

MY BLIND 821

Chapter 821 You Have A Keen Foresight

Beckham had personally witnessed Blake's exceptional abilities. Even though he might not know how to properly care for the children, at least his presence ensured their safety.

With this in mind, Beckham turned to Damien and asked, annoyed, "What do you want to discuss at this hour?"

"It's about Raymond and Gwenn," Damien smiled and politely gestured for Beckham to sit in the adjacent room.

Once everyone was seated, Mr. Kolson carefully closed the door.

Beckham reclined against the couch and glanced at Damien impatiently. "Why did you bring me here in such a hurry? What's the matter?"

"Has Raymond escaped?" Beckham added jokingly. He knew Raymond could never escape with Damien around.

However, Damien fell momentarily silent as the words left Beckham's mouth. Then, he nodded slightly, saying, "It seems you have a keen foresight. Raymond has indeed escaped."

"This..." Beckham sat on the couch, staring blankly at Damien, unable to recover for a long time.

How is this possible? Raymond escaped?

Every one of Damien's subordinates is highly skilled. How could a severely injured man escape their clutches?

Seeing the disbelief in Beckham's eyes, Damien smiled helplessly and gestured to Greg. Then, he turned to Beckham, saying, "I want to show you a video."

Greg readied the laptop as Damien spoke. The screen showed the surveillance footage.

In the video, Gwenn, dressed in a red coat, supported a man with an outfit identical to Beckham's and slowly walked out of the hospital room.

The man wore a hat and a mask, but his clothes were unmistakably identical to the ones Beckham wore at today's wedding. Beckham had been wearing that suit all day. Even now, he wore the same coat seen in the video as he sat across Damien.

Beckham furrowed his brow. He recalled that this coat was a gift from Gwenn. He thought Gwenn understood his preferences well and loved the clothes she got him, wearing them to important events.

At the time, Gwenn even mentioned that she designed the clothes and had them custom-made. It was

the only one of its kind in the world. But now, the man in the video was wearing the same clothes as him.

Beckham pursed his lips and watched Gwenn leading the man into the ward. Then he saw Gwenn leaving the ward with the man.

Once they disappeared from the screen, Greg turned off the video and explained, "This is what happened, Mr. Beckham, Mrs. Lenoir was concerned that Mr. Lenoir had not eaten all day and brought him out for a meal.

"While they were having dinner, local thugs showed up and harassed them. While they dealt with the thugs, Ms. Gwenn Tanner led a man into the ward, claiming he was you and that you wanted to see Raymond."

"Mr. Kolson tried to stop her, but she threatened that you would be upset and Mrs. Lenoir would have trouble appeasing you. Ultimately, Mr. Kolson had no choice but to let her in."

"But when she left, the man she assisted was Raymond."

"Our bodyguards were negligent. It was only later that they realized she had placed the man she brought on Raymond's bed and applied makeup to mimic his injuries, deceiving everyone."

Chapter 822 She Disappointed Me

After Greg finished explaining, two bodyguards brought in a man, who was none other than the one

Gwenn had hired to impersonate Raymond.

The man immediately looked down when he saw Beckham. The left half of his face still had makeup to

resemble Beckham, while the right half had makeup to make him look like Raymond.

Beckham stood up in shock, gazing at the man's left half of his face, which was identical to his own.

For a while, he was at a loss for words.

"This..." He had stayed in his room all night and had never considered visiting Raymond.

He never expected Gwenn to use his name to deceive Damien's bodyguards and rescue the enemy

who had caused him and Charisa a lifetime of pain.

Beckham, over fifty, swayed heavily and collapsed onto the couch.

"How could this... how could..."

How could it be?

I raised Gwenn. She understands my feelings and what I value and care about the most. How could

she rescue my enemy behind my back?

“My people have investigated.” Damien sighed before continuing, “Gwenn orchestrated all this. She hired people to harass me and Cherry. She also placed a signal-blocking device where Cherry and I had dinner to keep me away. Then, she took advantage of the fact that my subordinates would not resist your orders and successfully rescued Raymond.”

Damien added, “They have left the hospital and gone to the port. Raymond has already left Ziphon on a smuggling ship.”

As Damien calmly explained, Beckham trembled with rage.

“How could Gwenn...”

How could she hurt me like this? She knows how much I despise Raymond! My hatred for him is second only to Damien. After all, it was Raymond who ruined and killed his family.

Yet, Gwenn, my beloved adopted daughter, sided with my enemy and helped him escape!

Beckham closed his eyes tightly. His heart felt like countless stones were crushing it. “She has disappointed me too much...”

“Dad.” Damien took a deep breath, “I came here in the middle of the night to talk to you and show you Gwenn’s true colors.”

“I’ve always known that you cherish Gwenn more than Cherise. In your eyes, Cherise and you only share a familial connection, while Gwenn is the one you’ve watched grow up.”

“I can’t bear to see you hurt Cherise repeatedly to protect Gwenn, so I urgently wanted to show you Gwenn’s true nature.”

“Cherise has always felt like an orphan since she was little. She finally reunited with her mother after so many years, but unfortunately, her mother passed away too soon. You are her closest relative. You shouldn’t divide your love for your daughter with someone unrelated.”

After saying this, Damien stood up. “That’s all I wanted to say. If you can’t sleep tonight, I hope you can think about how to treat Cherise fairly in the future.”

With that, Damien stood up and left with his subordinates.

Beckham stood rooted in place, staring blankly in the direction Damien had left. The scenes from the surveillance footage kept replaying in his mind. His heart was in turmoil.

Gwenn...

After a moment, Beckham closed his eyes before slowly reopening them.

Chapter 823 Learning From Romance Novels

Beckham removed his coat and tossed it into the trash can.

Cherise had a restful sleep and didn't dream throughout the night. When she woke up the next day, it was already past ten.

Yawning, she got out of bed and realized that no one was beside her. She pouted and went to freshen up. As she picked up her phone to call Damien, she received a call from Zachary.

"Why are you calling so early?" Cherise asked, answering the call without checking the time.

Zachary sounded amused and exasperated. "My dear, it's almost eleven o'clock. How is this early?"

How long did you sleep?"

Cherise was astonished. She glanced at the time before sheepishly smacking her forehead. "Um, what's up?"

"Something is definitely up." Zachary Miles sighed. "Lyra just called me, saying she's waiting for me at city hall

Cherise frowned. "What is she doing at city hall?"

"She wants to divorce me."

Cherise almost spat out the mouthwash in her mouth. After a moment, she coughed and said, "Didn't

you, two just get married yesterday? Why does she want to divorce now?"

After saying that, she pursed her lips and asked Zachary solemnly, "Did you say something that made her think she shouldn't have married you?"

Zachary laughed helplessly, "No way! Cherise, I admit that initially, I agreed to the engagement because I thought she was acceptable. But after experiencing her devotion all this time, she truly moved me. I sincerely want to grow old with her. Why would I hurt her or want to divorce her?"

Cherise held her phone in astonishment. She had never heard Zachary talk about his feelings for a woman. It felt strange.

Then, she took a deep breath and asked, "Did you call me because this is your first relationship, and you don't know what to do?"

Zachary sighed helplessly. "You've guessed it. Why are you making fun of me? I'm not good at wooing ladies, especially someone like Lyra.

"She's too emotional, always worried that I don't like her enough, constantly thinking I see her as a substitute. No matter what I say, she interprets it negatively and insists on divorcing me. So, I have no

choice but to turn to you. I'm afraid I'll say more wrong things.

Cherise rubbed her temple helplessly. "Do you think I'm a love expert?"

"No." Zachary chuckled. "But you're her cousin and are as silly as her. People of the same kind can

always

find common ground, right?"

Cherise was rendered speechless.

Why do I feel that this isn't a compliment?

Still, considering that Zachary had been caring for her children for nearly five years, she didn't bother

arguing with him.

"That's fine. I'll contact Lyra now and have a good chat with her. But Zachary, expressing sincerity is

much more than just talking. You should learn from Damien, read more romance novels, gain some

insight, and learn how to be romantic."

Zachary fell silent for a while. "Is what you learn from novels useful?"

Cherise nodded solemnly. "Certainly! I'm always delighted when Damien gives me flowers! Whenever

he prepares a surprise for me, even though I appear calm, I'm overjoyed inside!"

“Really?” A deep male voice echoed in the room.

Chapter 824 Unveiled Tensions

Cherise was so startled that she nearly dropped her phone. Instinctively, she turned her gaze toward the sound – A man wrapped in a towel stood in the bathroom, staring at her.

The midday sunlight streamed through the window, illuminating his bare abs, making them all the more enticing. Cherise heard herself gulp upon seeing this,

Damien leaned against the door with a faint smile playing on his lips as he observed her. “So, Mrs.

Lenoir, who always seemed so unwilling to be around me, actually has feelings for me.”

She was just exchanging pleasantries with Zachary, merely using him as an example!

“Alright, I understand.” The man gave Cherise a faint smile, “Continue buying red roses tonight.”

Cherise asked, “Can we... change the color?”

Though Damien’s voice was not loud, the bathroom was indeed small. On the other end of the phone,

Zachary had long heard Damien’s voice.

The man’s warm smile was evident in his voice. “Let Dame come to me. I’ll chat with your man for a while, you go and sort out my wife.” With that, the man chuckled and hung up the phone.

Cherise held her phone with her mind in turmoil. She looked up at Damien, "Zachary said... um...!"

Before she could finish her sentence, Damien pressed her against the wall, kissing her passionately on her soft lips.

Cherise was taken aback by his sudden kiss. Helplessly, she wrapped her arms around his strong waist and said, "Dear..."

"Good girl, let me kiss you for a while." The man held her, closing his eyes, "I'm so tired."

"Only you can make me feel less tired." His weary voice made Cherise's struggling hand instantly drop.

The woman reached out her arm, gently stroking the man's back, "Alright."

"I'm going to find Lyra now."

Damien smiled helplessly. "Then I might have to go and give Zachary a beating later."

"For what?"

"A sexually frustrated man becomes hostile towards anyone who interferes with his food."

The man smiled as he said this, then turned and left.

Cherise stood there, watching his retreating figure, stunned for a long time. After a while, she let out a long sigh of relief, quickly freshened up, and called Lyra while she was at it.

Cherise found Lyra at the entrance of the city hall. Today, Lyra wore a white dress, looking thin and exhausted, a far cry from her radiant appearance at the wedding yesterday.

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“Cherry...” Seeing Cherise, the young girl threw herself into Cherise’s arms, tears streaming down her face, “I feel so awful!”

“Zach doesn’t like me!”

A vein throbbed on Chérise’s forehead.

While comforting the girl in her arms, she said, “Didn’t you know from the beginning that he doesn’t like you?”

At first, she stubbornly ignored everyone and followed her heart, “I know he doesn’t like me, but as long as I can be with him, it’s enough.” Now that she had him, what was there to worry about?

Lyra’s tears poured, “I said those things back then to get you guys to help me marry him!”

“But now that he’s awake... I know clearly he’s not happy with me.”

Cherise took her to a nearby coffee shop. As they sat down, she asked, “Why do you think that?”

“Because he always wears a troubled expression...” Lyra pursed her lips, her hands clasped together, stirring restlessly. “He was fine yesterday, but in the middle of the night, I saw him sitting in the study with a worried expression, sighing...”

Chapter 825 Speculations And Bridal Intrigues

“I feel like he doesn’t want to marry me, but once he woke up, it was already set in stone, and there was no way to divorce. That’s why he can’t sleep but sighs all the time...”

The more the little girl spoke, the more upset she became, and in the end, tears streamed down her face. “How can I bear to see him in such a predicament? If he’s too embarrassed to initiate a breakup, then let me do it. I don’t care what others think of me, as long as he’s happy...”

Cherise was speechless. Taking a deep breath, she ordered a glass of iced lemon tea for Lyra.

“Please, calm down. Maybe his gloomy face is not because of you?”

Lyra pursed her lips, carefully looking up at Cherise. “If it’s not because of me, then what could it be?”

He just woke up and saw his most admired person vindicated. He has nothing to be gloomy about...”

After saying this, she carefully pursed her lips again, adding in a low voice, “Besides marrying me... what else could make him feel so troubled?”

Although she seemed somewhat convinced by Lyra, when Zachary called her in the morning, he

clearly said that he wanted to live a good life with Lyra. So Cherise could only continue to advise Lyra

calmly. But gradually, not only Lyra was overthinking, but Cherise was also overthinking.

Yeah.

If you genuinely want to live a good life with someone, and you don't dislike them, why would you get

up in the middle of your wedding night and sit in the study sighing?

Is that how you should look when you marry the person you love?

In the end, Cherise made up her mind, stood up, and took Lyra's hand. "Stop crying, let's go!"

Lyra looked up at her with teary eyes. "Where are we going?"

Cherise waved her hand. "Instead of speculating here, let's go to Zachary and ask him why he was so

gloomy on his wedding night!"

Lyra pursed her lips and immediately backed down. "Cherry... forget it..."

"I don't want to ask him face to face... it's too awkward..."

"Will you feel at ease if you don't ask?"

Cherise gave Lyra a glance and pulled her up. "As your cousin, I'll make the decision for you today!"

"Let's go and ask Zachary together!"

With that, regardless of Lyra's resistance, Cherise directly pulled her into the car.

At this moment, in the bridal chamber of Zachary Miles and Lyra Quinnell, Damien sat on the sofa, sipping tea while casually looking around. "I can see that Lyra has thought of you in every aspect."

"A little girl like her should like bright and colorful colors, but because of you, she has decorated the house in a cold gray style."

The man shook his head slightly. "How do you plan to make it up to her?"

"Between husband and wife, such calculations shouldn't be made."

Zachary smiled faintly, a hint of shyness flashing in his eyes. "The rest of my life is hers. She should be very happy."

Damien laughed. "If she's happy, why would she go to the city hall to wait for you?"

Speechless, Zachary sighed, "Maybe I gave her the wrong impression. Last night, when you called me to block the traffic, I guessed that Raymond Lenoir had escaped...

I was alone in the study last night, feeling melancholy for a long time. With Raymond Lenoir's escape...

I don't know when we'll find him. I haven't given Aunt Charisa an explanation yet..."

The man gave another sigh, "Last night, Lyra woke up and saw me sighing in the study. She probably overthought it."

Chapter 826 The Zachary Then And Now

Zachary's words hung in the air as the rumble of a car pierced the villa's silence. He turned to the window, watching Cherise wrestle a reluctant Lyra through the gate.

Damien chuckled, "Look, our firecracker Cherry has come to interrogate us."

Zachary chuckled, his laughter carrying a touch of irony. "Crazy, right? Once upon a time, she was my world; Lyra was just the shadow in the corner. I never thought I'd be talking about her with you like this, let alone with a smile. But here we are."

In the past, he never entertained advances from any other woman. His eyes and heart were exclusively for Cherise. Hence, Lyra, the silent guardian angel who consistently appeared whenever he needed help and support, became a mere afterthought.

It became a never-ending cycle of rescue and retreat, where she would inexplicably go MIA again after weathering through the storm with him.

But Zachary was a changed man now, seeing things differently.

A recent accident had flipped the script. It had shown him the power of care, the warmth of being looked after. It was Lyra, the girl he barely noticed, who'd picked up the pieces and shown him what true love and care felt like.

Turning to Damien with a composed expression, he asked, "How should we explain this to them?"

Rubbing his throbbing forehead, Damien responded, "Just tell them the truth."

Concerning Raymond's escape, Damien and Zachary believed the fewer people who knew, the better.

Damien hadn't mentioned a word to Cherise, fearing she would worry. But if hiding it affected the relationship between newlyweds Lyra and Zachary, it might be better to come clean.

After all, even if they kept it hidden, it would only be a matter of time.

While Damien and Zachary conversed, Cherise dragged Lyra upstairs, questioning, "Hey! What's going on with you, Zac?"

Confronted with Lyra's timidity, Cherise, usually lovely and charming, morphed into a fiery and argumentative woman.

She guided Lyra upstairs and sat on the sofa across from Zachary, saying, "Lyra spilled everything to

me. I think she has a point. If you genuinely don't want to be with her, then divorce is the way to go."

Feeling amused and helpless, Zachary retorted, "Who says I don't?!"

As he spoke, his gaze helplessly shifted towards Lyra. But the latter, who had secretly had a crush on him for years, couldn't meet his gaze. She just looked down with cheeks burning.

Cherise, watching the awkward silence unfold, pursed her lips.

Blessedly oblivious to the agony of unrequited love, Cherise couldn't understand Lyra's nervous flutter around Zachary. The girl couldn't even make eye contact! All that admiration, all that lack of confidence... crazy!

Lyra had no confidence, while Cherise had tons. So, taking a deep breath, Cherise faced Zachary.

"Lyra says you barely slept on your wedding night. All alone in the study, sighing... Listen, she's got insecurity issues. She watched you from afar for years, never daring to dream of being with you. Now, being your wife, seeing you sigh all night, she probably thinks you're having second thoughts about marrying her."

Cherise's lips firmed. "So, care to explain why the night-long sigh, Mr. Groom? Shouldn't you be busy

with your new wife?"

Zachary's eyes darted to Damien, silently begging for backup.

Damien, catching his drift, flashed a small smile. He stood, walked over, and gave Cherise a quick hug.

"Hey, sorry to butt in, but this mess is kinda my fault."

Lyra and Cherise blinked. The former blurted out, "What do you mean?"

Damien took a deep breath and said to his wife, "Everything. See, after you hit the hay last night, Mr.

Kolson called. Turns out Raymond's on the loose again."

Chapter 827 Raymond's Escape

Cherise stared at Damien, eyes wide. "Raymond's gone?!"

Damien patted her back. "Yep. It was an urgent situation. I have limited connections in Ziphon, so I

asked Zac for help. That's why he was grumpy on his wedding night.."

Cherise's mind drew a blank, "But... how?"

Though Damien and she weren't there to guard Raymond, Mr. Kolson, Mr. Hampson, and Blake were!

These weren't just any men; they were practically ninjas! And Raymond was barely alive after those

injuries. He couldn't just walk out, right?

Damien sighed, pulling Cherise close. "It's Gwenn. She found someone to fake being your dad, fooled

everyone, then switched him with Raymond.”

Cherise feels like she’s been hit by a brick. “What?! So...”

Lyra’s voice barely a whisper, “So Zac left last night... not because of me?”

Zachary slumped beside her and managed a weak smile. “Spot on, Lyra.”

The truth slapped her like a cold fish.

Zachary was in the middle of a crisis, and she threw divorce at him like a ticking bomb? Seriously,

Lyra?

Her cheeks burned with shame. Wish she could vanish right into the floor.

Zachary smiled at Lyra and said softly, “Lyra, come sit with me.”

Lyra hummed and walked over, sitting a little further away than usual.

She was shy but always careful not to upset him.

Zachary saw the gap and sighed.

He remembered preaching to his friends in school about maintaining a respectful one- meter buffer with

girls they weren’t close to. Now, his own wife mirrored that same cautiousness.

“Lyra,” he said gently, “what did you just call me?”

“Zac,” she mumbled, her cheeks like blushing apples.

Zachary playfully mimicked Damien’s action, stretching his arm and pulling her closer by the shoulder.

“Hey, it’s time for new names! We’re married now, remember?”

Lyra’s face practically glowed red. “Uh... Zachary...?”

Zachary laughed. “Silly goose, we said ‘I do’ yesterday! How about hubby or something sweet like that?”

Lyra trembled in his embrace, then looked up, her face radiating shyness. “Hubby...” she whispered, almost inaudible.

Her blushing cheeks were as tempting as ripe berries. Zachary couldn’t resist gently tilting her chin and kissing her lips tenderly.

Lyra held onto the sofa, her body frozen yet still.

Cherise and Damien exchanged a knowing glance and then quietly made their way out.

Seated in the car, Cherise spoke in a low voice, “Dad has a soft spot for Gwenn. If he discovered that

Gwenn used him to provide cover for the monster who raped Mom, he would devastate. Perhaps we

should keep it under wraps for the time being.”

Chapter 828 He’s My Dad!

Damien’s brow furrowed. Even now, after everything, Cherise was still worried about Beckhan’s feelings.

Thinking about Beckham’s cold shoulder to her, Damien cherished Cherise even more.

He reached up, tilting her chin to meet his gaze. “Why do you care what he thinks? Does he matter that much to you?”

Cherise, eyes clear and determined, nodded. “Of course! He’s my dad!”

Sure, their relationship wasn’t as close as Elvis’s couple, but the blood tie was undeniable. Of course, she cared!

Damien, his eyes full of unspoken emotion, brushed a kiss against her lips. “There’s no need to worry about him anymore. He already knows.”

Cherise froze. “How... how does he know?”

Cherise’s stomach twisted.

The news was barely a day old, and how come Dad already knew before she and Lyra did?

Her suspicions landed on Damien, her eyes flashing. "Was it you? You told him?"

Damien didn't flinch. He held her gaze with a calmness that felt like a slap in the face. "Yes. I went straight to him after what went down last night."

Cherise felt the air thicken, her heart hammering against her ribs. Why would Damien keep this from her? She stared at him, speechless.

Suddenly, she turned her anger towards Damien. "Don't you know how much this will hurt him? Why tell him before me?"

Anger, raw and sharp, edged her voice. It was understandable, Damien knew, but a knot of worry twisted in his gut.

In Cherise's mind, Damien was always the careful one, the one who weighed every move. Why would he do something she knew would cut Dad so deep?

Damien, his smile a little sad, tucked a stray hair behind Cherise's ear. "Cherry, I know you're worried sick about your dad. It's because you're seeing things as his daughter, but I'm not."

Cherise, still fuming, kept her hand away. She wasn't ready for intimacy. "Then how do you see it?"

Damien's eyes softened with love and concern. "As your husband. From the moment you reconciled

with the Tanners, I've watched how Beckham treats you. The only daughter of the Tanner family, his favorite woman's child, yet he treats you worse than Gwenn, his adopted daughter."

Cherise wanted to argue, but he touched her lips, silencing her.

His voice, deep and rough, filled the room. "Cherry, I know you don't care about fancy names or riches.

But as your man, it boils my blood to see your family push you aside. You're the best woman in the world, better than anyone. So I can't stand Beckham treating you like yesterday's trash. I want him to see he picked the wrong favorite."

He stared at her, his jaw set. "I know this might piss you off, doing this behind your back. But that's what husbands do, right? Take the punches for their wives. Whatever you throw at me, I deserve it."

Cherise bit her lip, finding herself at a loss for words to counter her husband.

How could I refute him? After all, he's merely stating facts; my father's favoritism towards Gwenn is undeniable.

Chapter 829 Tough Guys Don't Cry, My Dear

The evidence was undeniable that he'd often looked the other way when Gwenn deliberately schemed and harmed her.

Cherise understood Damien was trying to protect her, doing what he thought was right. But as a daughter, she couldn't bear the thought of Beckham being heartbroken.

So, she glared at Damien, eyes blazing. "So, you said you'll take whatever punishment I throw at you.

Right?"

Cherise glared, fists clenched. She took a shaky breath, then clamped down on the finger Damien had teasingly placed on her lips.

She chomped, expecting a yell, but he just met her gaze, unfazed.

Finally, when her jaw got tired, Cherise released him.

He even held out another finger playfully, "Fancy another bite? Just for balance?"

Caught off guard, Cherise blurted, "Don't you feel anything?"

Damien chuckled. "Nope. Much prefer kisses from my wifey, though."

His nonchalance left Cherise flustered. Looking at the deep teeth marks on his finger, she felt a pang of guilt. Had she gone too far?

She wanted to bite him hard enough to make him yelp, but this damn iron-willed man wouldn't budge!

Seeing Damien had no reaction, she misjudged her force and sank her teeth deeper than intended.

Cherise peeked up at Damien, guilt gnawing at her. "Why didn't you yell when I chomped on you?"

He grinned, his eyes filled with mischief. "Tough guys, don't cry, my dear. Not for a little love bite."

"But... you could have made a sound! Even just a groan or something," she whined, cradled his hand,

blowing softly on the bite mark. "It must've hurt like crazy! Why didn't you pull away?"

Damien wrapped his arms around her, pulling her close. "Funny you should ask," he murmured, his

voice sending shivers down her spine.

"I kinda knew you might take a playful bite, so I braced myself. And besides..." His breath tickled her

ear as he whispered, "I trust you wouldn't do any real damage."

Cherise felt her cheeks burn. If someone sank their teeth into her finger like that, she'd be a puddle of

tears! But Damien, just a chuckle and a reassuring squeeze. This guy, he was something else.

Cherise's heart ached to see Damien's injury. "Ugh, that must hurt so bad!"

Damien scoffed, "Nah, barely feels a thing."

"Liar! It's gotta sting! We need to get you patched up, like, now!" She took a deep breath and added,

"Oh, and bandages, maybe some medicine, too."

Damien watched her flustered worry, and a small smile played on his lips. "Bandages and medicine, huh?"

Cherise, eyes wide, nodded fervently. "Yes! The whole shebang!"

He chuckled. "You might as well throw in a rabies shot or a tetanus jab while you're at it."

Cherise's brow furrowed for a moment, and then she relaxed with a laugh. "Come on, that's silly!

Rabies is from bites, you know, animals like puppies and kittens. Human bites... they're not the same."

"Hold on," she cut in, her eyes twinkling with a playful smile. "Are you saying I'm a wild thing?"

Damien nodded, "Yes, a cute and feisty pussy. One that likes to bite and cling to me but is so lovable that I wouldn't have it any other way."

Cherise wasn't expecting his snarky joke. Her cheeks flushed pink, and she looked away, "Forget the hospital! You're obviously feeling good enough to crack jokes, so you can't be hurting that bad."

Damien didn't show much concern for Beckham's feelings, but when Cherise proposed visiting him, he didn't hesitate.

Perhaps remembering Beckham's recent role as caretaker for Soren and Serafina. Although biased towards Gwenn over Cherise, Damien had to admit Beckham's genuine warmth towards the children.

Chapter 830 "Not Yet, Sera"

Sunlight danced across the gold-trimmed furniture of the luxurious suite, catching in the golden strands

of Serafina's hair as Beckham patiently combed them. "Come on, I want Pigtails, Grandpa!"

Her voice was as bright as the diamonds on her tiny fingers, "Pigtails are so cute! Mommy and Daddy

will love them!"

But before Beckham could agree, a small voice cut in, a hint of disapproval lacing in its childish tone.

"Not yet, Sera,"

Soren said, his brow furrowed. "He's not our Daddy... yet. Calling him that now might make him a bit

too full of himself."

Serafina's face fell, her bottom lip trembling. "But he is! Grandpa said so, he even guaranteed!"

Beckham smiled, placing a gentle hand on her shoulder. "Exactly what I was thinking."

Serafina spun towards Soren, her eyes, like dark jewels, locking on his. "Look in the mirror, mister!

You're practically Daddy's twin! If he's not our Daddy, then who is?"

Soren flushed, avoiding her gaze. "I didn't say he isn't," he mumbled, "just... maybe let's hold off on the

official announcement, okay?"

Serafina's voice softened her tone to barely a whisper. "Whether early or late, he's still our Daddy, right?"

She spun around, eyes sparkling. "Grandpa! Why're you brushing my hair? Sera never knew that Grandpa could do a girl's hair!"

Beckham sighed softly, gazing at the girl's reflection in the mirror. A pang of nostalgia tugged at him.

Back then, when Cherise was this young, she was still a mountain girl, running barefoot through the fields. And he, as her father, had given Gwenn every ounce of his love.

Back then, he was in the dark that Gwenn wasn't his biological daughter; he only knew that after Charisa disappeared, Gwenn was the last connection between him and Charisa in this world, an existence he couldn't give up or lose.

Back then, Beckham didn't know Gwenn wasn't his biological daughter. She was like a lifeline after his wife disappeared, the last piece of her he had left.

He poured all his love into Gwenn, raising her into someone independent and fearless. Perhaps this love blinded him.

He was so obsessed with his bond with Gwenn that he convinced himself blood didn't matter, that their

bend, stronger than family, would always be enough.

Beckham didn't realize, in cherishing Gwenn, that he'd unintentionally neglected his real daughter. And now, as he gently brushed Sera's hair, remembering his first mistake, he vowed to make things right.

"Because, sweetheart, I never brushed your mom's hair when she was little. The old man said.

Sera's eyes sparkled. "Then why don't you brush hers now?" she chirped. "She only combs it herself, but she'd love someone else to do it!"

After saying that, she looked at Soren, wanting his agreement. "Ren, am I right?"

Soren grunted, fiddling with the Rubik's Cube, "Don't even bother asking me. You ladies are too much work. What's there to be happy about getting your hair combed? Just cut it short if you hate it so much!"

Sera stuck out her tongue. "Humph, Silly! Because long hair is pretty, but combing it can be a pain!"

She beamed at Beckham. "Make my hair super shiny, Grandpa! When I see Mom, I'll tell her how good you are at it! Who knows, she'll even ask you to do her hair!"

The little one clapped for herself. "I am so smart!"