

## MY BLIND 981

### Chapter 981 Fragments of Memory

Cherise swiftly reached for her phone, leaning against the bay window in her bedroom, where crimson leaves danced outside. "I have a question for you... Did | pursue Damien?" she inquired.

On the other end of the line, Zachary paused before responding, "Did Damien tell you that?"

Cherise nodded solemnly. "Yes. He claimed... that | fell for him at first sight and shamelessly chased after him," she confessed, a blush coloring her cheeks.

Attempting to mask her embarrassment, Cherise coughed lightly. "But that's how Damien portrayed it. | tried asking the household staff, but they were too afraid to speak up..."

"Of course, they wouldn't dare," Zachary sighed, his voice tinged with frustration.

"Damien is shameless. Between you two, it was clearly he pursuing you. He even knelt in front of Elvis in the Shaw's village, begging Elvis to let you marry him, and only then did you agree to marry him."

Cherise was rendered speechless.

"Is that true?" she murmured, seeking confirmation.

"Absolutely," Zachary affirmed, his tone gentle.

"If you doubt me, feel free to ask Damien and inform him of our conversation." Cherise fell silent, processing the revelation.

"Is there anything else you want to know?" Zachary inquired softly.

"Yes," Cherise replied, biting her lip. "There are several things."

Zachary's voice came through softly, offering, "If you desire further insight, I can arrange for Lyra to book a flight for you to visit, and we can discuss matters together."

After a brief moment of contemplation, Cherise responded, "Never mind. I have three children here who require my attention. Damien is always occupied. It would upset them if I left."

"Three children?" Zachary inquired, his tone reflecting surprise. "Yes," Cherise confirmed with a smile. "My son, Soren, my daughter, Serafina, and a recently adopted child from a welfare home named Alexis."

There was a pause on the other end of the line before Zachary questioned, "Alexis... Is that the child's original name, or did you change it?"

"I didn't change it," Cherise clarified, her lips pursed in curiosity. "Why do you ask?"

"Have you located him?" Zachary furrowed his brow, then added with a smile, "What about your close friend Lucy? Has she met the child?"

Cherise reflected for a moment. "I believe she has," she replied, a memory surfacing. "But the Alexis I adopted seems particularly fond of Lucy. He even asked me to assist him in finding a way for Lucy to adopt him." "And you agreed?" Zachary inquired.

"Yes, I did," Cherise affirmed.

"But... I'm uncertain how to approach her. What if she isn't prepared or the responsibility of raising them?"

"She won't be; you should go ahead," Zachary encouraged. "Perhaps a DNA test with the child would sway her decision in favor of adoption."

Yawning, Zachary's voice betrayed signs of fatigue. "Since you're

he itant to.wight non Opkessthe ther. However, remember that I'm here to assist you whenever you need me," he assured her.

"Indeed, | will always be your family," he concluded warmly before the call ended. After concluding the call, Cherise remained seated, her gaze fixed blankly on the TV drama. Despite the conversation, her anxiety lingered. If anything, it intensified.

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Why does it seem like everyone she converses with has been hiding) mM spinething?tidm'Her since her memory loss?

The reluctance to openly discuss her past left her feeling adrift, clueless, and vulnerable.

At that moment, she couldn't help but feel lost, like a fool trapped in the shadows of her own life.