

## **MY BLIND 871**

### Chapter 871 A Husband's Shield

Her outcry immediately drew the attention of the bystanders.

Cherise stepped back, preparing to retrieve her hat and mask, when she was warmly embraced.

Damien, holding Cherise with one hand and carrying Soren with the other, fixed a cold gaze on the woman. "You should be mindful of your words."

"My wife has never engaged in plagiarism. If you persist in spreading false rumors, I won't hesitate to take action."

"Are you attempting to intimidate me?"

"I'm terrified!"

The woman sneered, "Damien, do you even know who I am?"

"I am Sebastian's secretary at the Weiss Group!"

"Soon, your Lenoir Group won't be yours anymore. What are you pretending for?"

Damien smiled faintly, his demeanor calm and distant. His eyes seemed to dismiss her words as inconsequential.

There was no hint of anger or annoyance, as though her insults were mere trifles.

The woman felt a sense of unease.

Despite the hurtful nature of her words, they failed to elicit any visible reaction from Damien.

It was evident that he had never held her opinions in high regard, regardless of their impact.

“Of course, I know who you are. Your name is Malice Thorn.”

Damien, holding Cherise, spoke calmly. “I am aware that Sebastian prompted your words.”

Malice was taken aback. “You...”

“If it weren’t for orders from above, a senior secretary wouldn’t speculate about company shares and ownership changes.”

“The fate of a company is influenced by more than just its shares. You should understand this.”

“Your actions suggest either incompetence or malice.”

“While I don’t know Sebastian personally, his recent business dealings suggest he wouldn’t hire an incompetent secretary.”

Damien smiled at Malice. “You can tell Sebastian his tactics won’t work on me.”

“If he wishes to challenge me, he should do so in the business arena. Insulting my wife will only

diminish his reputation and that of the Weiss Group.”

With that, Damien shielded Cherise and departed.

Even after their departure, Malice remained stunned, unable to regain her composure.

She had already portrayed herself enough as a shrew and unreasonable person.

How did this man see through her flaws?

Pursing her lips, she dialed a number. “Boss, it didn’t go as planned.”

“I witnessed it.”

Sebastian, concealed in the shadows, spoke. “You’re fired.”

Malice’s eyes widened. “But, Boss...”

“You’ve disrupted my plans.”

“But, Boss!”

Malice gripped her phone tightly. “I was listening in when the kindergarten teacher called! She didn’t

contact Damien!”

“I don’t know how Damien found out!”

Initially, Sebastian had tasked Malice with the mission of insulting Cherise, intending to coincidentally

intervene and assist Cherise, thus compelling Malice to apologize.

This will place Cherise in his debt once more.

However, Damien's unexpected arrival preempted this plan.

Sebastian chuckled. "It was an oversight on my part."

"If my spouse faces public criticism, I will also install a listening device on her phone to ensure her

safety anytime, anywhere."

Chapter 873 Unveiling the Truth

She had already suspected that this was Gwenn's intention.

But now, she no longer cared.

This was her affair.

She couldn't let the people around her worry about her anymore.

Gwenn was getting closer and closer, and she couldn't escape anymore.

There was nothing to fear.

Taking a deep breath, Cherise uploaded long-prepared documentation regarding the surgery's risks

and a poignant photograph featuring herself and Charisa.

“Allow me to acquaint you with the patient featured in my thesis, who underwent an unsuccessful surgery: my mother, Charisa.”

“In my earnest quest to heal her, I diligently researched her condition and devised a surgical plan.”

“My mother was willing to cooperate with me.”

“Following an unsuccessful surgery, I undertook a rigorous self-examination and, two months ago, successfully treated another patient.”

“I find Ms. Yolanda’s accusations of plagiarism utterly confounding. To safeguard my mother’s privacy, I maintained silence. Unexpectedly, Ms. Weiss has exploited this situation. Henceforth, I shall pursue legal recourse against Ms. Weiss. This matter concludes here.”

Exhaling deeply, Cherise closed her eyes.

It felt as though she had waged a war within herself.

With determination, she powered down her computer and retreated to bed.

As she lay down where Damien’s comforting embrace awaited. “I’ve seen it all. You were remarkable.”

“Mhmm,”

Cherise smiled, nestling closer. “After all, I am the wife of President Lenoir.”

As weariness washed over her, she released a tired yawn. "So tired," she murmured.

She was genuinely exhausted.

After an entire night spent crafting evidence and engaging in confrontation with Yolanda.

She sought solace in Damien's embrace. "From now on," she confessed, "people will only speak of me as heartless and unfilial rather than accuse me of plagiarism or theft."

Soothingly, Damien's hand brushed against her head as he spoke. "Go to sleep," he urged.

"Damn it!"

Yolanda's expletive burst forth as she laid eyes on Cherise's latest declaration.

The frustration boiled within her, prompting an immediate call to Gwenn. "Gwenn, what in the world is going on?"

"Cherise's surgical patient is actually her mother!?"

With such incontrovertible evidence, Yolanda found herself devoid of any rebuttal, left vulnerable to public ridicule.

So, she became a laughingstock?

Gwenn did not mention anything like this when she asked her to accuse Cherise!

How could she, a member of the esteemed Weiss family, have embarked on a course of action so fraught with embarrassment?

Now, with Cherise's incriminating photo circulating, Yolanda couldn't shake the feeling of being ridiculed.

Is this the outcome that Gwenn desired?

"Stay calm for now,"

Gwenn's tone was light, almost dismissive. "Didn't you express a desire to win Damien over? Well, here's your chance."

"A chance?"

Yolanda's brow furrowed with uncertainty. "If Damien doesn't perceive me as a fool, I'll consider it a victory."

"And where is there a possibility of that?"

"Of course there is,"

Gwenn chuckled lightly, "Cherise is a deeply emotional individual."

“If you incite her with accusations of causing her mother’s death, guess how she will react?”

Yolanda furrowed her brow, lost in contemplation for a moment before a realization struck her like a lightning bolt. “Oh, right!”

The truth loomed ominously in her mind: Cherise’s initial surgical patient had been her mother. The outcome was tragic, as the surgery inadvertently led to Charisa’s untimely demise.

Without Cherise’s intervention, her mother might have enjoyed another month or two of life.

But what happened instead?

Charisa’s health quickly deteriorated following the surgery, and tragically, she couldn’t endure for more than two weeks before her passing.

Chapter 874 Sebastian’s Strategy

Doesn’t this mean Cherise caused her mother’s death?

“I understand!”

With a determined breath, she reached for her phone, ready to execute her plan. “Sam, let’s use our company’s cyber troll...”

But her phone was snatched away before her words could fully leave her lips.



“What are you doing!?” she snapped.

Yolanda glared at Sebastian.

“Are you foolish?” he chided.

“Using our company’s cyber trolls will eventually be discovered.”

In a smooth motion, he leaned back comfortably and produced another phone, extending it towards

her. “Use this phone and find a local cyber troll company in Adania,” he instructed.

“If someone asks who you are, say you are Gwenn.”

Yolanda’s frown eased as the pieces of the puzzle fell into place. “So when Damien investigates, he

won’t find us, only Gwenn?” she surmised.

“Yes.”

Sebastian’s casual yawn belied the gravity of his actions. “Gwenn has caused you so much trouble,

and it’s only fair to give her a little trouble in return, right?”

Cherise luxuriated in slumber until the clock struck two in the afternoon.

Emerging from her restful cocoon, she stretched languidly and glanced at her phone nonchalantly.

The device blinked with urgency, indicating over twenty missed calls.

Among them, ten bore the name of Heather, five hailed from Dr. Penn, three from Lucy, and a pair from Sebastian.

With a detached air, Cherise brushed off the clamor for her attention, tossing the phone aside as if it were inconsequential.

Their purpose was evident even without her inquiry.

It was likely that the chatter outside was abuzz with speculations of her culpability in her own mother's demise.

However, Cherise had steeled herself for such conjecture.

Following a meal downstairs, she swiftly retrieved her resignation letter and departed through the door, her resolve firm and unwavering.

On this occasion, Cherise opted not to conceal herself beneath a hat or mask. She proceeded to the research institute with a clear countenance and devoid of disguise.

Following this incident, she is no longer inclined to pursue a related position in her career for now.

Indeed, Cherise harbored no inclination to remain in a research institute where

individuals would extend kindness just because Damien invited them for a meal, only to later disparage her based on unsubstantiated gossip.

Yet, to her surprise, the reception was not as expected. Politeness replaced sarcasm, and concern replaced disdain.

“You want to resign!?”

Dr. Penn’s shock mirrored her own as he beheld the resignation letter. “Why, Dr. Shaw?” he queried, genuine concern etched in his features.

“You are such a valuable doctor, and finding someone of your caliber is truly challenging. I sincerely hope you reconsider your decision to leave,” Dr. Penn expressed with genuine concern.

Cherise cleared her throat softly. “Dr. Penn, you must know the rumors circulating about me.”

“My reputation is not good, so...”

“Your reputation?”

Dr. Penn’s eyes widened in disbelief. He swiftly retrieved his phone to show Cherise. “What misconceptions do you have, Dr. Shaw?”

“Since releasing the video involving your parents this morning, you’ve garnered widespread admiration.

Who would dare to speak ill of you?" Dr. Penn explained, trying to dispel Cherise's concerns.

Perplexed, Cherise turned to Dr. Penn. "The video of my parents?"

Observing Cherise's genuine confusion, Dr. Penn furrowed his brow. "Dr. Shaw, you're not aware?"

Cherise shook her head, her sincerity evident. "I did not know of it."

"Well..."

Dr. Penn drew a deep breath and accessed his computer, swiftly locating the viral videos circulating online.

Two videos surfaced, one featuring Beckham and the other Charisa, who had passed away five years prior.

"Cherise is my daughter, and Charisa was my wife," Beckham asserted in his recording. "I believe I have the prerogative to address this matter."

In the initial video, Beckham appeared aged, his stubble darker, and his demeanor wearier than

Cherise's last encounter with him in Ziphon.

Chapter 876 Damien's Timely Intervention

There was a prolonged silence on the other end of the line before Beckham let out a soft chuckle. You

silly child.”

“This is what parents should do.”

Cherise shook her head, “Dad, your video came at the perfect time...”

Just this morning, she revealed her initial failed case, which involved her own mother. Within an hour,

Beckham’s and Charisa’s videos from years ago were uploaded directly to the internet.

Before the troll army attacking Cherise could escalate the situation, these two videos completely

nullified their efforts.

“Damien orchestrated it,”

Beckham chuckled. “That video was recorded a few days ago when Lucy visited with Mandy to inform

me of the challenges you would face.”

Cherise’s grip on the phone tightened as she processed this revelation. “You mean... this video...”

She slapped her forehead, finally understanding why Lucy had rushed to find Mandy.

So, when she went to see Mandy a few days ago, it was for this...

A surge of warmth filled the woman’s heart.

So... Damien knew everything.

Before she even confessed to him, he had already deduced that the first case in her thesis pertained to

Charisa, hadn't he?

Otherwise, why would he have hastily dispatched Lucy to Europe before the plagiarism incident

erupted?

"Yes,"

Beckham chuckled, his voice tinged with emotion. "Damien truly cares about you."

"The crisis the Lenoir Group faces now is dire, and I am well aware of it."

"I thought that at this time, he would devote all his energy to work. Yet, unexpectedly, he had foreseen

the crisis you would face and made the most timely response..."

"In this regard, he surpasses even me."

His tone grew somber. "Throughout his life, I have never been able to protect the person I love the

most..."

"But Damien has done it."

"Cherise, with him by your side, even if I were to pass away now, I would have no regrets..."

Alarmed by Beckham's words, Cherise quickly interjected, "Dad, what nonsense are you talking about?"

"I no longer have a mother, so you must live well. I still need you to help me take care of my children in the future!"

Beckham was brought back to reality by his daughter's words.

He forced a bitter smile. "Yes, I cannot afford to die."

"Your two little ones at home can't do without me..."

After ending the call with Beckham, Cherise felt a gnawing unease.

She hesitated for a long while before dialing Mandy's number. "Keep an eye on my dad for me."

"I have a feeling that something is amiss with his emotions..."

He's not unwell or facing any calamity, yet he mentioned death several times during our recent conversation. As a daughter, Cherise couldn't help but feel unsettled.

"Understood,"

Mandy replied promptly. "I'll visit Uncle Beckham more often these days." But..."

She paused, leaving the rest unsaid.

Cherise furrowed her brows, "But what?"

"It's nothing,"

Mandy sighed. "However, I've noticed lately that he's made many new friends and seems happy every day."

"I don't think he's feeling down."

"But since have concerns, I'll you pay closer attention."

Cherise nodded, finding solace in Mandy's observation that Beckham had recently made new friends.

Chapter 877 Strategic Diplomacy

Having friends implies that there are still concer desperate measures, right? which means they won't

easily resort to

After reminding Mandy, Cherise had Mr. Kolson drive her to the fresh market.

Dad is right.

Damien always prioritizes her

Despite the challenges in his company, he still manages to consider all the possibilities for her.

Despite Damien's business troubles, Cherise recognized that her support could extend beyond solving



his professional challenges. While she couldn't directly assist with his business issues, she could provide comfort and care in other ways, such as cooking and staying by his side.

At the fresh supermarket, Cherise meticulously selected Damien's favorite foods, including the fish he enjoys and the vegetables he prefers. Additionally, she picked up ingredients for pierogis,

She remembered that he loved her pierogis the most.

As Cherise exited the supermarket with her arms full of groceries, she unexpectedly encountered Sebastian entering the store.

"What a coincidence,"

Sebastian remarked as he noticed the assortment of ingredients in Cherise's hands. "It is the right time for a celebration."

Cherise offered a polite smile in return. "Are you also here to do some grocery shopping?"

Sebastian nodded lightly, returning the smile. "Can't I?"

"It's not that you can't."

Cherise, with a hint of surprise in her expression. "I must admit, it's unexpected to see someone of your status shopping for groceries personally."

“Of course I do,”

Sebastian replied with a smile. “Cooking is my hobby.”

He continued, “Plus, recently, a certain woman in our family has been deceived by her friend and feels miserable. So, as her younger brother, I can only personally make her some delicious food to comfort her.”

Sebastian then lowered his gaze, his expression serious as he addressed Cherise. “I haven’t sincerely apologized to you yet.”

“I asked my sister about it, and her friend named Gwenn asked her...”

Cherise interrupted, “I know.”

“Ever since my thesis was stolen, I knew this day would come. It doesn’t matter if it’s your sister or someone else. It doesn’t affect our friendship as classmates or the business relationship between you and my husband.”

As she spoke, Cherise maintained a sweet smile on her lips as she looked at Sebastian. “But you should indeed comfort Ms. Yolanda properly. After all, being deceived by a friend. feels quite

uncomfortable.”

Sebastian stood still, his shock evident as he looked at the transformed woman before him.

She was graceful, calm, and far from the naive girl he remembered from their high school days at

Shawbury High.

After a moment, he managed to smile. “How about having a meal together when we have time?”

Cherise nodded in agreement. “Sure.”

Suddenly remembering something, she looked up at Sebastian. “Can I bring my family?”

Sebastian’s body stiffened slightly at the request.

“When we catch up, there’s no need to bring your husband, right?”

Cherise’s grip on the vegetable bag tightened as she subtly adjusted her approach.

She had her motives for this meeting.

Despite being no longer employed at the Lenoir Group, Cherise knows Lennon is actively seeking

opportunities to facilitate Damien’s contact with Sebastian.

If they could sit down and have a calm conversation, it might help resolve the crisis at the Lenoir

Group.

So, she wants to help Damien.

She recognized Sebastian's reluctance to cooperate.

In that case, they can only find another way.

Considering the situation, Cherise suggests to Sebastian, "Alright, then, let's not bring our families.

"Let's make another appointment when we have time, and it's getting late. I'll leave first."

With a smile and a wave, she bids farewell to Sebastian and heads home.

Chapter 878 Suppressing Worries

Sebastian stood still, his gaze fixed on Cherise's departing figure, a mixture of emotions swirling within him. As he watched her walk away, he couldn't help but squint slightly, silently clenching his hands by his side.

She seemed much calmer and more composed than he had imagined. Her demeanor exuded maturity.

Yet, despite her newfound poise, Sebastian yearned for the carefree version of her that he had known in the past.

Upon returning home, Cherise dedicated three hours to preparing dinner for the evening.

Frances, her loyal assistant, smiled, "If Mr. Lenoir knew that you had prepared such a feast for him, he

would undoubtedly be overjoyed!”

“Lately, Mr. Lenoir has been preoccupied with the company’s affairs... Tonight, he will surely wear a smile on his face!”

As Cherise placed the final pierogis into the pot, a sense of concern crept over her. She turned to Frances and asked, “Has he been troubled recently?”

Why hadn’t she noticed?

In theory, since she slept beside him daily, she should have been acutely aware of his mood and emotions more than anyone else.

But despite their proximity, she had never sensed any signs of worry or distress on his face.

Frances sighed knowingly, “Mrs. Lenoir, you wouldn’t have noticed!”

“Mr. Lenoir mentioned that you have been extremely busy lately, with numerous matters demanding your attention...”

“Perhaps he fears that his concerns would burden you, so whenever you’re around, he holds you close with a smile.”/

“But what you don’t know, Mrs. Lenoir, is that when he is alone, his aura becomes quite oppressive...”

“He is actually facing a difficult situation. The shares of the company that were allocated to Raymond and Tristan were determined by Old Mr. Lenoir before his passing, and he cannot intervene, which is why they were able to sell them all off...”

“Now everyone in the company is worried, speculating that the Lenoir Group will soon be renamed the Weiss Group...”

As Frances spoke, she realized she had divulged too much information and cleared her throat, “But what I said may not be entirely accurate. I only overheard it from Mr. Kolson and Mr. Hampson during their conversations

Cherise pursed her lips and stared intently at the boiling pierogis in the pot, feeling like Pandora’s box had been opened in her heart.

So... Damien had been suppressing his own troubles to prevent her from feeling sad and upset?

If only she could assist him with his difficulties.

“Mom, why hasn’t Dad come back yet?”

Sera lay sprawled across the table, her stomach grumbling audibly. With a pleading look, she turned

her dark eyes towards Cherise. "I'm so hungry!"

"Can't we eat yet?"

Soren, unable to bear his sister's discomfort, frowned at Cherise. "Did you try calling him?"

"It's getting late. We should eat and then head to bed."

Cherise sighed inwardly, feeling the weight of responsibility. "You two go ahead and eat," she said, her voice tinged with resignation.

Cherise observed Frances heating up the food in the microwave as the children began their meal.

With a heavy heart, she reached for her phone and dialed the familiar number.

Once again, she was met with the same busy signal she had encountered countless times before.

With a deep breath, she rose from her seat. "Frances, please help the children with their bath and bedtime routine once they finish eating," she instructed.

Frances nodded understandingly and fetched a thermos from the kitchen. "I'll do it right away. Please return soon," she said, her voice filled with concern. With a solemn nod, Cherise carefully filled the thermos with food before departing from the house.

The early autumn evening air was chilly, prompting her to bundle up tightly in her clothes as she made

her way to the Lenoir Group.

Due to Damien's past grand proposal to Cherise in Adania, the receptionist and security guards at the

Lenoir Group recognized her.

Chapter 879 Send Me a Gift

She smoothly entered the elevator and arrived on the 24th floor, where Damien's office was.

"Candace is lucky to get so close to the president."

"It's not just luck. Candace must have been pretty capable. Otherwise, how could she be transferred to

the president's office to serve him?"

"That's true..."

As the elevator doors opened, Cherise overheard several women, who appeared to be secretaries,

sipping water and gossiping softly by the corridor.

Cherise furrowed her brows slightly. As far as she knew, Lenoir Group only had one president, Damien.

"You're all here." A sweet voice sounded as Cherise turned to the gossiping women. She instinctively

glanced at the lady who had spoken.

She wore a fitted suit, perfectly tailored to accentuate her figure and make her look alluring.



“Candace!”

“Candace, why do you have time to come out? We thought you’d be cozying up with Mr. Lenoir inside all night!”

“Yeah, I saw Mr. Lenoir nearly sweep you into his arms just now!”

The other women chattered excitedly when the lady named Candace approached them.

Cherise held the thermal lunchbox and pursed her lips. Those women hadn’t noticed Cherise’s presence and were still gossiping away.

“Don’t say such nonsense.” Candace looked down, feigning shyness. “Mr. Lenoir is married and has two children. People will misunderstand if you talk like this...”

The other women burst into laughter upon hearing Candace’s words, “Who doesn’t know that? His wife is the doctor getting criticized online these days.”

“Besides, she never comes to the company. What are you afraid of? Mr. Lenoir’s work hours belong to you; hers is after work. There won’t be any conflict!”

“Exactly. With your outstanding abilities, you can be his perfect helpmate!”

“You can help him the way a conservative doctor can’t! That’s your advantage!”

“Um.” Candace smiled shyly as she listened to those women. “You’re right.”

“But... I was so nervous... Mr. Lenoir was so close to me just now... I could feel his breath on my ear...

My heart almost leaped out of my chest!”

As she said this, the women around her began to exclaim, “Oh my, I’m so envious of you!”

“Once you’re successful in the future, don’t forget about us...”

“That’s right...”

The other women echoed one after another.

“Of course.” Candace stood straight and raised her chin. “Once Mr. Lenoir and I are in a relationship, I’ll

get you all presents!”

“Nice!”

“That’s more like it...”

Hearing those women, Cherise narrowed her eyes and made up her mind. She strode to them, saying,

“Please remember to send me a gift too.”

The women were surprised to be interrupted by an unfamiliar voice. They immediately turned to

Cherise.

Not knowing who Cherise was, one of them even pouted, saying, “Who are you? Don’t you feel ashamed demanding gifts like this?”

“Is it shameless of me to ask for gifts, or are your behaviors more shameless? You praised a woman desiring to have an affair with a married man and demanded gifts from her. Aren’t you ashamed?”

Then, she yawned before continuing, “I have every right to ask for a gift from Candace here. If she steals my husband, she should give me a gift. Isn’t that a reasonable request?”

The group of women instantly fell silent upon hearing Cherise’s words.

Chapter 880 Peeping

Everyone stared at Cherise in shock. “Mrs...Mrs. Lenoir!”

Candace turned pale. “Mrs. Lenoir...”

Cherise smiled at her. “Don’t call me that. Perhaps this title might soon be yours.”

There was no trace of anger or jealousy in Cherise’s voice. Her tone was calm as if she was discussing the weather.

The other women could not help but be impressed by her composure. If it were them, they could never remain that calm if they discovered a woman getting in between their relationship with their husband.

As everyone was at a standstill, Candace's phone rang. It was a call from Damien.

Candace held the phone, hesitating whether to answer it. But Cherise noticed the number on the phone screen and smiled. "Answer it."

Candace silently pressed the answer button.

A deep male voice commanded sternly from the phone, "Come to my office immediately."

Candace pursed her lips. She looked at Cherise with fear and a sense of triumph.

But Cherise merely smiled at her. "Go. Don't mention I'm here. Otherwise, you know the consequences."

Candace looked pale as she nodded. She turned around and hurried into Damien's office. After she left, the corridor instantly quieted down again.

Cherise glanced at the other women, who kept their gaze down, not daring to speak. "I remember you were talking about how you saw Candace and Damien almost embracing, right?"

No one said a word.

Cherise spoke again, "Who will take me to see what they are doing inside? I'll tell my husband to give a

raise to whoever volunteers.”

After a moment of silence, a petite girl in black stepped forward and led Cherise to a corner. An angled glass in that corner gave them a good view of what was happening in Damien’s office.

Cherise was impressed that they noticed such a hidden angle. She stood there and watched the scene inside the office.

She saw Damien lean coldly in his chair. He held his phone while looking at Candace sternly as if reproaching her about something.

Candace’s face was flushed from his scolding, and she was on the verge of tears. But Damien did not show any tenderness or pity. He continued to speak angrily.

Watching this scene unfold before her, Cherise silently turned around and looked at the women behind her. “Is this what you call intimacy?” She had braced herself to witness something that would break her heart.

As she pondered, Damien dialed a number on his phone. Suddenly, Cherise’s phone rang.

She was startled and immediately thought to answer the call. However, she realized Damien was looking at her from his office.

Oh no, he caught me peeping at him.

“Why are you here?” Before Cherise could decide how to react, Damien had already rushed out of his office and stopped before her. His gaze seemed to burn as he looked at her. Then, he noticed the thermal lunchbox in her hands, prompting his lips to curve with delight. “Are you here to bring me food?”

After saying that, he immediately pulled her into his embrace. “So thoughtful.”

Cherise did not know what to say.

Meanwhile, the other women witnessed Damien’s behavior and exchanged glances. Only a few minutes ago, they were in awe of Candace, thinking she had a chance of becoming Damien’s lover.