

## **Marrying 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?"

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"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!

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"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 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.”

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

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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 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?

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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.

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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 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.

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

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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.

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 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.

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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

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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?"