

Marrying 851

Chapter 851 Spark and Shadows

“Yes, it’s not a significant matter,”

Damien remarked, a faint smile gracing his lips. “It’s just that this mode of expression is rather off-putting.”

With those words, Damien nonchalantly retrieved his phone and dialed a number. “Which hospital?”

At that very moment, Cherise and Heather entered the emergency room. The medical staff in the hectic environment were engrossed in assisting her in lying down, causing her to disconnect the call before she could respond inadvertently.

Cherise found herself engrossed in assisting the doctor with examining Heathe leaving her with little opportunity to return the call. wounds,

After making three unanswered calls, Damien furrowed his brow and directly dialed Mr. Hampson’s number. “Find out which hospital Mrs. Lenoir is in.”

“Alright.”

“Mrs. Lenoir is making a scene,”

Yolanda remarked, crossing her arms and casting a faint smile in Damien’s direction. “Does she always

play games like this with you?"

"Not always,"

Damien replied, turning his head to offer Yolanda a light smile. "Ms. Weiss has never been in a relationship, so you may not understand this type of playful banter between husband and wife."

The man's eyes towards Yolanda were filled with mockery. "Sometimes playing games is also a spice in a marriage."

"Ms. Weiss doesn't understand; it's not your fault."

With that, Damien elegantly turned around. "Since my wife is not here, I'll take my leave."

Observing the man's tall figure, Yolanda clenched her fingers and quickly caught up with him. "Mr. Lenoir, you said you would introduce me to your wife, but she stood you up, and you're leaving me behind?"

Damien paused, turning his head slightly to look at Yolanda. "I didn't handle it properly, Ms. Weiss. It was my mistake."

The next moment, he took out his phone and called Mr. Hampson. "Send a car to the research institute

and take Ms. Weiss to her destination.”

Yolanda was left speechless.

She pressed her lips together. “Damien, you’re aware that wasn’t my intention!”

He responded with a smile. “Then, what did Ms. Weiss mean?”

“I refrain from speculating about the thoughts of any woman other than my wife. Please let Ms. Weiss

be direct if she wishes to convey something. No need for ambiguity.”

Yolanda’s complexion paled, her teeth clenched tightly. Jealousy gripped her like an unrelenting flame!

Since encountering Damien, he had consistently underscored the presence of his “wife,” addressing

her as “my wife.” He dismissed Yolanda’s feelings entirely.

Despite Damien instigating their meeting, it portrayed her as pursuing a married man.

She developed feelings for this somewhat aloof and arrogant man to compound matters!

With a composed inhalation, Yolanda met Damien’s gaze. “I believe you should bring me to the hospital

to visit your wife.”

“There are matters that still need clarification between me and your wife. I’m certain she is eager to see

me.”

Furrowing his brow slightly, Damien contemplated the situation.

In Cherise's prior phone call, she requested him to bring this female client to meet her.

A smile played on his lips as he conceded, "Very well."

"Then, if you please, Miss Weiss."

Yolanda pursed her lips, a subtle satisfaction crossing her countenance.

Can even the most reserved man refuse my request?

Damien, this man, I would inevitably have under my sway!

Yolanda approached with joy evident, poised to link arms with Damien. However, the man gracefully

sidestepped, remarking, "I'm not at ease with intimacy with any woman other than my wife. Kindly

understand, Miss Weiss."

Yolanda fell into silence,

His wife, always his wife!

Chapter 852 Whispers of Ambition

Is Cherise, that fool, the sole person he cares about!?

The woman scoffed, "Mr. Lenoir is quite conservative."

“It’s prudent for everyone to maintain a degree of conservatism.”

After a faint smile, he gestured for her to proceed. “Ms. Weiss, please proceed.”

Yolanda pursed her lips and left.

During the journey to the hospital, Yolanda attempted to initiate a conversation with Damien, but he either crossed his arms and gazed out the window or feigned sleep.

Boredom set in, prompting Yolanda to retrieve her phone and message her younger brother, Sebastian

Weiss, “Sebastian, who in the Lenoir Group asked me to meet Damien? Damien doesn’t seem interested in meeting me at all. He’s not enthusiastic at all!”

“I’m so frustrated! I’ve never been ignored like this in my entire life!”

Shortly after dispatching the message, she received a reply, “If that’s the case, why don’t you come back earlier?”

“No way!”

Yolanda’s lips tightened. “I’ve developed a liking for Damien.”

The man on the other end of the phone held a brief silence. “Masochist.”

“Who are you referring to?”

“I’m talking about you. He doesn’t deign to pay attention to you, yet you cultivate affection for him. If

that’s not masochism, then what is it?”

“Say whatever you want. I simply find enjoyment in challenging pursuits!”

“Well, we Weiss family are all cut from the same cloth.”

“What do you mean?”

“It’s inconsequential. You proceed with pursuing Damien, and I’ll exert my best efforts to integrate you into Cherise’s acceptance as her sister.”

Yolanda lapsed into silence.

“Brother, are you serious? Do you genuinely harbor feelings for that foolish Cherise?”

“Yes.”

“You’re absurd!”

Yolanda clenched her phone, a surge of anger coursing through her. “During your time at Shawbury

High, didn’t you perceive how foolish this woman was?”

“I find her remarkable. Do not speak ill of her.”

“...You’re brainwashed.

“Believe what you will. If you treat her kindly, we can benefit from our endeavors. Otherwise, I won’t concern myself with you.”

Yolanda found herself speechless.

Despite the harshness of Sebastian’s words, Yolanda reluctantly acknowledged their impact; they had shaken her to the core.

Her brother, she realized, possessed a cunning and malicious nature.

Contemplating the possibility of teaming up with Sebastian, Yolanda couldn’t deny that it might offer a smoother path to winning Damien.

With that realization, she drew a deep breath. “Fine! I’ll pursue Damien, and you pursue Cherise!”

“Yeah.”

After putting down her phone, Yolanda glanced at the man feigning sleep in the back seat through the rearview mirror.

She pursed her lips, retrieved her phone, clandestinely captured a picture of his handsome profile, and shared it on her social media with the caption, “New boyfriend, so handsome.”

“Ms. Dupont is progressing well.”

Following a thorough examination of Heather, the doctor handed Cherise a tube of ointment in the hospital’s burn unit. “Apply this evenly on the burned area for seven days.”

While continuing to document details in Heather’s medical record, the doctor provided further instructions, “For the next seven days, it’s advisable to refrain from taking baths, and it’s preferable to have someone assist you.”

“Once the blisters on your body burst, apply the ointment promptly upon discovery to prevent scarring.”

Cherise nodded silently, holding the ointment. “I understand.”

After bidding farewell to the doctor, she assisted Heather as they left the burn unit.

“Cherise, you don’t have to support me. The burns are on my face and arms, not my legs. I can walk on my own!”

Cherise shook her head. “But you still need to take it slow.”

Heather pouted, reluctantly allowing Cherise to support her as they walked ahead.

Chapter 853 Encounters and Misinterpretations

While taking a few steps, Cherise suddenly recalled that her phone had rung earlier.

Balancing Heather, she reached for her phone but stumbled, inadvertently spraining her foot.

“Ouch!”

“Be careful.”

Heather turned around, supporting Cherise. “Take it slow. Does it hurt? Should we go to the orthopedics department for you?”

Cherise frowned, slightly moving her ankle. “It’s fine. It’ll be better after a while.”

“I’m sorry.”

Heather pursed her lips. “If it weren’t for me, you wouldn’t have sprained your foot...”

“It’s okay...”

As the two women took a few steps, Damien had already approached a woman in a white dress.

“My wife is ahead,”

Damien reminded in a low voice.

Yolanda observed the two women from a distance with a cold gaze, a hint of disdain appearing on her lips.

One was tall and slim, dressed delicately, while the other was chubby and simple.

Furthermore, the chubby one was supporting the slim one. Mr. Whitlock had mentioned that Cherise had come to visit a hospitalized colleague.

Yolanda smirked, finding Cherise's naivety amusing. After so many years, not only had Cherise become unattractive, but she also gained weight.

Was it still possible for someone like her to captivate Damien?

She would like to witness the skills that Cherise possessed!

Taking a deep breath, Yolanda elegantly smiled as she approached Heather and Cherise. "Mrs. Lenoir, it's an honor to meet you finally."

Heather pursed her lips and instinctively tightened her grip on Cherise's arm. "Cherise, this doesn't seem good."

Cherise smiled faintly. Having dealt with complicated characters like Gwenn before, she didn't particularly care about this woman.

However, she came together with Damien.

So, this must be Yolanda Weiss?

Cherise's eyes scanned Yolanda up and down, confirming her as a pampered young lady.

She was reminiscent of Kareen back then.

Even the condescending gaze was the same.

Was this a common trait among these wealthy young ladies?

The woman tightened her lips, preparing to speak, but she witnessed Yolanda confidently striding up to

Heather with a smile adorning her face. "Mrs. Lenoir, you're truly kind.

husband's Prioritize the company of a colleague with a sprained ankle over your presence."

Yolanda had seen Cherise before, but it had been too long ago. Over a decade ago, Cherise was

merely a quiet academic achiever.

No one would recall what she looked like except for her results on the report card.

Yolanda didn't remember Cherise's appearance, only a vague recollection of a round face, round eyes,

a bit chubby, a bit silly, and a bit naive.

Her memory of Cherise being a naive bookworm had influenced her decision to claim the paper sent by

Gwenn as her own as soon as she received it.

At this moment, Heather in front of her perfectly aligned with Yolanda's imagination of Cherise—naive,

rustic, overweight, and unkempt.

Without hesitation, she mistook Heather for Cherise,

She smiled and gazed at Heather mockingly. "I should learn from you about kindness and

selflessness."

"If it were me, with someone like Mr. Lenoir as my husband, I would never leave without even making a

phone call before he arrived."

Heather widened her eyes, staring at Yolanda in disbelief. "Are... are you talking to me?"

Chapter 854 Clash of Perceptions

"If not, then who?"

Yolanda chuckled softly. "Is there another Mrs. Lenoir here?"

Heather looked at Cherise in shock.

Cherise subtly signaled a countermeasure.

Though nervous, Heather smiled at Yolanda, following Cherise's lead. "Miss, may I ask who you are

and your name?"

"What right do you have to accuse me? Damien... since he is my husband, if I want him to wait, he has

to wait. If I don't want him to wait, he doesn't have to wait. This is a matter between a husband and wife. Who are you to interfere?"

Heather knew Cherise wasn't skilled in arguing, so she stood up for her friend.

Damien shook his head, crossed his arms, and leaned against the wall, watching the scene with amusement. Occasionally, he even gave Cherise an innocent look.

Cherise smiled gently at him and leisurely sat on a long bench in the corridor, examining her sprained ankle.

Heather's words left Yolanda speechless. Although angry, she felt a sense of satisfaction.

Just as she expected!

After all these years, Cherise still had this assertive demeanor!

Fortunately, Cherise is like this. Yolanda wouldn't be confident snatching Damien away if she was as beautiful and elegant as her colleague!

Yolanda pursed her lips, smiled, and continued to confront Heather. "Of course, I have no right to interfere in your lives. I'm just a woman offering Mrs. Lenoir some advice."

"Now, Mr. Lenoir only has you in his heart, so it's understandable for you to act this

way. But if one day... Mr. Lenoir meets a more exceptional woman. Behaving like this will only make him feel disgusted.”

After saying that, Yolanda flirtatiously glanced back at Damien. “Mr. Lenoir, do you think I’m right?”

Damien’s gaze remained fixed on Cherise’s reddened ankle, seemingly oblivious to Yolanda’s words.

When he finally heard her addressing him, he furrowed his brows lightly. and replied, “Hmm,” before striding over Cherise and cradling her injured ankle, inquiring, “What happened?”

Yolanda didn’t care at all that Damien went to attend to the woman next to him.

As long as Damien showed concern for other women, it would prove that his relationship. with Cherise wasn’t unbreakable!

Thinking of this, she proudly looked up and glanced at Heather. “You see, Damien said so. Mrs. Lenoir, you can’t be so stubborn in the future.”

Heather was happy to continue playing along, “Is that so?”

“Miss, how well do you know him? You addressed him as Mr. Lenoir a moment ago, and now you’re calling him Damien?”

“Miss, are you this attentive to every married man? This behavior isn’t commendable. In the future, it will pose difficulties in finding a boyfriend. Even if you find one, find one, he will worry about your interactions with someone else’s man.”

“As someone who has experienced it, let me advise you not to get too close to other people’s husbands.”

Yawning, Heather observed as Damien carried Cherise away and continued to banter with Yolanda.

“Today, you’re clinging to someone else’s husband, but tomorrow someone will cling to your husband.”

“To avoid being deceived, the first step is to behave yourself.”

“The cycle of karma is inevitable. Who can escape?”

Yolanda pressed her lips together firmly. “Haha, Mrs. Lenoir, are you insinuating that you have engaged in similar behavior?”

Chapter 855 Unexpected Encounters and Unveiled Intentions

“How else would you be so experienced?” Yolanda retorted.

Over a decade had passed since their last encounter, and it seemed Cherise had developed a keen edge to her tongue!

Yolanda gritted her teeth, determined not to succumb to the fatso in front of her.

Heather pouted, "I'll give in. I may not have been in a relationship yet, but I have dignity. I would never get too close to a married man!"

"Don't assume everyone is like you!"

Yolanda was confused, "Huh?"

She widened her eyes and looked at Heather, "You said you haven't been in a relationship yet? Then what about you and Damien..."

"I have nothing to do with him!"

Heather shrugged and pointed behind Yolanda "Both of them have returned to their families, and here you are foolishly thinking I'm Cherise?"

"Please, if I were Cherise, it wouldn't be as simple as just scolding you. I would also beat you up until you remember to stay away from other people's husbands!"

Filled with anger, Yolanda turned around and realized Damien was gone.

She was stunned for a while before finally realizing it.

So that was the real Cherise!?

“Why are you so careless?”

Damien furrowed his brows as he gently laid Cherise on the car’s back seat, holding her red ankle and reproaching her.

Cherise smiled awkwardly and explained, “When I was helping Heather just now, I suddenly remembered that I missed your call earlier. I wanted to call you back with my phone, but I got distracted and sprained my ankle

She looked at him cautiously and asked, “Am I quite useless?”

“Yes, you are very useless,” the man replied.

Lowering his head, he carefully massaged her ankle and continued, “If you can’t even protect yourself, what are you supposed to do when I’m not around?”

Cherise pursed her lips and spoke softly, “Then I won’t leave you ever...”

Damien’s hand, holding Cherise’s ankle, paused for a moment.

The next moment, he shook his head helplessly and smiled, “When did you become so skilled at pleasing people?”

“Just now,” she replied.

Innocently looking at Damien with her black grape-like eyes, she said, "I think what Ms. Weiss said makes sense."

*I shouldn't have left without even saying hello after you came to pick me up."

"You like me now, so it's okay to stand you up. But if you stop liking me, I'll be in trouble!"

Damien fell into silence.

He tightened his grip on Cherise's ankle, and she winced in pain.

"Ouch..."

"This is a warning,"

The man sighed lightly, "You're not allowed to speak like that in the future."

Cherise pouted, "What am I not allowed to say?"

"I won't stop liking you, so these words are meaningless."

Damien's deep and attractive voice made these words sound effortless as if such sentiments were an undeniable truth.

Cherise compressed her lips."/>"But considering what Yolanda mentioned..."

“Whatever insinuations she made, the individual she alluded to is undoubtedly not me.”

“Then why did you have dinner with her?”

Cherise finally cut to the chase, her lips firmly pressed together. “We harbor no affinity for each other.”

For the moment, she opted not to entangle Damien in Yolanda’s accusation of plagiarism.

Damien had assumed control of the entire Sunil’imes due to this paper.

Currently engrossed in the affairs of the Lenoir Group, Cherise preferred not to burden him further.

“I didn’t want to have dinner with her.”

Chapter 856 Whispers of Shareholders and Tender Moments

Damien offered a helpless smile as he delicately slipped on Cherise’s shoes. “It’s Lennon.”

“In Ziphon, Tristan orchestrated the sale of over 30% of the Lenoir Group’s shares, previously held by him and Raymond, to the Weiss family.”

“Now, under the helm of the eldest son, Sebastian, the Weiss family, including Yolanda, Sebastian’s elder sister, has control. Yolanda has also obtained half of the shares purchased by the Weiss family this time.”

“Lennon believes that Yolanda presents a crucial opportunity for us to repurchase the shares. She requested a meeting with me, and Lennon clandestinely arranged for her to attend.”

After assisting Cherise with her footwear, Damien enveloped her in his arms. "Are upset?"

"I only discovered this morning, upon arriving at the company, that Lennon had organized such a banquet in my honor."

"I've already reprimanded him, but since he arranged for someone to represent me, I have to oblige even if I'm not inclined to. It wouldn't bode well if word got out otherwise."

Cherise rested in Damien's embrace, attuned to his steady heartbeat and breath. She knew he wasn't deceiving her.

He volunteered every detail to reassure her.

In his embrace, what else could she worry about?

With a pout, she nestled into his arms. "How did your discussion with Yolanda unfold? Is she amenable to selling her shares to you?"

Damien shook his head. "We hadn't broached that subject yet. You called before we could."

"Then I took her to the research institute to find you, and we ended up at the hospital."

Cherise fell into silence.

Initially, she was irked by Mr. Whitlock and Mr. Zeller, who persistently mentioned Ms. Weiss and Damien's dinner. Hence, she dialed Damien's number and summoned him to her side without much deliberation.

In the heat of the moment, she was angry and didn't give much thought to her actions.

But now... she pondered whether she had inadvertently impeded his pressing matters...

A pang of guilt pricked Cherise's conscience, prompting her to lower her head and apologize to

Damien. "I'm sorry... it's my fault..."

She hadn't considered that his dinner with Yolanda pertained to business, and she had allowed herself to be swayed by others' remarks.

If it had impacted his work...

"Do you want to speak to Yolanda again?"

She extended her hands toward him. "I promise not to cause you any trouble this time, no jealousy, no disruptions!"

Damien couldn't help but shake his head at the innocent and pitiful expression on the woman before him.

Enfolding her, he said, "There's no need."

"I can sense that Ms. Weiss had no intentions of transferring her shares when she visited."

Cherise compressed her lips. "Then why did she dine with you?"

"Likely because she's an affluent young lady seeking male companionship out of boredom."

"Unfortunately, I'm not her ideal candidate,"

Damien smiled, gazing fondly at Cherise. "In my leisure, I only indulge in Cherise's company."

As Damien uttered these endearing words composedly, Cherise blushed, her heart fluttering.

She averted her gaze awkwardly. "I'm not a child. Why would I need so much of your time..."

"But of course you do,"

Damien held her chin, locking eyes with her. "Didn't we have a splendid time together last night and this morning?"

Cherise frowned

What games had they played?

After a brief pause, under Damien's mischievous grin, Cherise's face flushed as she recollected.

Chapter 857 Nighttime Reflections and Unexpected Departures

Last night...and this morning!

The memories flooded back, vivid and electrifying. The sensation of being consumed by a man's ardor, again and again, until she felt like she was ascending to the heavens, only to succumb as a celestial being.

Cherise's face flushed crimson, resembling the hues of a fiery sunset. "Darren! You rogue!"

"I reserve my roguishness solely for you."

Damien's lips curled into a mischievous smile as he gently clasped Cherise's hands, planting a kiss on them. "By the way, have we ever made love in the car before?"

Cherise felt her forehead tense with veins as a sense of unease settled in her heart. "Damien, you..."

"Why don't we seize the opportunity to try it next time?"

The man's smirk widened as he brushed his lips against hers. "Why wait for the perfect moment when we can make it happen tonight, in the car, after the kids drift off to sleep?"

"After all, I talked with another woman today, so I owe you."

Cherise was speechless.

"I respectfully decline!"

Concerned that Damien might indeed engage in such antics, Cherise promptly retreated to the children's room after dinner, locking the door behind her.

"Mummy, aren't you sleeping with Daddy tonight?"

Perched on her pink princess bed, Sera blinked innocent eyes at Cherise. "You always sleep together."

Cherise hesitated.

She coughed lightly and reached for a storybook, settling beside Sera's bed. "Tonight, Mummy will tell you a bedtime story until you fall asleep!"

Sera pouted and accepted the book, "Brother says only little kids need bedtime stories, so

I stopped listening to them."

Cherise fell silent once more.

Sera was only five years old!

She glanced at SoSoren, "You shouldn't teach your sister inappropriate things!"

On the light blue bed, Soren rolled his eyes, "You're the one who's being inappropriate."

"She's not a toddler anymore; she should be more mature."

Cherise pursed her lips, shooting Soren a disdainful look.

“Mummy, Sera wants to sleep!”

Sera blinked her eyes, resembling black grapes. “You can sleep with Daddy.”

“Sera wants her own space tonight!”

Cherise pursed her lips, “No, Mummy will sleep with you tonight!”

Sera pouted, “But I don’t want to sleep with you!”

“You should go back to your bed.”

Soren yawned, “We sleep better alone; we can’t sleep well when you’re here.”

Did she just experience open rejection from her two children?

But,

The memory of Damien’s suggestion to indulge in nighttime intimacy in the car filled her with dread.

Upon reflection, her heart grew cold, and every fiber of her being screamed in protest.

However, staying in the children’s room felt too awkward now.

With a deep breath, Cherise cautiously slipped out of the room.

Frances awaited her anxiously in the corridor.

Cherise hesitated before asking, "Where's Damien?"

Frances shook her head. "Mr. Lenoir received a call about an issue at the company and hurried off."

She held out Damien's medication, worry etched on her face. "He mentioned his gastritis acting up

before he left. He asked me to bring his medicine but left in a rush."

As if to confirm her words, Frances displayed the medication in her palm.

Indeed, there was the medicine for Damien's recurring gastric issues.

"I'm trying to figure out what's happening at the company. Mr. Lenoir seemed quite urgent when he

left."

Chapter 858 A Journey of Unexpected Twists

"What if he has to work overtime all night? I don't know if his body can handle it..."

Frances's words made Cherise furrow her eyebrows tightly.

A significant issue at Damien's company has led to frequent late nights.

If he indeed had to work all night tonight, his health...

Taking a deep breath, she snatched the medicine from Frances's hand and grabbed her coat before

heading out the door.

Outside, a black car awaited at the entrance.

Without hesitation, Cherise got in and instructed, "Go to the Lenoir Group."

The driver, wearing a low-brimmed hat, merely responded with a "Hmm" and started the car.

As Cherise sat in the back seat, her gaze fixed on the passing scenery outside the car window, her thoughts were consumed by Damien's situation.

She mentally rehearsed the scolding she intended to give him upon their reunion, utterly oblivious to the changing landscape around her.

When she finally snapped back to reality, they had reached the outskirts of Adania.

With furrowed brows, she noticed the car had veered off course, venturing into unfamiliar territory. "This

isn't the way to the Lenoir Group!" she exclaimed, her confusion evident in her tone.

Suddenly, Cherise's demeanor shifted, her eyes, as dark as grapes, now vigilant as she stared at the man in the driver's seat. "Who are you? What do you want?" Her voice was firm, tinged with apprehension.

The man instinctively lowered his hat brim in response. "Do you not know what I want to do, Mrs.

Lenoir?”

His slightly malicious and deep voice sent a shiver down Cherise’s spine.

Frowning, she pressed further, “Who are you, exactly?”

“I... let me tell you, my husband is compelling. If he finds out that you want to kidnap me or harm me, he won’t spare you!” She warned.

“Is that so?”

“Damien? He can’t do anything to me,” he scoffed.

The man’s carefree and confident tone conveyed indifference as if he held all the cards in the situation.

This fearless demeanor caused a slight tightening in Cherise’s heart, stirring a mix of apprehension and curiosity within her.

Cherise’s grip on the seat tightened as she pieced things together.

It was Frances...

“You bribed Frances, didn’t you?” she accused.

She could only deduce such a conclusion based on the circumstances at this juncture.

Frances wouldn’t have hurriedly entered the car if she had not portrayed the situation as urgent.

“Bribed?”

The man’s voice held a hint of amusement. “She was already mine, so why would I need to bribe her?”

Cherise was momentarily startled. As she was about to respond, she felt a sense of familiarity in the man’s voice.

Frowning, she tried to recall but couldn’t figure it out despite numerous images and voices flashing through her mind.

“What exactly do you want to do?” she demanded, trembling.

Perhaps it was because he sensed the tremor in her voice that Damien couldn’t resist a soft chuckle.

“Silly, how could the driver in our family’s car be a stranger?”

The indulgent tone of Damien’s voice brought Cherise’s heart, which had been hanging in the air, b1 down to earth.

She gritted her teeth and glared at him in anger. “You’re teasing me!”

“I am teasing you,”

He admitted, removing his hat to reveal his face’s cold and stern lines. “I did mention we’d have some

fun in the car tonight, so naturally, I intend to keep my word.”

Cherise’s glare intensified. “So it was you who orchestrated Frances’s words?”

Damien nodded without hesitation. “Yes.”

He locked the car and swiftly moved from the driver’s seat to Cherise’s side. “Someone attempted to evade me by seeking refuge in the children’s room after dinner. If I hadn’t planned accordingly, would I

still be able to see you tonight?”

Chapter 859 Interlude of Intrigue

Cherise fell speechless.

“When did you become so cunning?” she finally asked.

Damien smiled lightly, pulling her into his arms and kissing her passionately. “I’ve always been cunning.”

“It’s just that I couldn’t bring myself to use it on you.”

Cherise weakly resisted him. “Then why... are you willing now?”

“Because the allure of a car rendezvous is too irresistible,”

Damien replied, kissing her lips again, ready to proceed when his phone rang.

Cherise seized the lifeline. “Phone!”

“Answer it!”

Damien frowned, seeing the call was from Yolanda.

The car remained dimly lit.

Damien’s brows furrowed deeply at seeing Yolanda’s name on the screen.

He promptly hit the hang-up button and resumed kissing Cherise, “It’s an unimportant call. There’s no need to answer.”

Nothing was more important than this moment of passion between them!

But Cherise didn’t think so at all!

She didn’t want to be with this man in the middle of nowhere...

What if they made a mess, and there needed to be somewhere to take a bath!

She didn’t want that!

When Yolanda called again, she urged Damien to answer.

However, he remained adamant, “I said it’s unimportant.”

Cherise’s lips tightened as she snatched the phone from Damien’s hand.

The sight of “Yolanda” on the screen made her eyebrows furrow deeply.

After her unpleasant encounter with Yolanda earlier that day, Damien had mentioned that Lennon arranged their meeting. Curious about Lennon’s intentions, Cherise had inquired further.

She ended up receiving an impromptu economics lesson.

Though dazed, Cherise retained the main points.

The most efficient and cost-effective solution to the Lenoir Group’s current crisis is to manage Yolanda and convince her to sell her shares to Damien.

So when Damien dismissed Yolanda’s call as “unimportant,” Cherise couldn’t help but roll her eyes in silent exasperation.

“How is she unimportant?”

“What if she has something significant to share?”

“What if she’s reconsidering selling her shares to you?”

“How is that possible?”

Damien sneered and tossed the phone to Cherise. “You answer it. I’ll get down and have a smoke to calm down.”

After his words, the man rose from his seat and promptly exited the vehicle.

Damien felt a twinge of irritation as the crucial moment was disrupted, yet he couldn't muster anger towards Cherise. Instead, he resorted to smoking a cigarette to soothe his emotions.

Meanwhile, Cherise clutched Damien's phone with unease as though it were a scalding object.

Despite being husband and wife, answering Damien's calls had never crossed her mind.

Aware that they each had their own lives and social circles, Cherise had never felt the need to intertwine them.

But now, She couldn't shake off the urge to answer.

Cherise knew Damien's strong personality meant he would never backtrack on his words.

If he claimed to have given up on Yolanda, he meant it.

Yet, as his wife, she didn't want to witness him overwhelmed or distressed.

Thus, with conflicting emotions, Cherise tentatively answered Yolanda's call.

"Hello?"

Cherise uttered.

There was a brief silence on the other end of the line.

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Yolanda's voice dripped with flirtation in the delicate cocoon of her ear. "Damien, you mentioned you'd come over once Cherise drifts into slumber. When might that be?"

"I'm a bit weary. When do you think Cherise will doze off?"

"Why not utilize the sleeping pills you've prepared? Didn't you prepare them?"

Cherise offered no reply.

She simply listened, her silence a canvas for Yolanda's monologue, punctuated by soft utterances of

"Mm," "Ah," "Okay."

"Excellent. Let's convene at our usual haunt tomorrow!"

Confronted with Yolanda's buoyant tone, Cherise sighed inwardly, rubbing her temples. "Ms. Weiss."

Finally, Yolanda exclaimed through the line, "You are..."

"I am Cherise."

With the phone nestled in her palm, Cherise sighed again, her brow furrowing.

While she didn't consider her initial "hello" particularly loud, it wasn't muted.

If her voice reached Yolanda's ears, why did Yolanda persist in this charade?

Furthermore, Cherise never fathomed her softened tone, which could mirror Damien's deep timbre.

Ms. Weiss knowingly played this game, which is evident in her calculated words.

The intention behind her carefully chosen words was evident.

Summoning a deep breath, Cherise offered a faint smile. "Ms. Weiss, I presumed your late call was in pursuit of an accord regarding the issue of the shares with my husband."

"As his spouse, I, too, wish for an amicable resolution."

"Yet, your deliberate choice of words only muddies the waters between you and my husband."

"Hence, I concur that my husband maintains a distance from you."

With this declaration, her tone turned icy. "It's late, Ms. Weiss. Rest well. Perhaps in your dreams, you'll succeed in winning over your desired quarry."

Without waiting for Yolanda's retort, Cherise terminated the call.

Attempting to sow discord between her and Damien with such crude methods?

No way!

"Finished?"

The car door swung open at an indeterminate time. Damien stood outside, exuding the scent of tobacco and the chill of the night air, a smile gracing his lips. "Just like the conduct of Mrs. Lenoir."

Cherise's cheeks flushed crimson. "You... you heard everything?"

"Mhmm."

With a smile, Damien entered the car, closing the door. His imposing frame once again enveloped

Cherise. "My dear little fool, you've grown, defending the honor of Mrs. Lenoir."

Cherise weakly pushed against him. "I've told you I'm not a fool!"

"But in my eyes, you'll always be my dear, my little fool."

When a shiver coursed through her body, Cherise pouted, poised to retaliate.

In a mix of surprise and anger, she met Damien's gaze. "Damien!"

"Yes, it's me,"

He replied, lowering his head to plant gentle kisses. "I'll ensure you're comfortable."

"Don't fret."

Cherise remained silent.

Comfort seemed irrelevant at the moment!

“I don’t want...”

“But your body spoke your desires,” he interjected.

With a smile, he drew her close, their bodies melding together. “Fear not, leave it all to me.

Cherise’s face flushed crimson, her voice faltering. “You’re insufferable...”

“Yes, you’re always right,” he quipped.

“Who knew I’d love you so fiercely, yearning to devour you each day...”