

## MY BLIND 982

### Chapter 982 Venturing Out

Inhaling deeply, she rose from her seat, resolved to seek some fresh air. She couldn't continue to stagnate like this! Remaining cooped up at home lost in her thoughts, felt suffocating, like a surefire path to insanity!

Frances furrowed her brow, voicing her concerns, "Madam, Mr. Lenoir advised against venturing out casually... it's too risky outside..."

Cherise pursed her lips, glancing towards Blake perched on the second-floor railing, "But he'll accompany me. That should be alright, right?"

Blake raised an eyebrow at the suggestion. "Going out?" he echoed before promptly leaping down from the second floor. "Sure!" Ever since Cherise lost her memory, Damien had insisted she remain confined at home. This directive also restricted Blake's movements as her personal bodyguard.

After enduring prolonged periods indoors, he began to feel as though he were growing stagnant like mold creeping into the corners of his existence.

"Then let's go!" Cherise exclaimed with a bright smile, her eyes sparkling as she hurried upstairs to change.

Frances interjected, standing in the doorway with arms outstretched, attempting to dissuade Cherise, "Perhaps it's best if you reconsider, Madam... It's too perilous outside..."

Frances seemed to believe that Cherise didn't fully grasp the severity of the situation. With a deep breath, she proceeded, "Mr. Lenoir warned that numerous individuals are outside, eagerly awaiting the opportunity to mock and ridicule you. And others harbor ill intentions, seeking to cause you harm."

But Cherise remained resolute, brushing aside Frances's concerns. "It'll be fine, Frances. Perhaps many outside don't even recognize me. Besides, with Blake by my side and nothing to hide, no one would dare to harm me in broad daylight, right?"

With determination, Cherise bypassed Frances and disappeared into the dressing room.

Amidst Damien's selected attire, she chose a casual ensemble of navy blue overalls paired with a sunny yellow t-shirt. A white duckbill cap and short jacket completed her look.

"Frances, don't fret," Cherise reassured with a sunny disposition. "I'm just stepping out with Blake. Everything will be fine." With that, she took Blake's hand. Together, they ventured out of the house, leaving Frances feeling powerless.

She reluctantly reached for the phone to inform Damien of Cherise's departure.

"Sir, Madam and Mr. Blake have left..."

| can't prevent them..."

The man on the other end of the line was engrossed in a meeting.

Upon hearing Frances's report, he furrowed his brow slightly. "Let her go."

She had never been one to stay cooped up at home for long, and the extended confinement was undoubtedly taking its toll on her mental well-being.

Yet, despite his acquiescence, he promptly instructed Mr. Hampson to deploy additional personnel to monitor their movements. "Blake, do you have any usual haunts?" he inquired as they stepped outside, Cherise relishing the fresh air and sunlight.

The sensation of venturing out was truly invigorating!

Blake hesitated, then replied, "There's a place | frequent."

Cherise's eyes brightened. "Take me there!" she urged eagerly.

Blake nodded in agreement. "Alright."

He led Cherise to the library at Adania University.

"Do you enjoy reading?" she asked as they walked.

Cherise frowned slightly, observing Blake's quiet demeanor.

Though her memories were sparse, she perceived him as a reserved and capable young man.

Blake blushed faintly, shook his head, and led her to a secluded corner where people- watching."

"People-watching?" Cherise echoed, joining him and casually picking up a magazine from the table.

As she flipped through the pages, she noticed the ever distant and elusive line was related to her.

Page by page, Cherise sifted through the magazines, gradually

kept her indoors and her information closely guarded,