

## **MY BLIND 941**

### Chapter 941 Following Damien's Demands

"Will you be that fierce to me, too?"

The man shook his head helplessly and looked at her indulgently. "No."

Cherise still had lingering fears. "But Mr. Hampson didn't overstep his boundaries." Cherise understood that Mr. Hampson's words were just a sign of his concern for her. "You'll understand in the future," Damien said as he rubbed his fingers together.

Then, he smiled faintly and fixed his eyes on her. "Where were we just now? We were talking about you shamelessly chasing after me, right?"

Cherise couldn't believe just how fast he had tried to veer the conversation away from the elephant in the room. Reluctantly, she nodded seriously. "Yes, we were talking about that."

"Did I really shamelessly chase after you before?"

Damien had his arms on the table and laced both his hands together, replying with a solemn voice, "Yes, very crazily." "You even said you would protect me for a lifetime."

Cherise's eyes widened in surprise.

"That's quite crazy..."

"A person like you, why would you need me to protect you..."

After lunch, Damien received a call from the company, saying that Sebastian wanted to meet him.

Damien raised his lips faintly. "Mr. Weiss?"

“Yes”

The voice from the secretary on the phone trembled, “Mr. Weiss’ secretary said that Mr. Weiss is on a plane now and will arrive in Adania soon. He said there’s a ten billion deal he wants to discuss with you...”

Damien’s lips perked up in a smile. A ten billion deal. This ten billion should be the ten billion shares that Sebastian graciously handed over to me, right?

When news broke out that Sebastian had given back the shares he had purchased from Damien, rumors started spreading that Sebastian had slept with Damien’s wife.

This world has truly gone crazy. In order to tarnish his reputation and ruin Cherise, Sebastian was willing to use so many assets as a pawn.

But the Weiss family probably didn’t anticipate that Damien’s trust in Cherise and her feelings for him were both terrifyingly genuine.

So he smiled and said, “Tell Mr. Weiss that I’m busy.”

The secretary on the phone panicked, “Mr. Weiss’ secretary has called over a dozen times, insisting on meeting you today...” “Tell them I’m at home with my wife and have no time.”

“If Mr. Weiss really wants to see me, give him my address and tell him to come over instead.”

With that, Damien hung up decisively.

The secretary on the other end of the line was bewildered.

It seems that recent events have really taken a toll on the CEO.

First, turning down a business deal worth one billion that was handed to him on a silver platter was Felon UNHARK&Hie. Second, telling the other party that he's at home with his wife and that his house is open if the other party insists on meeting him?

Is home a place to discuss business?

In the business world, whoever visits the other's home first is basically seen as the weaker party. Isn't Mr. Lenoir basically pushing away one billion?

But what the secretary didn't expect was...

After relaying Damien's message to Mr. Weiss' secretary, she responded. That Nir. Weiss willing to visit Damien's house. They even carefully asked for the specific address of the house.

Is this world going crazy? After lunch, Cherise had nothing to do, so she continued to sit on the sofa and watch Korean dramas

After watching two episodes, Damien, who had been lurking in the tucks elegantly batre'downstairs and sat down beside her. "Go change into some clothes."

Cherise blinked and looked at the white fluffy pajamas on her body. "Are we going out?" "No."

The man reached out and pinched her chubby cheeks. "We will have guests at home later."

Chapter 942 Dressing for Him

Cherise looked at him/quizzically, "Who is the guest?"

"Is it a relative or friend of yours, or is it mine? Or your client? Should I avoid them?"

"No need."

Damien held her in his arms; then he gently planted a kiss on her cheek. "It's just someone who came to ask me for a favor." "However."

The man looked her up and down in her pajamas. "The other party is a bit older, so out of courtesy, it's better for you to change into something more formal"

Cherise nodded and quickly got up to go upstairs. "I'll go change my clothes!" "Madam, this way."

Just as Cherise went upstairs, Frances warmly led her to the dressing room.

Inside the dressing room, Cherise looked around.

She gazed at the women's clothes in several large wardrobes, "Are these... all mine?" Frances smiled and nodded, "Yes, these are all yours."

"When you and Mr. Lenoir had just returned from Lermille before, he spent a whole afternoon in the office picking out these clothes for you."

"But for some reason, Mr. Lenoir didn't inform you; thus, you've never worn them."

With that, Frances pointed to the wardrobe at the outermost part of the dressing room. "These are the ones you have been wearing recently. If you don't like the ones Mr. Lenoir picked, you can wear these instead."

Cherise stood at the door for a long time and finally walked slowly to the wardrobe filled with clothes that Damien had picked out for her.

The woman carefully flipped through every piece of clothing that Damien had chosen for her.

Cute, playful, sweet...

A variety of styling options colored the dressing room; all seemed ready to dress her up like a delicate little princess. On the other hand, the clothes that Frances had pointed out to her were the ones she used to like...

They were formal and classic pieces, exuding a mating, capable, and intellectual charm.

Looking through the clothes, an understanding seeped within her. There was probably a reason why she had never worn the clothes chosen by Damien before.

It was fair to assume that Damien wanted to hold her in the palm of his hand; he wanted to take good care of her and pamper her for life.

But in her heart, she wanted to stand on her own—to be an independent woman who self-supported herself without relying on her husband.

However, that was the old Cherise. Now Cherise didn't know why she had such thoughts before. Her heart swelled with warmth seeing the clothes before her; she was truly touched by Damien's sincerity and deep affection.

She took a deep breath, picked out a set of pure and playful white lotus leaf edge dresses from the clothing rail, and compared each of them against her body. "Does this look good?"

Frances turned around, and her jaw dropped as she gawked at Cherise. The lady in front of her was no longer the same as before.

Her clear eyes, innocent smile, and the way she held the white dress were exactly the same as when she first saw Cherise five years ago.

Everything about her is exactly the same as she was then. Although her appearance had never changed throughout the five years,

At that moment, her clear eyes and smile that radiated like the warm sun on a sunny day softened Frances's heart, reminding her of the morning after Cherise's wedding.

"No good?" The woman blinked her eyes as if she was about to put the dress back. "No, no, no! It looks good!"

Frances strode forward and stopped Cherise's hands before she could put it back. "Say hi to your husband, Nadam, if you wear it like this, your husband will definitely like it."

Cherise pursed her lips, feeling a little embarrassed as she lowered her head slightly. "I think it looks good; why should I consider whether he likes it or not..."

Despite trying to deny it, Cherise still took the dress to the dressing room. Wearing this white dress, Cherise looked even more innocent and brighter than before.

Clasping her hands together, Frances enthusiastically suggested that Cherise let down her ponytail. "This way, you will look even more beautiful!"

Cherise nodded and obediently let down her hair. Then, she gave Frances a faint smile. "Like this?"

## Chapter 943 No Shame

Frances's eyes twinkled brightly, and she couldn't contain her excitement. "Madam, just like this!" "If you go downstairs now, I guarantee that Mr. Lenoir will be especially happy!"

Cherise averted her gaze shyly, blushing as she went downstairs.

Downstairs, Damien was looking at Lennon's text message on his phone.

When he heard footsteps of someone coming down the stairs, he casually glanced up.

With just one glance, Damien felt like he had returned back in time.

As if she were still a fresh-eyed doe, Cherise no longer had the five years of vicissitudes and maturity that showed on her face. She was still his silly and cute little wife.

She had never changed.

“Do | look ok?”

Seeing Damien staring at her intently, Cherise inexplicably started to feel nervous.

She bit down on her lower lip; her face had begun flushing red, spreading to her neck and ear. Her clear eyes sparkled under the lights as she stared back at him. “I feel embarrassed when you look at me like this.”

The silly look of the woman amused Damien.

He shook his head lightly and walked over to her in big strides, pulling her into his arms directly. “Wh are you wearing this dress?”

If | remember correctly, | picked this dress out for her.

The Cherise before had no awareness that he had bought a selection of clothes for her; hence, there was never any reason why she thought she should wear them.

Now that she wore it, it still surprised him a bit.

Fidgeting nervously with her fingers, Cherise felt a bit embarrassed by the man’s excited voice and embrace. ‘I think it suits

me... “Did Frances tell you that | picked them all for you?”

Cherise nodded instinctively, but then she shook her head the next second. "Frances did mention it to me."

"But I didn't choose this dress for you."

"I really do like this style."

The woman cautiously pushed away from Damien's embrace and stepped out. "There are so many people at home watching..." Asmile lit up the corners of Damien's mouth. "There are no outsiders here."

"We are husband and wife. What's the big deal if someone sees us?"

Cherise pouted, her face still painted with pink hues. Anyway... it's better not to hold me when there are too many people around..."

"I feel embarrassed." Damien couldn't help but chuckle at his wife's charming appearance. The next moment, Damien walked quickly to Cherise and reached out his hands to scoop her up, holding her bridal-carry style.

Her feet suddenly left the ground, and Cherise reactively let out a gasp, her hands helplessly holding onto Damien's neck.

The man held her and walked carefully, step by step, down the stairs. Ignoring Cherise's protests, he had just walked her to the sofa to put her down when Mr. Hampson escorted in their guest.

The first thing Sebastian's father, Alain Weiss, saw when he entered was him entering Cherise downstairs, preparing to place her on the sofa.

Alain's eyes narrowed slightly, scrutinizing their forms with a critical glint. "Sir, Mr. Alain Weiss has arrived." Mr. Hampson announced softly.

With a faint gesture, Damien raised his eyebrows and did not put down the D6 used



ing her with his arms and turned his head to look at Alain with a polite smile. “Mr. Alain, hello.”

| can’t believe a stranger has seen us like this! Cherise thought nervously, her eyes bulging outside their sockets.

Cherise’s heart felt like it was on fire as she anxiously urged Damien with a whisper, “Please put me down... the guests have arrived!”

Deepening his smile, Damien deliberately turned a deaf ear to her words. Even as the woman in his arms struggled, he still elegantly and unhurriedly carried Cherise to the sofa and set her down.

After confirming that Cherise was seated properly, the mailers mM

od up ant! ture Hig head to look at Alain. Gesturing his hand to a seat, he offered, Mr. Weiss, please sit.”

#### Chapter 944 Forgiveness Is Cheap

Alain’s lips grew thin with disapproval as he regarded Damien’s gesture of ‘goodwill’. Nevertheless, he remained composed in front of Damien.

His daughter had caused a scene early in the morning at the entrance of someone else’s company, leaving him no choice but to sit there quietly, adopting a humble demeanor as he gazed at Damien.

“I’m curious as to why Mr. Alain is so eager to meet with me. Is there something of importance that you wish to discuss?” Damien elegantly crossed his legs and signaled for Frances to pour coffee for Alain.

Alain cleared his throat awkwardly and spoke, “Um, Mr. Lenoir, | have come here today to offer my apologies.” Damien raised an eyebrow inquisitively, “Apologies? | do not recall any wrongdoing on your part, Mr. Alain.” Taking a deep breath, Alain continued, “I am here to apologize on behalf of my daughter, Yolanda.”

“Mr. Lenoir, Yolanda is young and tends to act impulsively when faced with challenges, which led her to disrupt the operations of the Lenoir Group early this morning.”

“I hope that you can find it in your heart to forgive her, considering that my son has already been harmed by your actions, and my daughter is still a minor... Could you perhaps request the authorities to release Yolanda?”

Damien lifted the corners of his lips slightly; then, he gracefully picked up the porcelain teacup and took a sip. “I am afraid that decision is not within my power to make.”

“Miss Yolanda has disturbed public order, and this is a matter that requires more than just my say.”

Setting down the teacup gently, he added, “I regret to inform you that I cannot assist you in this matter.”

Alain clenched his fist tightly, and his face grew grimmer by the second.

After a moment of silence, he tightened his lips and addressed Damien earnestly. “Mr. Lenoir, I have come here with sincerity.”

“Yolanda has led a sheltered life and possesses a delicate temperament. It would be unbearable for her to spend a night in a detention center.”

“I implore you to show mercy towards Yolanda, especially considering that you have a daughter of your Own.” Damien smiled wryly. Raising his gaze to meet Alain, he spoke coldly, “Indeed, I almost forgot that you also have a daughter, Mr. Alain.”

Casting a glance in Cherise’s direction with a faint smile, he continued, “In fact, I would like to remind you that my wife is also someone’s daughter.”

Alain froze.

"Yes, | am aware."

"Mrs. Lenoir is a member of the Tanner family, and | have been aware of this fact for quite some time."  
"Therefore."

Damien's eyes, dark as obsidian, bore into Alain. "If the Tanner family were to discover my wife's current predicament, what hells of fury would they unleash?"

"You are familiar with the methods of the Tanner family."

"In that scenario, not only your daughter but your entire family would find themselves behind bars."  
Alain's face turned pale as a ghost, and beads of sweat dripped down his forehead.

Dabbing his forehead with a tissue, he spoke cautiously, "Mr. Lenoir, | urge you not to jest."

"I am well-informed about the recent events."

"Sebastian received his due punishment, and injuring his leg was a lenient act on your part!"

"| have warned Sebastian numerous times to mend his ways, but he refused to heed my advice!"

"Mr. Lenoir, you may not be aware that even though Sebastian is a ray of sunshine by birth, he is also a devil.  
He resided with his grandmother until the age of fourteen or fifteen."

"The relationship between Sebastian and our Weiss family is strained, and | do not hold much affection for this son of mine." "Therefore, Sebastian's actions are in no way a reflection of our family!" "If you seek retribution against Sebastian, Mr. Lenoir, | will not intervene!"

Damien chuckled softly, "Mr. Weiss,

you are quite adaptable. Yo mM wilting te disoburty dar oun ae to prevent your daughter from spending a night in jail.”

Chapter 945 Information as Compensation

“I've never once thought of him as my son.”

Alain snorted, “If my wife hadn't been able to have children, | wouldn't have brought him back.”  
“Sebastian only returned to the Weiss family simply because he is a male!”

“In my opinion, he can never compare to Yolanda!”

“Is that so?” Damien replied nonchalantly.

Then, he picked up the teapot and gracefully poured the coffee into his cup, deliberately ignoring Alain's. “I wasn't aware of the strenuous relationship between Mr. Alain and Sebastian.”

“It's the truth!”

As Alain declared, he glanced at Damien from the corner of his eye and pleaded again, “I came to see Mr. Lenoir this time with sincerity.”

The man smiled and had his secretary bring out a document.

“| hope that this will broaden your mind to look past Yolanda's transgression.” Damien squinted his eyes and took the document.

He immediately opened the document without waiting for another second.

Inside was information about a house.

The house was situated on a small island near the Mediterranean Sea.

Surrounded by the sea on all sides, it was a lovely vacation villa.

The price was not cheap,

Damien raised an eyebrow, "Mr. Alain, what is the significance of showing me this?" "Mr. Lenoir, please don't misunderstand."

Alain gave a nervous smile. "I wouldn't try to win you over with a house."

"With your wealth, you don't need me to give you a house like this."

"Buying a house may be ordinary for you, but it's quite unusual for Sebastian." Damien's eyebrows twitched in response. "What do you mean?"

"Others may not understand Sebastian, but I know him best. He's not one to buy houses."

"He's confident in himself, rarely purchasing houses or cars. He believes in his abilities, so whenever he has extra money, he invests it."

"He would never buy a villa on a picturesque island for vacation." "Because he never takes vacations, never rests."

"Since he returned to the Weiss family, all he's been focused on is how to steal the Weiss family's assets from me and my daughter, Yolanda."

"But..."

Alain raised his teacup and took a sip of the hot coffee, "But over a month ago, he suddenly bought a house on this side of the Mediterranean."

“Before buying this house, he had never seen any similar properties or consulted companies.” “So why did he buy this house?” Damien narrowed his eyes, waiting for Alain to continue.

“I investigated.”

Alain elegantly set his teacup down. “This house was on `enquired@bout` and `ae wenn` from the Tanner family.”

Damien’s hand that held the teacup paused mid-air.

Sebastian... Gwenn...

“Mr. Lenoir is a clever man; you ago, right?”

should know why Gwenn asked Sebastian to buy this house a month

“Because on this secluded island surrounded by the sea, besides vacationing... one can also hide.”

Damien lightly raised his lips and handed the documents to the butler behind him, saying, “Thank you, Mr. Alain.” “I am willing to help resolve Miss Yolanda’s issue.”

After speaking, the man took out his phone and casually dialed a number.

“Withdraw the lawsuit and have the police release the individual.”

After hanging up the phone, Damien glanced at Alain. “Seas the day, Mr. Alain. How about having a meal here?”

“No, thank you.”

Alain quickly waved his hand. "I have set off a divergign fo Sebastiah'sd | that @e/ptane will arrive an hour early."

"It's about time now; | need to go to the airport and pretend that | just got off the plane."

Chapter 946 Charmed by Damien

After speaking, Alain stood up and swiftly left with his secretary. "Sir."

Standing behind Damien, Mr. Hampson frowned slightly, "Aren't you giving your cards away too freely for a simple information like Sebastian buying a house for Gwenn?"

Damien shook his head. "You don't understand."

More than a month ago....

It was just when Gwenn helped Raymond escape.

She urgently asked Sebastian to buy a house on the island, mostly to hide certain individuals. Using Raymond's hiding place in exchange for Yolanda's release from the detention center.

It wasn't a bad deal; each party got what they needed.

Cherise sat quietly on the side, observing Damien attentively.

It turns out that Damien is like this in front of outsiders.

Cold, steady, indifferent...

He seemed so different from how he was when he was with her. He had a simple yet strong sense of self-assurance, neither yielding nor bending. Witnessing his charisma was enough to send sparks through her body.

Although she didn't understand their discussion, his confidence and aura allured her, making her heart thump rapidly beneath her chest.

So... so charming...

Even more captivating than the male lead in Korean dramas; more authoritative than the CEO in novels! Damien stood with his back to Cherise, quietly organizing something for Mr. Hampson.

Mysteriously, he felt a warm gaze following him from behind.

After a brief exchange with Mr. Hampson, he turned around and locked eyes with Cherise, her of admiration. Their eyes met each other; one staring blankly in surprise, the other passionate and warm.

After a second, Damien's eyes perked up, whereas Cherise quickly averted her gaze, embarrassed from being caught staring at him.

He couldn't help but smile helplessly. Then, he walked over to Cherise and sat down beside her. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Nothing." Cherise still had her face turned away, unable to meet his gaze. From Damien's perspective, he could clearly see the blush on her face.

The man chuckled lightly, elegantly picked up a strawberry from the fruit plate on the coffee table, and offered it to her. "Want some?"

Cherise pursed her lips as if she were in the middle of deciding an important deal. Then, she cautiously took the strawberry from his hand and ate it.



Facing him now, Damien looked into her face intently-she was as red as the strawberry. He grinned, offering her another strawberry.

The cool, sweet, and sour taste of the strawberry gradually calmed Cherise's heart. With a composed demeanor, Cherise glanced at Damien and said, "I just heard you mention the Tanner family..." "Am I related to the Tanners?"

If I remember correctly, I think I heard from their conversation earlier that I'm related to the Tanner family.

"You are," Damien confirmed, nodding as he said so.

"Your father is named Beckham Tanner."

A pensive expression washed over her face. "Where is my father now?" "Does he know that I've lost my memory?"

"Should I go and meet him?"

Damien raised his hand and rubbed her head gently. "Regarding your father, I don't think it's best to inform him for now."

"A few days ago, there was news

from Europe that your father had been involved in a fight with someone. To prevent you from

worrying, they didn't inform you."

"But the situation has stabilized now."

"The old man's health is not very good. If he finds out that I'm here, he will definitely rush over in a hurry..."

"I'm afraid he can't handle it."

Cherise nodded blankly, understanding that Damien's words made sense. "Then, darling."

She blinked her doe-eyes at him. "When are you free?"

"If my father is not allowed to come see me, I can go see him, right?"

Chapter 947 Gullible Rabbit

"Let's wait for a moment," Damien sighed softly.

It was too difficult to leave in the immediate future. Cherise would face difficulties if she were to step foot out of the house, let alone be in a public area like the airport to embark on a journey to Europe.

He didn't want Cherise to travel discreetly, nor did he want her to endure criticism and suffering.

Therefore, he set a goal for himself-to resolve the matter concerning Sebastian Weiss within a week, allowing Cherise to venture out with dignity and regain her memory in a tranquil setting. Alternatively, she could choose not to recover her memory.

"How long is a moment?" Cherise blinked at him. "A week," the man furrowed his brow. Then he pondered for a moment and grinned, "Perhaps it won't even take a week." After encountering Alain earlier, he realized that dealing with Sebastian wouldn't be challenging.

Even though Sebastian currently held the financial reins of the Weiss Group, it was evident that Sebastian's father, Alain, had always been at odds with him. Otherwise, Alain wouldn't have bartered with him by leaking information from Sebastian's camp to negotiate for Yolanda.

Within a luxurious five-star hotel in Adania, Yolanda completed her bath and settled on the sofa, pouting as she gazed at herself in the mirror.

“Dad, you have no idea. That detention center was so filthy! If | had stayed there tonight, | would have nightmares for a month!”

Alain stood by the French window, a cigar held between his index and middle fingers. He observed the scenery outside impassively and remarked, “If | hadn’t arrived today, do you think you could have handled it?”

Yolanda rolled her eyes. “Even if you hadn’t come, Sebastian would have rescued me. He knows about my obsession with cleanliness. Besides, | was detained because of him, so he would definitely have gotten me out.”

Alain sneered with his back to Yolanda, “Silly child, it seems you’ve been deceived by him.” Arching an eyebrow, she asked quizzically, “What do you mean?”

“What do | mean?” Alain turned stiffly, his aged eyes fixed on Yolanda.

“Do you think your brother is an innocent little rabbit? Do you believe that acquiring the Lenoir

Group’s shares was Gwenn’s only reason to approach you? Don’t flatter yourself! What influence do you possess to warrant that power?”

Yolanda grew anxious, setting down the hand mirror,

“She mentioned that Tristan’s shares couldn’t be sold immediately, so she approached us, raoue the Weiss Family to actylneatest’s ares! Additionally she proposed another condition to me—to accuse Cherise of plagiarizing my thesis! If | refused, Sebastian wouldn’t have been able to purchase Damien’s shares!”

“What absurdity!” Alain scoffed.

“Sebastian has long been in collusion with Gwenn; he simply aimed to entangle you in this mess! Sebastian is aware that the Welds family disapproves of him, and in the event of a crisis, the Weiss family would discard him! However, if you become involved, it's a different story; we couldn't bear to let you go!”

“You, this naive child, are being manipulated as a pawn without even realizing it. And, thinking it was Sebastian who sent you to cause a scene at the Lenoir Group's office, correct?”

Yolanda pursed her lips, reluctant to admit it. “So what if it was?” she asked, her eyes averting Alain's.

“I believe Sebastian is right. Stirring up trouble at his company, exposing the fact that he's been deceived, will be a blow he can't ignore. Isn't that satisfying?”

“You, oh you,” Alain sighed helplessly, “you're so gullible, believing everything he says!”

#### Chapter 948 Forming a Scheme

“Sebastian is manipulating you... trying to drag the entire Weiss family into this...” “Well, I'll admit that he's playing his cards well.” Alain snorted, “But I don't want to be part of this chaos!”

Turning to Yolanda, he continued, “I have already made my stance clear to Damien today. Whatever he plans to do to Sebastian, the Weiss family will not intervene!”

Yolanda's lip grew thin as she gazed up at Alain, her eyebrows knitted. “Dad...at the end of the day, Sebastian's my younger brother. He's also your son...”

“If something were to happen to him, would you just stand by and do nothing?” “I will handle it.” Alain snorted with derision and spat, “I will take care of his funeral!”

“I have dedicated my entire life to the Weiss family, and having a son with such ambitious and unscrupulous methods is simply disgraceful!”

Leveling a cold glare at Yolanda, he added, “Pull yourself together and find a husband who can handle business!” Yolanda bit down her lower lip. “Actually, I had found one before...”

“Just that...”

“Haha, are you fantasizing about Damien? Do you think someone like Damien is suitable for the Weiss family?” “Pack your things; we’re leaving tomorrow! Remaining here with Sebastian will only lead to a tragic outcome!” After saying everything he needed to say, Alain turned and headed back to his room.

Yolanda rolled her eyes, then she sat down on the sofa and texted Sebastian.

‘Sebbie, Dad wants me to return with him. He declared he will no longer care about you.

‘What should | do?’

Sebastian lay in the hospital bed, reading the message on his phone with a faint smile.

After pondering for a moment, he replied, ‘Landa, since Dad doesn’t care about me, will you take care of me instead?’ ‘Of course, | will take care of you! | am your older sister!’

Sighing out loud, she then added, ‘But | can’t disregard Dad’s words either...

‘What do you want me to do before | leave?’

Sebastian rubbed his temples, deep in thought. “There is something | need your help with.”

On the third day since her amnesia, Cherise received a call from an unfamiliar number.

“Mrs. Lenoir, hello, | am the director of the orphanage where you and Mr. Lenoir donated drumsticks before.”

The woman on the phone was very enthusiastic, "Do you remember? You promised the children at the orphanage that you would come to see their charity performance?"

"The children are thrilled to know that the lady and man who brought them drumsticks that day will be attending their performance. They have been practicing diligently every day."

"The performance is scheduled for tomorrow, and I have already sent the address and time to your email. Do you and Mr. Lenoir have the time to join?"

Cherise held the phone to her lips, "Did I agree to come?"

The woman nodded earnestly, "Yes, you also mentioned you would contribute to our orphanage!" "So, Mrs. Lenoir, will you and Mr. Lenoir be able to attend?"

Cherise scrunched up her nose and replied hesitantly "I do have the time..."

"As for my husband..."

She took a deep breath before she finally added, "Alright, I will definitely

dust readidadnscit my husband first. If he agrees to attend, I will call you back, okay?"

"Great!"

With Cherise's confirmation, the director of the- "Merl fy expecting Mrs. Lenoir tomorrow!"

After ending the call, Cherise checked her email. As expected, there was a new email waiting for her.

The email included not only the time and address of the art performance that Mrs. Lydi docks} Lmeptioned@rithe howe beak merous photos and videos of the children's previous performances. There were even thank-you cards handwritten by the children themselves.

Some of the cards were written with childish strokes, expressing, “Thank you, Mr. Damien and Ms. Cherise.”

#### Chapter 949 Fulfilling A Promise

Some thank you cards featured cartoonish-drawn images of the two of them.

The children’s drawings were very childlike: simple but also messy.

But Cherise clearly saw images of herself and Damien.

One was taller; the other one was shorter. Both were standing together with a big smile plastered on their faces. A warm feeling surged in Cherise’s heart. The children’s innocent and well-meaning gesture thoroughly moved her. It turned out that she and Damien had engaged in such activities in the past.

They visited the orphanage home to see these children and brought warmth and food to them.

Taking a deep breath, Cherise silently opened the video in the email.

The videos showcased past performances by the former children who lived in the orphanage.

There was a little boy who always appeared unwilling grim, and unresponsive every time he went on stage.

The little boy was cute, but Cherise sensed that he was trying to be more mature than he really was.

Very much like Soren.

As the video went on longer, Cherise felt an inexplicable sense of familiarity with the little boy but couldn’t remember where she had seen him before.

After all, she had amnesia and couldn't even remember who she was. But there was a gut instinct within her that told her she knew the little boy. So she took the tablet and ran to Damien's study, pushing open the door. Inside, Damien was looking at something on the computer.

Seeing her frenzied state rushing in, Damien put down what he was holding. He raised his head and looked at her indifferently, "What's wrong, what's the hurry?"

"Look!"

Cherise took out her tablet and pointed to the little boy inside. "Do I know him from before?"

Damien let out a sigh, then he squinted his eyes at the tablet and shook his head. "I don't remember you knowing such a child." After that, he raised his hand and pinched her face. "Where did you find this video? | can help you find him."

Cherise pursed her lips. "This was sent to me by Mrs. Lydia from the orphanage; it's an old performance by the children from the orphanage."

She looked up at him with a steely glance. "I seem to have promised Mrs. Lydia before that | would go with you to attend the children's art performance."

"Mrs. Lydia just called me and asked if we could make it." "You agreed?" "Yeah."

Cherise held her sleeves tightly and added, "Although | don't remember agreeing with her, | still made promise to her before that I'd be going."

"Promises should be kept."

After that, she hurriedly continued, "I don't know if you have time or if you want to go... so | just promised her that | would go by myself!"



"If you don't want to go...

"Can | not go?"

Damien narrowed his eyes and asked in a deep voice. "Why?"

Cherise asked earnestly and continued, her wide eyes staring back at him. "I promised them before!"

"And..."

Her eyes were downcast, and her body seemed to sag as if along with these 'days and haven't been anywhere. | feel like I'm cut off from the rest of the world."

"Going to the orphanage to watch the children's performance, wouldn't it be a good idea: right?"

After that, she bit her lip and looked back up at him. "I'm not asking you to accompany me... "If you don't want to go, you don't have to. I can go by myself..."

"Til. go."

Damien lightly raised his hand and rubbed her head. "To be honest, | don't want you to go." "But if you really want to go, I'll accompany you."

"Really?"

The girl's clear eyes were instantly filled with joy.

"Yes, of course."

The man's deep voice carried a hint of laughter, "When have | ever lied to you?"

"Oh, right."

Cherise smiled and leaned in, planting a kiss on his face. "None of them like you really haven't lied to me!"

A grin met hers in return as he pinched her delicate face. "Good girl."

Chapter 950 Live with Purpose

"Hey hey hey-!"

After Damien finished speaking, a man's voice finally came from the computer, unable to bear it any longer. "Do you two have to be so cheesy in front of me?"

"I haven't ended the video call yet! I'm watching!"

The man's helpless roar came from the computer, "Can't you show some love to a lone wolf?"

Damien raised his eyes lightly and fixed a look on his webcam. "No."

Cherise was shocked by this voice and reactively tore her way out of Damien's arms.

Looking closely, she found that on the computer screen was the face of a man in a white coat.

At this moment, the man was looking at her and Damien with a helpless expression, "I'm really too unlucky!"

"I traveled all the way to a foreign country to find a way to restore your memory, and just when there was some progress, I was forced to watch you two flirting in the video call!"

After speaking, Jacob turned to look at Cherise, “Cherry, | remember you lost your memory, right? How come you're so close to Damien now?”

“This is outrageous! When others lose their memory, they can’t remember their loved ones, so they end up inflicting pain on each other because their feelings aren’t on the same wavelength! How come you're even more attached to him after losing your memory?”

“Jacob.” Damien dangerously narrowed his eyes and warned, Am | giving you too much funding?”

Jacob's face turned pale; before he could speak, Cherise opened her eyes and asked seriously, “Are you the doctor who is looking for a way to restore my memory?”

Seeing Cherise change the subject, Jacob quickly followed along. “Yes, | am currently in the United States. Just asked a few neurology experts, but they need your specific information...”

“Okay, | will cooperate with whatever you need.”

Cherise leveled him with a determined stare. “How long will it take for me to recover my memory?”

“After | recover my memory, will | be just like a normal person?”

Jacob smiled helplessly; he raised his hand to touch his chin. “What do you mean by being like a normal person?” “You sound as if you don’t consider yourself normal.

“| was never a normal person to begin with,” she replied, her lips pulling into a half-formed, heartless smile. “Normal people have a past, memories, and a history.

“And I... have nothing.” She turned away from the computer screen, her eyes staring off into the distance.

"I really hope I can remember my past memories quickly, even if they are not good, even if they are very bad." "But at least, when others talk about people and things related to the past, I can feel like I've lived."

The woman's words stunned both Damien and Jacob into silence.

After a while, Jacob took a deep breath. "Cherry, don't rush."

"Some things are better not rushed."

"You can think of it as if you have a

serious illness. It comes Re jngy like amountaln balfapsing and goes away like untangling strings. Your illness needs time to recover slowly."

Take good care of yourself, and you will get better eventually!" Cherise nodded in grievance, "But doctor, when will I get better?"

"I hope to give you an accurate answer. Re ember sabave goats'dd that Gor ave Something to look forward to."

"Two months," he added.

Then, a minute passed before Jacob took a deep breath to say, "Or maybe even shorter." "It depends on..."

He glanced silently at Damien. "It depends on whether your mindset is good enough." "Do you really want to regain your memory?"

After ending the video call with Jacob, Damian pickgctumkcterlse! I ahd lated her on his lap, holding her small body.

Cherise nodded earnestly, "Yes."

"I really want to. "