

MY BLIND 875

Chapter 875 A Father's Trust

Beckham gazed into the camera, a subtle smile gracing his lips. "I firmly believe Cherise did not err."

"Were I in my wife's shoes five years ago, I would have made the same decision."

"On a smaller scale, it's due to my unwavering trust in my daughter and my willingness to place my life in her hands." "On a grander scale, it's a step toward resolving these complex issues."

"After the events unfolded, I found the online commentary nonsensical."

"As the individuals closest to Charisa, Cherise and I—are averse to witnessing this outcome, yet we are the most profoundly impacted."

"Yet, netizens advocate for justice, labeling Cherise cruel and disloyal."

"May I ask: before this incident, did you truly pay heed to and understand Cherise?"

"Do you truly comprehend who Charisa was?"

"No, you don't. You are merely following the herd without engaging in critical thought."

"I genuinely hope you keyboard warriors can learn to think independently."

Following Beckham's video, another clip featuring Charisa emerged.

It was one Cherise had never viewed.

In it, Charisa appeared wan and weary, forcing a feeble smile.

"I am scheduled for surgery tomorrow," Charisa spoke into the camera.

"I've recorded this video to prevent any misconceptions about my daughter should anything unforeseen occur." "I hope this footage remains unseen, for its viewing would mean my daughter endures unwarranted suffering." In the video, Charisa's smile remained gentle.

Watching Charisa like this, Cherise couldn't help but burst into tears!

So it turns out...

It turns out that Mom had already anticipated everything five years ago...

She foresaw it all.

She even recorded this video to clarify things for her.

"I consented to the surgery willingly," Charisa continued. "Cherise visited my hospital room earlier and expressed reluctance to proceed, fearing the worst."

"But I'm unafraid, perhaps because I'm near death. I've experienced all life has to offer; a few months sooner or later makes no difference."

Cherise could no longer discern Charisa's subsequent words.

Tears streamed down her face as she covered her mouth, speechless.

Mom...

Cherise's heart whispered. Her mother was genuinely extraordinary.

She was enduring hardships without complaint and seeking justice alone.

She harbored a love for her husband and shielded him from suspicion, supporting his business from afar for over a decade.

Even on her deathbed, she made decisions with her daughter and husband in mind.

It seems that she never lived solely for herself throughout her entire life.

With tightly clenched lips, Cherise whispered in her heart, novelbin

Mom, | still want to be your daughter in the next life.

I'll never leave you or let you suffer illness. I'll care for you...

Tears stained Cherise's reddened eyes as she departed from the research institute. Climbing into her car, she immediately dialed Beckham's number.

"Dad,"

She sniffled, her voice choked with tears. "I watched those videos."

"As long as you're okay,"

Beckham's affectionate voice reassured her. "Why does your voice sound strained? Have you been crying?" "Did Damien trouble you?"

"No,"

Cherise replied, shaking her head vigorously despite knowing Beckham couldn't see her. "I watched the video of you and Mom... It was profoundly moving."