

Marrying 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.

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 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 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 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 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!"