

Marrying 921

Chapter 921 Temporary Amnesia

As she spoke, she looked at Damien patiently. "Calm down. There may be other ulterior motives behind this."

Damien looked at her for a while before turning around silently. He looked straight at Blake. "Since you've already determined that I wanted to harm you why did you return to Lenoir Manor and come back to me after you went through so much trouble to rescue Cherise?"

Blake pursed his lips. His fists repeatedly clenched and unclenched at his sides. Finally, he took a deep breath and looked up at Damien seriously, "It was Cherry. I suggested to her to contact the Tanner or Miles families because I felt it would be unwise to stay here for long."

"But Cherry still trusts you, so she pleaded with me to bring her back to Lenoir Manor no matter how difficult it is." The boy's words pained Damien. He pursed his lips and looked at Blake. "So, what happened after..."

"On the way back, Cherry got caught in the rain and fainted... She was like this when she regained consciousness." Blake gazed at Cherise, slightly distressed. "I know it was risky for me to return with Cherry, but the last thing she said to me before this happened was to bring her back to look for you... She wanted to hear you say in person that you wanted her to die and that you believe she slept with Sebastian..."

"I would never wish for her to die." Damien closed his eyes. "Nor would I ever believe she slept with Sebastian." The man took a deep breath and reached out, wanting to hold Cherise's hand. "No one knows her better than I do." But she looked at him as if he were a stranger and withdrew her hand. The man closed his eyes and instructed Mr. Hampson hoarsely. "Summon Jacob."

Half an hour later, Jacob sat on the sofa, observing the woman lying on her stomach behind Blake in the corner of the couch. He carefully sized her up and sighed indifferently. "Damien, don't be too hasty, Cherry's reaction is typical of someone who has been hurt."

“As Blake mentioned, perhaps she also believes you want to kill her, so she’s overwhelmed with grief and wearied from the trip back. These emotions and symptoms are intertwined, which causes the brain to have selective amnesia.”

“But based on Cherise’s current condition, it should be temporary. It will take her half a year to recover at most. This is good news.” After that, he sighed nonchalantly. “I found some drugs in her blood, and I believe it’s related to her current amnesia.”

“I’ll take a sample of her blood for experts to analyze as I’m not well-versed in drugs. Once the drugs are identified and the appropriate antidote is found, I’m confident that it won’t take as long for her memory to recover.”

“Your role during this time is to be by her side.” After that, Jacob raised his hand and patted Damien’s shoulder gently. “She’s in this state because of you. As long as you provide her with enough care and affection, you’ll gradually awaken her memories of you, and she’ll recover faster.”

Damien looked at the woman in the distance, who gazed at him blankly like a child. A distressed expression flickered through his eyes, “Are you sure her memory will recover soon?”

“Yes.” Jacob nodded. “This is temporary amnesia caused by trauma. She’ll recover soon.”

Chapter 922 I Don’t Remember

“However, Sebastian is truly ruthless. On one hand, he created the illusion that Cherise cheated on you. On the other hand, he bribed your subordinates to use your men to harm your wife.”

“No woman could forgive her husband for sending someone to harm her. Moreover, Cherise was rumored to have betrayed you. These combined factors will undoubtedly leave her unsettled, causing her to doubt you and everything else.”

Damien nodded in agreement. He had already anticipated everything Jacob had mentioned. There was only one thing Damien hadn’t foreseen... He had recently been preoccupied with the company’s affairs. He had forgotten that he had privately instructed-Mr. Kolson to train many bodyguards and assassins.

Unfortunately, they became Sebastian's pawns before they had the opportunity to serve the Lenoir family.

After seeing Jacob off, Damien walked to Cherise slowly. Blake had already retired for the night at this point. Cherise was curled up in the corner of the sofa, gazing timidly at Damien as if he were a dangerous stranger she was meeting for the first time.

"Hello." Damien greeted her with a smile, extending his hand towards her. "My name is Damien Lenoir." The woman blinked her clear eyes. "I... I don't remember my name."

"Your name is Cherise Shaw." Damien smiled faintly. "Just remember that you're named Cherise." The woman pursed her lips and nodded silently. "Okay." Damien picked up some fruit from the coffee table and offered it to her. "Are you hungry?"

"Mm!" The woman leaned over cautiously and reached out her fair hands carefully. She plucked a grape and started savoring its sweetness. After finishing it, she beamed at Damien sweetly. Damien peeled another grape and handed it to her. "If you like it, have some more."

"Okay!" The woman grinned and took the grape. After finishing all the grapes, she pouted. "I'm still hungry."

"You're still hungry?" Damien took a deep breath. "Wait here. I'll prepare something delicious for you!" Cherise nodded and sat on the sofa, watching him leave with childlike curiosity.

In the kitchen, Damien quickly roasted drumsticks for her. Standing in the kitchen, he shut his eyes and heard the woman's laugh in his ears. "Damien, how will I finish all the drumsticks you made? You know what? Once this ordeal is over, I'll get ready to get pregnant with our third child, alright?"

"Damien..." Memories flooded his mind, piercing his heart sharply. He bit his lips viciously. After a while, the oven signaled that the drumsticks were ready. Damien composed himself, took the drumsticks out of the oven, and placed one before Cherise. "Eat up. You used to love this."

Cherise glanced timidly at the drumstick like a child before she suddenly screamed. She jumped up as if electrocuted and burrowed herself in the corner of the room before she started retching. Damien

followed her, patting her back gently. "What's wrong?" As Cherise threw up, horrifying images flashed through her mind. A man with piercing eyes approached her with extended arms, saying, "After tonight, the whole world will think we slept together."

Chapter 923 There Was a Man

"This includes Damien, your father, and all your family and friends. Do you know how much the shares I gave Damien are worth?" The man's hand stroked her face gently. "One billion. Even the dumbest person wouldn't casually give away something worth one billion. Still, I gave all of that to Damien because his woman begged me to sleep with her."

At that moment, Cherise couldn't remember who that man was, but she remembered how she felt then. She had shuddered as she felt fear, despair, and helplessness. The emotions in her mind made her body tremble unconsciously again.

Upon seeing the woman shiver uncontrollably, Damien's heart utterly ached. "It's okay. You're safe." He extended his arms and embraced her. "It's in the past. I won't cook anything else if you don't like my cooking. You don't have to look at anything you don't like."

"Cherise..." At the side, Frances couldn't help but turn away and wipe her tears when she witnessed this scene. She had been serving Damien closely in Lenoir Manor all his life since his parents passed away when he was eight years old.

Having served Damien for over two decades, this was her first time seeing Damien behave so humbly. The man was always aloof and arrogant in front of others, even when he lost his loved ones in a big fire. He had never acted like this.

At this moment, Damien held Cherise like a child holding onto a fragile doll. He spoke every word meekly and was hesitant in his actions. The man's voice made Frances shed tears and pained Cherise. Cherise's heart stirred.

She didn't even know what was upsetting her. Finally, a tear fell from the corner of her eye. She looked up at Damien. "There was a man." She took a deep breath, trying to organize her thoughts. "He came

over and told me I'm no longer chaste."

"He said no one will believe me. He also told me to obey him and that he's the only one who can protect me in the future." As she spoke, she pursed her lips and looked up at Damien with a clear gaze. "I'm scared of him."

It took Damien a long time to coax Cherise to sleep.

"Dad." Soren leaned against the door, looking at Damien's back. "Mom really... doesn't recognize you or us anymore, does she?" Damien composed himself before turning to look at his son. "Mm. But the doctor said this is temporary. Her memory will recover soon."

"Mom was never with anyone else." Soren pursed his lips. He walked to Damien cautiously and looked into his eyes. "When we were in Lermille, many people pursued Mom, but she rejected them all. Mom is a very righteous person. You must believe in her."

The boy's childish voice made Damien smile helplessly. "I know." He crouched down and raised his hand to stroke Soren's head. "No one trusts her more than I do."

"So..." Soren pursed her lips, "You'll protect Mom, right?"

"Yes. With me by her side, you don't have to worry." The man smiled faintly and hugged Soren. "You're a man now. You shouldn't panic or be afraid at this time. Before she recovers, you must take good care

of your sister on her behalf, okay?"

Chapter 924 Are You Coming?

Soren pursed his lips and nodded furiously. "I understand." After that, he looked up at Damien somewhat sheepishly. "Our family will be okay." The boy cupped the man's face in his hands and gently kissed the man's indifferent face. "I can't wait for you and Mom's wedding."

Damien's heart warmed slightly, and a small smile tugged at the corners of his lips. "Okay." As the two spoke, they reached Soren and Serafina's bedroom, where Serafina lay on the pink bed. She looked at them with her dark eyes and blinked. "Is Mom resting?"

"Mm-hmm!" Soren jumped out of Damien's embrace and walked to Serafina's bedside before tucking her in. "We must behave so Mom can quickly recover Sleep tight!" Serafina pursed her lips. "Okay." Despite having many questions in her mind, she would remain silent if her brother told her to go to sleep.

Damien sighed softly when he saw how mature his children were. He closed the door to their room. It was already past eight in the evening. Damien went downstairs, threw on a black coat, and hurried outside.

A line of men dressed in black stood outside the door They had been Damien's trusted allies for years. Although they weren't as skilled as Mr. Kolson, each was exceptional in their own right. "Let's go." The man furrowed his brow, pocketed something Mr. Hampson handed him, and headed towards the waiting car.

"Hold on." As Damien was about to enter the car, a clear voice rang. Dressed in dark blue, Blake stood at the doorway, gazing coldly at Damien. "Where are you off to?" Damien glanced at him nonchalantly. "Are you coming?" Blake pursed his lips. He understood Damien's intentions from the look in his eyes. The young man grinned. "Yes."

At half-past eight at night, Sebastian lounged on the sofa in a bar with a provocatively dressed girl in his arms. He sipped on his drinks and basked in the flattery of those around him. "You spent a fortune, Mr. Weiss, albeit on a beautiful woman!"

"One billion! Some people can't even earn that amount in a lifetime, and you just gave it up to sleep with Damien's wife?"

"Of course," Sebastian smirked as he accepted a glass of red wine from the woman in his arms. "After all, Mrs. Lenoir knelt on the ground and begged me. She told me that if I returned the shares to Damien, she would offer her body to me in exchange. Hence, I obliged. After all, I do like her."

“Indeed. Damien’s wife is quite impressive. Who wouldn’t want a taste of her? Don’t you agree, Mr. Halloway? What about you, Sam?” The table erupted in laughter. “We do, but we lack your courage, Mr. Weiss... As you know, Damien is a big shot in Adania. No one dares to cross him...”

Sebastian chuckled indifferently. “It seems like only someone like me can stir things up, right?” His comment elicited another round of laughter from the group. “I think Damien is all bark and no bite. Mr. Weiss slept with his wife ages ago, and Damien hasn’t made a peep.”

“What else can he do? He’s already amassed assets worth a billion. What could he do now?” The group burst out laughing again. “Though Damien saved Lenoir Group and retained his position as a tyrant in Adania, trouble is brewing in his backyard... Pfft...”

Chapter 925 Damien’s Weakness

“I wonder if you’ll be in trouble too, Mr. Arber?” A man’s cold voice interrupted the pot-bellied Sam Arber, who looked up.

At the bar entrance, a group of men dressed in black cleared the way. Amidst the bar’s vibrant lights, Damien strode towards them in a black coat and leather boots. His stern face was cold and hostile, and his presence made it hard for everyone in the room to breathe.

Sam’s eyes widened abruptly. Damien Lenoir! Sam immediately got up and tried to retreat when he felt a cold hand on his back. As he turned around in shock, he saw a young man in a navy blue tracksuit smirking at him. “Do you think you can get away so easily after speaking ill about others?”

‘Bang!’ The young man kicked Sam to the ground, crashing him onto a table with bottles of red wine. In an instant, the sound of bottles shattering, red wine sloshing to the ground, and women’s shrieks filled the air. As the various noises rang, it was highly chaotic for a moment.

Amid the chaos, Sebastian stayed seated on the sofa with crossed legs. He smiled at Damien. “Are you here to settle the score with me?” Damien narrowed his eyes. He dashed forward, swiftly pulled out a silver pistol, and pointed it at Sebastian.

“Your people must have discovered she was drugged, right?” Faced with the gun and Damien’s hostile gaze, Sebastian smiled indifferently. “I know you want to kill me. Go ahead. Do it.” He smirked at Damien. “If you kill me, you’ll never know what I drugged her with.”

Damien narrowed his eyes and sneered. “Do you think I’m afraid?”

“Damien, everyone has a weakness. You can easily manipulate and threaten others if you discover their weakness.” Sebastian chuckled. “Cherise’s weakness is you and your children, while she’s your

weakness. The two of you are destined to be pawns in my game.”

Damien silently took off the gun’s safety.

“Kill me if you dare.”

“Do you think I won’t?”

‘Bang!’ After the gunshot was heard, shrieks and screams of terror filled the bar. Amidst the chaos, Damien left the bar as the crowd jostled. The night breeze swept his coat, and he looked exceptionally aloof.

“Mr. Weiss, are you okay?” Inside the bar, people around Sebastian panicked and called out his name. “Mr. Weiss...”

“Stop talking. Get me a doctor!” Sebastian gritted his teeth. He extended his hand and applied pressure on his right thigh where Damien had shot him. Blood flowed steadily from the wound. Sebastian hadn’t expected Damien to actually shoot him! The people around Sebastian called the police anxiously. They brought him disinfectant to disinfect his wound and gauze to wrap it.

Sebastian clenched his teeth as he repeatedly muttered Damien’s name fiercely. Hmph! Even if Damien injured my leg, it won’t change the fact that Cherise’s reputation is tarnished! Sebastian hadn’t expected Cherise to struggle so viciously when he was with her yesterday. He never imagined that she had

moved on from the past and had the nerve to strike him!

Chapter 926 Cherise's Innocence

Sebastian narrowed his eyes. The image of Cherise from the previous day appeared before him. She was pressed against the wall, and he was standing before her. The woman looked up and glared at him furiously. "Sebastian, you'll pay for your actions!"

"How will I be paying?" At that moment, Sebastian had a lustful expression as he smiled at Cherise wickedly. "If my retribution is that everyone believes we slept together and had an affair, I'm willing to accept it."

Cherise gritted her teeth and glared at him. "I won't let you get your way." After that, she retrieved a scalpel from her pocket and plunged it into her leg ruthlessly. As blood flowed from the wound, her eyes regained focus.

Taking a deep breath, she slapped Sebastian hard across his face. "No matter who you are or what power you hold, you have no right to coerce a woman into doing something without her consent!" Then, she held the scalpel against his neck, using him as a hostage to blackmail her way to freedom.

"Haha! It's useless. All your resistance is in vain," Sebastian sneered as he looked at Cherise, who was trying to compose herself. "Do you think others will believe you're innocent if you leave now? Cherise, news has spread. Right now, everyone thinks you're a shameless woman."

"I just want my loved ones to know I'm innocent." Taking a deep breath, the woman cautiously weaved through Sebastian's men. She was fearful he might attempt to escape, yet also concerned about inadvertently harming him. Thus, she proceeded slowly. Still, this also provided Sebastian with the opportunity to continue taunting her.

"Do your loved ones believe in your innocence? Cherise, stop deluding yourself." The man kept smiling faintly as he observed her tense expression. "Do you believe that if news of our alleged affair were to

spread, Damien would be capable of killing you? You should know better than I do that the Lenoirs are a prestigious family with a reputation to uphold.”

Cherise bit her lip firmly. Though her gaze wavered slightly, she continued using Sebastian as a hostage to exit the hotel. Outside the hotel, a middle-aged man and a young man had already subdued the guards. Cherise released Sebastian and departed under their protection.

Heavy rain fell from the sky.. Sebastian looked up at the downpour, a sneer forming on his lips. He took out his phone and silently dialed a number. “Gwenn, it’s time for your team to act.”

Events of the previous day continued to swirl in Sebastian’s mind. A smile crept onto his lips as his consciousness began to fade. Ultimately, all he could hear were the voices of those around him calling out his name.

The news of Sebastian being ambushed spread rapidly. Many in Adania debated online throughout the night whether the Weiss family would retaliate. Damien had gone out of hand and led a team to the Weiss family’s bar to hurt Sebastian. Everyone knew the Weiss family wouldn’t stay silent.

As anticipated, Sebastian’s sister, Yolanda, posted on Twitter the following morning. ‘Damien, this feud between you and the Weiss family is far from over!’ Damien, who had abstained from social media for years, responded to Yolanda, to everyone’s surprise. Teagerly await it. He sounded extremely arrogant.

Chapter 927 Masters of This House

“I couldn’t take it if I were from the Weiss family!” Lenoir Manor’s servants would secretly gossip in the corner after cleaning in the morning. “But Mr. Lenoir is so handsome when he’s arrogant... I love it!”

“That’s right. I also admire Mr. Lenoir’s personality. If anyone harasses my woman, I’d stand up for her!”

“But it’s a shame that Mrs. Lenoir...”.

“Do you think Mrs. Lenoir really had an affair with Sebastian?”

"I suspect it's highly likely. Mr. Weiss isn't a fool. If Mrs. Lenoir hadn't slept with him, why would he transfer the assets worth one billion to Mr. Lenoir?"

"Ah..."

When Cherise came downstairs in the morning, she overheard the young servants whispering in the corner. Her eyes widened, and she approached them curiously. "What are you discussing? Who is Mr. and Mrs. Lenoir?" The woman's doubtful voice made the servants' complexion pale instantly.

"M-Mrs. Lenoir..."

Cherise furrowed her brow. When she saw the servants staring at her and calling her 'Mrs. Lenoir,' she instinctively turned to look behind her, only to see Frances wiping the windows diligently. The woman was suddenly enlightened. "Is she Mrs. Lenoir?"

The servants were startled and unsure of what to say. They could only nod absentmindedly. "So if she's Mrs. Lenoir, who is Mr. Lenoir?" Cherise grabbed one of them and asked, "Is Mr. Lenoir her husband?" The servant was on the verge of tears. "Please don't make this difficult for us..."

At this time, Mr. Hampson walked over and gave Frances instructions. Frances paused, nodded earnestly, and smiled at Mr. Hampson. "Don't worry. Looking after people is my duty." Cherise suddenly understood. "That must be Mr. Lenoir, right?" She slapped her forehead. "They truly make a perfect pair!" The servants took the opportunity to quickly walk away while Cherise had her back turned.

When Damien came downstairs, he saw his wife gazing intently at Frances and Mr. Hampson. The man's mood lifted when he saw her blinking attentively. "You're up early." Cherise nodded. She pursed her lips and approached Damien quickly. "I met two more people." Damien raised his brows slightly and followed her gaze. "Who are they?"

"Those two over there!" Cherise pointed earnestly at Frances and Mr. Hampson. "The servants said they're Mr. and Mrs. Lenoir." The woman pursed her lips and looked up at Damien, slightly perplexed. "Are they the masters of this house?" Damien was somewhat taken aback. He realized that Cherise seemed to have misunderstood something. Hence, he led her to a sofa in the corner. "Who do you think they are?"

“They must be the owners of this place.” Cherise began to analyze seriously. “They’re the oldest individuals here. I looked around. This very grand and luxurious house must belong to a successful middle-aged person. Therefore, they must be the masters of this house.” The woman grew more convinced as she spoke. “That must be the case.”

Damien smiled helplessly and reached out to hold her hands. “So, who do you think I am?” Cherise pursed her lips, instinctively trying to pull her hands away from Damien, but the man held on firmly. She

couldn’t free her hands at all.

Chapter 928 My Handsome Husband

The woman flattened her lips. Although she felt uncomfortable, she didn’t mind it because the man was handsome and kind to her, so she stopped struggling. “I think...” She looked up and carefully examined the man’s face. “You’re the butler here, right?” Damien raised his brows. “The butler?”

“Yes.” Cherise smiled. “You’re young and talented, and everyone seems to listen to you. Therefore... you should be the butler hired by the master of the house Damien doubled over from laughter. “Why don’t you think I’m their son?” The woman blinked silently. “Because you don’t look like them...” Damien shook his head in exasperation. “That’s a good explanation.”

“I’ve said so much to you. It’s your turn now. Who am I?” Cherise looked up at him earnestly. “The person yesterday is my younger brother. He has been protecting me since I woke up. You’re the first person I met besides my brother. Although I don’t know what relationship we have, I feel like I can trust you. We must know each other, right?”

The woman’s dark eyes blinked at Damien curiously. He couldn’t help but feel his heart melt when he saw her gaze. He smiled. “Would you believe me if I said I was your husband?” Cherise pursed her lips. and looked at him skeptically. “Are you sure?”

“Absolutely.” He raised his hand and pinched her cheek. “Do you need me to explain what a husband is?” Cherise suddenly blushed, and she pursed her lips. “I... I know what a husband is.” Though she had lost her memory, she still had common sense and basic knowledge. The woman looked at Damien probingly and skeptically. Damien smiled, allowing her to scrutinize him.

"You're not lying to me, are you?" After a while, Cherise couldn't help but smile at him. "I actually have such a handsome husband?"

"Mm." Damien also smiled. "I'm handsome but poor."

"It doesn't matter. You can work hard to earn more money!" She looked into his eyes shyly, her face flushed. "Hi, honey." Looking at the woman's blushing face, Damien smiled helplessly. "Why do you believe everything I say?"

"Because I think you're good to me. You won't lie to me."

"How do you know I'm not lying to you?"

Cherise looked at Damien seriously. "Did you lie to me?" Upon seeing the woman's bright, sincere gaze, Damien pursed his lips and smiled faintly. "No."

"Well, that settles it then." Cherise continued smiling at Damien. "You didn't lie to me. That means I'm right!" After that, she sized Damien up. "Honey." The woman's sweet voice made Damien's heart tremble. He reached out and embraced Cherise's slender waist. "Mm.""

At that moment, Damien was still somewhat of a stranger to Cherise. The woman's body shrank instinctively when the man's hand rested on her waist. Still, she smiled faintly, composed herself, and leaned against Damien stiffly. "Can you tell me how we met? How long have we been married? Do we have children? How much do you get paid every month?"

Chapter 929 You Deceived Me

"If you work here... Do we have our own home? Where is it?"

"Mrs. Lenoir, this is your home!" Frances heard it when she turned around after chatting with Mr. Hampson. "Mrs. Lenoir, you slept late last night and woke up early this morning. You must be hungry, right?" She wiped her hands on her apron and approached Cherise enthusiastically. "What would you like to eat? I'll make it for you!"

"Mr. Lenoir, you haven't eaten either, right?" Frances overlooked Cherise and Damien's strange expressions and continued speaking cordially. "Wait a moment. I'll make breakfast for you!" After that, Frances hurried into the kitchen to start preparing breakfast.

Mr. Hampson also approached. "Mr. Lenoir, the Weiss family sent people over. They said they want to talk to you in person." Damien cleared his throat as Cherise looked at him in shock and confusion. "Um, I don't want to see them. You can go downstairs first." Mr. Hampson wanted to say something but turned skeptically and left after seeing Damien's expression.

Cherise looked straight at Damien. "What did they mean?" Damien struggled to gather his thoughts. "Cherise, listen to me..."

"You lied to me." Tears welled up in the woman's eyes. "You deceived me." She looked at him, aggrieved, like a wounded animal. "You said they're the owners, and you're the butler."

"Cherise, listen to me..." Damien pursed his lips. "I never said they were the masters of the house. That was your speculation." Cherise frowned. "My speculation?"

"Yes. I never confirmed it."

"But you didn't deny it either!" Cherise sighed, feeling wronged. She got up from the sofa and ran upstairs. "You liar!" She stopped after a few steps because she saw an adorable yet confused little girl in a pink sweater.

Serafina looked up and smiled at Cherise. "Mommy, you're awake." Cherise stood frozen in place. She stared blankly at the child before her. "You called me... 'Mommy'?" Serafina beamed at her. "Yes." The little girl quickly turned around and shouted, "Ren, come quick. Mommy is awake!" Behind her, a little boy in a light blue shirt walked over leisurely. "Alright I got it."

"Ms. Cherise, let me introduce you." Soren walked to Cherise's side, looked up, and smiled at her. "My name is Soren Shaw. You can call me Ren. The little girl in front of you is my sister. Her name is Serafina Shaw. You can call her Sera. We're fraternal twins you gave birth to five years ago."

"Our father is this gentleman." Soren walked to the railing on the second floor and pointed to the man downstairs. "I know you don't remember us now, and you may not be able to accept that you're married with kids for the time being."

Afterward, the boy put his hands in his pockets and walked up to Cherise coolly. "But as your son, I must tell you that Mr. Damien and your children love you. You need to quickly regain your memory. Sera and I are still waiting to attend you and Mr. Damien's wedding."

Cherise listened blankly to what Soren said. She pursed her lips silently and turned to look at the man downstairs. "You said he really loves me?"

Chapter 930 Fried Egg

Soren nodded, "That's right."

"But..." The woman pouted slightly, feeling slightly aggrieved. "But he just lied to me."

"Really?" Soren raised his brows and glanced at Serafina. The next moment, Serafina ran to Damien with a small bag on her back. "You scoundrel! Why did you lie to Mommy?" Upon reaching the man, the little girl raised her tiny fists and began pummeling Damien's thigh. "I'll beat you up for Mommy's

sake!"

"Hmph!" The little girl's fists continued to pelt Damien's thigh. He could only smile helplessly and let her hit him. "I was mistaken." He looked up at Cherise upstairs. "I'm sorry." Soren also smiled and looked at Cherise. "Ms. Shaw, are you still upset?"

Cherise was dumbstruck. Are they treating me like a child?! But on second thought, she realized she was clueless now. She didn't remember anything, so she was no different from a child. The woman sighed in exasperation. "I'll forgive you..." She turned to look at Damien and said, "If you make me something delicious to eat!"

Damien's figure froze slightly. "Are you... sure you want me to make you something to eat?" Cherise pursed her lips and nodded. "I suddenly feel like having fried eggs." Damien looked up into her clear eyes. After a while, the man turned and strode towards the kitchen.

"Mr. Lenoir, let me do this..." Shortly after, a skeptical voice came from the kitchen. "Mr. Lenoir... Oh, that's not how you do it... Mr. Lenoir..."

Upon hearing the chaos coming from the kitchen, even Soren, who liked to pretend he was mature beyond his years, couldn't help but laugh. Cherise burst into laughter as well. "I can tell he loves me to

the best of his abilities." Otherwise, how could he cook for me when he owns such a big house with so many

servants?

Ten minutes later, Cherise sat at the dining table, looking at the greasy, golden fried egg in front of her. She looked up at Damien in disbelief. "Did you really make this?"

"Mm." The man held his head high, very proud and pleased with himself. "If you don't believe me, I'll take you to the kitchen now and fry another egg for you, Mrs. Lenoir!" Cherise pursed her lips, "I believe you..." After that, she looked at the unappetizing fried eggs in front of Soren and Serafina sympathetically...

How can I not believe him? This man must have made many fried eggs and gave me the best one, right? Otherwise, why are all the servants lining up to get fried eggs from the kitchen? And each of those fried eggs... were uglier than the other. After making so many, the best one Damien made lay on Cherise's plate. After losing her memory, this was Cherise's first time being moved by Damien. She smiled at him. "Thank you."

"You're husband and wife. No need to say thank you!" Just as Cherise finished speaking, Serafina, who was eating breakfast at the side, quickly reminded her. "Your relationship will grow cold if you're so polite! Mom and Dad, you can't grow apart!"

Cherise blushed slightly. She lowered her head to eat “Okay. I’ll keep that in mind.” She looked even more childlike than Serafina. Damien smiled helplessly. He sat beside her, served her food cautiously, and carefully observed her condition. Before long, Cherise polished off her breakfast.