

My Blind Husband #Chapter 81 - Read My Blind Husband Chapter 81

Chapter 81

Chapter 81 Lucy and Jacob's Common Interest

Damien smiled to himself, savoring his small victory. He called out to his housekeeper, "Send the voice message to Randall. Tell him I'm here to collect the debt that he owes me."

Damien sighed as he rubbed his temples.

Cherise and Jacob did not apologize to Cressa till the end. However, the police did. nothing to them because they knew what had happened – after all, the red welt on Jacob's face said everything.

After he had settled all that he needed to do, Jacob and Cherise left the police station.

As they were exiting the doors, a young woman dashed past them.

"Are you alright, Cherry?"

"I'm fine," Cherise smiled at Lucy before tilting her head towards Jacob, adding, "he's not too well, though."

Lucy turned around to observe Jacob and the handprint on his face.

"Hi, I don't believe we had the opportunity to meet yet. You are...?"

"This is my husband's physician, Dr. Caldwell."

"This is my close friend, Lucy. Lucy Staber."

Jacob frowned. "Are you the 'friend' who prescribed the 'special medication for men' to Damien?"

Lucy, initially rather jovial, suddenly felt her guard go up. "Oh! Oh yes. That was me."

Jacob jingled his car keys as he turned to the car park. "I guess we can say that we have something in common."

Cherise turned towards the doctor, puzzled. "What do you mean?"

Jacob opened the car door dramatically before turning to Lucy with a devilish grin.

"Lucy and I have a common interest – we're both extremely concerned with Damien's nighttime activities."

He then turned his attention towards Cherise while grinning to himself.

"Please tell us, how are you and Damien doing at night? Havin' fun?"

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Realization dawned on Cherise, causing her to blush furiously. "Hey! I... That's a secret!"

Observing Cherise's embarrassment, Jacob could not help but laugh to himself. Where did her ferocity go? She was going to beat up Cressa just now, but now, she's blushing like a teenage girl thinking about her crush.

Damien won the jackpot this time. Cherise would never fight back even when Cressa insulted her. and yet whenever anyone insinuated anything unbecoming about Damien, she would fight back.

"Your Excellence, your ride has arrived. We will need to transport you ladies home soon."

Cherise glowered at him. "I would get in, but you had to make it awkward by talking about Damien and me, didn't you?"

"What did I ask you about?"

Cherise sighed loudly as she stared at Jacob's indignant expression.

Lucy stepped forward between them and beckoned Cherise to get into the car. "What are you afraid of, Cherry? You can always complain to your husband if he asks weird. questions like that again, right?"

Jacob turned towards Lucy, surprise blooming on his face like fire in a dry forest. "You're smart!"

After Jacob dropped Lucy home, he sped towards the Lenoir Residences.

However, Cherise caught sight of a sale displayed on an LED screen in front of a fish market and quickly requested Jacob to pull to the side.

"I need to buy some fish," the young woman explained.

"Why?"

"I wanted to make something for my husband.

Cherise always thought she had a good fish recipe but never had the opportunity to cook for Damien. Seeing the sale on the way home was a sign for me to cook for Damien!

However, Jacob did not pull to the side of the road.

"I would stop if you said you wanted to cook for your dinner. However, if it was for Damien, you picked the wrong day to cook. He would not eat dinner tonight."

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"Why?" Cherise asked, a thousand questions babbling up in her mind. She had never seen Damien skip a meal.

Today's a special day, Cherise"

“Did you say special day?”

“”Yes, I did”

Chapter 82

Chapter 82 I'll Celebrate His Birthday

He sighed and said, “Don’t say anything when you return home. You should finish your meal and rest early. He needs time alone.”

Cherise was even more confused. “Why?”

“No reason.”

Cherise could tell that Jacob did not want to explain the reason.

However, Cherise would not give up until she got the answer. She once questioned a teacher about a math problem until the teacher cried.

Therefore, she tackled her curiosity with the same determined attitude as with her studies. She sat in the front passenger seat and asked Jacob many ‘why’ questions.

“Why won’t he have dinner?”

“Why am I not allowed to speak?”

“Why is today special?”

“Why won’t he eat with me on this special day? It’s not like he has period.”

Jacob was stumped.

Why does she have so many questions?

In the end, he could only sigh helplessly. Today is Damien’s birthday.”

Cherise was stunned briefly. “It’s his birthday?”

She thought Jacob was mistaken. She had memorized Damien's birth date when they registered their marriage.

Then, she checked the almanac at home. She was sure his lunar calendar birthday was over a month away.

"It's his birthday based on the Gregorian calendar."

Cherise finally understood.

When she was in the village, her aunt and uncle celebrated her birthday based on the lunar calendar. Thus, she assumed it was the same for Damien.

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It turned out people in the city celebrated their Gregorian calendar birthdate.

She pursed her lips and felt a little guilty. "It's my husband's birthday, but I didn't a present..."

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"You don't have to get him a present. He stopped celebrating his birthday when he was thirteen years old."

Jacob gripped the steering wheel tighter. "You're going to ask me why he doesn't celebrate. his birthday, right?"

Cherise nodded. She was planning to ask him.

"Fine, I'll answer it."

Jacob laughed softly and gazed into the distance. "When Damien was thirteen years old, his sister, Maeve, worked overnights to complete her work overseas. She rushed home to celebrate his birthday.

He paused before continuing, "Unfortunately, a fire broke out that night."

Cherise froze.

She had heard rumors about Damien's sister before marrying him.

People said his sister died in a fire when he was thirteen.

However, Cherise did not expect it to be on Damien's birthday.

Jacob sighed. "The fire was severe that night. Maeve died on the scene. Before her death, she pushed Damien from the third floor. He broke his legs and lost his sight."

He recalled Damien covered in black soot when brought to the hospital. His heart clenched at the thought. He could not stop tears from gathering in his eyes.

At the time, Jacob was around fifteen to sixteen years old. He was assisting his father at the hospital.

When he saw Damien, he almost thought Damien had died.

Many people doubted Damien would survive. Yet, Damien fought on. He regained consciousness and calmly decided on his future while still bedridden.

His birthday is also his sister's death anniversary. Damien must be sad.

Cherise closed her eyes and frowned. She considered something for a long time.

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Then, she suddenly opened her eyes and looked at Jacob with determination. "Bring me to a cake shop. I'll help him celebrate his birthday."

Jacob shook his head. "He won't celebrate his birthday."

"But his sister would want him to be happy on his birthday."

Jacob's hands froze on the steering wheel.

He glanced into the rearview mirror and saw Cherise's innocent eyes.

Chapter 83

Chapter 83 Cake From Little Swan

He pressed his lips together and turned the car back. "I know a patisserie."

The car made a few turns and eventually stopped at an alley in the older parts of the city.

Jacob pointed at an old sign saying 'Little Swan Patisserie. "Go on. His sister used to buy him cakes from here."

"Alright!"

Cherise nodded, slung her back over her shoulders, and dashed toward the shop.

Leaning back in his seat, Jacob wound the window down and lit a cigarette.

Through the smoke, he saw the white-shirt girl push open the old shop door.

It was as though she was opening Damien's long-closed heart.

A smile of relief appeared on his face.

The butler's right. Cherise is truly a cure for Damien.

The girl's naivety and kindness almost seemed to belong in a fairy tale.

It had been thirteen years since Maeve passed on.

Damien had never celebrated his birthday within those thirteen years. Everyone else had the same mind that his birthday was a depressing and sorrowful event.

Cherise was the only one who thought that if Maeve were still alive, she would want. Damien to have a joyful birthday.

Jacob was smoking his third cigarette when Cherise came back with the cake.

She held it carefully in her arms. "Let's go!"

The man glanced at the item in her arms through the corner of his eye. "Why did it take so long?"

Wiping away the sweat on her forehead, she smiled and avoided his eyes. "The shop. owner said they didn't have any ready to go and baked one immediately. That took a little. time."

Jacob was doubtful, but he did not pry further. He drove back to the manor.

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"Are you not coming to celebrate together?"

Cherise tilted her head and looked at Jacob. He stayed in the driver's seat, not intending to get down.

"No, no."

He waved his hand. "I have something to do at the clinic. I'll

He turned the car around and quickly drove off.

If the birthday celebration failed and that guy began questioning...

He will send people to take my clinic apart!

Jacob did not want to get involved in such a risk.

go now!"

Cradling the cake in her arms, Cherise watched Jacob's car disappear and pursed her lips. "Is it that urgent at the clinic..."

She took a deep breath and turned around. She trod carefully with the cake in her arms, worried that taking bigger steps would ruin it.

It was deadly silent in the manor.

Before this, Frances and the butler would greet her warmly whenever she came home. The house would be lively when she was back.

Yet today, Frances only gave a light smile before leaving to do her work.

When the butler saw her, he furrowed his brows at the thing in her hands. Resigned, he shook his head and left.

The entire house was surrounded by dreary air.

Cherise felt uncomfortable in the atmosphere.

Bringing the cake upstairs, she asked a servant and found out that Damien was in his study.

She placed her bag down and washed her face. She planned to meet him but noticed her reflection in the mirror.

A white T-shirt and faded jeans. Is this too casual?

Then again, her husband was blind. There was no point in wearing nicer clothes if he

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could not see it.

But should she celebrate his birthday plainly just because he could not see?

She stared at her reflection for a long time.

In the end, she put on her slippers and ran down the stairs. "Butler, Frances, I need help!"

Chapter 84

Chapter 84 The Birthday Boy

At eight o'clock in the evening.

The servants had dispersed inside the villa as per Cherise's request, leaving behind only a few bodyguards.

Dressed in a white lace princess dress, Cherise drew a deep breath before knocking gently on Damien's study door.

The room was cloaked in darkness, with moonlight seeping through the windows, creating a subtly chilly ambiance.

In the study, Damien was stretched out in his wheelchair. His eyes were covered with black silk, making it impossible for Cherise to determine whether he was awake or asleep. She gently turned on the lights and approached, calling out, "Hey, hubby?"

The man furrowed slightly.

Damien had spent the entire afternoon poring over reports from five European consortia, and his weariness had finally caught up with him as he drifted off in his wheelchair.

Thirteen years ago, on this very day, his sister, whom he dearly loved, had tragically perished in a fiery blaze.

This heartbreaking incident compelled him to push himself to the limits, endure humiliation, and carry weighty responsibilities.

That was why when he founded those consortia and companies, he established the rule that he must conduct an annual year-end review on this particular day.

It served as a constant reminder to himself. To never slack off, pause, and forget the bitterness he once harbored.

And, this year had brought frequent good news from Europe, drawing him closer to his goal.

"Hey?" Cherise's delicate voice broke the silence.

Damien opened his eyes.

He saw a dainty woman before him, dressed in a white princess dress. Her fair, almost ethereal skin glowed under the soft lamplight. A hint of surprise flashed in Damien's eyes beneath the black silk blindfold.

He couldn't help but think Cherise looked beautiful in the whimsical princess dresses,

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adding an innocent and elegant touch to her demure. Unless you knew, you'd never guess she was initially a girl from the countryside.

“Are you awake?” Cherise asked, noticing his movement.

She smiled and continued, “It’s time for dinner. Should I wheel you downstairs?”

Damien nodded faintly. “Sure.”

Cherise could tell he was not in a good mood from his indifferent tone.

Unsurprisingly, when she returned in the afternoon, the servants were all moving around. on tiptoe, behaving like skittish kittens.

Cherise took a deep breath and guided him out of the study and down the stairs.

Downstairs, the dining room remained dark, but the table was adorned with several candles and red wine and steak – the quintessential candlelit dinner.

Cherise’s heart skipped a beat. She had asked Frances and Mr. Hurrell for some favors in preparing for Damien’s birthday celebration.

Had they gone through all this trouble for her? This was her first experience of a candlelit dinner like that. Before this, she had only seen it on television. She didn’t even know how to cut a steak properly.

Taking in everything on the table, Damien narrowed his eyes slightly and inquired in a chilly tone, “What’s for dinner?”

“We’re having... Steak and a birthday cake,” Cherise said almost inaudibly as she wheeled him closer to the dining table.

Damien’s voice grew even colder. “Birthday cake?”

“Did Jacob tell you?” Cherise nervously bit her lip.

“Yes,” she replied.

“Did he also tell you I don’t celebrate my birthday?”

The dining room remained dimly lit, with only the flickering light of the candles. Cherise instinctively clutched the lace hem of her dress, her voice timid yet steadfast.

"I know you've never celebrated your birthday before."

"But..."

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She drew a deep breath, directed her gaze at Damien, and conjured up a warm smile. "But now, you have me."

Her eyes glistened in the candlelight as she fixed her eyes on him, her sincerity and enthusiasm shining through, "From now on, I'll make it a tradition to celebrate your birthday every year, marking another milestone in your life."

Chapter 85

Chapter 85 Make a Wish

Damien's gloom could not help but fade as he looked at her happy smile.

Furthermore, her words were like a comforting blanket shrouding his heart.

Damien's eyes were fiery beneath the black ribbon. "But I don't want to celebrate my birthday."

"That's your problem. I want to celebrate it for you. It's my choice."

Cherise pursed her lips and carefully brought the box of cake to him, opening it before

him.

Damien narrowed his eyes.

He was shocked. It was not only because she got the cake from the same shop his sister did. It was also because of the words written on it.

It was evident that the writer was not used to writing with icing.

The handwriting was slanted and wobbly. It looked like the handwriting of a child learning to write.

Moreover, the words were not birthday wishes.

Instead, what was written was a vow. I'll protect Damien all my life!

The signature was Cherise's.

Damien imagined Cherise standing before the cake. He could see her earnest expression as she wrote one stroke after another.

His eyes flickered with conflicting emotions.

Cherise only knew him to be blind.

Yet, she arranged a candlelit dinner and wore her most beautiful dress. She even wrote her vow on the birthday cake.

He was sure she wrote those words not for him but for herself.

It was a vow and a promise.

"Dear, time to blow the candle!"

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When Damien was in a daze, Cherise had placed a candle with the word '26' on the cake.

She carefully lit the candle and said, "You can make a wish before you blow the candle."

Damien's deep voice remained indifferent. "What does the cake look like?"

Cherise glanced at the messy handwriting on the cake. She coughed softly and lied, "It... looks like the cake you had previously. I asked the owner to make the cake you liked before!"

Damien squinted his eyes. "What's written on it?!"

"It..."

"What's written on it?"

It

Cherise's face had turned red. She turned away. Her breathing quickened. "It says 'happy birthday. What else can it be?"

Initially, she wanted to write happy birthday.

But the cake shop owner said if the cake was for someone important to her, she should write what she most wanted to tell the person.

It was because "happy birthday" was something anyone could say.

Cherise had thought for a long time and felt what Damien needed was not her birthday wish.

Instead, he required her promise.

Thus, she decided to write those words on the cake.

It doesn't feel quite right....

Thankfully, only I can see it. It's not so awkward!

With that thought, she smiled and guided Damien to blow the candle. "It's here."

Seeing that he was about to blow the candle, she reminded him, "Remember to make wish!"

Previously, she had always patiently reminded her grandmother during her birthdays.

Damien, who had been pursing his lips all the while, finally began to smile.

He blew the candle.

Cherise removed the candle from the cake and cut a slice for him. "What did for?"

Damien stared at her without blinking. "I suppose I made a wish."

Chapter 86

Chapter 86 She Put Herself in His Shoes

As there was a black sash over his eyes, Cherise had no idea he was looking at her.

She stood with her back facing him and cut the cake.

“I wished for you to turn smart, Damien said flatly..

Cherise paused immediately.

She pursed her lips. Still, she brought a mouthful of cake to him. “You’ve revealed your wish. It won’t come true anymore.”

Damien smiled and ate the cake. “You’ll have to continue being dumb then.

She’s pretty cute when she’s dumb.

Cherise glanced at him indignantly. I’m not dumb.”

Damien ate the cake calmly. He suddenly recalled his sister standing before him with a smile.

“Damien, you’re thirteen years old. Why do you want me to feed you? Aren’t you embarrassed?”

He was already a teenager by then, yet he insisted stubbornly, “I don’t care. Feed me the cake. You’re my sister. You have to take care of me forever!”

Maeve, who was around twenty, could only shake her head in resignation. “All right, open your mouth!”

“Damien, open your mouth.”

Cherise reminded Damien when she saw him in a daze.

Damien returned to his senses.

He could almost see Maeve standing in Cherise’s spot. His heart clenched painfully.

“I don’t want it.”

He closed his eyes. His tone was harsh.

Cherise pursed her lips, unable to understand his sudden mood change. She also stopped feeding him the cake.

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She finished the remaining cake on the plate and said, “No more cake then. Let’s have dinner!”

Cherise thought of returning to her seat. However, she suddenly looked at him as if she realized something. “Erm, should I cut the steak for you?”

“No.”

Damien could not conjure any enthusiasm about dinner. Still, he did not want to disappoint Cherise. He added, “I’ll do it myself”

Cherise was relieved and returned to her seat.

Damien kept to his word.

He sat in his wheelchair and deftly cut the steak with his fork and knife. Then, he brought a small slice to his mouth and ate it.

He must have practiced for a long time to do this without sight...

Cherise thought about it ruefully. She was suddenly curious to experience the difficulty of cutting a steak in his condition.

Therefore, she grabbed the cutleries and closed her eyes. She reached for the plate.

‘Clang!’

“Huh...”

The fork in her left hand did not touch the steak. At the same time, she moved the knife in her right hand too quickly. The plate flipped, and the steak flew off the plate. Furthermore, she accidentally cut her left index finger in her panic.

“Ah!”

The intense pain forced Cherise to open her eyes.

She looked at her bleeding finger and wanted to cry. Why am I so unlucky? I cut my hand instead of the steak.

“What’s wrong?”

A masculine hand immediately grabbed her left hand. “Are you okay?”

She tried to stay strong, but his voice broke down her resolve.

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Tears welled

up

in her eyes. “I... I’m fine...”

Seeing her forlorn expression, Damien immediately carried her and placed her on the couch.

He swiftly turned on the light and brought a first aid kit to her.

Cherise looked at Damien blankly.

Isn’t he blind?

Why would a blind man need to turn on the light?

Also, why would he know where the switch is?

How... did he walk so fast and find the first aid kit so quickly?

Damien had already returned to her side as she was in a daze.

He got down on one knee and held her bleeding hand. Then, he used a cotton bud to wipe the bloodstain. At the same time, he scolded, “How did you cut your hand?”

Didn’t she used to cook frequently?

Chapter 87

Chapter 87 Do You Like How I Look

I've never seen her make this kind of mistake.

Cherise pursed her lips and answered awkwardly, "I closed my eyes just now..."

Damien paused in astonishment. "Why did you close your eyes?"

Cherise began to blush. "I..."

"I saw how well you cut the steak, and I wanted to understand what it's like to do it without sight."

After saying that, she was so embarrassed that she wished the floor would swallow her.

No wonder Damien called me dumb. What I did... was quite stupid.

She thought Damien would laugh at how silly she was.

However, she did not hear any laughter.

Instead, Damien gently caressed her hair. "Cherise."

"Yes?"

"You don't have to understand how I feel. You only have to take care of yourself."

Cherise pursed her lips and looked at him earnestly. "No, I don't matter. I want to take care of you."

Her voice and gaze were full of determination and stubbornness.

Damien chuckled and began to bandage her wound. "You must make sure you're safe and healthy before you can take care of me."

Cherise considered and nodded. "I understand."

She seemed so docile that she reminded him of a little girl.

He smiled and focused on bandaging her wound.

Cherise sat on the couch and observed him.

He dressed her wound with practiced hands and could accurately find where her injury

was.

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Cherise bit her lip and hesitated before saying, "Dear."

"Yes?"

"You... can see, right?"

Silence fell between them.

Damien was stumped briefly. Then, he cleared his throat and said, "You're right. I can see.

now."

There was a barely perceptible hint of nervousness in his voice. "Perhaps I was too anxious. I recover my sight briefly when I get too nervous."

Cherise widened her eyes. She never knew this could happen.

Then, she recalled what Jacob had said at the police station.

He said Damien had surgery and could regain his sight.

Does this mean the surgery works?

No matter the reason, he can see now. I'm so glad!

Cherise removed her hand from his hold and urgently held his face. "Dear, can you see

me?"

Her eyes glimmered like crystals under the light. They were full of anticipation and excitement.

Damien nodded. "Yes, I can."

Then, Cherise blushed and stammered. "Do... you like how I look?"

Isn't this his first time seeing me?

I'm so glad that I dressed up to celebrate his birthday.

Otherwise, he would be disappointed if he saw how dull I look without makeup.

Damien chuckled and gently pinched her soft cheek. "I like it."

In the next second, Cherise excitedly flung herself into Damien's embrace. "Dear, I'm so happy!"

Since he regains his sight temporarily, it proves he has a chance to recover fully.

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Then, he will be able to see Tristan's true colors. He'll never fall for his lies again!

Cherise's excitement grew as she thought about it. Her heart thumped rapidly.

Damien let her embrace him.

Her warmth gradually enveloped his stone-cold heart.

After a while, he let her go. "Do you still want some steak?"

Damien remembered she did not eat anything besides the small slice of cake he had not finished.

Cherise blushed. "I'll eat a little."

She was hungry.

Damien stood up and went to the dining table. He brought the steak he finished slicing.

Before Cherise could take the plate, Damien took a fork and brought a bite of steak to her. mouth. "Open your mouth."

Cherise was too stunned to speak. Is he... feeding me?

Chapter 88

Chapter 88 You Must Have Big Dreams.

"I... I can do it myself."

But he repeated bossily, "Open your mouth.",

She opened her mouth obediently.

He fed her one piece after another.

Cherise's face flushed.

After finishing the steak, she boldly removed the black silk covering his eyes while he wasn't paying attention.

Perhaps it was subconscious, but Cherise felt his eyes were exceptionally bright and good- looking tonight.

Damien wasn't angry that she had taken off his blindfold either. He stroked her earlobe. "Are you full?"

"Mm."

After that, Cherise's body was lifted.

He carried her from the side with a warm and gentle embrace. Cherise lay in his arms. indolently, and the corners of her lips lifted with a happy smile.

She was already drowsy when he placed her on the bed.

But she still forcefully perked up to look at him. "Darling, your legs... Are they getting better after some exercise?"

The man undid the buttons of her evening gown with a faint smile. "When have I said that something is wrong with my legs?"

Cherise was startled. She thought about it carefully. No one had ever said something was wrong with his legs.

She saw that he was in a wheelchair, so....

Her sleepiness instantly vanished.

The delicate woman crawled up from bed and leaped on Damien. Her hands embraced his neck. "Honey, it's great that your legs are fine!"

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"Pili!"

Lucy spat a mouthful of coffee out.

"You're saying Damien can see you when he's anxious?"

"Are you kidding me?"

Cherise had an honest expression. "I'm not joking. I'm serious."

"You must be muddled from your rage at Cressa and mixed up your dream with real life."

Lucy waved her hands. "Damien has been blind for over a decade. If Damien showed symptoms where he can see when he's anxious, he would have long been cured!"

"Also, who would be in a wheelchair for over a decade when their legs are fine?"

"Really..."

Cherise lowered her head slightly disappointedly.

When she recalled last night's matters, they were hazy to her. She didn't dare to confirm whether they were real.

"Alright, don't think about it anymore."

Lucy waved her hands when she saw Cherise feeling gloomy. "Let's talk about something. happier."

"Like what?"

"Cressa isn't at school today."

Lucy picked up her coffee and sipped it gently. "Last night, Cressa's dad reportedly transferred Lyes Enterprise's stocks overnight to someone named Shaw and then announced bankruptcy."

"Everyone suspects he has a mistress outside. His wife, who has been through misfortune with him, has to stay with him through more hardships after he transferred his assets to his mistress!"

As Lucy spoke, she blinked at Cherise. "Tell me, you're also a Shaw. Could Cressa's dad have transferred his company to you?"

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Cherise almost spat her coffee out. "How can that be?!"

"Why not?"

Lucy rolled her eyes. "What if Cressa's dad gave you the company as a polite apology?"

Cherise laughed and doubled over on the table. "Don't make me laugh, Lucy."

"Although I would feel great if it's true, it's impossible."

No matter what, Cressa's family often appeared on television and owned a large company. How could her family be in disarray because Cherise fought with Cressa?

Lucy naturally knew it was impossible, but she still pursed her lips. "You must have big dreams: What if they come true?"

Chapter 89

Chapter 89 Hello, Ms Shaw

Cherise smiled. She took a thick stack of lecture notes from her bag and started revising. "I don't have such ambitious dreams now. I only want to score well in today's advanced mathematics midterms."

"Oh my god!"

Lucy put down her coffee

cup.

She had forgotten that there was a mathematics midterm today!

*Cherry, lend me your notes. I want to make a cheat sheet."

Cherise rolled her eyes and pushed away Lucy's restless hands. "No way!"

After that, she took out the advanced mathematics textbook. "Let me show you some questions that may be in the test..."

The advanced mathematics test was held as scheduled at two in the afternoon.

Cherise sat at a seat in the front row and calmly picked up her test paper before she started answering the questions.

She had always gotten near full marks in all her subjects. Therefore, her lecturers didn't need to pay her any attention during tests. They only needed to keep an eye on students who wanted to look at her answers.

An hour into the test, a series of rhythmic footsteps rang in the corridor outside.

Cherise, who was verifying her calculations, furrowed her brows from the noise.

Ultimately, she just stood up and handed her test paper in.

She picked up her yellow bag with ducks. Lucy, who was in the corner of the exam hall, looked at her worriedly.

Cherise gestured at Lucy to cheer her on before turning to leave.

“Hello, Ms. Shaw!”

Loud and clear male voices instantly rang in unison as soon as Cherise left the hall.

Two rows of men were standing on both sides of the corridor. They were of the same

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height and build and wore identical black uniforms.

“Thud’

The yellow duck bag in Cherise’s hands fell in her surprise. The stationery in her bags. spilled out onto the ground.

When the men in black saw it, they swarmed forward like bees and swiftly picked up Cherise’s fallen belongings. They even picked up the scrap paper on which she had done. her calculations and returned it to her in one piece.

They put the intact yellow duck bag back in Cherise’s hands.

The head of the men in black coughed lightly. “One, two, three!”

The men in black started clapping. “Congratulations on finishing the test, Ms. Shaw!”

“We hope you come out on top, Ms. Shaw!”

The men’s voices caused a stir in the entire corridor and exam hall as they rang in unison.

Students in the exam hall stretched their necks in succession to look outside.

The invigilator opened the door furiously. “What’s going on, Cherise Shaw?!”

Cherise turned with a grieved expression. “Sir.. I don’t know what’s going on either...”

What on earth was going on?

The head of the men in black walked up beamingly. “Hello, Ms. Shaw. I’m Bernard Cones, the assistant to Shaw Group’s president. This means I’m your assistant.”

“These are employees of Shaw Group. They’re your subordinates from now on. Today is the first day of your job, so we came to pick you up to inspect the office!”

Cherise was dazed.

Shaw Group?

Ms. Shaw?

Inspect?

“Are you sure... you have the right person?”

“Yes, of course!”

2/3

Bernard smiled and took out Cherise’s personal details from a briefcase. “Take a look. This is your picture, right?”

“Your name is Cherise Shaw, right?”

“You’re nineteen years old, right?”

Cherise was flabbergasted.

It was her personal details.

But she wasn’t a president!

Behind her, the invigilator was still glaring at her.

Cherise could only force herself to look at Bernard and the men in black behind him. "You say that I'm the president, right?"

"Yes.

"Will you obey me?"

"Of course."

Cherise massaged the bridge of her nose, which was hurting. "Let's go out."

Thus, the men in black lined up in an orderly manner again as they followed Cherise and Bernard.

Chapter 90

Chapter 90 Isn't It Good to Be a President?

Cherise attracted the attention of many as she led a large group of people around campus.

She looked like a leader who was about to conduct an investigation.

Cherise summoned her courage and led them to the garden behind the campus.

She breathed a sigh of relief when she confirmed no one else was around. She found a stone and sat down.

The row of tall, strong men in black in front of her blocked the sunlight.

Cherise turned to glance at Bernard. "Can you tell them to crouch down?"

"Of course!"

Bernard commanded the retired, well-trained special force soldiers, and they crouched down before Cherise obediently as though they were in the army.

The sunlight shone on her again..

Cherise took a deep breath before turning to glance at Bernard. “Explain to me clearly. What do you mean by Shaw Group? Why are you saying that I’m the president?”

Bernard coughed lightly. “It’s like this, Ms. Shaw. Last night, our previous boss changed. the name of Lyes Enterprise to Shaw Group. He also transferred all the stocks under hist name and eighty percent of his assets to your name...”

Cherise stood frozen on the spot as though lightning had struck her. “What... What did you say?”

“Lyes Enterprise?”

“Yes.”

Bernard grinned. “Randall Lyes, the one who drove you home last time. It’s the under his name.”

Cherise was stupefied.

Lucy had blabbered nonsense, but she was right?!

company

Randall had really transferred the company to Cherise?

Cherise was astonished and couldn’t say anything for a long time.

1/3

“Um...”

She took out her cell phone and searched for the various theories online about Randall transferring his assets to his mistress. She showed it to Bernard. “Am I... this mistress?”

Bernard was surprised. “Yes.”

“No, no. You’re not!”

“You’re not his mistress. You’re openly taking what belongs to you. Others have no right to say anything!”

Cherise's head started to hurt. "But the news online says..."

Bernard nodded and took out his cell phone. "Hello, public relations department? Pay Twitter off immediately and scrub the site clean of tweets cursing our boss. Blacklist whoever as necessary and arrest those who started the rumors!"

Cherise was floored.

She felt like her head was hurting more.

"Can you contact Randall? I want to meet him."

Bernard picked up his cell phone again. "Seal off the airport. Don't let Randall leave Adania. Bring him back. Ms. Shaw has something to say to him!"

Cherise felt exasperated.

She ran to a corner of the garden while holding her cell phone. "Don't follow me!"

The girl lay on a large stone and called Damien helplessly.

When Damien's cell phone rang, he was leaning back in his chair in the study room, looking at the pictures that Blake had sent him.

In the picture, the small woman was worried as she crouched before well-trained special force soldiers.

The scene was so comical that it made him laugh aloud.

He answered the call. "Cherry."

The girl's voice on the phone was slightly teary. "Honey, it's frightening!"

"I inexplicably became the president of some company. Save me!"

2/3

Damien burst out laughing. "Isn't it good to be a president? Many people dream of it."

Cherise looked up at the dense mass of bodyguards at a distance and Bernard standing nearby, smiling faintly at her. "No!"

Damien felt playful and held his cell phone as he lifted his hands to look at the document. Randall had sent him on the computer. "Why not?"

"You can do and buy what you want."

Cherise was about to cry. "But none of this belongs to me!"

She was just a girl from the countryside. She couldn't handle being in an honorable position like a company's president!