

## **MY BLIND 811**

### Chapter 811 I'm Happy

Cherise glanced at her watch as she spoke. It was already past ten at night.

Since finishing lunch, Damien had been busy making arrangements for Zachary's wedding. After the wedding ceremony ended, he also had to manage the evening banquet and didn't have a chance to eat anything.

Yet, he now claimed to have no appetite. This was concerning because even the strongest person would be exhausted by now.

Damien glanced at Cherise and smiled. "If I remember correctly, someone indulged in a lot of food at the wedding."

"During the wedding ceremony, everyone was focused on the bride and groom exchanging vows, but a certain food lover went to the dessert table and ate a lot. After the wedding, she even had a drumstick and continued eating..."

Damien's voice was loud enough that the doctors and nurses passing by in the corridor looked at Cherise incredulously.

Seeing her reputation about to be tarnished, Cherise immediately frowned, "I have a healthy appetite.

What's wrong with that?"

I offer to take him out for dinner for his sake, wanting to ensure he eats something. Yet, he dares to embarrass me in public?

Does he want to sleep outside tonight? He has no sense of self-preservation at all!

"Okay." Damien smiled faintly and gently pinched Cherise's cheek. "Let's go out for dinner. What would you like to have?"

Cherise glanced at the time.

Life in Ziphon was slower than in Adania, and most residents went to bed at around eight or nine at night. The only eateries still open at this hour were probably street stalls.

Thus, she turned to Damien and asked tentatively, "How about... we go to a street stall?"

"Sure." Damien frowned slightly but did not object. He held Cherise's hand and led her out of the hospital.

But when Damien was about to go to his car on the ground floor, Cherise stopped him.

"Since we're going to a street stall... we should walk or take a taxi."

Every one of Damien's cars was too eye-catching. They would attract too much attention if they drove one to a street stall.

Damien frowned and considered briefly. "Sure."

"There's a stall nearby!" Cherise checked the directions on her phone and excitedly grabbed Damien's hand. "Let's go!"

Damien nodded. "Mm."

The two strolled hand in hand beneath the street lights, occasionally hearing the sound of a car whizzing by. The scene felt so romantic that Cherise's heart fluttered.

A long time ago, she watched a drama where the female protagonist's happiest moment was walking hand in hand with the male protagonist under the street lights at night. She remembered how envious she felt watching the protagonists being together. Now, it was finally her turn.

The man beside her was the man she loved the most, and their present scene was what she had once longed for. Perhaps this was what true happiness felt like.

"What are you smiling about?" Damien asked softly, sensing the emotions of the woman beside him.

"I'm... happy." Cherise looked up with a smile. "I'm very happy."

“What are you happy about?”

“I’m happy that there’s no real animosity between us. I’m happy that your dad and my mom are good people.”

Cherise paused before adding. “I’m happy... that five years ago, you wanted me to stay, right?”

When Maeve apologized earlier, Cherise knew Maeve left many things unsaid. Furthermore, Cherise also understood what Maeve wanted to say, which was that five years ago, Damien didn’t want to let her go.

Chapter 812 Lying To Save Her

At that time, Maeve was constantly pressuring Damien with their family ties and how she had risked her life for him. Damien had no choice but to watch helplessly as Cherise left.

Reflecting on it, Cherise could sense the despair in Damien’s heart at that moment.

It must have been unbearable for him. He must have felt hopeless... Fortunately, that’s all in the past now.

Cherise smiled at Damien and asked, “Damien, have you fallen so deeply in love with me that you can’t. break free?” Her face flushed with embarrassment after saying that. She had never been so

daring before.

Damien paused and looked at her. "What would you do if I said yes?"

Cherise blushed. "If you said yes, I would be overjoyed to the point of happiness!"

"Die?" Damien arched an eyebrow and playfully ruffled her hair. "You can't die yet. I look forward to having more children with you. Since telling the truth could harm you, I'll have to lie."

Damien's eyes sparkled with amusement. "Listen carefully. I'm not hopelessly in love with you."

Cherise was momentarily stunned, but suddenly, her face turned beet red.

When did he become so skilled at teasing me?

She had said that if he admitted to being hopelessly in love with her, she would be overjoyed to the point of happiness. Then, he responded that he did not want her to die, so he lied about not loving her that much. But the truth was he was truly and hopelessly in love with her.

Cherise's eyes crinkled as she smiled. She threw herself into Damien's arms. "Hubby, I love you so much.\*

"I know." Damien gently patted her back. "Unfortunately, I have to ask you to let me go."

Cherise frowned and looked up at him in confusion. "What do you mean?"

“What I mean is...” Damien glanced at the nearby food stall. “We’ve arrived at the place to eat.”

Cherise was momentarily stunned. Then, her cheeks blushed as she looked up. They had indeed arrived at the stall.

The stall owner was busy barbecuing food at a nearby stall. Customers were seated at tables scattered near the stall. There were couples, friends, and a few lively individuals drinking and chatting.

As the aroma of the barbecue wafted through the air, Cherise couldn’t help but take a deep breath.

“It smells so good!” Cherise quickly grabbed Damien’s hand. “Let’s get some food!”

Damien nodded helplessly, allowing Cherise to drag him as they dashed to the stall.

“Mister, I want this, this, and this!” After saying this, Cherise turned around, intending to pull Damien to the stall, only to find him staring at something across the street. She frowned and followed his gaze.

Gwenn stood under the street lamp on the opposite side of the street. She was dressed in a red outfit

and was smoking and laughing while chatting with someone on the phone. Sensing Cherise and

Damien’s gaze, Gwenn casually glanced at Cherise and smiled. She mouthed something.

Cherise knew what Gwenn was saying “I haven’t lost yet.”

“Hubby” Cherise pouted, pulling Damien to sit in the chair by the food stall. “Don’t look at her. She will only ruin your mood.”.

After saying that, she quickly changed the subject, showing Damien the menu. I ordered this, this, and this... I remember you haven’t eaten at this kind of stall before, right?”

Damien shifted his gaze away from Gwenn and calmly watched Cherise trying to cheer him up. was smoking and laughing while chatting with someone on the phone. Sensing Cherise and Damien’s gaze, Gwenn casually glanced at Cherise and smiled. She mouthed something.

Cherise knew what Gwenn was saying. “I haven’t lost yet.”

“Hubby.” Cherise pouted, pulling Damien to sit in the chair by the food stall. “Don’t look at her. She will only ruin your mood.”.

After saying that, she quickly changed the subject, showing Damien the menu. “I ordered this, this, and this... I remember you haven’t eaten at this kind of stall before, right?”

Damien shifted his gaze away from Gwenn and calmly watched Cherise trying to cheer him up.

Chapter 813 You Asked For It

He knew Cherise was trying to cheer him up, thinking he was in a bad mood. In reality, he was not angry.

Although he was furious about the past events, he felt somewhat relieved after confronting Raymond.

Fortunately, despite his father and Raymond being brothers, his father was completely different from his brother.

If he had not accompanied Cherise to Miles Manor at the time and met Patricia, he might still have doubts about his father's character. Thankfully, it was all a misunderstanding.

"Hubby, are you listening?"

Seeing Damien remain silent, Cherise quickly tugged his shirt to grab his attention, "Did you hear anything I said?"

Damien looked at her and smiled. "Can you repeat it?"

"Fine, I'll repeat it." Cherise pouted and continued, "Stop daydreaming. You make me feel silly for talking to myself."

"You are a silly girl who talks to herself!"

A drunken male voice interrupted just as Cherise finished speaking. Then, an overweight man holding a beer bottle sat beside Cherise. He stared at her, squinting his eyes. "Babe, your handsome boy is

ignoring you! So why don't you have a nice chat with me? I'll pay full attention to you and listen to everything you say."

As he spoke, his gaze swept over Cherise's chest. "Wow, quite busty, huh? Nice! They must feel great to touch!"

Cherise turned pale and instinctively covered her chest.

She wore a form-fitting dress to attend Zachary and Lyra's wedding. The snug fit accentuated her naturally beautiful figure, exuding a restrained yet sensual charm,

After the earlier incident, Cherise was unsettled and had not had the chance to change her clothes.

Now, prompted by this sleazy man's words, she realized the nature of her attire.

"You're too noisy."

Damien stood up before the sleazy man could speak again.

Unexpectedly, the sleazy man was a skilled fighter and raised his hand to strike Damien. However,

Damien swiftly grabbed the man's wrist and twisted it hard.

"Argh!" The man's howl reverberated through the entire street.

With that howl, the man's companions behind him could no longer stay seated. A group of them

aggressively overturned the tables and came menacingly toward Damien.

“You should be honored that my friend wanted to flirt with your woman. How dare you hit him? I’ll make

you regret it!”

Diet and gladly at the group of people. His knuckles cracked as he clenched his hands. I’m as a good day. Although

you is a bit beneath me and fra

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She was so flustered that she didn’t even put on the jacks. Instead, she frantically called Mr. Kolon and

Biske for help

Calling for backup

As Cherise was using her phone, the sleazy man Damien had beaten up watched it away. Have you seen

how many friends I have?

Damien sneered and glanced coldly at the group of people. His knuckles cracked as he clenched his

hands. “So be it. I’m not in a good mood today. Although beating you is a bit beneath me, you asked for

it.”

With that, he took off his jacket and threw it onto Cherise. “Put this on.”

The jacket obscured Cherise’s vision. By the time she pulled it off her head, Damien had already started fighting the thugs.

She was so flustered that she didn’t even put on the jacket. Instead, she frantically called Mr. Kolson and Blake for help.

“Calling for backup?”

As Cherise was using her phone, the sleazy man Damien had beaten up snatched it away. “Have you seen how many friends I have?”

Chapter 814 A Man Of Character

Cherise looked around, bewildered. The stall was now completely surrounded by men ready to fight.

Instinctively, she stepped back and turned to the sleazy man. “What...”

It was evident that these thugs were prepared. Otherwise, they wouldn’t have gathered so quickly just to harass a woman dining there. Instead, it seemed like they had been lurking around, waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

Cherise glanced at Damien, who was still engaged in a fierce battle. Although she knew her husband was formidable, he couldn't take on ten opponents simultaneously. Moreover, it seemed like there were hundreds of them.

Under these circumstances, Damien would have to be superhuman to win. But the reality was, no matter how strong he was, he couldn't fight off so many at once.

"Hehe, do you see how powerful I am now?" The sleazy man laughed at Cherise. "If you don't want your man to end up with broken legs and arms, you better serve me well!"

Cherise closed her eyes and knew she couldn't let this continue. She recalled her past experiences, including how she dealt with Tristan five years ago and the times she faced danger.

She took a deep breath and picked up a beer bottle with trembling hands before smashing it against the table. After the bottle shattered, she held a piece of glass in her hand.

Filled with sudden courage, she pressed the glass shard against the sleazy man's heart. "Since you came prepared, I guess your boss didn't tell you I'm an excellent cardiac surgeon."

She bit her lip, trying to keep her voice steady. "I can accurately locate your heart. If I push this down, your. life is over."

Her fierce gaze frightened the sleazy man.

“Don’t believe me? Look it up. My name is Cherise. I used to be a cardiac surgeon at Lermille Hospital,” Cherise continued coldly.

“If you’re as good as you claim, kill him.”

Just as Cherise thought she had scared the sleazy man, a middle-aged man in a suit strolled over, fanning himself. “Stab his heart with the glass. I’m curious to see how long it takes for a person to die after their heart is pierced.”

Then, the slender middle-aged man casually sat on a chair. He glanced at the still-fighting Damien with eyes full of mockery. “Impressive skills.”

After that, he turned to Cherise. “And impressive courage. But why did you provoke someone you shouldn’t have?”

The middle-aged man fanned himself and continued, “Since you know someone hired us, would you like to hear our employer’s exact words?”

After ruthlessly smashing his fist into the face of the man in front of him, Damien turned around and

pulled Cherise into his protective embrace. Then, he looked coldly at the middle-aged man, saying, “If you have something to say, I’m interested in hearing it.”

The middle-aged man glanced at Cherise, securely protected in Damien’s embrace. He smiled with a hint of admiration. “Not bad, you’re a real man.”

“I’ve been in this line of work for a long time and have seen countless couples abandon each other when faced with great danger. I’ve also witnessed many men betray their women at critical moments.”

“The fact that you can protect your woman so well in times like this shows that you’re a man of character.”

Chapter 815 He Owes Me

The middle-aged man smiled slightly and said. “Since both of us are courageous. I won’t beat around the bush. The person who hired us said that either you hand over your woman to us... Or. both of you die here tonight

He glanced at Damien indifferently before continuing. But seeing how much you care for the woman in your arms. I don’t think you’ll choose either of the first two options. So, how about I offer you a third choice?”

The middle-aged man looked into Damien’s eyes. “If you’re willing to die here. I can spare your woman.

I won't trouble her again and will ensure her safety. After all, her man is someone willing to sacrifice for

her

Damien narrowed his eyes. "What if I don't choose any of the three options?"

His deep voice mixed with hostility and anger. 'I don't trust anyone else to take care of her. I've lost her

for five years, and she hasn't fared well in my absence. I don't trust anyone except myself. Only by

staying alive can provide the best care for her and our children!"

Damien coldly stared at the middle-aged man. 'If you want to fight, let's fight. If you want to kill me, just

do it. No need for all this nonsense.

Cherise, held securely in Damien's arms, began to weep.

"Mr. Aquino, why waste your time talking to them?" The sleazy man who harassed Cherise frowned

and tried to persuade the middle-aged man. "Our client gave us so much money. We should do our job

properly!"

The middle-aged man called Mr. Aquino gave the sleazy man a cold glance. Even though we've taken

the client's money, we should still have our principles! This is the rule I've followed all these years"

Cherise froze when she heard the surname Aquino. She quickly broke free of Damien's embrace and looked at Mr. Aquino in astonishment. "Are you Jarvi Aquino?"

Mr. Aquino gripped his cane and raised his eyebrows slightly. He looked at Cherise and smirked with a hint of mockery. "Why? Have you heard about me?"

"I have!" Cherise answered decisively. "My mother mentioned you before she passed away?"

Before Charisa Miles passed away, she recounted her experiences over the decades to Cherise. She talked about her love and marriage with Beckham, her subsequent revenge, and even her rise to fame in Ziphon

In Charisa Miles' stories about Ziphon, there was a man named Jarvi Aquino.

Charisa was already confined to her sickbed at the time. She held Cherise's hand and smiled. Speaking of Jarvi, it was dramatic. Not many people know I saved this well-respected underworld boss in Ziphon

Charisa paused before continuing. "Back then, he was being hunted down, covered in blood, and collapsed next to a trash can. I found him, took him home, and gave him a second chance at life. If not for my compassion, he wouldn't have returned to his gang and become the revered Mr. Aquino

"He's an interesting person. Although he always takes money for his services, he has his principles

Charisa paused before continuing, "Cherry, if you or Damien ever encounter problems in Ziphon, you can find Jarvi. He owes me a big favor, and I've never asked him to repay me!"

Chapter 816 I Admired Her

Five years ago, Cherise could never have imagined that the past events Charisa had told her would save her in this critical moment.

Thanks to her excellent memory, she recalled Jarvi's name and remembered Charisa describing him as a man of integrity.

"Your mother?" Jarvi gazed at Cherise, and furrowed his brow.

Only now did he start to closely examine Cherise's face. Previously, he had simply regarded her as his prey, and a prey meant nothing to him.

But now, as he looked at Cherise's round face and eyes, memories of a determined woman inexplicably appeared in his mind.

She and her... are too similar.

"My mother is Charisa Miles." Cherise took a deep breath, met Jarvi's gaze, and continued earnestly,

"Charisa Miles, the former head of the Miles family, is my mother. She told me about you before she

passed away five years ago. She said I could seek your help if I ever encountered trouble in Ziphon.”

After uttering those words, Cherise took a deep breath and retrieved a photo of her and Charisa from

her pocket. She handed it to Jarvi, saying, “Currently, I don’t have any other means to prove that

Charisa is my mother. This photo is all I have with me. If you don’t believe me, you can follow me to my

hotel. I have some belongings in my suitcase that can verify my identity.”

Jarvi was briefly stunned. He quickly stepped forward and snatched the photo from Cherise’s hand.

The photo depicted the woman before him and Charisa. Charisa appeared extremely haggard and had

a frighteningly pale complexion. It was evident that she was gravely ill.

Jarvi’s hand trembled violently as he held the photo. He was aware of Charisa’s condition five years

ago and had tried to visit her when her illness was severe.

However, people from Miles Manor had informed him that Charisa was with her daughter and husband.

She did not wish to see anyone else in her final moments and only desired to be with the people she

cared about the most.

That night, Jarvi couldn’t sleep. He finally understood how it felt to be considered unimportant by

someone he cared about. His heart trembled as he gazed at the photo in his hand.

Unexpectedly, he met Charisa's daughter five years after her passing.

"So..." Jarvi took a deep breath and said with a hint of plea. "May I... keep this photo? After all... I admired her deeply."

Jarvi looked at Cherise, not concealing his emotions. His beloved was already gone. Hiding his feelings would serve no purpose. It would be better to express them openly. Perhaps he could keep this photo and have something to remember her by.

Cherise was taken aback. She had never expected things to unfold in this way.

When she presented this photo, her intention was to prove her connection to Charisa. How could she have known that Jarvi was also one of her mother's admirers?

Although reluctant to part with it, as it was the last photo taken with her mother, she realized that getting close to Jarvi might be the solution to the crisis she and Damien were facing.

Thus, Cherise took a deep breath and hesitated before turning to Jarvi. "I can give this to you. But..."

She struggled to meet Jarvi's gaze. "Currently, your client wants to capture me and my husband..."

Chapter 817 Better Taste In Men

"Who cares about the client?" Jarvi waved his hand dismissively. "Everyone, step back"

The sleazy man, realizing that the money was slipping away, widened his eyes in shock. "But, Mr.

Aquino, what..."

"What do you mean 'what? She's my friend's daughter! I can't bring myself to harm her for money, Go and refund the money!"

After saying this, he seemed to realize something was wrong and cleared his throat. "Add an extra twenty percent as a penalty fee to silence the client!"

"Yes..." As Jarvi was about to lose his temper, the sleazy man could only sigh and start leading the others away.

When the crowd finally dispersed, Cherise reluctantly handed the photo to Jarvi. "Mr. Aquino, since you've been so considerate to us, here's the photo as promised..."

"Hold on." Jarvi took the photo and said something to the person beside him. The person hurried away with the photo.

Cherise was confused. "Mr. Aquino, what are you..."

"Please have a seat." Jarvi politely gestured to the chair beside him. He then smiled at Cherise. "I can tell you're also reluctant to part with it."

Jarvi explained, "It's understandable. After all, you're Charisa's biological daughter. After so many years apart, you finally found her, and now she's gone... So, of course, I can't keep this photo to myself

"Please wait a moment. I've instructed my subordinate to make a copy of the photo. I'll keep the copy, and you can keep the original as a memento."

"Thank you, Mr. Aquino," Cherise looked at the man before her, feeling an indescribable emotion in her heart. Perhaps her mother had foreseen this day when she told her about these things?

Thinking of her mother made her detest Raymond even more.

If not for him, my mother wouldn't have died so young.

"Your husband seems to treat you very well." Jarvi glanced at Damien indifferently before turning to Cherise and sighed. "You have much better taste in men than your mother."

Cherise pursed her lips. "I don't think so..."

In reality, it was all a coincidence. Although she was infatuated with Damien at first sight, if not for the deal between her uncle and Damien's grandfather, she would not have had any connection with Damien.

“No, it’s true. You have much better taste than your mother,” Jarvi replied frankly. “Your mother loved your father all her life.”

“At first, your father couldn’t protect her, letting her suffer. Later, he couldn’t compete with your mother

or find her whereabouts. He never realized his incompetence or knew that your mother had been secretly helping him.”

“And your man here is more of a man than your father. He doesn’t trust anyone else to take care of you, based on what he just said. He believes that only he can take good care of you. I can tell from these words that he’s a real man!”

Cherise became even more embarrassed by Jarvi’s words. “Mr. Aquino, don’t praise him like that, or he’ll become arrogant.”

Jarvi laughed, his expression softening considerably. It was a complete departure from his previous cold demeanor. At this moment, he looked more like a kind old man.

He looked at Cherise with a smile. “Even if I don’t praise him, it won’t stop him from becoming proud.

He looks like a child from a wealthy family, with pride and magnanimity.”

“People like him are naturally proud and won’t change themselves because of anyone’s praise or criticism.” After saying this, he glanced at Damien as if seeking confirmation. “Am I right?”

Chapter 818 Kindness Is Useful

Damien finally relaxed his tense nerves and humbly responded, “Mr. Aquino, you have keen insight.”

“Hahaha, I’ve seen a lot!” Jarvi was delighted by Damien’s words. He even patted Damien’s shoulder and poured him a glass of beer. “Join me for a drink. It’s been a while since I met a young person as straightforward as you!”

Damien smiled, picked up the glass, and began drinking with Jarvi.

After a few drinks, Jarvi became even more at ease with them.

He patted Damien’s shoulder and repeatedly urged him to take care of Cherise. “This girl is probably Charisa’s last concern in the world. You must look after her...”

Damien nodded, agreeing with everything Jarvi said.

By the time he and Jarvi started drinking their fifth glass of beer, the subordinate who had gone out to make a copy of the photo had returned.

Jarvi happily collected the photocopy and returned the original photo to Cherise. He even enthusiastically instructed his subordinate to send Cherise and Damien back to the hotel.

After Cherise exited the car driven by Jarvi's subordinate, she finally breathed a sigh of relief. "I'm so grateful that Mom decided to do a good deed that day and saved Jarvi's life."

Furthermore, if Cherise had not remembered her mother mentioning Jarvi just now, she and Damien would not have returned to the hotel safe and sound.

"So kindness is useful sometimes." Damien smiled and embraced Cherise. "All right, we've had dinner. It's time to rest."

Although the recent scare was a false alarm, he could tell Cherise was exhausted.

The two entered the elevator and were about to return to their room when Damien's phone started ringing incessantly.

The call was from Mr. Kolson, who was guarding the hospital.

"Sir, you must come to the hospital immediately!"

Mr. Kolson's urgent voice made Damien frown. "What happened?"

"Raymond... he escaped..."

"I understand," Damien replied calmly and hung up.

“What’s wrong?”

Cherise was opening the door with the room card. She frowned and turned to Damien. She seemed exhausted, but she still looked at Damien with concern

Damien pursed his lips slightly and embraced Cherise. “It’s nothing. Tristan is causing trouble at the hospital again.”

He pulled Cherise into the room, took off the bag she was carrying, and gently pushed her down onto the bed. Then, he planted a kiss on her forehead. “I’ll handle it. You’re too tired. Just rest.”

Cherise pursed her lips and looked at Damien with concern. “Can you handle it on your own?”

Saying that, she tried to get up from the bed, intending to go out with him. However, Damien pushed her back onto the bed again. “Don’t worry. Tristan won’t do anything to me. Be a good girl and wait for me to come back.”

Damien’s determined gaze made Cherise take a deep breath. “Sure.”

Cherise was genuinely exhausted. She had never experienced so many emotional ups and downs in one day. Now, it seemed she could fall asleep as soon as she lay on the bed.

After confirming several times that Damien could handle the situation at the hospital by himself,

Cherise yawned, closed her eyes, and fell asleep shortly after.

Hearing her steady breathing, Damien finally took a deep breath and left the room.

The hospital was in chaos.

Blake sat silently on the marble floor of the corridor, hugging his knees.

Meanwhile, Mr. Kolson looked at Damien apologetically. "Shortly after you and Mrs. Lenoir left, Mrs.

Lenoir's sister and father visited Raymond."

Chapter 819 It Was A Diversion

"I refused to let them enter, but Mrs. Lenoir's sister claimed that Mr. Beckham had come to confront

Raymond about some past issues. She also warned us that we would be in serious trouble if we

angered Mr. Beckham."

Mr. Kolson looked down as he spoke, not daring to meet Damien's gaze. "I wanted to call you, but your

phone had no signal. I tried several times but couldn't get through."

"Mrs. Lenoir's sister kept pressuring me... so I let them in. I thought they couldn't attempt anything with

Raymond as long as we were there. But I didn't expect..."

Mr. Kolson pointed to a stranger restrained by two bodyguards in a corner. "I didn't expect the man Mrs.

Lenoir's sister brought was not Mr. Beckham, but a skilled impersonator."

"After this man entered, he lay in bed pretending to be Raymond. Meanwhile, Mrs. Lenoir's sister left with the real Raymond." Mr. Kolson's voice grew softer as he spoke. He could not believe he had made such a mistake.

Damien closed his eyes and took out his phone, saying, "Zachary, I need a favor. Can you block the traffic in Ziphon? I need to find someone."

Zachary did not ask any questions but responded, "Sure."

After hanging up the phone, Greg, the butler, rushed to Damien. "I've obtained the surveillance footage.

They headed towards the harbor, most likely to board a smuggler's boat."

Greg paused before continuing, "I checked further. The most recent smuggler's boat set sail half an hour ago. Raymond probably left on that boat."

Damien closed his eyes, a cold smile forming on his face. "So, it was a diversion."

He now knew with certainty that Gwenn was the client Jarvi mentioned. However, her main goal was not to harm them. Instead, it was to prevent him and Cherise from returning to the hospital.

Furthermore, Damien believed Mr. Kolson had indeed tried to call him, and the fact that his phone had no signal was probably true. After all, if Gwenn could hire so many people to trouble him and Cherise, she could easily install a few signal-blocking devices near the stall.

Seeing Damien remaining silent, Mr. Kolson was so fearful that he immediately knelt before him.

“Sir, it’s my fault... I will accept any punishment you issue to me.”

As someone close to Damien, Mr. Kolson understood how much Damien hated Raymond. Even though Raymond was his uncle, it did not stop him from mercilessly beating him up.

Yet, due to Mr. Kolson’s momentary negligence, Gwenn had helped Raymond escape.

“It’s okay” Damien returned to his senses and glanced at Mr. Kolson. “Don’t blame yourself. The enemy lurks in the shadows while we are in the light. Of course, we couldn’t anticipate that others would resort to such despicable means. It’s not your fault.”

After saying that, Damien casually turned to Greg. “Transfer the surveillance footage to a laptop and bring this impersonator with us. We might have to pay a visit to my father-in-law tonight.”

Greg was stunned for a moment but soon understood Damien’s intention. “Sir, are you planning to...”

“Yes.” Damien smiled faintly. “Since Gwenn dares to rescue Raymond, she should be well aware of the

consequences she now faces.”

Raymond was not only Damien’s enemy but also Beckham Tanner’s.

Since Gwenn used Beckham as a cover to rescue Raymond, she had essentially severed her

connection to Beckham.

Chapter 820 It Has To Be Now

Damien wanted Beckham to witness firsthand what the adopted daughter he had always defended had

done.

If anger for what Raymond did to Charisa could not surpass the so-called father-daughter bond he

shared with Gwenn, then this man was truly as hopeless as Jarvi had claimed.

The lamp on the hotel desk illuminated the room. It was already past eleven at night, but Beckham

remained awake. He sat in the chair, diligently writing a letter on exquisite paper. The letter was

intended for Charisa in heaven.

“Ari, we have finally found the culprit who hurt you back then. Are you happy?”

“Ari, Damien’s father is not a bad person. You can rest assured.”

“As for Raymond... not only will Damien not let him go, but I won’t either...”

Beckham held the pen and smiled as he wrote. Yet, in another moment, tears streamed down his face.

Charisa's life had been tough. It took five years after her passing to find the culprit who assaulted her when she was a young woman. Furthermore, it was also in the fifth year after her departure that her family finally emerged.

But was it all too late? Was it really too late?

Her life had already slipped away. Beckham could never hold her in his embrace and hear her calling his name. He owed her too much in this lifetime.

"Ari, don't worry." Beckham took a deep breath and wiped his tears. "Once Raymond is dead, I'll come to find you. Please wait for me."

When Damien and his men arrived at Beckham's door, Beckham had just finished his letter. As he placed the exquisite letter into an envelope, there was a knock at the door.

He furrowed his brows, appearing displeased as he glanced at the door. He carefully shut Serafina and Soren's bedroom door before heading to the main door. "Who is it?"

"Dad, it's me." Damien's deep voice sounded from outside.

Beckham's brows furrowed even more. "It's late. What are you doing here instead of being with

Cherry?"

Damien remained calm despite Beckham's displeased tone. He smiled and replied, "I have something to discuss with you."

Beckham frowned. "Does it have to be tonight?"

The children were already asleep. He feared Damien's arrival and discussion would wake the children.

Serafina might not be a problem, but Soren was always sensitive. He was worried that Soren would wake up and overhear something he shouldn't.

"Yes, it has to be now." Damien took a deep breath and continued, "Please open the door. I'll have

Blake go in and watch the children's sleep. You and I can talk next door."

Beckham could not deny that it was a good idea. Thus, after considering briefly, he nodded. "Okay."

He put on the coat hanging nearby and opened the door.

But to his surprise, Damien and Blake were not the only ones there. Greg, Mr. Kolson, and others were also present.

Beckham furrowed his brows. "Why bring so many people?"

Shouldn't some of these people be guarding Raymond?

"Well..." Damien smiled politely and gave Blake a signal

Blake nodded immediately. He darted into the room and sat on the couch. "I'll complete the task!"

The youngster's eyes were exceptionally clear.

Beckham took a deep breath. He thought Blake was a bit young and might be unable to take good care

of Serafina and Soren. However, he did not have a choice.