

# **My Blind Husband #Chapter 101 - Read My Blind Husband Chapter 101**

Chapter 101

Chapter 101 It's My Duty

He looked coldly at the people before him. "I didn't make you return from Europe to be incompetent."

He threw a proposal on the table. "Take a look. If there aren't any problems, implement it

soon."

Outside the Shaw Group building.

Cherise, who was in a white T-shirt and jeans, went to a few cafés but couldn't find hand- ground coffee.

Cherise had previously noticed that Mr. Hampson specially instructed people to hand grind and roast the coffee that Damien drank at home.

Therefore, he would dislike brewed coffee.

She went along the road but couldn't find a café that had hand-ground coffee, so she wanted to cross the road and go to the other side to look for it.

But Cherise never imagined that someone wanted to kill her in broad daylight.

She was crossing the road as the car drove toward her.

The red light was still lit. However, the car didn't brake. Instead, it stepped on the drove straight toward Cherise.

gas and

Cherise was late to catch on and only realized when the passersby around her cried out in surprise.

But it was too late!

A hand quickly pulled her to the side of the road at that critical moment.

But even when the person had moved quickly, the vehicle's scorching exhaust pipe grazed Cherise's leg.

"Thank you."

Cherise had yet to recover from her shock. She panted roughly as she thanked the who had pulled her away.

person

"No problem."

1/3

A young, clear voice answered her.

She looked up subconsciously.

It was Blake.

Cherise was slightly surprised.

She never had a good impression of Blake. After all, he had almost killed Nick the first day. they had met.

Therefore, she always felt the young teen was brutal and vicious.

But she never thought that the young teen, whom she didn't have a favorable opinion, would bravely step forward and save her at such a crucial juncture.

"Thank you, Blake."

After Cherise calmed herself, she thanked him sincerely again.

"No problem, Cherry!"

A shy smile was revealed on the inarticulate young teen's face. "It's my duty!"

The car had long driven away.

Blake helped Cherise back to the Shaw Group building to sit on a couch on the first floor.

Cherise was still concerned about Damien's coffee, so she called Lucy to come over and buy him a cup.

In the meeting room upstairs.

Mr. Hampson saw the news of Cherise getting injured on his cell phone. He looked up at Damien, whom everyone was listening to.

At that moment, the man was sitting in the meeting room's seat of honor coldly and running the meeting in a commanding manner.

Mr. Hampson furrowed his brows. He turned and left the room before calling Jacob.

"I understand!"

Jacob, who was lying on his bed, rolled his eyes. He looked up at Ian, who was still cleaning the clinic earnestly. "A patient was scalded on the Shaw Group building's first floor. Go and deal with it."

2/3

On the phone, Mr. Hampson said Cherise was injured and wanted Jacob to go personally.

Jacob flattened his lips. Does he think I'll believe it?

With how Damien indulged the girl, his first reaction would have been to immediately send a car to pick Jacob up if she was injured!

But now, Damien had only asked Mr. Hampson to pass the message for Jacob to deal with.

1.

Jacob had reason to believe that the person injured was only Mr. Hampson or someone

close to him.

Since it was only Mr. Hampson or his friend, Jacob naturally had no reason to personally make the trip.

It was most fitting to send Ian over.

Jacob's clinic wasn't far from the Shaw Group building where Cherise was at.

Cherise had waited less than ten minutes when Ian rushed into the first-floor lounge with a first-aid kit.

Chapter 102

Chapter 102 Why Are You Here?

His

gaze circled around the lounge and finally fell on Cherise.

Cherise also happened to be looking at him.

Their gazes met, and Ian furrowed his brows before running over hurriedly.

He raised Cherise's pant leg and examined the wound on her lower leg.

"Why were you so careless?"

The man reproached her as he opened the first aid kit before carefully caring for Cherise's wound.

"Why are you here, Ian?"

Cherise frowned in pain. She could only talk to dull her discomfort..

"Someone called and asked me to come over to deal with it."

Ian wrinkled his brows. His actions were particularly gentle and cautious.

"However, I thought it was just an ordinary patient. I didn't think it was you."

He sighed and spoke reproachfully, "Why did you get scalded?"

"1..."

Cherise pursed her lips and didn't say anything.

She didn't know why it had occurred either.

"Cherry!"

At this time, Lucy rushed hurriedly to Cherise's side with two cups of coffee.

Lucy saw Ian, who was dealing with Cherise's injury, as soon as she arrived.

Her brows furrowed viciously. "Why are you here?"

Ian didn't raise his head. "I'm here to care for Cherise's wound."

"Can't they find anyone else in the large Shaw Group to deal with Cherry's wound?"

Lucy raised her brows coldly. A sneer was on the corners of her lips. "How thoughtful of you, Mr. Philips."

1/3

"Instead of doing your work at Adania Hospital, you came all the way to deal with a married woman's burn?"

Lucy spoke tactfully, but every word of hers was like a blade that pierced Ian's heart. directly.

Ian pursed his lips as he silently bandaged Cherise's wound. "Actually, I..."

"What?"

Lucy rolled her eyes. "Mister, don't think you can take advantage because Cherise's husband is blind."

"I'm telling you, Cherise is very devoted to her husband."

"Furthermore..."

Lucy winked at Cherise. "Cherise's husband managed to see periodically a few days ago!"

Lucy was talking non-stop. "This proves that his eyes are recovering well."

“Therefore, Ian, I advise you not to have any ideas about Cherise.”

Ian wrapped the last gauze around Cherise’s leg. “You’re saying he suddenly could see a few days ago?”

Lucy pursed her lips. “Of course! Cherry told me. How can it be fake?”

Ian’s brows furrowed viciously.

After meeting Damien at the sanatorium previously, he complied with what Damien had said and obtained Damien’s medical treatment records for the past thirteen years.

Damien’s medical history showed that he had severe retina damage.

It couldn’t improve for him to see periodically.

If Damien could really see at times, there was only one possibility. He wasn’t blind.

“Cherise.”

Ian looked down at Cherise. “Is what your friend’s saying true?”

Cherise leaned back on the couch. Her forehead had broken into a cold sweat from the

pain.

2/3

Ian seemed momentarily absentminded when dealing with her wound and had exerted too much force. Her initially painful injury hurt so much that it was difficult for her to breathe

But she endured the pain and tried to make herself seem fine

Upon seeing Cherise silent, Ian asked again. “Can your husband really see?”

“Huh?”

Cherise came to her senses and forced an unpleasant smile. I don’t know. From what I remember, he told me that he can see when he feels anxious”

## Chapter 103

### Chapter 103 Because He's Blind

"But I was in a daze that day. I can't tell if it was a dream or reality."

As Cherise spoke, she subconsciously looked at the band-aid still around her finger.

Actually, she believed it was true.

"I found the person."

A young, chilly voice suddenly rang.

Cherise subconsciously turned around. She didn't know when Blake had disappeared, but he appeared again and stood beside her.

The young teen handed Cherise a few photos. "It's her."

Cherise accepted them with a frown.

The photos were screen captures from surveillance cameras by the side of the road.

In the photos was the stretch of road where her incident had occurred.

She flipped through each photo.

Although there were only a few photos, the vehicle's model and car plate were clearly captured, as well as the person sitting in the driver's seat... Cressa Lyes.

Cressa gripped the steering wheel tightly in the photos, and her eyes were filled with animosity.

She had stepped on the gas and charged at Cherise in a hostile manner.

"D'mn it!"

Lucy snatched the photos. "Has Cressa gone mad?!"

“Her dad willingly gave you the company. Why is she directing her insanity at you?”

Cherise pursed her lips before looking up and smiling at Blake. “Did you go and look for this just now?”

“Mm!”

The young teen nodded seriously. He had an awfully clear gaze.

1/3

But Cherise didn’t understand. “Not anyone can access surveillance camera footage. How did you get it?”

Blake smiled slightly shyly. “I used a computer and hacked into it.”

Cherise was astonished and couldn’t come to her senses for a long time.

He used a computer and... hacked into it?

As it turned out, the young fellow could also hack other than beating others up!

Just as Cherise was surprised, the cell phone in her pocket rang

It was a call from Damien.

The man’s deep voice was slightly indulgent. “Why haven’t you returned? Are you picking the coffee beans?”

Cherise hit her head. She only recalled at that moment that she had gone downstairs to buy coffee for Damien!

She pursed her lips and laughed slightly embarrassedly. “Lucy is here, so I’m chatting with

her.”

“Don’t worry, honey. I’ll send the coffee up right now!”

After hanging up, Cherise took the coffee Lucy had bought and wanted to go upstairs.



Ian stopped her. "Must you send it personally when your leg is in such a state? Can't he empathize?"

Lucy rolled her eyes. "Damien is upstairs. Perhaps he doesn't even know that Cherise was injured."

After that, she grabbed the coffee in Cherise's hands. "I'll send it up for you."

"No need."

Cherise shook her head thoughtfully. "With how clever my husband is, he'll know that something happened to me if you go on my behalf."

As she spoke, she looked up at Blake. "Help me go upstairs."

Blake answered, "Mm." He immediately went over and helped Cherise head upstairs in a slightly flustered manner.

2/3

Lucy massaged the bridge of her nose slightly exasperatedly. "Must you be so obstinate, Cherry?"

"You're saying that your husband will think that something has happened to you if I go, but do you think he won't notice anything if you hobble upstairs like this?"

Cherise nodded without turning around. "Yes."

"Because he's blind."

Lucy was dumbstruck.

For a moment, she had no way to retort...

In the end, Cherise personally delivered the coffee to the meeting room.

Although Damien couldn't see, many people were in the meeting room.

She was afraid they would discuss it, so she resisted the pain in her leg and pretended to be okay as she walked slowly to his side while holding two cups of coffee.

With every step she took, the burn wound on her leg had a fiery sensation.

Chapter 104

Chapter 104 She's Where I Draw the Line

Cherise's face paled from the pain, and her forehead broke into a cold sweat.

She took each step with difficulty as she went to Damien's side.

She was even slightly glad that the husband she married couldn't see anything.

As Damien sat in his wheelchair, his dark and cold gaze stopped on the cold sweat on her forehead.

"What happened to you?"

He asked in a low voice.

Cherise pursed her lips and smiled. Her voice was slightly hoarse, so she deliberately raised it so it wouldn't sound so miserable. "Nothing"

"I just met Lucy downstairs..."

Blood trickled out from her worn-out jeans.

Damien's eyes flashed wildly behind the black silk!

He pulled Cherise into his arms the next moment and held her lower jaw. "Tell me the truth."

Did she want to hide something like an injury from him because she thought he was blind?

Many people were in the meeting room.

Everyone there who had returned from abroad was the cream of the crop.

When they saw Damien hugging Cherise, they bent their heads in succession. They either signed their names on documents or wrote proposals as necessary.

The meeting room instantly rang with rustling noises of people working.

Cherise's face burned.

She pursed her lips. "I'm really okay..."

When she looked around and glanced at the employees working earnestly, she felt slightly uncomfortable, "Put me down..."

1/3

The employees were working hard while on a break from the meeting, but as the boss, she was flirting with her husband...

"Blake."

Since she wasn't saying anything, the man spoke coldly to the young teen on one side. "What happened?"

Blake was startled. He repeated everything that had happened in full detail. "A bad woman wanted to hurt Cherry."

"I saved Cherry, but she got hurt."

Damien's

gaze

darkened. "Where is she hurt?"

"Her lower left leg."

The man's large hands grabbed Cherise's lower left leg precisely.

Although the wound was bandaged, blood was seeping out, perhaps because she was moving too much.

"Did you notify Mr. Hampson?"

Blake nodded. "Yes."

"Find a doctor to bandage it."

"Greg."

Damien called out Mr. Hampson's name coldly.

"Mr. Lenoir..."

Mr. Hampson was terrified.

"Why didn't you tell me? Why did you get a doctor to bandage her wound without my permission instead?"

The man's voice was icy and deep. Mr. Hampson's figure shivered violently. "I saw that you were in a crucial part of the meeting, so..."

"So you decided on my behalf?"

The man let out a pompous laugh. He raised his hands to tap the long table in the meeting room.

2/3

"Everyone."

As his voice rang, everyone put down what they had in their hands and looked up respectfully at him.

"This is Cherise Shaw,"

The man's hands hooked around Cherise's slender waist tightly. "I hope you can remember this name and face."

"Because she's where I draw the line in the future."

The meeting room was momentarily silent.

A few seconds later, deafening voices rang in the meeting room. "Alright! We'll keep it in

mind!"

Cherise was taken aback.

She felt shy and astonished, and her face flushed a crimson red. She struggled and wanted to leave Damien's arms.

"Don't move about!"

The man warned her in a low voice.

But Cherise still instinctively wanted to leave his embrace.

There were so many people in the meeting room!

How embarrassing...

She struggled for a while when there was a sudden pain in her leg.

The woman's paled face froze. She stopped moving.

Damien looked down and saw the cold sweat her forehead broke into because of the pain.

## Chapter 105

### Chapter 105 She Has Good Taste

The man's gaze darkened. He carried her and rolled the wheelchair out of the room. "The meeting is canceled!"

Mr. Hampson followed them hurriedly. He found a medical treatment room, and Damien entered while carrying Cherise.

The man placed Cherise gently on the bed in the medical treatment room. He subconsciously wanted to take the first-aid kit.

As his large, bony hands touched the handle of the first-aid kit, he pulled back as though he suddenly recalled something.

He said coldly, "Didn't you get a doctor to bandage her wound? Tell the doctor to come

here!”

Mr. Hampson, who was standing at the door, was startled. He immediately picked up his cell phone. “I’ll get him to come at once!”

Damien never imagined that the doctor Mr. Hampson got was Ian.

The Ian who had always longed for Cherise.

“How about this? Does it hurt?”

“Does it still hurt here?”

“Does this ointment make it feel better?”

No one knew if it was conscious or unconscious. When Ian bandaged Cherise’s leg, his words were somewhat affectionate.

Cherise glanced at Damien slightly awkwardly and answered each question with a straight

face.

Damien wheeled himself out of the room coldly.

Mr. Hampson followed him in trepidation.

“This is the doctor you got?”

Mr. Hampson trembled. “I didn’t know it was him.... I called Dr. Caldwell...”

1/3

“Dr. Caldwell said he would personally come....

Damien sneered. He picked up his cell phone and called Jacob.

At that moment, Jacob sat on the couch, eating chips while watching television. When he heard his cell phone ring, he picked it up and answered it without glancing at the screen. “Hello?”

“Are you dead?”

The man's dark voice on the other end. "What kind of a coffin do you need?"

Jacob fell

to the floor from the couch. As he held his cell phone, his hand trembled slightly. "What... What do you mean?"

"You're asking me what I mean?"

Damien's low voice was icy and cold. "You told my love rival to deal with Cherry's injury and made me watch helplessly as he touched my woman."

"Tell me, do you want me to destroy you?"

Jacob was dumbfounded.

His hand holding the cell phone trembled violently. "You're saying that... Ian is your love. rival?"

"He's the senior Cherry liked in high school?"

The other man on the call kept quiet.

Jacob pursed his lips. "Doesn't Cherry have bad taste? Although Ian had pretty good grades. in school, he can't compare to me.

Jacob shook his head and repeated, "Cherry has such poor taste!"

"She doesn't have poor taste."

"Does she have good taste? I can't see anything special about Ian's résumé or character!"

"She likes me now. Therefore, she has good taste."

Jacob was dumbstruck again.

He took a deep breath and was prepared to flatter Damien. "She has better taste now. You're much better than Ian!"

2/3

"Stop talking nonsense."

Damien snorted coldly. "Quickly get rid of him!"

"Alright, alright! I'll call him now!"

"By the

way,

should I fire him?"

Jacob furrowed his brows. "When he came here, he told me the hospital had fired him. because he had offended someone important. It was your doing, right?"

"I don't have so much time."

Damien rolled his eyes. "The hospital most likely heard rumors and feared offending me."

He was momentarily silent as he held his cell phone. "Let him work for you? you. I won't stop

"But in the future, remember that you must do it yourself if anything happens to Cherry. You can't let him get involved!"

Chapter 106

Chapter 106 How Would You Like To Deal With Her

"Otherwise, I'll destroy your clinic!"

Jacob almost dropped his cell phone.

Ian had just finished bandaging Cherise's injury when he received a call from Jacob asking him to quickly return to the clinic because Jacob had something important to tell him.

He looked up at Cherise. "The hospital is looking for me urgently. I'll be leaving."



Cherise nodded and waved at him as she bade him goodbye. "Thank you, Ian. Goodbye!"

"Mm."

When Ian turned to leave, the loneliness in his eyes intensified.

Cherise didn't know that he was fired by the initial hospital he worked at because of her. He had applied to many hospitals and clinics but couldn't find a suitable job.

In the end, he could only work in Jacob's clinic.

He was initially one of the best specialized medical students and an outstanding talent at Adania University.

But because of Damien...

Ian closed his eyes, and his hands clenched into tight fists.

He didn't regret being in such a state because of Cherise.

It wasn't his or Cherise's fault. Cherise's husband went too far in bullying him!

As Ian thought about it, he opened his eyes.

Damien, who was in white, was before Ian in the corridor. Damien was leaning back in his wheelchair, looking at Ian with a smile on the corners of his lips.

Ian felt like he had nothing to say to Damien, so he walked around Damien, turned, and entered an elevator.

A sneer on Damien's lips appeared as he watched the figure of Ian leaving.

"Cherry, how big is the grudge between you and Cressa?"

1/3

"At first, she made exaggerated allegations about you on the campus confession page. said someone was providing for you, which led to her dad driving you home."

“After that, you argued with her because of me, so the both of you went to the police

station.”

and

“Her dad went mad and transferred the company to your name because he feared Damien would blame him. You’re innocent, but she wants to knock you down with her car!”

Lucy sat on the couch and lamented. “How do you think your husband will deal with Cressa?”

Cherise shook her head. “I don’t know.”

“How would you like to deal with her?”

A man’s deep and low voice rang in the room after Cherise spoke.

Damien, who was in white, sat in his wheelchair. He was tall and slender with a mysterious. and distant demeanor.

Cherise looked at him, and a smile appeared in the corners of her lips. “Honey, go and work if you’re busy. I’m fine.”

Cherise even moved her leg to prove her argument.

However, her leg hurt more, even though she said it didn’t hurt.

Damien wheeled himself to her and pulled her into his arms. “When can you take care of yourself?”

The man’s indulgent actions and voice made Cherise blush.

Her face was forcefully buried in his arms, and her feminine voice was dull. “I can take care of myself... I take excellent care of people

“You have the cheek to say that? You only care for others and not

The man’s low voice was exceptionally fond.

yourself.”

On one side, Lucy saw the scene before her and heard the conversation between the two....

Oh my god, get me out of here. I don't want to witness this!

2/3

"Honey, you can just casually teach Cressa a lesson."

On the way back from Shaw Group, Cherise spoke in a low voice as she sat in the car and looked out the window.

She feared that Damien would treat Cressa like he had previously treated Nicky.

Cherise wasn't blindly kindhearted. She just felt like Cressa's dad was actually a very reasonable person.

Cressa's dad had directly given the company to her because Cressa had fought with her. Randall must have feared Damien would get angry and take his anger out on the Lyes. family.

Chapter 107

Chapter 107 You're Really Heartless

Now that Randall had given Cherise his company and money, Cressa had tried to hurt Cherise again.

If Damien really did anything to Cressa, Cherise was afraid Randall would break down.

After all, she still had more than half of Randall's assets with her. She didn't want anything. to happen to him before it took effect and when she couldn't return it to him.

Damien raised his hands and pulled Cherise into his arms. A smile was on the corners of his lips. "How do you think we should deal with this woman?"

"She tried to run you down with her car this time. I don't know what she'll do next time."

Cherise furrowed her brows and pondered. She couldn't come up with anything.

Ultimately, she pursed her lips in exasperation. "Why don't... Why don't you arrange for her to study abroad?"

"She doesn't have good grades. She can go abroad and study properly. When she returns, she shouldn't be so emotional anymore."

It'll be alright if Cressa is far away from me, right?

Damien was momentarily silent.

After that, he smiled lightly. "That could work."

As he spoke, he gently stroked the top of her soft hair. "Randall should thank you."

A few days later, Cherise received a call from an unknown number.

When she received the call, she leaned on the crutches Blake had made her as she admired flowers in the garden with him.

"Is this Ms. Cherise Shaw? We're from the inpatient department of the hospital."

"Your aunt, Eriana Shaw, and cousin, Nicky Gruber, previously stayed in the hospital for two weeks. A few days ago, they left quietly. We can't contact them, so we can only contact. you."

On the other end of the call, the hospital staff spoke coldly. "They still owe medical fees. worth tens of thousands."

1/3

Cherise furrowed her brows.

She believed Eriana could do such a thing.

No wonder Eriana hadn't called her to ask for money recently. As it turned out, she was just waiting for Eriana.

Cherise's guess was spot on.

Eriana had acted domineeringly in the hospital by using Cherise's name. Not only did she ask for the best medicine for Nicky, but she also took health products worth tens of thousands with her.

Cherise had no other alternative. She could only silently 'borrow' the money Randall had sent her for the time being and pay the hospital.

She couldn't leave the medical fees unpaid. She could only think of how to repay Randall in the future.

After paying the medical expenses, Cherise went to the surgery department.

Since she was already at the hospital, she might as well look for Ian to help change her bandages.

She was in too much of a rush the last time. She didn't even have time to thank him.

But as Blake helped her to the surgery department, the people there told her that Ian had resigned a week ago.

Cherise was slightly astonished. Ian had always been proud of working at Adania Hospital. How could he have resigned so quickly?

She leaned against the wall and held her cell phone as she called Ian.

Before the call went through, someone bumped into her viciously. She almost fell to the floor.

She looked up subconsciously.

None other than Cressa's mom, Rhonda, had bumped into her.

She had met Rhonda at the police station when she fought with Cressa.

When she looked up, Rhonda spat at her roughly. "Ptui! How unlucky to have met you!"

Cherise narrowed her eyes. She leaned against her crutches and walked around Rhonda to

leave.

She couldn't be bothered to pay Rhonda any attention.

Rhonda gritted her teeth when she saw Cherise ignore her. She caught up to Cherise. "Don't you feel guilty when you see me, Cherise Shaw?"

Cherise was baffled. "Why should I feel guilty when I see you?"

Shouldn't Rhonda be the one to feel guilty?

After all, Cressa had targeted her repeatedly, but she still defended Cressa in front of Damien.

"It seems like you're really heartless!"

Chapter 108

Chapter 108 Did He Lie to Me?

Rhonda gritted her teeth and glared at Cherise. With her posture, it seemed like she would charge at Cherise if Blake wasn't behind Cherise!

Cherise didn't know why Rhonda would look at her in such a hostile manner. She couldn't be bothered to investigate either. She turned to leave.

"Are you Cressa Lyes' family member?"

A nurse held a document at the end of the corridor and walked toward Rhonda. "Cressa's visiting hours have started now. You only have half an hour. Hurry up if you want to visit.

her!"

Cherise's figure entirely froze.

She turned around in astonishment.

Hasn't Cressa... left the country?

Why is Rhonda visiting her?

And why does Rhonda only have half an hour?

Rhonda glared at Cherise viciously before turning to leave.

Cherise immediately asked a nurse, “Just now, you said... Cressa’s visiting hours?”

“What happened to her?”

“She was diagnosed with a mental illness, so she’s staying in the psychiatry department.”

The nurse answered indifferently, “She’s being treated as a patient with severe mental illness, so she can only receive visitors for half an hour daily.”

Cherise’s figure froze.

She knew that Cressa wasn’t mentally ill!

Cressa was her classmate. They had to undergo a psychological test every semester...

She gritted her teeth. The scene of Damien promising to send Cressa to study abroad a few days ago appeared before her eyes.

Did he... lie to me?

1/3

Cherise stumbled and almost fell down.

Thankfully, a nurse caught her.

“Cherise Shaw?”

The nurse called her name in surprise.

Cherise wrinkled her brows. “Do you know me?”

“Of course. Dr. Philips mentioned you often when he worked here previously.”

The nurse sighed. "But Dr. Philips is quite pitiful. I heard he had an ambiguous. relationship with a rich man's wife. Hence, the rich man instructed for him to be blacklisted."

"Not only did he lose his job at Adania Hospital, but he also lost his job at the clinic because he had bandaged the wound of the rich man's wife a few days ago."

The nurse said as she kept sighing.

But Cherise's complexion kept getting paler.

Her body was trembling. She heard her voice as she spoke, which sounded like it came from far away. "You're saying that Ian didn't quit?"

"Of course. Dr. Philips was doing well here. Why would he quit? It was because the rich man blacklisted him."

Ian was blacklisted by a rich man.

Cressa was admitted into the psychiatry department...

Cherise almost lost her balance.

Blake came forward to help her.

She gritted her teeth, and her voice trembled. "Let's go home."

"Go home?"

"Yes! Go home! To look for Damien!"

Cherise and Blake rushed back to Lenoir Manor.

On the way home, Cherise planned what she wanted to say to Damien when she saw him.

2/3

later.

For example, she wanted to go home and point at him angrily while asking why he broke his promise of sending Cressa to study abroad.



Or cry and question why he blacklisted Ian when Ian did nothing wrong!

She was filled with rage. She wanted to go home and have an earth-shattering argument. with Damien!

But when the car stopped at the entrance of Lenoir Manor, her heart suddenly started. beating wildly when she exited the vehicle.

She had never lost her temper with anyone.

How could she show her anger so he would understand she was genuinely livid?

Would he think she was joking?

But she was indeed incensed!

Cressa, who was fine, was admitted to the psychiatry department.

Ian was an excellent doctor, but he was fired and blacklisted.

How could Damien do such things?!

## Chapter 109

### Chapter 109 I'm Going To Argue With You

Cherise took a deep breath and mulled over it as she stood at the door before she took. enormous strides into the villa.

In the villa's living room.

Damien was sitting on the couch, pouring tea from a tumbler into a teacup.

Mr. Hampson was reading a document behind him.

Cherise walked in angrily, filled with rage, and was about to lose her temper at Damien when she heard what Mr. Hampson was reading. "According to the sales department's statistics, the company's sales for the last month..."

Her angry footsteps stopped. Damien is working...

The delicate woman pursed her lips. Half the anger vanished from her face.

She pursed her lips and silently sat on the edge of the couch.

In

any case, she couldn't disturb him when he was working. She could only argue. with him after Mr. Hampson had finished reporting!

"Come here."

The man, whose eyes were covered with black silk, spoke up indifferently when he saw her,

return.

Cherise turned away. She didn't want to go over!

She wouldn't go over!

She was waiting to argue with him!

Upon sensing her reluctance, Damien smiled nonchalantly. He raised his hands to pour her a cup of tea and signaled Blake to give it to her.

"Have some tea, Cherry."

Cherise only turned at Blake's young, crisp voice.

Cherise was polite. Even though she was furious, Blake was serving her the tea. She thanked him earnestly. "Thank you."

Mr. Hampson continued reporting.

1/3

Damien interrupted him before speaking with a smile on the corners of his lips. "I poured the tea for you. Why didn't you thank me?"

She had been in a bad mood since she had entered the villa. Who had offended her?

"Hmph!"

Cherise rolled her eyes at him.

But she rolled her eyes again when she thought of how he couldn't see.

"Quickly finish your work. I'm going to argue with you!"

Surprise flickered across Damien's eyes. It seems like I have something to do with her bad mood?

How did I infuriate her?

Mr. Hampson held the document and didn't know if he should continue.

"Go on."

The man waved his hands indifferently, "Speed up. Mrs. Lenoir is waiting to argue with

me."

Mr. Hampson didn't dare to delay. He continued reporting at an increased speed.

Cherise sat on the couch and drank cup after cup of tea.

But Mr. Hampson's reporting was incessant.

After he had finished one document, he started reading another one.

The documents were endless.

She even suspected Damien and Mr. Hampson knew she was coming home to argue, so they prepared beforehand.

Why were there dozens of documents...

She felt awfully bored as she sat on the couch but couldn't leave. After all, she wanted to argue with Damien.

Mr. Hampson's words kept ringing in her ears. It made her sleepier than the advanced mathematics lecturer's chattering.

Cherise leaned back on the couch. She drank tea while playing with her cell phone but

2/3

couldn't resist feeling sleepy.

Cherise forced herself to stay awake. She couldn't sleep!

She had returned to argue!

Not to sleep!

But ultimately, the woman's small, fair face tilted toward the couch viciously as she fell asleep.

Mr. Hampson was still reporting.

Randall had achieved a lot in the past few years. The elite team Damien had brought over had worked overtime and organized the information the whole day before they summarized the company's business, achievements, and various data.

Ast

the true boss behind the scenes of the company, Damien had to gain an insight into the company's situation within a day so Shaw Group could rise above the others at Lenoir Group's competitive bidding one week later.

"Hold on."

The man waved his hands nonchalantly after Mr. Hampson had finished reporting a document.

Mr. Hampson paused.

Damien's long and slender figure rose from the couch. He picked up a thin blanket at the side and covered Cherise with it before picking up a pillow gently and stuffing it under her head.

## Chapter 110

### Chapter 110 It's Time for Our Argument

After doing everything, he returned to his seat. "Mr. Kolson, chat with Blake and find out why she's unhappy."

Blake had been with her. He must have known what had happened.

But the teen wasn't very articulate. Mr. Kolson only understood him a little.

Mr. Kolson led Blake upstairs after receiving orders.

Mr. Hampson kept reporting until the sunset in the west.

In the evening, Damien moved his legs and carried the delicate woman upstairs as she slept soundly on the couch.

When he placed her on the large bed, he also helped her change into her nightgown

ut much extra effort.

After doing that, he leaned against the headboard and listened to the voice message Mr. Kolson had sent him on his cell phone.

"No... No!"

"Ian..."

The woman who was sleeping shouted in a daze.

Damien's gaze darkened.

After that, he smiled indifferently and tucked her into the covers. "If I didn't know what you've been through, do you know the consequences if you cried out his name while sleeping?"

She would be in much more dire circumstances than she was now.

"Ian!"

Cherise cried out in alarm again. She sat up in bed.

Her head was covered in cold sweat.

“Did you have a nightmare?”

The man’s deep voice rang beside her.

1/3

At the next moment, she was entirely pulled into a warm embrace.

Damien hugged her head in his arms and patted her back lightly. “What did you dream of?”

“I dreamt that Ian died because of me...”

The man’s familiar and warm scent put Cherise at ease, so she couldn’t help but tell him everything that had happened in her dream.

“Don’t worry. He won’t die. It was a dream.”

The man narrowed his eyes slightly. His voice was somewhat forceful, but it was still gentle.

As he pacified her, Cherise’s wildly beating heart finally calmed down.

Her consciousness started to return.

She furrowed her brows and recalled there was something she hadn’t done..

Therefore, she pushed away the hand Damien was hugging her with and backed away to a suitable distance before she glared at him. “Are you done with your work?”

She feigned a fierce and brutal expression, looking slightly amusing and comical.

Damien smiled lightly. “Yes.”

“It’s time for our argument!”

She gritted her teeth, took a deep breath, and looked at Damien seriously. “I want to argue with you! I’m furious!”

It was probably because she had been in his arms mere moments ago. Cherise didn't seem very confident when she said it.

She even felt like what she said wasn't forceful enough.

But since she had promised to argue with him, she had to accomplish it even if she did it while crying.

She glared at Damien fiercely. "Why did you treat Cressa and Ian like that?"

"You're a jerk!"

Damien shifted into a comfortable posture and leaned against the headboard. He looked

2/3

at Cherise as she feigned a savage expression, and a slight smile was in his eyes. "I'm a jerk?"

This is probably the most ruthless thing this fool can think of, right?

She was straightforward and adorable.

Cherise's cheeks puffed. "Yes. You're a jerk!"

"Why didn't you listen to my suggestion and send Cressa to study abroad? Why did you send her to the psychiatry ward instead?"

"Why did you make Ian get fired? And why did you blacklist him? What did he do wrong?"

Unsurprisingly, she blamed both the incidents on Damien.

The man's head hurt slightly. He massaged the bridge of his nose.

"Why do you think these two incidents have anything to do with me?"

Cherise pursed her lips and glared at him. "You almost killed Nicky."

Damien let out a bitter laugh. "You think I'm cruel and nasty because of what happened to Nicky last time?"

