Damien narrowed his eyes and gave Ursula a final glance before leaving with Cherise.

Cherise called her supervisor as they traveled to New World Restaurant. "Mr. Whitlock, there might be a problem with my paper. Can you retract it from the academic journal?"

Since Gwenn had gotten the research papers, Cherise suspected she might want to cause trouble with the copyright.

Mr. Whitlock was enjoying a drink at the restaurant. "Why do you want to retract it? Your paper is so well-written. What could be wrong? Besides, I submitted it several days ago. They've probably finished reviewing it by now. It's too late to retract it!"

Cherise pursed her lips. Her hand holding the phone trembled slightly. "Can you tell me which journal submitted it to? I'll request them to retract it myself."

you

“I think it was the SumTimes.”

Chapter 757 Zac and Lucy’s Spat

Mr. Carlos, probably a little tipsy, responded vaguely.

Cherise’s grip tightened around her phone at the mention of SumTimes, Gwenn’s workplace. The mere idea of Gwenn tampering with her academic paper sent a wave of nausea.

For the past five years, Cherise had consciously avoided conflict with Gwenn. Engaging with someone like her held no appeal, and Cherise had her own life and responsibilities to prioritize. But the more she avoided, the brazen Gwenn became, especially lately.

Cherise closed her eyes and drew a deep breath, knowing the time for settling scores with Gwenn was coming.

However, the immediate concern was Zachary and Lyra’s wedding. He had gotten injured shielding her, and she felt obligated to see the arrangements in his absence.

With this thought in mind, they arrived at the New World Restaurant. Damien, ever composed, opened her door and said, “I have friends at SumTimes. Don’t worry, I’ll get them to look into this.”

Cherise finally allowed her grip to relax, a wave of relief washing over her. She knew Gwenn wouldn’t back down easily, but with Damien on her side, she had nothing to fear.

Together, they walked hand-in-hand into the lively venue.

Damien had reserved the entire third floor of the New World Restaurant for the lab gathering. As Cherise and Damien walked up the stairs, the sounds of laughter and lively chatter reached their ears.



A smile spread across Cherise's face; it had been long since she had attended such a vibrant event.

Sometimes, when life throws you curveballs, seeing others reveling in joy can be just the antidote your spirit needs.

Pushing open the door to the third floor, they were met with an eruption of cheers. Heather, beaming, instantly calling out, "Hey, Cherry! Mr. Lenoir!"

Mr. Carlos, brimming with excitement, approached Damien with a raised wine glass.

Cherise smiled, her grip tightening on Damien's hand. Just as she was about to join the festivities, her eyes fell upon Lennon. Seated next to Heather, he was engaged in a lively conversation, occasionally taking a sip from his drink..

A sudden unease washed over Cherise, prompting a frown.

She couldn't help but imagine how Lucy would react if she walked in on Damien sharing such intimacy with another woman. It mirrored the same discomfort Cherise felt when she encountered Lucy's husband, intimately conversing and sharing drinks with another woman at a bar alone.

With pursed lips, Cherise contemplated whether to inform Lucy. As if summoned by her thoughts, the door swung open, revealing Lucy clad in black. She walked in with a purposeful stride, oblivious to Cherise and Damien standing by the entrance.

Her eyes immediately found Lennon, and she marched towards him briskly, leaving no room for

"Have you already forgotten what I told you? No drinking, remember? Is your liver on a suicide mission? And your stomach, is it looking forward to retirement?" Lucy's voice cut through the festive atmosphere.

She snatched the glass from Heather's hand, which she had just filled for Lennon, and slammed it on the floor. The shattering sound echoed through the room, abruptly silencing the festive crowd.

“I don’t care if you wish to kill yourself, but before you do, please donate your kidneys to someone who actually wants to live!

Lucy’s words, laced with raw anger and fierce determination, silenced the entire third floor. Brimming with conversations and laughter, the previously boisterous crowd froze.

All eyes turned towards her, the once joyous atmosphere replaced by a tense silence, broken only by hushed whispers.

Heather felt her face burn with shame. The shattered glass on the floor served as a reminder of her actions. Despite knowing his health concerns, she invited Lennon, filled his glass, and encouraged him to drink. Now, she was forced to confront the consequences of her behavior.

#### Chapter 758 The Buzzkill

Although intended for Lennon, Lucy’s outburst ended up mortifying Heather.

Her colleagues, aware of Heather’s earlier actions, started casting her curious glances and murmuring.

Lennon chuckled, lifting his gaze to meet Lucy’s with indifference. “Why should I give up something that belongs to me? My health is my own d@mn business; who are you to tell me what to do?”

A hint of mockery played on his chiseled face. “Who do you think you are?”

Lucy’s fists clenched tightly. Her gaze locked with his, anger sparking in her eyes. “Who do I think I am? You tell me!”

“If it weren’t for your grandfather’s constant reminders to look after you and the exploitative contract I signed with your family, do you think I’d bother with you? No one would bat an eye if you died!”

“Excuse me, aren’t you being a bit of a buzzkill?” Heather, unable to tolerate it any longer, stood up.

“Lenn is perfectly healthy: I’ve never heard of him being hospitalized! He knows his limits; he doesn’t need your unwanted intervention. What a party pooper you are! We have a room full of medical professionals here. We don’t need you to play the savior!”

Desperate to save face, Heather deliberately portrayed her relationship with Lennon as more intimate than it actually was.

Lucy raised an eyebrow at Heather’s words. Turning her head, she gave Heather a glacial stare. “And you are?”

“I-I’m... Lenn’s friend, of course!”

Lucy’s smile was faint, almost mocking. “Lenn, you say? You two do seem quite close.”

She turned to Lennon, still seated with a bored expression. “Quite a hard worker, aren’t you?”

Heather felt a pang of guilt, but the watchful eyes of her colleagues prevented her from backing down. Suddenly, she remembered Cherise, her new friend and the star of the evening and her lover, Damien.

This realization rekindled Heather’s confidence. Taking a deep breath, she turned to Cherise, “Cherise, darling, could you have security remove this woman?”

“This dinner was arranged by you and Damien for our colleagues, and this intruder is causing a scene.

you think you should do something about it?”

Don’t you

As soon as Heather finished speaking, Lucy instinctively turned her head, meeting Cherise’s gaze.

Lucy smiled. "So, she's your colleague?"

Cherise coughed awkwardly. "Uh, yeah..."

Lucy yawned nonchalantly. "You have quite an interesting group of colleagues. This one seems eager to show me the door."

Cherise chuckled. "Of course not. If anyone needs to be shown the door, it should be those who don't play by the rules."

Her gaze shifted to Heather, her voice thick with disapproval, "C'mon, Heather, you're being a bit too much here."

Gesturing towards Lucy, "My friend is Lennon's physician entrusted with his health and well-being. Seeing him chugging down like this naturally upset her. As a fellow healthcare professional, wouldn't you understand such a concern? Why are you trying to create unnecessary drama? You should've at least asked about his health restrictions before offering him alcohol, don't you think?"

Heather's face flushed scarlet at Cherise's words.

#### Chapter 759 Lucy's Stomach Doing Flips

Never in a million years would Heather have guessed that this seemingly enraged woman, unleashing her fury on Lennon, was Cherise's close friend! It made Heather feel insignificant and a pang of hurt as a relative newcomer to Cherise's circle.

Taking a deep breath, she prepared to speak. However, Lennon, who had been observing the scene with a frosty demeanor, interjected with a scoff.

"Heather simply wasn't aware. I don't make a habit of broadcasting my medical history. Besides, you should know better than anyone whether I'm 'fit' or 'capable' enough, I supposed?"

He said, his eyes flashing with a hint of insinuation and challenge.

Lucy's hands clenched into fists at her sides, but she quickly replaced her anger with a smirk as she pulled up a chair beside Lennon. "Fine. Whatever you drink, I'll match."

With that, she shot a frosty glare across the table at Heather. "How many drinks has he had?"

Heather was completely blindsided. This turn of events was unexpected. Hesitantly, she raised three fingers.

"Three, it is. Lucy grabbed the bottle, filled her glass, and downed it. Without pausing, she poured another and repeated the process several times.

When she finished her third drink, the hand holding the glass was shaking slightly.

She looked at Heather, "If I hadn't smashed that last drink on the floor, it would have been four, right?"

Heather, speechless, could only manage a nod.

Ignoring the tremor in her hand, Lucy poured herself another drink. Just as she raised the glass to her lip Lennon's face hardened. He snatched the glass from her grasp and hurled it against the floor, where glass shards were scattered everywhere.

He roared, "Have you lost your mind?!"

While Lucy had a high tolerance for alcohol, her stomach was less forgiving. Having consumed so much on an empty stomach, she knew the consequences wouldn't be far behind.

"I was just being your drinking buddy. Now we both feel like death warmed over, so let's toast to that! Come! Toast to being partners in misery until the very end! Maybe even rivals in the next life!"

She reached for another drink with a nonchalant shrug, but Lennon grabbed her wrist firmly.

“Enough, Lucy!” he exclaimed. His voice was a low growl, but his eyes held a concern that betrayed his anger.

Heather, silent until now, finally understood. In fact, there was no way she could miss it; Lennon was clearly head over heels for Lucy.

Feeling embarrassed, Heather turned away.

Meanwhile, Lucy fiercely shook off Lennon’s hand. “Cut the act, Lenn! I’m not falling for it anymore. Just, fu\*k off!”

With that, she stormed out. Then, she stopped dead in her tracks, turned away from Lennon, and flashed Cherise a quick, discreet sign.

One look at Lucy’s pale face and urgent gesture was enough for Cherise to understand. This girl was putting on a strong front, but her stomach was probably doing somersaults.

Cherise bit her lip, wanting to intervene, but Lucy waved her off. Even in pain, she wouldn’t let Lennon see her weakness.

But just as she took another step, the world tilted on its axis, before Lucy could react, she was swept up in a warm, firm embrace.

Lennon’s voice, with a hint of teasing, came from above. “Don’t think I haven’t noticed your stomach doing flips. You’re not very good at hiding it, you know.”

He turned and walked out, carrying Lucy with ease, bridal style. Cherise, biting her lip, was about to follow them when Damien stepped in her path, blocking her way.

## Chapter 760 Truth and Truth

“Lenn will take care of her, don’t worry,” Damian reassured Cherise.

Cherise scowled. “No way! I don’t trust him!”

“But think about it,” he continued. “You only noticed Lucy’s discomfort from her gestures, while Lennon could tell from her posture alone. That’s the difference between you two. Do you still think he’s incapable of caring for her?”

Cherise pursed her lips, speechless for a moment.

Noticing Cherise didn’t chase after Lennon and Lucy, Heather rushed over, snuggled into her arms, whining. “Cherise!! Waaaah, what should I do? Even Lennon has his princess charming now... What am I supposed to do?”

Cherise was dumbfounded by Heather’s childish and flirty response. She rolled her eyes, pursed her lips, and thought, “Duh, how would I know?”

However, holding Heather in her arms, Cherise felt a sense of relief. Relief that Lennon wasn’t the type to abandon Lucy for a new acquaintance. He still chose to stay with Lucy in the end!

After a brief interruption, the banquet continued in full swing. Damien was right. This banquet had indeed. closed the gap between Cherise and her colleagues.

Initially, everyone was reserved, but as the night progressed, they even invited Cherise and Damien to play.

Truth or Dare.

While Cherise excelled in academic research, this type of game was unfamiliar territory. She consistently lost, so she cautiously opted for Truth each time.

“When did you start having feelings for Mr. Lenoir?” Heather asked excitedly, resting her chin on her hands.

Seated on the sofa, Damien also observed her with a hint of interest.

Cherise blushed but answered truthfully, “I think it was about five years ago.”

A collective gasp filled the room. “Five years! That’s a long time!”

“Cherise, you’ve liked Mr. Lenoir for that long?”

Cherise nodded, her face burning, “Yes...”

The next round of Truth or Dare rolled around, and it was still Cherise’s turn. Mr. Carlos, his curiosity piqued, asked, “So, what do you find so appealing about Mr. Lenoir?”

Cherise thought carefully for a moment, then blushed deeply as she confessed, “Well, everything, I guess?”

But the playful jabs didn’t stop there. The group bombarded her with questions about her first kiss, their first night together, and their most recent encounter.

Cherise wasn’t exactly an open book. Discussing such intimate details, especially in front of her male



colleagues, was completely out of her comfort zone.

Flustered, she lowered her head, stammering and unsure how to respond.

Just then, Damien intervened, gently pulling her into his embrace and kissing her forehead. "Alright, guys, give her a break. My Cherry gets shy easily. If you scare her away and she refuses to play with me, I'll hold you all personally responsible."

Their playful banter continued, the teasing veiled in ambiguity. Cherise's face burned even hotter. She nestled deeper into Damien's arms, too embarrassed to lift her head.

"You can ask me instead." Damien offered, his voice deep and calming. Everyone exchanged glances, a little hesitant. Cherise was their colleague, so they could be informal. But Damien....

Finally, Heather braved a question, "Mr. Lenoir, when did you start having feelings for Cherise?"

Damien replied smoothly, "The moment she started having feelings for me."

After a lively and entertaining evening with the bunch, Cherise hummed a happy tune on the way home.

Damien watched her from the driver's seat, his gaze filled with love and admiration. "Still floating on cloud. nine, I see?"