

Marrying 116

Chapter 116 Why Did You Look For Me So Urgently

Cherise was startled and shook her head at once. "No need. It's alright. I can walk!"

"Let me push you!"

As she spoke, she dodged and went behind him, wanting to push his wheelchair.

But the man laughed. "Are you sure that the wound on your leg won't split open after walking and pushing me for some distance?"

After he said it, Cherise realized she felt a dull pain in her leg again.

She must have gone overboard with her range of motion just now.

She was too excited and hadn't noticed it.

As she was lost in thought, the man took the opportunity to pull her into his arms. He carried her with one hand and rolled his wheelchair with the other as they exited the

room.

Cherise's face turned a crimson red.

Damien brought her to Garden Paradise for the meal.

The bad memories she previously had while eating remained fresh in Cherise's mind.

On the way up to the rooftop, Cherise started to feel apprehensive.

The last time she was here, Damien had almost killed Nicky.

This time... He won't be killing Randall, right?

He can't. I haven't managed to return the company to Randall...

The elevator arrived at their floor while she was still feeling baffled.

Next to the round table in Garden Paradise sat Randall and Jacob, who had long been waiting.

Jacob whistled playfully when he saw Damien carrying Cherise in. "Wow, how sweet!"

Compared to Jacob's mischievous smile, Randall stood up, trembling with fear. "Mr. and Mrs. Lenoir."

"Have a seat."

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Damien waved at Randall before putting Cherise down.

The man took an apple and placed it before Cherise. "You can eat now, right?"

Cherise was famished.

When she finally saw Randall, she knew that Damien had conceded.

Therefore, the girl bit into the apple happily.

Jacob pursed his lips and sat down on a chair. "Why did you look for me so urgently,

Damien?"

"To criticize you for your wrongdoings, of course."

Damien picked up a teacup calmly and sipped it gently. "I seemed to tell you initially not to let Ian come and treat Cherry as much as possible in the future."

"I didn't ask you to fire him, did I?"

"Pift!"

Jacob almost spit his tea out. "You got so many people to drag me out of bed during my afternoon nap for such a minor issue?"

It was his clinic. He could fire anyone he wanted to.

Damien glanced indifferently at the girl who was eating the apple. "It's a small matter to

you."

"But not to us."

Jacob was slightly startled. He glanced at Damien subconsciously. "Both of you?"

"Yes."

Damien picked up his teacup indifferently and sipped it lightly. "Cherise and I."

Jacob wasn't dumb.

He thought about it and guessed what Damien was implying.

He coughed lightly before looking up at Cherise. "Cherry."

Cherise stopped eating her apple and looked up at him.

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Jacob was slightly exasperated. "It was my own idea to fire Ian. It had nothing to do with

Damien.

He thought about it and frowned. "Maybe it had little to do with Damien. It wasn't the only reason."

Cherise looked at him in astonishment. "You fired Ian?"

Previously at the hospital, the nurse had only told her that after Ian was fired by the hospital, he found a job at a small clinic.

The clinic's boss had seemingly fired Ian under Damien's pressure and abuse of authority.

But if the clinic's boss was Jacob....

He didn't have to go so far as to fire Ian because he feared Damien, right?

Chapter 117 Misunderstanding

“Mm-hmm.”

Jacob awkwardly took up the cup and had a sip of tea. “This is what happened. On the day you got injured, Mr. Hampson called me and asked me to come over personally to treat it. But, that day...”

Jacob let out a cough in embarrassment. “My favorite TV show released the latest episode. I was too lazy to head out, so I sent Ian to treat your injury. Damien was unhappy that I sent his love rival to treat you and warned me to avoid letting you guys meet.”

He scratched his head awkwardly before continuing, “I took his words seriously. But dismissing Ian has nothing to do with Damien.”

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Jacob took another sip of tea and explained, “Actually, the reason I dismissed simple. My clinic is small and doesn’t have many patients. He’s an ambitious person stays in my clinic, he can’t go far and fulfill his career aspirations. He kept asking me why I didn’t promote my medical skills. I felt that our visions are different, so I let him go. allowing him to explore the wider world out there.”

After finishing explaining, Jacob yawned in resignation. “It’s as simple as that. What were you guys thinking? You even disturbed my nap.

Cherise was rendered speechless after hearing from Jacob, not expecting such a reason.

She looked at Jacob before glancing at Damien. Then, she turned to look at Jacob again. “You can’t be bluffing me, right?”

“Why would I?” Jacob lay listlessly on the table. “If you don’t believe me, go and ask Ian. I even wished him all the best when I dismissed him.”

Cherise pursed her lips and dug her nails into her palm. So... It seems like I misunderstood Damien.

She bit her lips and looked at Randall, who was sitting silently in the corner. "Why then. was Cressa admitted to the mental hospital?"

Randall didn't expect Cherise to ask him directly. He was startled for a second before standing up and greeting Cherise politely. "Mrs. Lenoir, I believe that's our family affair."

"Similar to Jacob's, your matters are no longer as simple as family affairs."

Damien took a sip of tea and said coldly, "Tell us. Why did you send your daughter to the mental hospital?"

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Randall's face reddened. He lowered his head and mumbled, "Mr. Lenoir, can I refuse to answer this question?"

Damien smirked and answered with an icy-cold voice. "What do you think?"

His tone and attitude were as aloof and domineering as always.

Looking distressed, Randall took a deep breath. "Please don't misunderstand, Mrs. Lenoir. It wasn't Mr. Lenoir's idea to send Cressa to the mental hospital. Mr. Lenoir intended to send Cressa to a secluded school abroad to learn some life lessons, but my wife and I can't. bear to be apart from her. The girl has been spoiled since she was young. I know she was reckless and often offended you.... So, I decided to forge a mental checkup report and confine her to a special ward in the hospital. This is so that she won't suffer. At the same time, she can no longer provoke you, while my wife and I can still see her....

Cherise was utterly dumbfounded to hear the story. What kind of absurdity is this? He confined her daughter in a mental hospital to keep her in the country and see her daily!

Chapter 118 Can We Stop Him, Please

Randall seemed to have read Cherise's mind. He coughed and said, "Cressa is staying in a hotel-like ward, which I specially customized. She just moved in. We didn't want too many people to learn about it, so there's only half an hour of visiting time each day."

Cherise was flabbergasted. Even if it's a special room, it's still in the mental hospital! What kind of father is this? I've never seen such a foolish person before!

Damien poured Cherise tea and asked Randall, "So, it was your idea to send your daughter to the mental hospital, right?"

"Yes. Yes..."

Randall put on a fawning smile. "I thought doing so would please you and Mrs. Lenoir more than sending her abroad. But I didn't expect to cause a misunderstanding."

Cherise was at a loss for words. It turned out that both Cherise and Ian's incidents were unrelated to Damien. Even if there was any relation, it was insignificant.

Thinking of how she had lost her appetite for the entire day due to these matters, Cherise thought she was a fool.

She quickly dragged the bowl to her front and devoured the food. She had been starving!

After eating three bowls of rice, Cherise rubbed her stomach and burped in satisfaction.

"Are you done eating?" Damien elegantly passed a napkin to her.

"Yeah!"

Cherise stretched happily and received the napkin from Damien. Only then did she realize Jacob had left, leaving Randall standing nervously at the spot.

Compared to Jacob, who paid no regard to Damien, Randall was much more cautious. Cherise even thought Randall feared Damien so much because he owed him favors.

Randall smiled obsequiously at Cherise and said, "Mrs. Lenoir, Mr. Lenoir said it's up to you how you want to deal with Cressa. What do you think?"

Cherise pressed her lips. If it's up to me...

"Please send her to study abroad."

It was better than keeping her in a mental hospital, and she could further her studies.

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Randall's face turned pale, but he could only agree to it.

After he left, Cherise had some desserts.

Just then, Mr. Hampson hurried in. "Mr. Lenoir, Ian Philips is now at the train station with his luggage. He's going back to settle down in his hometown. Should we stop him?"

Cherise sprang up and gasped, "We have to!"

Mr. Hampson was caught off guard momentarily before raising his eyes to look at Damien. Only then did Cherise realize she was too worked up.

Coughing, she carefully sat down and stared at Damien pitifully with her pitch-black eyes. "Hubby, let's go and stop Ian, shall we? He's a rare top student in my high school. It wasn't easy for him to leave his

impoverished village. If he returns now, the others will surely mock him. Besides, he has the potential to become an excellent doctor. It's a pity if his talents are stifled in the small village."

Damien was amused when he perceived Cherise's serious look, but his face remained cold. "Are these all the reasons you don't want him to leave?"

"Of course."

Cherise grasped Damien's arm and shook it gently. "Please, believe me, hubby. Event though I admired Ian previously, he was none more than my senior at school. I just don't want to see his talents wasted."

Chapter 119 Hubby, You're the Best

Damien almost couldn't hold his smile. "What else?"

"And..." Cherise's cheeks blushed. "And, Hubby, I'm your wife. You said trust is the most. important thing between husband and wife..."

Cherise felt guilty as she said this. She didn't believe in him yesterday and deemed him a bad guy. Nonetheless, she still purred coquettishly, "I was dumb and didn't trust you. completely. But, Hubby, you can trust me. I absolutely don't have improper feelings. toward him!"

Her attitude was genuine, and she almost wanted to make an oath.

Damien rubbed his temples in resignation. "Let's go."

Cherise was stunned. "Where to?"

Damien wheeled himself toward the lift and said, "If we delay any longer, your dear senior might have left for his hometown."

Cherise sprang up in excitement. She scurried over to Damien to push his wheelchair. "Hubby, let me help you! You're the best!"

Damien shook his head resignedly. He never thought he would one day change his long- standing persistence because of this young girl.

Ever since his sister died in a fire thirteen years ago, he had vowed not to show mercy to anyone. Ian had repeatedly shown his interest in Cherise. If it were in the past, Damien. would have gone after him.

By the time Cherise and Damien rushed to the station, Ian was helplessly being held back by Blake, who prevented him from entering the boarding gate.

Ian sat anxiously on the chair. "What exactly do you want?!" They won't let me work in the city or a small clinic.

Since Jacob dismissed him, Ian attempted to apply for many medical-related jobs. But alas, he was told that no employers would hire someone like him, who was fired from the central hospital due to interpersonal reasons. Some clinic owners even told him that the Lenoirs had given the order not to hire him.

Ian was disheartened after all the setbacks in Adania, so he decided to return to his hometown, thinking he could avoid Damien even though he couldn't afford to offend.

1/2

him. However, little did he expect Damien to send Blake to stop him from leaving. And he didn't understand what exactly Damien's intention was.

Blake gave Ian a chewing gum with a stone face. "We're waiting for someone."

Ian received the gum and scratched his head in frustration. "I'm already miserable. enough!"

"Tan!" Just then, Cherise ran toward Ian.

“Cherise? What brings you here?” Ian lifted his gaze and was surprised to see Cherise.

These days, Damien had been coming after him. He knew the reason behind it but had never looked for Cherise. He didn’t want Damien to give her a hard time because of him.

Marrying a man like Damien was already challenging enough, so Ian didn’t want to cause more trouble for Cherise. Nonetheless, he was overjoyed to see Cherise at that moment.

He stood up, eager to embrace Cherise, but the latter stepped back to avoid his gesture. She gazed at Ian with a wide grin and said, “Ian, you don’t have to go back anymore. My hubby promised to arrange for you to work in the best research institute in Adania! Ian, you’re talented and capable. You should go to better places. Please don’t return to our hometown. There’s no future for you there.”

Ian was stunned when he heard Cherise’s sweet voice. He couldn’t believe his ears.

“Cherise, did you say Damien promised to let me work in a research institute?”

Chapter 120 What Did You Do for Him

He had considered joining a research institute, but the hiring criteria were too strict – it not only required capability but also academic qualifications. Ian came from a poor family. To support his family, he stopped pursuing higher education after graduating from the university. As such, he was not qualified to enter a research institute.

“Yeah! My hubby said he could only get you in, but whether you can stay depends on your ability.” Cherise beamed brightly.

Ian was on cloud nine, but it was only momentary. He looked at Cherise with a frown. “Why would... your husband help me?”

He once drove me into the corner. Why would he suddenly be this kind to get me into a research institute? Or did Cherise give him something in exchange for my sake? Yes, that must be it!

At this thought, Ian looked at Cherise emotionally. "Cherry, actually, I don't mind going back... You don't have to do this for me."

Cherise shook her head in confusion. "Ian, what are you talking about?"

Ian gazed at her with a heavy heart. "Cherry, stop lying to me. If you didn't give Damien any benefits, why would he stop coming after me and even help me?"

Cherise furrowed her brows and thought for a moment before nodding. "Oh, yeah, I did give him some benefits. That's why he agreed."

I knew it... Ian sighed, thinking Cherise had such deep feelings for him that she was even willing to...

He was agonized. "Cherry, what did you promise him? What did you do for him?"

Cherise gazed at Ian with a wide grin and answered, "Nothing much. I just gave him a kiss."

"Is that... all?" Ian was surprised.

Cherise nodded, thinking Damien was easy to persuade. "Yeah. What else do you expect?"

"It seems like you've overthought, Mr. Philips. A cold voice came forth. Damien sat calmly. in his wheelchair while Mr. Hampson pushed him over.

"Hubby!" Cherise quickly stood behind Damien and took over Mr. Hampson's place. "Ian, my hubby has something for you!"

Damien smiled in resignation, seeing her silly look. "You heartless girl, you ran off immediately when you got out of the car."

Cherise smiled in embarrassment. "I was worried Ian had boarded."

Then, she waved at Ian. "Come over here, Ian!"

Ian's expression turned sullen. Arching her brows, Cherise continued waving at him and even teased him. "Come! Don't you want to work in a research institute?"

Ian clenched his fists tightly at his sides. He despised people in the upper class like Damien. In his mind, Damien was not as hardworking and self-motivated as him. However, due to his wealth, he could easily marry the girl Ian liked and suppress him. He even made an exception for Ian to enter the research institute he has yearned to work in.

Ian knew he should turn the offer down if he had the guts. However, he had to face the reality. One could only talk about dignity once he became powerful.

He inhaled deeply before walking up to Cherise and Damien.

Damien had observed every action and expression of Ian's. Cherise was innocent and kind, so she couldn't tell Ian's struggle, but Damien could.

He admired people who could endure suffering to bear responsibilities, just like him back

then.

The man with a black silk over his eyes smiled faintly. "Mr. Philips, although you have some hard feelings toward me, I'm willing to refer you to a research institute for the sake of Cherise."