

MY BLIND 911

Chapter 911 It's That Time of the Month

Just as she closed the bedroom door, a 'click' sound was heard, and the bedroom light turned off along with it.

In the darkness, Damien's warm body pressed against her, pinning her to the door. His firm lips passionately kissed her in the dark, "Dear."

Cherise's heart fluttered. "You, you, you..." she said meekly.

"Why don't we try for a third child tonight?"

Startled by his words, she stumbled back a few steps and vehemently opposed, "No!" "Why not?"

The man chuckled softly; then he approached her again, his large hand about to slip under Cherise's skirt. Glaring at his form in the dark, Cherise firmly pushed his hands away. "No means no!"

Damien furrowed his brow as he went to turn on the wall lamp. The dim light cast shadows of his figure on the ground. "Why?" He used to behave like this with her before, but she had never reacted so strongly...

Her strong refusal left Damien somewhat puzzled.

Under the dim lights of the wall lamp, Cherise's face turned as red as a shrimp. "No means no...Let's... let's wait a few days." The man's frown deepened as he asked seriously, "Why?"

Cherise gave him a helpless look; what more could she say!?

Is this man clueless?

He still doesn't understand even though I've declined him so many times?

Taking a deep breath, she locked eyes with him. "I'm on my period."

"That's impossible." Damien leveled her gaze with a solemn stare. "Although I have been busy lately and didn't keep track of your menstrual cycle, your period is definitely not now!"

Cherise pursed her lips. Her period was indeed not due now.

BUL..

"There are various factors that can cause a woman's period to arrive early."

Biting the insides of her cheeks nervously, she added!"It just happened to come early by chance."

After speaking, she suddenly felt a rush of heat beneath her navel area.

Cherise quickly pushed Damien away and hurried into the bathroom.

She frantically looked through the shelves in the bathroom, but there were no sanitary pads in the bathroom at all. But she bought some yesterday and placed two in her bag in the morning. Why were they missing?

"Perhaps Frances took them while cleaning the bathroom."

Outside the door, Damien sighed softly and added, "I informed Frances about your period and specifically instructed her to maintain the bathroom supplies promptly, only preparing them when you are on your period."

Red from embarrassment, Cherise shot him a glare. "Was it really that necessary to instruct her on these matters?" she asked, her eyebrows still furrowed in annoyance.

Damien stood outside the door pondering, his hands on his hips. After a moment, he hesitantly asked, "What should we do now?"

What to do?

Cherise took a deep breath, "There's a twenty-four-hour convenience store at the second intersection to the right..."

Damien swiftly buttoned up his shirt and left the room before she could even finish her sentence. Moments later, the car downstairs started.

Cherise sat helplessly on the toilet, idly playing with her phone.

While playing with her phone, she came across Sebastian's text message again.

She dwelled on the message he had sent to her that night.

After considering it, Cherise felt that not replying would be impolite and petty, so she took out her phone and responded to him, 'I appreciate your kindness, but I'm currently swamped with work. Let's chat when I have some free time in the future.'

She thought that after replying in this manner, Sebastian wouldn't say anything else, but to her surprise, he promptly sent her a location address. 'I'll be waiting for you here in three days, don't stand me up.'

Cherise pursed her lips and sent another text to decline the invitation once more, but the man did not respond.

Feeling troubled, Cherise forwarded all her chat records with Sebastian to Lucy,

Chapter 912 The Clueless Husband

'What should I do in this situation?' Soon, Lucy's reply came.

'Do you want to hear the truth?' 'Yes,' Cherise typed.

'If | were you, | would go to the appointment, get Sebastian drunk, and make him sign an agreement to transfer the shares to Damien.'

'But | can hold my liquor while you can't, so this method might not work for you. You better not go'
Sighing out loud, Cherise rubbed her temples.

'So you're saying | can't avoid him.'

'Well, that's basically what | mean.'

Lucy's words were straightforward, 'If you really want to help Damien, it's better to go talk to Sebastian in the office and organize the information. It's more effective than doing nothing.'

Cherise gripped her phone tightly by her side and closed her eyes, seriously considering Lucy's suggestion. She had to admit that Lucy was right. The most effective way to help Damien was to go talk to Sebastian and ask him not to make things difficult for Damien.

Although she knew her abilities were limited and that Sebastian might not be willing to go through the deal just because they were old classmates, she still had to try something.

Even if she failed, she would not regret trying to plead with Sebastian.

Taking a deep breath, Cherise mustered her courage and found Sebastian's contact information again. Just as she opened the chat box, she heard the footsteps of a man outside the door.

A few seconds later, Damien, who was sweating profusely, handed Cherise a large black plastic bag. Cherise looked at the fully packed plastic bag in front of her, shocked.

"Why... so many?"

“I don’t know which brand you like, or which type you prefer.”

Fidgeting nervously with his hands, Damien looked a little embarrassed as he turned his face away and said, “So I bought every kind.”

Dumbfounded, Cherise was left speechless.

Every kind... he bought them all?

Does this man know how many brands and types of sanitary pads there are?

Just as she was pondering this, Damien handed her another big bag and then another. Cherise continued to stare in amazement at the line of bags in front of her.

Finally, she looked at the several large bags of sanitary pads that almost filled the bathroom and finally believed that Damien had not been exaggerating.

He really did... buy them all. It was fortunate that she had sent him to a small convenience store.

Otherwise, would he have filled the entire bedroom?

But considering that he didn’t know any better and that he really did it for her sake, Cherise couldn’t bear to blame him. She could only pick out a nighttime pad from the pile and then neatly stack the rest in a corner.

Cherise believed that when Frances came to clean the next day, she would definitely be shocked by the sight of sanitary pads flooding the entire bathroom!

The woman shook her head helplessly, tidied herself up, and then left with her phone in hand.

On the big bed outside, Damien had already prepared warm water mixed with brown sugar and a heating pad. He was just patiently waiting for her.

Seeing her approach, the man quickly handed her the water mixed with brown sugar and then gently placed the heating pad on her lower abdomen. "Does it hurt?" he asked gently.

Cherise was deeply moved; she finished the water with one gulp. "It doesn't hurt."

She had never had the problem of menstrual pain. This time, her menstruation came early because she had been staying up late and couldn't sleep, causing a hormonal imbalance. It would be fine after taking care of herself for a while.

Still worried, Damien's eyebrows slanted with concern as he said, "Should we go for a check-up tomorrow?" "No need!"

Cherise helplessly glanced at him, amused by his serious expression. "I am a doctor myself. I know how serious it is; it's not a big deal!"

After saying that, she put down the cup of water mixed with brown sugar and turned off the bedside lamp. "Let's go to sleep!"

Damien lay back on the bed, carefully holding her in his arms. "If it hurts, just tell me," he said softly.

Chapter 913 Desire to Help

"If you're upset, you can hit me," he said.

"You can also scold me," he added.

Cherise shook her head in firm denial, "No way!"

Snuggling into his arms, she felt the warmth of his body. "You are so good to me..."

She really didn't know how to respond to his affection.

Just as she was thinking so, her thoughts suddenly veered back to Sebastian.

Three days later, at Shawberry.

The woman closed her eyes, pacing back and forth. Should I go or not? she thought to herself, still questioning her decision. Time passed quickly, and in the blink of an eye, Cherise had been working in Damien's office for four days.

In these four days, she had sorted out fifty shareholders holding a significant amount of shares in the Lenoir Group. Among these shareholders, excluding those abroad, bedridden, or missing, there were more than twenty left.

Cherise carefully calculated that if Damien could repurchase the shares of these twenty-plus shareholders, he would still be the largest shareholder of the Lenoir Group.

In other words, if Damien could persuade these twenty-plus people to transfer their shares, then Sebastian and his family would just be ordinary shareholders of the Lenoir Group. They would not possess the qualifications to become the chairman; therefore, they would have no way of influencing the development of the Lenoir Group.

But... the difficulty of persuading these twenty-plus people... "It's like the difficulty of your college entrance exam back then," Lennon said.

Heather glared at him in disdain, annoyed by his insensitive remark. "You can memorize the questions for the college entrance examination, but how can you memorize the questions from these people?"

After speaking, she looked at Cherise with concern. "Cherry, don't be too upset. Your husband is so capable. There must be no problem!"

Cherise's lips tightened into a firm and thin line. She finished the coffee in front of her in one gulp and then stood up, saying, "I'll go back first and see if I can help with anything..."

With that, she turned around and left.

Watching Cherise's back as she was leaving, Heather shared daggers at Lennon. "Look at you!"

If you say that, how can Cherise feel at ease?!"

Lennon shrugged, "I'm just stating the facts."

Wrinkling her nose, her upper lip pulled up in a grimace. "You're so brusque; it's no wonder Lucy doesn't want you." Lennon raised an eyebrow at her.

"Why bring that up?" he asked, his voice tinged with a hint of annoyance.

"It's true, isn't it?"

Heather pursed her lips and scoffed, "To think | used to think of you as a Greek God!"

When Cherise returned to Damien's office, he was still in the room, frowning as he made a phone call. In his hand, he held the contact information she had organized.

He must be calling one by one to inquire, right?

Through the blinds, Cherise watched the man's furrowed brow and tired face. An ache settled in her heart, seeing the weariness that was bearing down on him.

Damien, her Damien, had always been aloof and cold but still dignified and proud.

But at that moment, he looked exhausted and tired beyond relief.

She lowered her head, and a new text message from Sebastian appeared on her phone. 'I've been waiting for you.' Following the message was a picture of drumsticks.

It really looked like the drumsticks from back then.

There was a slight movement in Cherise's heart.

Looks like he never forgot the memories from back then.

Perhaps | can really help Damien as Sebastian's old classmate?

Thinking of this, Cherise took a deep breath and replied to Sebastian, texting, 'Wait for me' before turning and leaving.

Sitting in the office, Damien frowned as he listened to Lennon's words on the phone. His gaze went back to Cherise's retreating figure. "She looked at me for a while outside the door and then left."

On the other line, Lennon asked quizzically, "Where did she go?"

Chapter 914 Our Old Meeting Place

"I'm not sure," Damien replied.

Damien lightly closed his eyes. Cherise had been preoccupied with something since morning.

He had asked her about it, but since she didn't say anything, he decided not to press the matter further.

However, he was still feeling uneasy about it, so he ordered, "Let Blake follow her and ensure her safety."

Cherise drove to Shawberry by herself.

She chose not to have Mr. Kolson drive, nor did she opt for a taxi.

After all, the distance from Adonia to Shawberry wasn't too far, and many taxi drivers were reluctant to make the trip.

During the journey, Cherise pondered how to broach the topic of the conflict between the Lenoir Group and the Weiss Group with Sebastian. Unbeknownst to her, a black BMW had been tailing her since she left the Lenoir Group building.

Thirty minutes later, Cherise's car pulled up in front of an old fried chicken shop in Shawberry.

It had been a while since she last visited Shawberry. Everything about the place felt both familiar and unfamiliar to her. The warmth and the scent of home were familiar, while the faces around her were unfamiliar.

So many years had passed, and the friends she had during her school days had all drifted apart.

Taking one final deep breath to calm her heart, Cherise pushed open the clean glass door and entered.

Inside, Sebastian sat by the window, smiling downward as he played with his phone.

From Cherise's vantage point, she could see that Sebastian's phone displayed their junior high school class photo.

It wasn't a graduation photo but a class picture taken in the second half of their second year of junior high before they were reshuffled in the third year.

Shortly after the photo was taken, Sebastian had to leave due to family reasons.

On the day of his departure, he bid farewell to Cherise, "We will meet again in the future!"

At that time, Cherise smiled and nodded, "Okay."

Deep down, she knew that this parting might mean never seeing each other again in this lifetime.

As the workload of the third year piled up, Cherise completely forgot about her chubby desk mate, never imagining that the chubby boy, Sebastian Weiss, would transform into the person he is today.

She never anticipated that he would come from a prominent family or that he would become a formidable rival to her husband.

chaps from hearing Cherise's footsteps, Sebastian instinctively looked up.

His slender eyes curved slightly when he saw Cherise. "You actually came," he said, his eyes twinkling. "Yes," Cherise replied with a smile as she took a seat across from him. "This shop is still here."

Actually, this shop has long been gone," Sebastian explained with a faint smile, "When I returned, it had been turned into a clothing store"

He continued, "After some inquiries, I discovered that the previous owner of this shop had made a fortune selling fried chicken and relocated."

"But this place holds memories for me" Sebastian smiled and gestured to the waitress, "Bring us our order!" The waitress was the same woman who used to serve Cherise during her school days.

However, back then, she was still in her prime and exuded beauty and charm. She was always smiling at the students, and a lot of them harbored secret crushes on her.

Cherise noticed the woman's limp and forced smile. "You..." Cherise said, her eyes widening. The woman awkwardly explained, "I had a car accident a few years ago, so this leg is practically useless."

I've only recently been able to walk on it again.

Chapter 915 A Familiar Taste

After uttering those words, she staggered and placed the tray on the table. "Enjoy your meal."

As Cherise observed the woman walking away, she felt a sense of unease creeping into her heart. "I can't believe her husband is still forcing her to work in her current condition..."

"I forced her to work," Sebastian said with a faint smile. She placed a drumstick on Cherise's plate and continued, "I want the drumstick to taste like it did back then. I want everything to be just as it was years ago."

Cherise's eyes widened in shock. "You...?" "Mm." Sebastian glanced at her. "Don't worry. I compensated her generously. She agreed."

Cherise gripped her utensils tightly, anger rising within her. As a doctor, she could tell that the woman was in pain while she walked, and her smile was strained. Despite her obvious discomfort, Sebastian had the woman serve him simply for the sake of recreating a moment from years ago. How absurd!

"Even if it hurts, she must bear with it for the money," Sebastian remarked as he savored the drumstick. "There are many people like her in this world. They claim they can't or won't do something, but they'll comply once offered sufficient benefits." With that, he looked up at Cherise. "Cherise, don't you agree?"

Cherise met Sebastian's smile, a chill running down her spine. She sensed ridicule in his gaze towards her. He... must have already deduced that she also attended the banquet today for Lenoir Group's sake.

Taking a deep breath, she composed herself and began eating the drumstick. It did indeed taste like it used to back then. However, having eaten drumsticks prepared by New World Restaurant's renowned chef and Damien's improved version, she found the old flavor less appealing. Though it was a familiar taste she once enjoyed, she didn't necessarily desire what she liked in the past. After a few bites, she set the drumstick down and reached for her coffee.

"I recall this drumstick used to be your favorite." Sebastian frowned, observing her lack of appetite, "Has the flavor changed?"

Cherise pursed her lips and responded casually, "Perhaps it's been too long..." She intended to say she couldn't recall the taste from before, but Sebastian frowned and turned to speak to the person beside

him before she could finish. Shortly after, Sebastian's bodyguard escorted a man in chef's attire from the kitchen. The man's movements were hesitant, similar to the waitress from before.

"Mr. Weiss, I did my best..." Seeming fearful of Sebastian, the man knelt before him after being brought

on my bodyguard's Grip loosened. "I tried my best to replicate your desired flavor... but it's been over a decade... I haven't practiced my culinary skills in a long time, and they've certainly deteriorated... I sincerely apologize..."

Sebastian looked down calmly. "You shouldn't be apologizing to me but to the young lady."

The chef swiftly turned to Cherise, bowing. "Please give me another try. I'll ensure it's perfect this time!"

Cherise was dumbstruck. The scene unfolding before her left her at a

loss for words. She promptly rose and helped the chef to his feet. "That's not necessary."

Chapter 916 Stay with Me

"I didn't say you made it taste bad. I just..." She turned to look at Sebastian. "There's no need to make things difficult for him, right? People's tastes always change. I don't like this drumstick, but it doesn't mean it's bad!"

"Then why don't you like it?" Sebastian's narrow eyes were fixed on Cherise. "Is it because you've changed your mind and moved on? Do you hate everything you liked in the past? Is that it?" Cherise was dumbstruck. Why is he making me sound like an unfaithful person?

Taking a deep breath, she looked up at Sebastian. "I came to the banquet today because we were classmates in the past. I don't care about how this drumstick tasted in the past or how it was back then. I'm only concerned about whether you're still the same person from before." She glanced at Sebastian coldly. "It was my mistake. I shouldn't have come today!"

The chubby Sebastian liked to make her laugh, tell her stories, and doodle in books in the always thought Sebastian was an optimistic and positive person. But now, she finally realized that the current Sebastian was a completely different person!

He had a cruel, wicked expression on his face. There was no need for Cherise to continue talking to him! It wasn't worth it, even if it was for Damien! Taking a deep breath, she turned to look at him again. "You've changed."

"You're the one who's changed! Y

have a new man in your life now. You forgot about our agreement because you married Damien, right?" Cherise had just walked away when she heard Sebastian's voice behind her, slightly derisive. "I said I would return to look for you and kept my word. Even if you're married, I can still locate you." As Sebastian's voice fell, his bodyguard blocked Cherise's path. "I know why you're here today."

"It's for Damien, right?" The man smiled faintly. He sat in his chair, picked up his coffee, and took a sip. "You came all the way to Shawbury from Adania for Damien, and you'll return empty-handed. That's not right, is it?" Cherise frowned and turned to look at him, "What do you want?"

"It's simple." Sebastian looked up at Cherise. "I can return Damien's shares to him, but I have a condition." Cherise pursed her lips, "What condition?"

"You." He smiled at Cherise. "It's ten o'clock in the morning now. Stay with me tonight, and I'll send you back) \ (oa a all of Lenoir Group's shares." With that, he chuckled deviously and looked at Cherise lustfully. "Stay with me one night in exchange for Damien's future. I think it's a worthy exchange."

Cherise sneered. "So this was your idea all along." She took a deep breath and turned, trying to slip past the two bodyguards, but they didn't let her leave so easily.

"Sebastian, I'm a doctor." After struggling in vain, Cherise took a deep breath and) asealveldrorn heg bagi "Mot 0 I know how to cure diseases, but I also know how to commit suicide to die in the shortest time. If you continue to pressure me, I'll take my life in front of you."

"You should know that Damien isn't the only one supporting me. Th

Miles and Tariher families ans Os behind me. You can proceed if you've figured out how to deal with the consequences of crossing me.”

Chapter 917 It's Worthwhile

“It's worth risking my life to save Damien from a crisis!”

“Are you using your life as leverage?” Sebastian smiled faintly, slowly walking towards Cherise, his gaze ice cold. “Cherise, you're a doctor. I think you understand better than I do how important and precious life is, right?”

Cherise couldn't help but take a step back as he approached. She clutched the scalpel tightly in her hand. “If you pressure me further. I'll hurt myself!”

“You won't.” Sebastian drew closer. “Cherise, you're not that kind of person. You have two children, and Damien loves you.” He approached slowly, trying to persuade her. “Your main goal for coming here today is to help Damien out of trouble.”

“I've presented you with the solution. Even if you disagree, there's no need to threaten to take your life. All I want is one night with you. After that, you can return to Damien and your children. Everything will remain the same..”

“That's not right. There will be changes. I'll return all of the Lenoir family's shares in my possession to Damien for free so he won't have to endure such hardships in the future. Isn't this what you want? Spend one night with me in exchange for your husband's glory and wealth. It's a worthwhile deal.” Sebastian advanced, cornering Cherise.

She bit her lip, gripping the scalpel tightly in her hand. She tried to resist but found herself growing weak and powerless. The woman's pupils suddenly dilated. “Did you drug me?”

“Yes. You fell into my trap from the moment you entered the door.” Sebastian approached and gently took the scalpel from Cherise's hand. “Cherise, I told you I would find you. I also mentioned that you'll be mine sooner or later.” The man's large hand caressed Cherise's face crudely. “Stop resisting. You're a doctor. You should know your strength will quickly deplete the more you struggle now. You'll only be able to cry out in pain later.”

Cherise glared at him viciously. "I won't let this go!"

"Well, that's perfect. I won't let you go either. We'll always be intertwined for the rest of our lives." With that, he lifted Cherise in his arms, then turned to look at his assistant behind him. "Spread the word that I slept with Damien's wife. One hour after that, transfer all of Lenoir Group's shares to Damien in its entirety? Sebastian's assistant nodded. "Alright!"

"You're So Sacrificial" Sebastian looked down at the woman in his arms with a smile. "Don't worry, I'll be very gentle isisiese je0 weakito speak. She only glare at Sebastian fiercely, her gaze signifying her dissent. "I would love to see the look on Damien's face when he discovers that we spent the night together Sebastian reveled in her gaze. "Hell have to bear this humiliation whether he likes it

The sky opened up with a torrential downpour Damien stood on the second-floor balcony of Lenoir Manor, frowning as he watched the rain in the distance

"Mr. Lenoir, the third team has been dispatched, but they still haven't found any trace of Mrckolsda, Blane abl (arLénoir. Its just Mr. Hampson sighed. "They found Mr. Kolson and Blake's car on the outskirts of Mawbury, but it's burned."

As news spread that Weiss Group had returned Lenoir Group's shares.in its emetic notes, that Daysen's wife, Cherise, had spent the night with Sebastian of Weiss Group. It set Adania abuzz.

Chapter 918 Too Frightened

Damien's phone was ringing incessantly. He had tried calling Sebastian multiple times. Many had also attempted to call Cherise but to no avail. Sebastian said that Cherise was unavailable because she was too tired. Those words were suspicious coming from him.

"Damien." Maeve stood by the balcony, gazing at the overcast sky in the distance where Damien had been staring. "Still no word from Cherise?" He shook his head. After a moment, he turned to look at Maeve. "I've been overseeing Lenoir Group for a long time. I'm tired."

"Damien, please don't lose hope." Maeve pursed her lips and went up to him. "Do you know what the public is saying about you now?" She grasped Damien's hand and spoke earnestly. "If you relinquish control of Lenoir Group now, others will assume those rumors are true. They'll think that you're upset

about your wife sleeping with another man if you willingly give up these assets that basically fell from the sky. You must remain composed at a time like this.”

“Cherise hasn't returned yet. You must wait for her to return before making any decisions. You can't lose your composure... If you can't keep it together, who will Cherise turn to in the future?” Maeve's words gradually brought a glimmer of hope into Damien's bloodshot eyes. He looked at Maeve, “Maeve... do you trust Cherise?”

“How could I not trust my sister-in-law?” Maeve pursed her lips. “I believe Cherise wouldn't be unfaithful, even if it was for your sake... I'm aware of her stubborn nature. I'm just afraid...” Maeve sighed, gazing at the distant sky. “I fear she may harm herself because she's too stubborn and determined...”

Damien's hands clenched into fists at his sides. He had underestimated Sebastian's power. He had believed that assigning Mr. Kolson and Blake to protect Cherise would guarantee her safety. It was his mistake.

“Mr. Lenoir!” As he was consumed by regret, Mr. Hampson hurriedly opened the door and rushed to the balcony. “Mrs. Lenoir and Mr. Blake have returned!” After that, the man dressed in black swiftly dashed from the balcony. Maeve also hurried down the stairs behind Damien.

Cherise sat on the sofa in the living room downstairs, clad in white, fluffy pajamas. She was trembling as she was wrapped in a thick blanket. Beside her lay a set of soiled clothes she had worn when she visited Sebastian yesterday. Now, they were torn beyond recognition and covered in mud.

Cherise herself was covered in mud. Frances knelt beside Cherise, tears streaming down her face as she cleaned his feet gently with a warm towel. The woman's feet and legs were covered with various wounds. Blake had changed his clothes and sat silently in a corner nearby.

“Cherise.” Damien approached her, reaching out to hold her hand.

Cherise withdrew her hand as if startled when his hand touched Cherise's fingertips.

“Mr. Lenoir, please refrain from touching her. Mrs. Lenoir may be too frightened... She only listens to Bl

F Frangas wine Rel tedrs 'Mrs. iNvon reacted the same way when | touched her earlier... It was Blake who persuaded her to listen to me, which is why she let me touch her..." Frances's voice was tearful. "But Mr. Lenoir, look... Mr. Blake is also silent now..."

Chapter 919 Because Of You

Damien pursed his lips and glanced at Blake, who had been silent in the corner with his head down. "Blake." The young man raised his head, looked at Damien silently, and lowered his head again. "Since Cherise won't talk, you do the talking." Damien pursed his lips and walked briskly to Blake. "Where did you go, and what did you do? Why did you come back like this?"

Blake pursed his lips and looked up at Damien, his eyes filled with immense hostility. "Are you angry that we came back alive?" Damien frowned deeply. He couldn't help but admit that he was taken aback by Blake's gaze, which was filled with animosity. Damien had never seen Blake look at him like that. It felt like Blake would pull out a knife and stab him at any moment.

Upon seeing Damien silent, Blake took a deep breath and stood up. "Cherry is like this because of you." Damien narrowed his eyes, his voice turning cold. "What do you mean?"

"Am | wrong?" Blake sneered, "Mr. Kolson and | risked our lives to escape from those people with Cherry. After that, we saw a car from Lenoir Group, thinking we were saved."

"Then?" Those people said they were following your orders to kill the woman who had betrayed you." "No way!" Maeve rushed down and said, "Damien has been sending people to look for you. It's impossible!"

"Yes, he sent people to look for us." Blake forced a smile and was still looking at Damien nastily. "You sent so many people to intercept us. Mr. Kolson, Cherry, and | never expected to escape from the enemy's siege only to be held at gunpoint by our own people."

"You must be mistaken." Damien pursed his lips, trying to keep his voice as low as possible. "I wouldn't do that. | have no reason to do so."

"Yes, you do!" Blake looked up and glared at him coldly. "You think Cherry slept with another man and cheated on you!"

"She would never sleep with other men!" Damien gritted his teeth, reaching out to grab Blake's collar. "Watch your words. Cherise would never cheat on me!"

"Let him go!" Before Damien could say anything else, a woman's shriek rang in his ears. Cherise threw the blanket wrapped around her to the side and quickly ran barefoot to Damien. She raised her hands and pulled his hands off Blake's collar. "Let him go!" Cherise was looking at him, but her gaze... was no longer as bright and tender as before. At that moment, her eyes were only filled with hostility, as if he was her enemy.

The man froze slightly as his long, slender fingers let Blake go stiffly.

"Are you okay? Are you alright?" Cherise quickly rushed to Blake, nervously straightening his clothes. "Does it hurt?" Maeve frowned. "What..."

"It seems like Mrs. Lenoir doesn't even recognize Mr Lepol anyrante." Frances sigh . "She only recognizes Mr. Blake now."

Damien reached out towards Cherise, but the woman deliberately turne

t avoided it rtshe Geld Brake's

h Are you Okay? Are you injured? Does it hurt?" Damien fell silent as he witnessed her caring tone and tender gaze.

He pursed his lips, looking at the woman before him grimly. When he left in the m fag iustohe. dayade! she ga ri put on his tic, buttoned up his shirt, and tiptoed to kiss him on the lips, "Work may be tiring today. All the best."

Chapter 920 Where Is Mr Kolson?

At that time, Damien's hands were wrapped around her slender waist, the two deeply in love. Cherise stood before him now with the same clear eyes and slim waist, but... she was no longer the same person.

The man took a deep breath, his voice pained as he asked, "Where is Mr. Kolson?"

"Mr. Kolson is dead." Blake smiled bitterly. "Mr. Kolson sacrificed himself to protect me and Cherry. He used his blood stains to lead those people to him so | could protect Cherry and return."

"What?!" Frances' eyes widened in disbelief. "Mr. Kolson is dead!?" How can this be?! Even though Mr. Kolson worked as Damien's driver, he used to be an international special forces soldier! His skills were the best she had ever witnessed! Otherwise, Damien's parents wouldn't have entrusted Mr. Kolson to safeguard Damien alone in the past! But... Mr. Kolson... is actually dead?! Frances found it hard to believe. Even Mr. Hampson's complexion paled. "How can this be..."

"Nothing is impossible." Blake sneered. "Mr. Lenoir, you had Mr. Kolson train new bodyguards for you these years. Your new bodyguards are capable, each more skilled than Mr. Kolson." Damien pursed his lips. "Are you suggesting that the people who killed Mr. Kolson are..."

"Yes." Blake took a deep breath. "I know many of them. They were excellent students taught by Mr. Kolson. They learned Mr. Kolson's techniques and also knew his weaknesses, making it easy for them to overpower him. Even if they aren't as proficient as Mr. Kolson... they held firearms." Blake sneered. "How can a mere human go up against firearms unarmed?"

"Impossible!" Mr. Hampson pursed his lips. "I did dispatch those individuals and provide them with firearms, but | instructed them to bring you back! | never instructed them to harm you!"

"Yet they aimed guns at me and Cherry!" Agitated, Blake was no longer stuttering. "Who else could have instructed them?!" He confronted Mr. Hampson angrily. "When Mr. Kolson took me to the training camp for these bodyguards, he told me they only obey Mr. Damien! If it wasn't your intention to kill us, how could those individuals have been so ruthless to us!?"

Mr. Hampson gritted his teeth and continued to argue with Blake as his face flushed. "We have no reason to kill you!"

"You do!" Blake gritted his teeth viciously. "You Pes eeherncaeel" thatanan eohtmite an offense. You did it for the Lenoir family and their reputation!"

The Lenoir family's reputation... Damien pursed his lips and turned his deep gaze at Maeve) ShafeltaC m
tinge Uflunease when her younger brother looked at her in such a manner, so she instinctively took a
step back. "Damien, please calm down."

"I would never do such a thing or issue such an order. I have long known what Cherise means to yo Ny
relationship pa@oAly improved recently. There's no way I would disrupt this peace. Moreover, Cherise
saved my life. I'm now a mother, so I understand how important a mom is to her children. I cannot
allow Soren and Serafina to grow up without a mother."