

Marrying 71

Chapter 71 Mr Lenoir

Lila rolled her eyes; after all, who was not aware of the Lenoir family? They were the wealthiest family in Adania, with business spanning over various industries. However, wasn't the casanova, Tristan, the eldest son of the Lenoir family? What had this blind man. got to do with the Lenoir family?

The supervisor whispered, "This is the other son from the Lenoir family. Were you expecting David to bow down to any Tom, Dick, and Harry? You could have poked. anyone, but you chose to poke this bear? And you even forced his wife to handwash her bed sheets? Did you know that on the first day Cherise got married, a silly worker who failed to tame her tongue was flogged to death?"

Lila was shocked to the point that she almost collapsed. Cherise was held back by David just as she started pushing Damien out. "Mr Lenoir, well... Just because of the incompetencies of some of my employees, it is rather unfair to burn the bridge between.

us!"

am the

Cherise frowned as she gazed upon David. "You are the manager of this sanatorium?" David was pretty excited that Cherise was willing to engage in negotiations. That's right! I

manager!" Cherise clenched her jaws, "Well, for starters, the washing machine has been down for a long period." She was sincere in her suggestion, "If you are the manager, please get it fixed as soon as possible; the bedsheets around here are tough-handwashing them is not only exhausting, it definitely does not thoroughly clean them." As she spoke, her vision shifted towards the corner that was inundated with bedsheets. "I am pretty sure that the sanitizing effect of a washing machine is superior compared to hand washing" A a sanitorium, cleanliness and sanitization should be expected, not a luxury, right?

Beads of sweat were visibly forming on David's forehead when he was confronted with their incompetency.

Damien lifted his hand as his fingers drummed on his chair's leather arm support. "Unable to repair a broken washing machine nor carry out proper sanitization..." His smirk was a terrifying harbinger, "Well, I believe it is only right for this sanitorium to be shut down for maintenance for a few months. After all, it should not be too much to ask for an operating washing machine and proper sanitization to be in business."

Blood was completely drained from David's face at this point. A few months?! His long-time customers would definitely all have shifted elsewhere! Even a week of non-operation would be unimaginable! He wiped away the cold sweat on his forehead and pleaded, "No, there's no need for such trouble! I will get someone to fix it right away! All I need is an hour!"

"Wow!" Damien chuckled, his low rumble sending a chill down everyone's spine. "If all it took was an hour, why was everyone unresponsive all this while? Did you consider my wife to be an easy target, so you had her hand wash everything?" He lowered his head and.

sighed, "This is such an amazing place. I would not even let Cherise wash a single handkerchief back at my place, worried that she would be exhausted."

David shuddered as he contemplated whether he should kneel before Damien. Damien's encrypted message was clear as day. Cherise was considered royalty within the Lenoir family; the fact that Cherise never had to do any washing with the Lenoirs, but the sanitorium got

her to handwash the bed sheets! David was visibly shaken. "This... Mr. Lenoir, I was fully unaware! I was not aware that your beloved would be working here, nor... If I knew that she was your wife, I would have never let her hand wash it!" David's statement did not sit well with Cherise.

"Even if it was not me, I do not think handwashing is acceptable, we cannot guarantee the cleanliness level..." David stammered, "I, I misspoke, I did not know anyone was handwashing, if I knew..." Cherise was confused by his statement, "But Lila told me that. the reason why the washing machine was still broken was because you had yet to contact anyone for repairs rights?" David was rendered speechless by Cherise's honest naivety. Lila was simply destroying any escape routes he had!

Chapter 72 A Liar

The doggedness of Cherise amused Damien, who could not resist but chuckle. Perhaps for anyone else, she was bickering with David in an attempt to complete sweet revenge for all her mistreatment. However, Damien knew Cherise was a simpleton and did not harbor such feelings. She was merely attempting to question something illogical to her; an analogous scenario would be when a student continued grilling the method employed by a teacher solving an arithmetic question. She had always carried such earnestness and willfulness, which was precisely why she was so endearing.

LilaLilaLila” Mr Lenoir Lila” Mr LenoirCherise

David repeatedly wiped off his cold sweat and stared at Lila and the supervisor. “Come here!” Lila was already shocked by the supervisor’s statement, and her legs had gone weak. The supervisor had to expend much effort to drag her forward. “Mr. Lenoir...”

With a loud bang, Lila fell to her knees. “Mr. Lenoir, I was unaware that Cherise was your wife, so... But I was not against her. The washing machine was spoiled, so I...”

Before she could finish her statement, a blue streak could be seen dashing into the room. Following that, a young man in blue walked before the washing machine, raised his hands, and pressed the power button. As everyone held their breath, the washing machine started vibrating and coming to life. Pouting, Blake stood aside and was visibly upset, “She was lying!”

Lila knelt on the ground and trembled uncontrollably. Cherise widened her eyes in disbelief. The washing machine is functioning. Why did she make me handwash the bed sheets the past few days? She should know handwashing is not as efficient as the washing machine. That’s very unprofessional of her!

Cherise glared furiously at Lila and rebuked, “Ms. Gurwell, you’re too much!” She didn’t. even care about the patients’ safety! Now that all her disguise was exposed, Lila could only admit her mistakes. Kneeling on the ground, she muttered, “Mr. Lenoir, I was wrong. I picked on her because I... I thought the relationship between Mrs. Lenoir and Ian was extraordinary...” Suddenly, something came to Lila’s mind!

Although it was my fault for picking on Cherise, there is indeed something fishy between her and Jan! Not only did Ian help her to find a job, but he also asked me to only assign easy tasks for her. He’ll send her to work every day and pick her up after work every day. Isn’t this sufficient to prove their abnormal relationship? If I expose these deeds to Damien, he might not come after me for Cherise’s sake. Every man hates being cuckolded, let alone someone from an excellent family like Damien. Moreover, he was blind, which would add to his low self-esteem!

At that thought, Lila took a deep breath and uttered, "Mr. Lenoir, there's a reason why I treat her in such a way! I knew she was married when she first came, but Ian and her were so close I thought they were lovers..."

She paused and shot a cold glare at Cherise before continuing, "I've always hated those involved in affairs. I thought Cherise was cheating on her husband, so I lied and said the washing machine was spoiled. I wanted her to hand wash the bedsheets and make her suffer... I was wrong for not knowing she's your wife."

Cherise furrowed her brows. "Ms. Gurwell, what nonsense are you talking about?"

Chapter 73 She's Not a Fool

I'm cheating on Damien and am having an ambiguous relationship with Ian? What nonsense is she talking about?

"Oh, I should thank you for looking out for me then."

Lila was delighted. "No worries, Mr. Lenoir. As long as you can see Cherise's true color."

Damien narrowed his eyes and wore a faint smile. "Blake."

"Yes, sir."

"Rip her mouth off."

Lila lifted her head in shock, thinking she misheard Damien.

The young man in blue strode over to Lila, lifted her face, and slapped her emphatically. Instantly, Lila had a dizzy spell. She looked at Damien in confusion. "Mr. Lenoir, I... I was just trying to help you!"

Trying to help me?" Damien sneered and gently pulled Cherise into his arms. "You slandered my wife before me, and you call that helping me?" He uttered coldly.

Cherise felt a sense of satisfaction watching the arrogant woman being taught a lesson and now begging for mercy, but at the same time, a pang of sympathy arose in her. She turned to Damien, wanting to plead with him, but she was reminded of the incident where Nicky turned against her after she saved him at Garden Paradise.

She pressed her lips. Although she thought Damien's punishment was too harsh, she refrained from pleading for Lila. After all, she deserved a lesson.

Lila dodged Blake's slaps while attempting to defend herself. "Mr. Lenoir, I'm not slandering her. Everything I said was true! She's involved in an abnormal relationship with Ian!"

Ian was utterly disappointed as he witnessed the scene from afar. He had known Lila for some time and had become close to her since she started working in the sanatorium. He never expected that she would say anything to defend herself at this crucial moment.

He looked at Cherise, who was in Damien's arms. Given how brutal Damien is, he'll treat Cherise the same way later as the way he treated Lila!

Out of concern for Cherise, Ian pressed his lips and walked up to explain to Damien. "Mr. Lenoir, there's nothing between Cherise and I

Seeing Ian siding with Cherise, Lila became even more furious. She gnashed her teeth in resentment and couldn't be bothered with her previous feelings for Ian. At that moment, the most important thing was to survive!

"How is that possible? I've seen you send her home every day. Not only that, you always find excuses to get close to her and even hug her!"

Ian frowned. "It's just my one-sided love for Cherise."

Cherise was astounded. Did I hear it wrongly? Ian... likes me?

Having observed Cherise's expression and response, Damien narrowed his eyes and remained silent. The atmosphere became increasingly tense.

"Mr. Lenoir, please don't vent your anger on Cherise." Ian continued presumptuously, thinking he was helping Cherise by explaining, "It's just my one-sided infatuation with

her..."

Of course, I know that." Damien tightened his grip on Cherise. His tone was cold and domineering. "No matter from which perspective, you're no match for me. Cherise is not a fool."

Ian was startled. His cheeks reddened before turning gloomy. With his eyes darkened, he laughed ruefully. "Yeah. You're right."

Chapter 74 Secret Talks

With such a handsome and wealthy husband, why would she be interested in the senior she once admired?

Cherise noticed the disappointment in Ian's eyes and felt a squeeze in her heart.

Meanwhile, Blake gave Lila another slap in her face. His slaps were forceful and caused Lila's cheeks to swell after just two slaps. She wailed and begged for mercy on her knees. but firmly accused Cherise and Ian.

On the fourth slap, Lila finally passed out. David asked carefully, "Mr. Lenoir, should I wake her up with cold water so you may continue?"

Damien smirked. "Mr. David, you don't show mercy for your staff at all."

He looked down at Cherise and asked, "What do you think?"

Cherise's gaze remained on Ian. Although she no longer admired him like before, she couldn't bear to see his self-deprecating and disheartened look. Her attention was focused on Ian, but she snapped back to reality upon hearing Damien's low voice. "Hubby, what did you say?"

Her term of endearment sounded like a silent mockery to Ian. But on the other hand, Damien wore a self-deprecating smile. She's calling me Hubby, but inwardly, she's worrying about another man.

Meanwhile, David smiled servilely and said, "Mr. Lenoir, if you need me to..."

"Forget about it." Damien waved his hand. Since Cherise didn't care about it, why should he bother?

David wiped away his cold sweat and was relieved. He had someone drag Lila. said, "Mr. Lenoir, is there anything else I can help you with?"

away and

"I'm tired. I want to go home and rest. Damien spoke aloofly and released Cherise. "Let's go, Blake."

"Okay." The young man walked briskly to Damien and wheeled him toward the exit.

Cherise was startled and was about to go after them. After taking two steps, she looked at Ian and said, "Ian, please don't lose confidence in yourself. Although you're not as good as my husband, you're still an outstanding person!"

With that, she quickly chased after Damien, leaving Ian standing at the spot as he watched her leave.

Cherise's black hair, tied into a ponytail, swung in the air as she trotted, emanating a sweet and youthful charm.

Her remark echoed in his ears. "Although you're not as good as my husband, you're still an outstanding person!"

Silently, Ian clenched and released his fists at his sides.

Blake walked so quickly that Cherise only managed to catch up with them when they arrived at the car.

Panting, she got into the car and sat next to Damien. "Hubby, why didn't you wait for me?"

Looking at her face, which turned red after running. Damien passed a tissue to her.

Cherise took it and wiped the sweat from her forehead. Then, she looked at Mr. Kolson, who was in the driver's seat, and asked, "Mr. Kolson, don't you feel the air conditioning is too cold?"

Mr. Kolson was startled. Moments later, he let out a cough. "Mrs. Lenoir, the air conditioning is not turned on..."

Cherise frowned, thinking why it was so cold without air conditioning. While she was puzzled, the man beside her spoke up frostily. "Are you done having secret talks with your senior?"

Chapter 75 My Hubby Is the Best

Secret talks?

Cherise shook her head. "There's no secret talk. I was just encouraging him to be more confident!"

After all, Jan was a rare top student from her hometown, so she couldn't bear to see him dejected.

Damien reached out his hand to fiddle with Cherise's hair. "In what sense?"

Noticing Damien was fiddling with her hair. Cherise decided to lie down on his lap so it would be more convenient for him to caress her hair. She thought he couldn't see, so it was reasonable to care for him.

The bold move caused a big part of Damien's displeasure to disappear instantly. His tone. softened.
"What did you say to him?"

"I said..." Cherise blushed, thinking about what she said to Ian just now. "I said that although he's not as good as you, he's still outstanding."

Damien's vexation soon vanished when he perceived her innocent, earnest gaze. He continued fiddling with her hair. "Do you really think so?"

"Yeah." Cherise nodded with her face reddened.

Cherise didn't think something was inappropriate when she said it to Ian, but when she thought about it again, she realized her remark might have been too subjective. After all, perhaps no one would think a handicapped blind could compare to a handsome, young doctor. However, Cherise just thought her husband was perfect.

To her, her husband was the best, and she was determined to stay by him forever.

Damien's voice was tinged with affection. "I'm a wheelchair-bound blind man. What's so good about me?"

Cherise contemplated briefly. "Everything about you is good!"

Damien smiled and caressed her hair. "Silly girl."

Cherise pouted. "I'm not silly. I'm a top student in my class!"

"Still, you're a silly girl"

"I'm not!"

1/2

"You are."

"I'm not!"

"You are."

"Okay, fine. I am..."

The car was speeding on the road. The conversation between the couple was childish, like a quarrel between toddlers.

Mr. Kolson couldn't help but sigh, thinking only Cherise could reveal this side of Damien.

"Is that all? He just gave the woman a few slaps?"

The next day, Lucy was munching a bun in the school cafeteria while babbling. "Last time, you said your cousin was almost thrown downstairs. I thought this old woman who bullied you would receive a similar treatment, too."

Cherise took a sip of orange juice. The sweet and sour taste lightened her mood. She replied with a smile, "Blake gave her a good beating. That's enough as long as she learns.

her lesson."

Lucy rolled her eyes. "You naive woman. Being kind to those who bully you is being cruel to yourself!"

Cherise remained smiling. "Calm down. Anyway, I won't work at the sanatorium anymore, so I'll no longer see her."

Lucy shook her head in resignation. "You're too silly and kind. You'll end up suffering! If Damien weren't there to support you, you would have been trampled on mercilessly!"

At the mention of Damien, Cherise's grin widened. "My hubby is the best."

Left speechless, Lucy stood up and, together with Cherise, went to throw away the food remnants. She glanced at Cherise and said, "You guys are only married for such a short time, and you're already calling him so endearingly. Have you fallen for him already?"

2/2

Chapter 76 A Pricey Dress

Cherise's face flushed red.

She pursed her lips. "He's my husband. What should I call him if not hubby..."

The woman's voice became softer toward the end until it was almost as soft as a

mosquito's buzzing. "Besides, we're a couple. Even if I like him... there's nothing wrong with it..."

H

Lucy did not hear her last sentence.

When she looked back at Cherise, her food tray knocked into a girl.

She apologized immediately, yet the other person stayed silent.

Lucy raised her head. Of all the people, she ran into Cressa.

The girl who had humiliated Cherise about being a kept woman. Then, she was slapped by her own father in the end. That Cressa Lyes.

Cressa was wearing a pricey dress today.

And at that moment, the dress was smothered in sauce from Lucy's food.

Lucy put her tray down and pulled some tissue out, thinking of cleaning it for her. Cressa laughed coldly and slapped her.

"Smack!" The sound rang through the entire cafeteria.

Cherise had just poured her leftovers away. She raised her head instinctively and was shocked by the scene.

She quickly rushed toward them. "Lucy!"

"Hmm, isn't it Cherise Shaw?"

Cressa crossed her arms. She ordered people around her to clean her dress while keeping a cold

eye on Cherise. "No wonder this

out she has someone behind her."

cow has the guts to knock into me. Turns

The mockery and jealousy in her eyes burned. "I thought some country bumpkin managed to do something well and get some status. I didn't expect she got some blind. man as a sugar daddy."

When Cressa's father, Randall, came to fetch Cherise home, he warned Cressa not to

1/3

disrespect Cherise.

At that time, Cressa was stunned. She would avoid Cherise whenever they met for the next few days.

But she heard news that Cherise was working in a sanatorium.

She began to think that something was amiss. If Cherise had powerful support, why would. she work herself?

She sent people to investigate, and the truth sounded like a joke!

That man was her support?

That blind Lenoir who was cast out from his family over a decade ago? The one who sat in his wheelchair all day long doing nothing terrified her father?

Her father was overreacting over a disabled person!

Cherise's hands on her side slowly curled into fists when Cressa mocked her about the blind man.

But she did not do anything else.

After all, Lucy was in the wrong today.

She glanced at Cressa.

“How should we solve this, Ms. Lyes? My friend didn’t mean to do it. We can pay you the cleaning fees.”

She thought it was not sincere enough and added, “If you think that isn’t enough, we can get you a new dress, Ms. Lyes.”

Cressa laughed loudly and unrestrained.

“Get me a new dress? Cherise, you’re thinking too highly of yourself! Do you know how expensive this dress is? Do you think you can even afford it?”

It was as though she had heard a hilarious joke as the others laughed along with her. “A country bumpkin depending on a scholarship says she wants to pay for my dress?”

“What will you pay with?”

“Oh, right, you might be able to pay for it. Go home and sleep with that blindy a few times. You might be able to get enough money for it.”

2/3

“Cherise, does that blind husband of yours know that you’re hideous?”

Cherise narrowed her eyes. Her fists were clenched tightly.

Chapter 77 Provocation

Lucy was peeved. "Cressa Lyes, I'm the one who knocked into you. Why are you targeting Cherise?"

Cressa laughed coolly. "I'll target whoever I want to. Do I need a reason for it?"

A cold glint gleamed in her eyes. "Besides, I haven't settled that last incident with you yet, Cherise!"

Cherise pressed her lips together. She was the victim in that incident. Cressa was the one who plastered her name all over the campus confession page, then came to her and caused trouble.

Now, she wanted to settle a debt?

She pursed her lips. "Ms. Lyes, I don't want to argue with you. How do you want us to make this up to you?"

Lucy pulled Cherise, thinking of leaving.

"She already slapped me. What else should we do? We're even now! You're the only one who wants to pay for her dress. She's definitely going to make some ridiculous demand..."

"You're leaving just like that?"

Cressa and her friends blocked their path.

"Cherise, aren't you going to pay for my dress? Let me tell you, this is an internationally famous brand. It costs fifty-eight thousand."

She laughed, looking at Cherise with eyes full of mockery.

“Can you pay fifty-eight thousand? Tell me, how many times do you have to sleep with that blindy to get fifty-eight thousand?”

Cherise furrowed her eyebrows.

She stood in her spot, glaring at Cressa.

Knowing that she provoked Cherise, Cressa was getting full of herself. Her arrogance resembled a peacock showing off his feathers as she paced before Cherise.

“Don’t think I’ll be afraid of you just because you glared at me. My father may be overly cautious that he doesn’t dare to offend a blind man. I’m not like him.”

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While laughing, she stood before Cherise and pulled her chin.

“Don’t believe you’ll get a carefree life by getting a blind man as your support. I heard the Lenoir family cast him out over a decade ago. Even when he was young, he caused his parents and his sister’s death. Then, three fiancées died. He’s cursed. Do you know why you’re still alive even though you’re together?”

The smile on her lips was as cold as winter. “It’s because you’re like him, useless.”

Cherise gritted her teeth, staring daggers at her.

Cressa was on cloud nine.

“Shouldn’t you go back now and sleep with that dang blindy for money? Oh, there’s one thing I don’t understand. He can’t see anything. So how does he find your hole when sleep together? His eyes don’t work. Does it work down there?”

you

Cherise narrowed her eyes. She forced her words out through her gritted teeth. "You. Shut. Your. Mouth!"

When Damien called, Jacob was looking through Ian's resume in his clinic.

"Only two years in the central hospital before you quit?"

Embarrassed, Ian pressed his lips together. "The superiors were worried about getting in trouble because I offended someone. So they fired me."

Jacob glanced at the man with a light smile. "You're pretty honest. Who did you offend?"

"I..."

Ian had just started speaking when Jacob's phone rang.

Apologizing, he went up to the second floor and answered it.

"Did you say... Your Cherry hit someone at school?"

Jacob's expression shifted as the man on the other end spoke.

"She hurt them badly? She bit their face?"

Damien was in his wheelchair. One hand gripped the phone while the other tapped the desk's smooth surface. That's right."

The man's voice sounded helpless, but a trace of admiration could be heard.

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“Blake was following her the whole time. She didn’t get hurt much herself. But the other person called the police. Someone has to bail her out.”

Jacob rolled his eyes. “Why does it have to be me?”

Chapter 78 Where’s My Husband?

“It’s inconvenient for a disabled person like myself to go.”

Damien’s voice was indifferent. “Moreover, the European side will present their annual report to me later. I can’t get away!

Annual report?

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Jacob’s hand that was holding the cell phone trembled slightly.

He looked down subconsciously at the calendar. Sure enough, it was that day again.

He sighed. “Alright. I’ll go.”

It was just picking someone up. After all, other than interviewing the doctor downstairs, he didn’t have anything else to do today.

After hanging up, Jacob went down and spoke briefly to Ian. After settling on the job and salary, Jacob let Ian leave.

When Jacob drove to the police station, it was already two o'clock in the afternoon.

The police officers instantly seemed moved to tears when they heard that he was there for Cherise.
"You're finally here!"

"Ms. Shaw isn't admitting her mistakes or apologizing. She keeps making a racket!"

Jacob's head immediately hurt.

He still remembered the girl's stubbornness.

Cherise was shut in an office at the end of a corridor.

"Dr. Caldwell?"

Crouching in a corner, Cherise looked up when she heard the sound of the door opening.

Faint and dark bloodstains were still on the woman's face, but her gaze was still

unbelievably clear.

She rose from the ground. "Why are you here? Where's my husband?"

She recalled giving the police Damien's number when they asked for her family's contact.

"Ahem, ahem. Your husband is currently busy!"

Jacob smiled awkwardly at her.

Cherise's gaze was still fixed on him.

She clearly didn't believe him.

It made sense. Damien always seemed to be unoccupied before Cherise.

No one knew that Damien had long been the boss of two rival European financial groups.

"He's... undergoing vision correction surgery."

Cherise's eyes instantly lit up. She rushed forward and hugged Jacob's arm. "Vision correction surgery?"

"Will my husband's eyes recover?"

"When will they recover?"

Jacob coughed lightly and pulled her hand off him. "Tell me first. Why did you fight?"

Cherise flattened her lips. "She cursed my husband!"

Jacob was dumbstruck.

"What did she say?"

"She said my husband is a stupid blind man!"

Jacob was once again dumbfounded.

Isn't it true that Damien's blind?

"Of course, she also said other nastier things."

Cherise was honorable. The topic was so vile she couldn't even repeat it.

The veins on Jacob's forehead twitched. "So you hit her?"

Cherise nodded. "She forced me to."

If Cherise had been given another chance, she would still have rushed to hit Cressa.

Jacob looked at the bloodstains on her face and handed her two wet wipes. "Wipe your face."

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The man sighed and sat down on a chair next to a table. As he looked at her, he cautioned her patiently. "I saw the woman who fought with you when I arrived. Her name is Cressa Lyes, right?"

"She's tall and strong. Even I might not have been able to beat her. You're so small and scrawny. You must have been at a disadvantage, right?"

"Your face is even bleeding. I'll take you to get it cleaned later..

"No need. I'm not hurt."

Cherise wiped the bloodstains on her face and revealed a clean, fair complexion. "Let's go. Dr. Caldwell."

Jacob was speechless from astonishment. "You're not injured"

"No."

"So the blood on your face..."

Chapter 79 We Are Even

"It's blood from her nose after 1 hit her."

Jacob was rendered speechless.

He quietly gave Cherise a thumbs-up.

Still, Cherise refused to apologize to Cressa.

Jacob had to persuade and plead with her before she agreed to meet Cressa with him.

Moreover, he would be the one to apologize.

Thus, he tugged Cherise by her sleeve and arrived at the office where Cressa was in.

"Goodness! Cressa, your face!" The voice of a middle-aged woman sounded dramatically from inside.

"Let me have a look. Did someone bite you? Which b*tch dare to do this to you?"

Cressa cried and flung herself into the woman's embrace. "Mom... You must avenge me..."

Her father, Randall, scolded her the last time she taunted Cherise. Therefore, Cressa did tell Randall that she got into trouble again. Instead, she called her mother, Rhonda Candor.

Jacob stood at the doorway. He could not help but feel apprehensive.

Even though he dragged Cherise over to apologize, it seemed the matter could not be resolved with an apology.

But the police would not release her unless they pay the bail.

As Jacob was hesitating, Cherise pulled her arm from his hold. "I'll continue kneeling

She did not believe the police could lock her up forever, even if she refused to apologize.

Jacob quickly grabbed her. "This can be resolved with an apology. Don't you want to be with Damien during his surgery?"

Cherise pursed her lips and paused.

Jacob said Damien was having surgery to recover his vision. It was highly likely that Damien would be able to see again after the surgery.

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Naturally, Cherise wanted to be the first person Damien saw when he woke up.

Meanwhile, Cressa and Rhonda noticed noises from outside their room.

They turned toward the door.

Cressa put on a pitiful expression and pointed toward Cherise. "Mom! That's the one!"

"So, you did it!" Rhonda rolled up her sleeve and slapped Jacob's face. "You called yourself a man. How dare you bite my daughter's face? Have you no shame?"

Rhonda's slap sent the whole room into silence.

Jacob widened his eyes in shock and was too furious to speak.

Cressa turned pale. On the other hand, Cherise frowned and stepped forward to Jacob from Rhonda. "Madam, you hit the wrong person. It was I who bit Cressa."

shield

At Cherise's words, Cressa pursed her lips and said, "Mom, it's that girl who hit me."

Rhonda's hand paused in midair. She frowned upon hearing Cherise and regarded the petite woman before her.

Cherise was short. She looked so small and slim that the wind could blow her away. Her eyes shone like crystals, and her face looked delicate, like a doll.

Rhonda's frown deepened. She looked at her daughter.

Cressa was tall. She was at least 170cm and weighed around 70kg.

Rhonda's expression twisted with confusion.

My daughter is tall and strong as a horse. How did she get beaten up so badly by this little girl?

Jacob's face was livid. He rubbed his hurting cheek and looked at Rhonda, "Mrs. Lyes, I brought Cherise here to apologize."

Then, he sneered and continued, "Since you hit me, we're even. Cherise does not need to apologize."

Jacob turned around and grabbed Cherise to leave.

"Wait!"

Cressa sneered and rushed to them.

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As she approached, Jacob finally saw the wound on Cressa's face.

Cressa's left face bore a deep teeth mark. Cherise must have bitten so hard because bright. red blood was on the spot.

3/3

Chapter 80 He is the Best Husband!

Jacob was blown away when he saw the red handprint on the right side of Cressa's face. He was confident that it was Cherise's handprint based on the size of the petite palm size.

Cherise may look innocent, but she is a fighter when needed. I wish I had half the courage she had.

"Are you here to bail Cherise out?" Cressa's voice cut through his reverie like a hot knife. through butter.

“Who are you to Cherise?” Cressa grinned to herself as if she uncovered a shameful secret.

“Isn’t Cherise married to that blind guy? Why isn’t he here to bail her out? The only reason I can think of is...” Cressa paused for effect.

Jacob could almost feel Cressa’s gaze run up and down his body.

“Perhaps you’re Cherise’s toy?”

Cherise, who heard the preposterous remark, clenched her fists in frustration.

However, Jacob snickered at Cressa. “You’re being nonsensical, young lady.”

“Am I?” Cressa whispered menacingly as she slowly approached Jacob and Cherise. “I wondered how you could be so happy married to a blind man. I should’ve guessed that you had a backup plan. I’ve underestimated you. What a rich life you live! The blind one lavishing you with riches, and this one satisfies you physically.”

Cherise stared daggers at the other woman.

She was the quiet and studious type in school, and her classmates thought she was just a country bumpkin with a knack for scoring good exam scores.

She always thought that the world was harmonious and friendly.

Her eyes were open to the cruel world now that she had encountered Cressa.

Why does she have to insinuate that Jacob and I are together? Can’t we be friends? Cherise thought but was quickly interrupted by a shriek.

“Ew! That’s disgusting!”

An older woman, who was with Cressa, scrunched her face as if she smelt something. pungent. Even though Rhonda did not know Cherisa well, she took her daughter’s word as

truth.

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“You could never judge a book by its cover. Who would’ve thought such an innocent- looking lady could do such a despicable thing!”

Cherise closed her eyes tiredly. She never thought that random strangers would jump to conclusions about her based on a few off-handed remarks, but she was sadly wrong.

“Correct me if I was wrong, but I believe you’re Randall Lyes’ wife, and the young woman here is his daughter?” Jacob enquired as he discreetly removed his phone from his pocket, secretly turning on the recording app.

“Hah! I guess you’re not as foolish as I thought you were! Then you should know you don’t want to be on my bad side.”

“I’m not a dummy like Cherise here. She thought she could do whatever she liked after she married that blind guy. I don’t care if he’s a Lenoir. He’s just a figurehead he doesn’t even take care of his own family!”

Cherise felt her blood boiling to his face when she heard what Cressa said about her husband, but thankfully, Jacob stopped her before she could rush at Cressa.

“You were calmer when she said some nasty things about you. However, you were enraged when they insulted Damien, weren’t you?”

“She can say anything about me but not insult Damien – he’s the best husband anyone. could wish for!” Cherise grumbled as she tried to shake Jacob’s grip off to storm back. toward Cressa so that she could give her the beating of her life.

Jacob chuckled at Cherise’s indignance as he ended the recording. He quickly sent the voice recording to Damien.

Damien, who had just returned from an Annual General Meeting Convention, was reclining in his chair in the cool darkness of his study room when his phone lit up notification.

with a

The phone screen illuminated his face as he tapped into the voice message that Jacob sent to him.

“He’s the best husband anyone could wish for!”

Cherise’s clear announcement was like a breath of fresh air in his hectic life.