

MY BLIND 901

Chapter 901 You Look So Beautiful When You're Focused

These were the media outlets that Heather had shown Cherise earlier, featuring those fake news articles. Within an instant, every trending topic on Twitter was related to the news.

Everyone could not believe their eyes.

It is worth noting that Damien rarely ever made a statement or post using his personal account.

And even when he did, it was very formal and procedural.

His last Twitter post was a New Year's greeting from last year, and the one before that was a New Year's greeting from the year before.

The man who only posts 'Happy New Year' on Twitter every year actually wrote such a lengthy post today for Cherise!?

The various media outlets mentioned by Mr. Hampson started apologizing under the Twitter post. They came in one after the other, and an endless string of notifications popped up.

'Mr. Lenoir, the news from our newspaper today was written by a temporary worker. Please forgive us for our inexperience. We will delete it immediately!'

'Mr. Lenoir, our reporter's information was incorrect. We deeply apologize for causing trouble to your wife!' 'Mr. Lenoir, if there is anything we can do to compensate Mrs. Lenoir, we will do our utmost to make amends!'

After eating his meal, Damien rechecked his Twitter account again and noticed that some of the reporters mentioned the word "compensation" in their tweets.

The corner of his lips crooked up as he made another post: 'My wife enjoys eating drumsticks.'

After lunch, Damien still did not return the phone to Cherise, stating that he wanted her to concentrate on her work. Cherise thought it made sense.

She came to work today, but she hadn't accomplished anything all morning.

During the afternoons, if she still had her phone with her, she would inevitably be distracted by texting Heather or Lucy. Keeping a phone with her had a negative impact on her workflow.

So Cherise made up her mind not to ask Damien for her phone and immersed herself in studying a stack of shareholders' information.

She worked diligently on memorizing the shareholders' information, utterly engrossed in her work that by the time she finished organizing the five

In her hand, it was already dark outside. Damien, who had nothing to do, pulled up a chair and elegantly sat in front of her desk, his dark-colored eyes fixed on her. Feeling like someone was peeking at her, Cherise finally looked up from the stack of documents and met his eyes.

Their gazes locked; one opened wide with surprise, and the other stared warmly back at her as if enveloping her with its warm gaze.

The man's intense gaze caused Cherise's cheeks to blush slightly. "What... what are you doing?" she asked meekly. "You look so beautiful when you're focused," Damien replied earnestly. His deep voice reverberated within her body. Facing his beloved, Damien never hesitated to compliment her. "I truly married a wonderful wife."

The pink flush on Cherise's cheeks deepened; she gulped involuntarily as the weight of his words settled within her.

After a few seconds, she took a deep breath to calm her beating heart, and then she gave him a look as if trying to reprimand him for teasing her. She took a quick glance at the sky outside and noticed that it had turned dark already. Wondering what time it was, she tapped on her phone.

It's already eight o'clock at night! She quickly stood up, grumbling as she packed up. "Why didn't you call me earlier? It's so late..." "Cherry..."

"I had Mr. Hampson and Frances pick them up."

Cherise rolled her eyes. "You have time to get Mr. Hampson and Frances to pick up the kids but no time to tell me to leave work."

She looked up and pretended to be angry as she glared at him. "Are you trying to make me work more on purpose?"

"You're so annoying!" "No, you're the annoying one!" he retorted. "Whatever."

The man stretched lazily and stood up. "Now Damien is going to be the driver, taking the little laborer Cherry home and then making drumsticks for the little laborer."

When he mentioned drumsticks, Cherise's stomach inadvertently rumbled in tandem, betraying her emotions. The man's eyes twinkled, a smug smile plastered on his face.

Cherise pouted, "It's all your fault!"

"To punish you, I'm going to eat a lot of drumsticks tonight!"

The man leaned against the door, his hands crossed over his chest as he looked at her and said, "Are you sure?" "Of course!"

"Alright then."

The man gestured his hands outward to signal them to leave. "Let's go out first before we talk."

Chapter 902 A Lifetime Abundance of Drumsticks

Cherise pursed her lips, puzzled by Damien's strange behavior that night.

She pushed open the door in front of her, taking the lead as she stepped into the elevator.

However, to her surprise, after stepping out when she reached the first floor, she found herself surrounded by a crowd of people. "Mrs. Lenoir! This is a small token of apology from our newspaper to you!"

"Mrs. Lenoir, we have prepared a gift for you that we hope you will like! Please accept it!"

"Mrs. Lenoir..."

Amidst the chorus of "Mrs. Lenoir," a tantalizing aroma of drumsticks wafted through the air...

Cherise furrowed her brow, noticing that each person in the crowd was holding a large bouquet.

However, these bouquets were not filled with flowers.

Instead, they were packed with drumsticks.

Grilled, fried, and coated with various sauces and seasonings...

All varieties of drumsticks were artfully arranged to resemble bouquets, some even adorned with buttery bows. Cherise found herself encircled by drumsticks.

Hunger gnawed at her with every inch of her body, threatening to overthrow any sense of decorum. The juicy drumsticks looked so succulent, and the smell and sight of them were an invitation to savor them.

Yet, if she accepted a drumstick from even just one person, she would be obliged to accept all the drumsticks from the others. Cherise gazed at the crowd before her.

The line of people offering her drumsticks extended from the elevator door to the building's entrance.

Estimating roughly, she might have to consume these drumsticks for one to two years....

A sense of despair washed over Cherise.

It was despair born of hunger and a desire to eat to her heart's wishes and the paradoxical situation because she was unable to eat them all.

"Everyone."

Just as Cherise hesitated between acceptance and refusal, the man behind her spoke calmly, "Everyone is overly enthusiastic, and my wife is having trouble deciding."

"How about this? Each of you set down the drumsticks and leave your business cards on the table by the door. I will remember everyone's names, and my wife can choose freely without feeling pressured."

What choice did the people have but to comply with Damien's instructions?

A flurry of activity ensued as the individuals placed their large drumsticks bouquets on the pristine table, followed by leaving their business cards on top of the bouquets.

More and more drumsticks were set down, and more and more business cards were left.

Eventually, the table was overflowing with business cards!

As the crowd dispersed, Cherise massaged her temples, pondering what to do with the abundance of drumsticks. These cooked drumsticks couldn't be frozen and were challenging to store.

Despite the approaching autumn, the lingering summer heat would undoubtedly spoil them within a few days.

And with such a surplus of drumsticks... how would she manage them? Turning to Damien with a resentful glare, she demanded, "What is the meaning of all this?"

Ignoring her question, the man silently approached the drumsticks, examining a few of them. "The flavor of this one looks exquisite; it's worth savoring."

"This one is quite delightful." "And this one, the aroma is simply divine."

Selecting a few choice drumsticks, the man placed them on the coffee table in the hall, then gently pushed Cherise onto the sofa. "Feeling hungry? Go ahead and eat," Damien said as he gestured towards the drumsticks.

The tantalizing scent of the drumsticks lingered in the air.

Cherise's stomach rumbled once more.

Pursing her lips, she reluctantly picked up a drumsticks and began to eat.

After finishing her meal, Cherise pondered over the predicament of the surplus of drumsticks. Turning to Damien, she inquired, "Did you orchestrate all of this?"

"It wasn't me, | Swear. Don't jump to conclusions," Damien replied with a smile, ruffling her hair. "| merely mentioned on Twitter that you have a fondness for drumsticks."

Chapter 903 You Are Worthy

After narrowing her eyes at him, Cherise rubbed her eyebrows together, understanding the events that brought upon this phenomenon.

Despite the crisis facing the Lenoir Group, there were still many people trying to please Damien and establish a connection with him.

He publicly declared on Twitter that she enjoys eating drumsticks, essentially indicating that pleasing her is equivalent to pleasing him!?

Intending to display her annoyance in full, she shot him another glare as she angrily reached for her phone. However, what she saw on his latest post at noon caught her attention.

He was defending her.

In response to the false media reports, he took to the internet to speak up for her for the first time.

He even mentioned her fondness for drumsticks.

Beneath his Twitter post, along with apologies from the media, there were various comments from netizens. 'Mr. and Mrs. Lenoir are truly in love!'

'Damien is a wonderful husband! Standing up for his wife and remembering her preferences!'

'I wish | had a Damien Lenoir in my life!'

Cherise was left speechless.

Reading these online comments, Cherise found herself unable to voice any of the complaints she had prepared for Damien. This man has done so much for her... perhaps too much.

And what she could do for him seemed so small in comparison.

She had come to the company today to assist him but... ended up causing trouble for him instead.

Even though deep down Cherise knew he did not see her as a burden, she still felt guilty over his numerous selfless actions for her sake.

Taking a deep breath, she gazed at Damien earnestly and asked, “Do | deserve all this from you?”

Damien furrowed his brows slightly, his obsidian eyes fixed on her. With a hint of a smile playing on his lips, he said softly, “Cherry.”

She met his gaze seriously, awaiting his response.

Yet, he merely smiled faintly, picked up a tissue from the coffee table, and wiped away the oil stains from the corner of her mouth. He teased, “So, am | worth it?”

“Even though you left me years ago, do | still deserve the kids you bore me?”

“Am | worth the cost of the injury you sustained when you tried to save me, so much so that you couldn't perform surgery for a long time?”

His words caused Cherise to furrow her brow deeply. Not hesitating for a second, she replied, “Yes, you're worth it!”. Even if... Even if she had harbored some resentment towards him in the past, even though there were times she felt helpless.

It couldn't be denied that if she were given the chance to choose again, she would still choose to have children with him-she would still choose to save his life.

He was worth it.

“Since you believe | am worthy, | also believe you're worthy of my protection and affection,” he stated. Setting down the tissue, he tenderly kissed Cherise on the forehead. “Don't doubt your own allure.”

His obsidian eyes locked onto hers as if he were staring down into her very soul. “I remember everything you've done for me,” he continued softly.

“Now that I have you back, I want to cherish you, do everything for you, and provide you with the best of everything. That's what a husband should do for his wife.”

Cherise's rising heartbeat pounded beneath her chest.

His sincere confession struck her like lightning, causing butterflies to dance around in her stomach, her body flushing red within seconds.

Taking a deep breath, she raised her arm and placed it on Damien's shoulder, her pink lips pursed as she leaned in to give him a kiss on his sharply defined, thin lips.

“Honey...”

‘Smack!’

Just as Cherise's lips met Damien's, the sound of papers falling to the ground could be heard in the distance. Cherise and Damien raised their heads in unison, looking at the source of the sound.

They saw a formally dressed Candace squatting by the elevator, unnerved by catching their attention. Discombobulated, she hurriedly tried to gather the scattered papers around her.

Chapter 904 Business Secret

Realizing Damien and Cherise's gazes, Candace pursed her lips and looked at them with embarrassment. “I... I didn't mean to eavesdrop on you guys...”

“I was just... just working overtime, just finished work.” After speaking, she picked up the files on the ground, hugged them to her body, and prepared to leave quickly. But after walking only a few steps, Damien's voice halted her footsteps. “Stop.”

Candace, with her back to Damien and Cherise, sounded a bit flustered. “May I... may I ask if there is anything else Mr. Lenoir wants to instruct?”

“There is.”

Damien put down Cherise, then he stood up and walked to the door, pointing to the pile of business cards at the door. "I remember you're very good at organizing information."

"Help me make a list of these people."

Candace's eyes widened in surprise, stunned by his order.

Even though she was very reluctant, Candace responded with a polite smile and said, "Okay."

"Mr. Lenoir, do you want this to be done by tonight?"

"No need."

Damien glanced at the pile of business cards. "It can be done within a week," he added.

After that, as if he had thought of something, he smiled faintly at Candace. "Aren't you thinking of resigning?"

"There are many business cards of good company owners here. You can choose a few that you like from here and get to know them."

"If they know that | gave you their business cards, they will look highly upon you."

Candace's lips tightened into a thin line as she clutched the files tightly in her hands. "Thank you, Mr. Lenoir, but | don't need it," she said, feigning a smile.

Even though she no longer wanted to resign, she had better options to select from if she did!

“Weiss Group is not a good choice for you. Even if you go to Weiss Group, you will eventually leave Adania empty-handed,” Mr. Lenoir said as if he could see through Candace’s thoughts.

His deep voice was calm, but it sent shivers down Candace’s spine. How did Mr. Lenoir know about Weiss Group trying to poach me? she thought frantically to herself. | haven’t told anyone else! And he doesn’t even appear angry, casually mentioning it like that!

Seeing Candace’s pale face, Damien’s wry smile deepened. “There are no secrets in this world. | know what you’ve been saying about me to the people at Weiss Group behind my back.”

“But a word of advice, if you’re thinking of switching jobs, Weiss Group is not the best choice.”

With that, he turned and returned to Cherise’s side, saying, “You can leave with these business cards.”

Candace bit down on her lower lip, not daring to look Mr. Lenoir in the eye again. She quickly gathered up the business cards and hurriedly left the Lenoir Group building.

Still sitting on the sofa, Cherise stared blankly in the direction Candace had left. “Do you think she wants to go to Weiss Group?”

“Yes,” Mr. Lenoir replied with a faint

smile. “Sebastian has her on the list

of people he wants to poach from the

Lenoir Group.”

“| knew Weiss Group must have talked to her when she looked like she wanted to resign after competing with you during the day.”

“Otherwise, a spendthrift like her wouldn't easily want to resign if she wasn't guaranteed a stable job.”

Cherise nodded, thinking that his logic made sense.

“But, how did you get the list of people Sebastian wants to poach from Lenoir Group?”

The man gave a knowing smile and glanced at Cherise. “I'm not telling you.”

“It's a business secret,” he added, his eyes twinkling with mischief.

Cherise pursed her lips. Since he didn't want to reveal the truth, she didn't bother to ask him again.

Taking a deep breath, she looked up and continued to look helplessly at the mountain of drumsticks on the table. “What should we do with these?”

Chapter 905 A Good Deed at the Orphanage

The man persisted in teasing her, “If you count to ten I'll know what to do.”

Cherise rolled her eyes, saying, “Do you think I'm a child?”

Despite her words, she still glanced at his face and began counting.

“One, two, three, four... nine, ten!”

As she reached ten, a small truck pulled up outside the Lenoir Group Building.

Two men and a woman emerged from the truck.

The men appeared to be laborers, while the woman had a gentle demeanor reminiscent of someone involved in charity work.

With a smile, the woman ushered the men inside, “Mr. Lenoir, I appreciate your willingness to donate food to the children at the orphanage in Adonia...”

Damien rose from his seat and addressed the lady, “It’s not me who wishes to donate. It’s my wife.”

“My wife is compassionate and understands the challenges faced by the children at the orphanage, so she specifically requested me to reach out to you to donate drumsticks to the children.”

Upon hearing this, the woman turned to Cherise with a smile, “Mrs. Lenoir is truly generous and kind-hearted!” “Mrs. Lenoir’s kindness is remarkable, which explains why she has such a wonderful husband like Mr. Lenoir...” The director of the orphanage showered Cherise with praise.

Feeling slightly embarrassed by the compliments, Cherise could only offer a sheepish smile to the woman in charge. “In that case, let’s load these drumsticks onto the truck together,” she said as she gestured to the drumsticks before them.

The woman raised her hand, halting Cherise, “There’s no need for you to do that. Our two workers from the orphanage can handle it perfectly!”

With a wave of her hand, the two men promptly began loading the truck.

The truck was soon filled to the brim with drumsticks.

Following the suggestion of the female director, Damien and Cherise trailed their car to the orphanage.

Inside the orphanage home's cafeteria, a group of children sat quietly at the tables, awaiting their meal.

In contrast to children like Serafina, who were born into privilege, the children at the orphanage appeared particularly thin. However, their bright black eyes shone like grapes—they still had their spirits.

On the role of volunteers,

Due to understaffing at the orphanage, Cherise and Damien even donning the volunteer attire and distributing drumsticks to the children.

The orphanage housed numerous children. The drumsticks from the small truck would likely only suffice for two or three meals.

After distributing the drumsticks to the children that evening, Cherise and Damien leaned against the small window outside the cafeteria, observing the children enjoying their meal.

“Do you see that girl? She resembles you.”

Damien smiled, pointing to a little girl with two ponytails. Her round face was decorated with two round eyes and pink puffy lips, earnestly devouring a drumstick. “Were you like her when you were young?”

Cherise shook her head and replied, “I’m not sure.” Damien furrowed his brow slightly. “You’re not sure?” “No,” she said matter-of-factly.

After a pause, Cherise took a deep breath and added, “I’m uncertain if I ate drumsticks like that as a child.”

“Because when I was young... I never had drumsticks.” Her lips pursed, memories flooding back to her days in the Shaw's Village.

During that time, her uncle and aunt's family lived in poverty. Despite raising many chickens, the roosters were sold for money, and the hens were kept for egg production.

Cherise never tasted drumsticks in her youth.

She vividly recalled the first time she had drumsticks.

It was when she entered junior high school and moved to study in Shawberry. Seated next to Sebastian, the plump boy consumed large quantities of food daily.

He confided that his parents didn't care for him and that his grandparents didn't show affection. He also mentioned that he felt lonely and isolated, so he ate to alleviate his sorrow.

Chapter 906 Prince and Princess

At that time, Cherise didn't fully grasp Sebastian's circumstances, but she could sense that he was perpetually gloomy. Therefore, she consistently offered words of comfort to Sebastian, assuring him that he was just as capable as anyone else. Over time, she developed a close friendship with Sebastian; he even shared his drumsticks with her on numerous occasions. It marked Cherise's inaugural experience with drumsticks.

The juicy taste of the meat from the drumsticks was simply too exquisite.

As a result, she developed a fondness for it, eventually becoming her favorite food of all time.

"You've been through a lot."

Damien sighed softly, extending his arms to embrace Cherise. "From now on, I'll give you as many drumsticks as you desire." "However, let's avoid a repeat of today!"

Cherise smiled wryly at Damien. "Today's fiasco really frightened me."

"If I consume all these drumsticks, you might not recognize me tomorrow!" she cried.

Observing Cherise's helpless expression, Damien smiled gently as he embraced her and planted a kiss on her cheek. "It won't happen again."

"But this moment is quite pleasant as well," he said as he rested his chin on her head.

Cherise turned to glance at the children relishing their drumsticks. "These children are truly deserving of pity," she muttered softly, her eyes large and rimmed with tears.

Becoming a mother had intensified her affection for the children. Witnessing numerous parentless children enjoying their drumsticks obediently, a whirlwind of emotions swept through her.

“We should make it a point to visit them more frequently in the future,” she said, her gaze still on the children. Nodding solemnly, Damien responded, “Agreed.”

After a pause, Cherise took a deep breath before saying, “These children truly tug at my heartstrings.”

“I feel sorry for myself as well,” she added wistfully, her eyes looking as if they were gazing into a distant memory. Damien encircled Cherise’s waist. “I yearn for a third and fourth child, but you never consent to it.”

She narrowed her eyes at him and scoffed out loud.

Unbelievable, she thought to herself. She was still in the middle of reflecting on her memories and pondering on what she could do to help those kids.

Where was this man’s mind wandering!? As she was about to push Damien away, his lips tenderly met hers. Just as Cherise was about to resist, the window beside her suddenly creaked open.

A group of children from the orphanage peered through the window, beaming at Cherise and Damien. “Oh! The prince and princess are sharing a kiss just like in fairy tales!”

“Wow, are you two the prince and princess?”

“How romantic!”

Following their exclamations, they even clapped in excitement.

Flustered, Cherise’s mouth parted in silent surprise, before she swiftly pushed Damien away, “Finish your meal and head to bed!”

Upon hearing the children's hubbub, the female head supervisor swiftly approached and reprimanded them.

With her arrival, the children were then prompted to be silent and dispersed.

A warm smile lit up the supervisor's features as she faced Damien and Cherise. "Thank you both for your donations to the orphanage today and for lending a hand here. As it's getting late, I won't accompany you out."

"However, there will be a performance at the orphanage in a week, and I hope both of you, as benefactors of the home, will attend," the head supervisor said earnestly, her eyes hopeful.

"We will!" Cherise promptly agreed. "Excellent."

The female supervisor's smile widened. "I will send the specific time and location to Mrs. Lenoir's email, and she can verify it herself."

"Wonderful!" Cherise confirmed enthusiastically with the female leader, then happily intertwined her fingers with Damien's as they departed the orphanage.

Once they settled into the car, Damien couldn't resist stealing a glance at the woman engrossed in her phone in the back seat through the rearview mirror. "Why did you agree so readily?" he asked, arching his eyebrows.

Cherise shrugged, "Isn't it a good deed to watch the children perform and assist the orphanage?" Damien shook his head in amusement. "Do you know why she invited both of us?" Puzzled, Cherise tilted her head. "I'm not sure," she replied honestly.

"Because with my presence," the man exhaled deeply, "half of Adonia's business community will show up."

Chapter 907 Loneliness From Childhood

Cherise was taken aback. "So... if I wasn't with you tonight, would you have declined?"

The man nodded, an uncertain smile plastered on his face as he said gently, "While I am happy to support the orphanage, I am not fond of these events"

Cherise swallowed a lump in her throat, internally admonishing herself for her impulsive behavior.

Her hands clenched down on the leather seat underneath her. "Then... what should we do..."

"There's nothing we can do," Damien sighed in resignation. "I must accompany Mrs. Lenoir to the event." "If Mrs. Lenoir feels guilty, she can find a way to make it up to me."

How do I make it up to him?

Cherise chewed on her bottom lip, lost in thoughts of dire consequences to her. Furrowing her brows, she said meekly, "You wouldn't... expect me to... have more children as compensation, would you?"

That would be too excessive! she thought horrifically to herself. Her eyes widened into big, helpless circles as if pleading for Damien to spare her.

"Mrs. Lenoir is truly astute," the man chuckled as he started the car. "You always guess what I want right away." Cherise gulped nervously, her body flushing pink.

She wished she could take back the words she accidentally spoke out loud.

Furrowing her eyebrows, she recollected that moments ago, in the orphanage, he was insinuating the very same thing. She couldn't believe that a kiss between them nearly made her forget about his comments earlier.

Taking a deep breath, her lips grew thin and firm as she gazed out of the car window. "Damien," she said seriously. Silence lingered in the air for a few minutes before he finally responded, "Yes?"

"I don't want to have more children for now."

“Why?” he asked, arching an eyebrow.

“Because | believe two are sufficient.”

She pursed her lips, continuing, “Is Ren not intelligent enough, or is Sera not adorable enough? Why do you always desire a third and fourth child?”

It was not the first time he had brought up the topic in front of her.

Even when they never used protection, he would express his desire for a third and fourth child.

But she truly felt they didn’t need so many children...

A smile lit up on the corner of his lips as he continued to focus on the road. “It’s just a small wish | have.”

Taking a deep breath, his tone turned serious, “When my sister faked her death and disappeared before, | felt very lonely.” “| thought at that time, if | ever have children in the future, there should be more than two.”

“Because if something unexpected happens... the one left behind will be very lonely.”

“However.”

The man took a deep breath, his voice becoming solemn, “That’s just my opinion.”

“If you truly don’t want to, | won’t pressure you.”

“Every time | bring up the idea of a third and fourth child, it's simply to tease you.”

The man's words left Cherise speechless for a moment.

All along, she thought Damien just enjoyed teasing her by seeing her reaction whenever he brought it up, but she hadn't anticipated... that behind his desire for a third and fourth child were the memories and wishes he had as a lonely child. The atmosphere in the car grew heavy.

Cherise was at a loss for words for a moment, so she decided to avoid the topic and peacefully played with her phone.

Damien confiscated her phone since the afternoon, so when she finally opened up her notifications, she was met with hundreds of messages.

There were all sorts of messages, all of them varied in subject and content. Most of them were messages from Heather and Lucy.

After finally responding to the two, Cherise was about to switch off her phone when she noticed a message at the bottom.

The message was from Sebastian Weiss.

It was brief, only two sentences.

'I did not know that you still enjoy eating drumsticks.

'Let me treat you to some another day as a commemorative token of our childhood.

Cherise held her phone in her hands, unsure how to formulate a response.

Apart of her believed that she should reply, out of courtesy of their former relationship.

The other remembered that she was also Damien's wife, and she shouldn't get too close to his rivals.

After much deliberation, Cherise finally replied politely, “Yes, I still love eating drumsticks, thanks to you.’

Chapter 908 An Invitation

‘However, I don’t need you to treat me to a meal. I’ve long forgotten the taste of my childhood. What I love the most now is the food my husband cooks.’

After carefully reviewing the message several times to ensure there were no typos or ambiguities, Cherise pressed the send button.

Two seconds after sending the message, she received a response from Sebastian. He sent a smiling emoji and responded, ‘You may have forgotten the taste of your childhood, but I still remember it. If you have time, let’s meet up for a meal. I remember where I bought the drumsticks for you back then.’

Perhaps afraid that Cherise would refuse again, he added, ‘I went back to that store a few days ago. It’s still there and hasn't closed down.

Cherise gripped her phone tightly, her eyes shooting back and forth between the phone and the view outside, still uncertain about how to respond.

Taking a deep breath, she simply turned off her phone and decided not to respond. But an uneasy feeling still coiled around her heart.

Was it really okay to stand up to an old classmate like this? She thought anxiously, leaving her feeling adrift in a sea of uncertainty.

With these thoughts in mind, she looked up and glanced at the man driving next to her.

His stern face was marked with dark circles under his eyes, and there were even traces of redness in his eyes. The past few days had been exhausting for him, and it showed.

One of the reasons that contributed to his overexertion was her old classmate, Sebastian.

Cherise closed her eyes, ruminating between Sebastian and Damien. Within seconds, she made her choice. After all, Sebastian was no longer the same person he was back then.

Then there was Damien; who accompanied her day and night, holding her preciously in the palm of his hand. Anyone could tell which of these two people was more important to her.

Before long, Damien's car arrived at the Lenoir residence.

"What are you thinking about?"

Damien's deep voice brought her attention back to the present.

Feeling guilty that she had even considered meeting Sebastian for a split second, she panicked and waved her hands about in denial. "Nothing, nothing."

Damien noticed her uneasiness, but instead of further probing into her thoughts, he smiled faintly at her. "You seem distracted. Are you thinking about when the third and fourth should be born?"

Cherise was at a loss for words. This man was just serious a moment ago. Why is he talking about children now? But then, if he really likes children... | could give him more kids.

With that thought in mind, she put her phone back in her bag, tidied up her things, and got out of the car. Then she threw herself into his arms, kissing him on the cheeks. "Honey, do you really like children?" she asked, her round eyes beaming at him.

Damien smiled, reaching out to pinch her delicate face. "What do you think?"

Cherise pouted, and then she extended her arms to hug his strong waist. "Then it's settled. After we're done with the recent matters..."

As the woman spoke, her face started to take on a red hue. "After we're done, I'll prepare to have another one for you, okay? But first! We must both come to an agreement."

She raised her head, pouting, her black grape-like eyes staring at him intently as she continued, "I can only give birth to one more for you."

"Three children are enough for us; after I give birth to the third, you can't talk about having a fourth or fifth anymore!"

"I understand that the lingering sadness from your childhood still clutches on you, making you feel like two children are not enough."

"But you have to believe, with you and me, our children will be fine!"

"So three is enough! I'm not a chicken that can lay as many eggs as you want!" The woman stared at him, saying the words seriously but with a hint of humor. Damien smiled helplessly, reaching out his arms to hold her tightly. "Okay, I listen to you. Then let's just have three." "Okay!"

Cherise nodded seriously, satisfied

that they had quickly reached a

peaceful conclusion. With a smile

that lit up her entire face, she lifted

her head and kissed Damien on the

face.

Chapter 909 Happy Family of Four

“Turns out that Mom and Dad are late because they are researching about giving us a little brother or sister,” Soren remarked, observing his parents.

From a distance, a little girl’s voice sounded unhappy. “Hmph, I knew it. Mom and Dad haven’t been spending time with me recently. There must be a problem!”

Cherise and Damien turned to see Serafina on the balcony of the Lenoir residence, pouting and leaning on the railing. Soren stood behind her, casually playing with a building block.

Cherise frowned, worried about her daughter’s safety. “Sera, get back! It’s not safe there!”

“It’s fine,” Serafina retorted. “Ren measured it and told me my chubby body can’t fit through.”

After a few seconds had passed, Serafina finally realized the insinuation of her brother’s words and yelled indignantly, “Ren called me fat!”

Hearing her daughter’s complaint, Cherise burst into laughter. “Sera, you took so long to react!” Widening her big, bead-like eyes, Serafina asked, “What do you mean, Mom?”

“She means you’re silly,” Soren chimed in.

Feeling hurt, Serafina whimpered, “Ren calls me fat, then Mom says I’m dumb... I’m so sad...”

Damien’s heart melted at his daughter’s tears. He quickly went inside to pick her up and cuddle her. Attempting to reassure her, he said, “You still have Daddy, right Sera?”

Serafina sobbed even harder, “But Daddy isn’t the most important person to me!” Achuckle left Cherise’s lips before she intervened, “Daddy is important to you too, Sera.” Damien pinched his daughter’s cheek playfully. “Do you listen to Ren that much?”

Serafina nodded, “Because he’s important to me.”

“But he called you fat,” Damien responded. “Mom called you dumb.” “Only Daddy thinks you’re thin and smart,” Damien said, staring into his daughter’s eyes.

After contemplating, Serafina kissed

Damien's cheek. “Then I'll admit that

Daddy is the most important person

to me.”

Damien chuckled, “Women of all ages can't resist sweet words.” A smirk formed on the corners of his mouth as he winked playfully at Cherise.

Shaking his head, Soren remarked, “Even if you manage to win over Sera, you can’t coax me that easily.”

Speaking his thoughts out loud, Soren walked away, leaving Damien smiling at his son’s determination. His stubbornness was very reminiscent of a certain woman.

Chapter 910 You Are My Greatest Treasure

She was exactly like Soren when they first met; once she made up her mind, she wouldn’t change it.. It appeared that the tug-of-war between him and his son would continue.

Just as he was feeling sentimental reminiscing about the past, Cherise approached him and pinched his arm, disrupting him from his thoughts. “See,” she said, raising her eyebrows smugly.

“If I have another child like Sera, how miserable would you be?”

Damien glanced at Cherise. “What if the youngest doesn’t recognize you?”

Frowning, Cherise opened her mouth, aghast at such a morbid thought.

“It's impossible! The child | have will definitely be close to me!”

Damien pinched Serafina's cheeks in his arms, “Do you prefer Daddy or Mommy?”

“| prefer Daddy now!” Sera exclaimed.

Cherise narrowed her eyes at him, completely at a loss for words.

After ten o'clock at night.

Cherise spent a lot of effort to finally coax both children to sleep.

“| like Daddy, Mommy, and Ren. Actually, | like everyone...”

As Cherise tiptoed to close the door, she heard her daughter mumbling in her sleep.

The woman shook her head helplessly.

It's all Damien's fault!

What's the point of making the child choose who they like more and putting the child in such a situation? “Mom.”

Just as Cherise was about to leave and close the door, Soren's voice rang out, calling her back in. She frowned and subconsciously looked in Soren's direction.

The little one was lying on his own bed, quietly looking at Cherise.

The fight in the corridor shone through the crack in the door and reflected in Soren's eyes, causing his eyes to sparkle like stars in the night sky.

The little one looked at Cherise seriously before he mustered up his courage to say, "Mom, was it tiring on your first day of work?"

A warm wave crashed into her, flooding her whole body with affection.

Her little boy actually remembered to ask her such a thoughtful question.

Taking a deep breath, she walked over and raised her hand to touch the little boy's head. "Not tired," she reassured, smiling. "I'm very good at this job, so don't worry!"

"As long as you're not tired," Ren replied and pursed his lips, reaching out his chubby little hand to hold one of Cherise's fingers. "If you're very tired, you can tell me."

"Although I can't help much, I'm actually good at comforting Sera." "I can take care of Sera so that we do not cause trouble for you!". The words of her little boy made Cherise's heart swell.

The next moment, she reached out her arms and hugged Soren into her embrace, "I've never once thought of you and your sister as a burden."

"You both are my greatest treasure, the ones I love the most."

"No matter what you do, you will both never, ever be troublesome to me."

"Okay!"

Ren smiled and raised his head, kissing Cherise on the cheek. "If you are tired in the future, I can cook for you and tell you stories to cheer you up!"

“Okay.” Cherise smiled as she ruffled the little one’s head. “But let’s talk about that later.”

“For now, Ren needs to sleep well. Wake up early tomorrow so you can wake your sister and go to kindergarten together, okay?”

Ren nodded seriously, “Okay!”

After speaking, the little boy lay back on the bed, pulled the blanket over himself, and said, “Mom, you should go to sleep early, too!”

“Let's both work hard tomorrow!”

Cherise smiled and nodded, then walked to the door and gently closed it.

On the way back to the bedroom from the children’s room, the woman couldn't help but sigh.

Her son was so sensible for his age.

If she could have a third child... it would be best if the child was like Soren.

Although he was not particularly close to his father, he truly understood the hardships his mother faced.

As Cherise pondered this, her footsteps had already brought her to the bedroom.