

## **Marrying 86**

### **Chapter 86 She Put Herself in His Shoes**

As there was a black sash over his eyes, Cherise had no idea he was looking at her.

She stood with her back facing him and cut the cake.

"I wished for you to turn smart, Damien said flatly..

Cherise paused immediately.

She pursed her lips. Still, she brought a mouthful of cake to him. "You've revealed your wish. It won't come true anymore."

Damien smiled and ate the cake. "You'll have to continue being dumb then.

She's pretty cute when she's dumb.

Cherise glanced at him indignantly. I'm not dumb."

Damien ate the cake calmly. He suddenly recalled his sister standing before him with a smile.

"Damien, you're thirteen years old. Why do you want me to feed you? Aren't you embarrassed?"

He was already a teenager by then, yet he insisted stubbornly, "I don't care. Feed me the cake. You're my sister. You have to take care of me forever!"

Maeve, who was around twenty, could only shake her head in resignation. "All right, open your mouth!"

“Damien, open your mouth.”

Cherise reminded Damien when she saw him in a daze.

Damien returned to his senses.

He could almost see Maeve standing in Cherise’s spot. His heart clenched painfully.

“I don’t want it.”

He closed his eyes. His tone was harsh.

Cherise pursed her lips, unable to understand his sudden mood change. She also stopped feeding him the cake.

1/3

She finished the remaining cake on the plate and said, “No more cake then. Let’s have dinner!”

Cherise thought of returning to her seat. However, she suddenly looked at him as if she realized something. “Erm, should I cut the steak for you?”

“No.”

Damien could not conjure any enthusiasm about dinner. Still, he did not want to disappoint Cherise. He added, “I’ll do it myself”

Cherise was relieved and returned to her seat.

Damien kept to his word.

He sat in his wheelchair and deftly cut the steak with his fork and knife. Then, he brought a small slice to his mouth and ate it.

He must have practiced for a long time to do this without sight...

Cherise thought about it ruefully. She was suddenly curious to experience the difficulty of cutting a steak in his condition.

Therefore, she grabbed the cutlery and closed her eyes. She reached for the plate.

'Clang!'

"Huh..."

The fork in her left hand did not touch the steak. At the same time, she moved the knife in her right hand too quickly. The plate flipped, and the steak flew off the plate. Furthermore, she accidentally cut her left index finger in her panic.

"Ah!"

The intense pain forced Cherise to open her eyes.

She looked at her bleeding finger and wanted to cry. Why am I so unlucky? I cut my hand instead of the steak.

"What's wrong?"

A masculine hand immediately grabbed her left hand. "Are you okay?"

She tried to stay strong, but his voice broke down her resolve.

2/3

Tears welled

up

in her eyes. "I... I'm fine..."

Seeing her forlorn expression, Damien immediately carried her and placed her on the couch.

He swiftly turned on the light and brought a first aid kit to her.

Cherise looked at Damien blankly.

Isn't he blind?

Why would a blind man need to turn on the light?

Also, why would he know where the switch is?

How... did he walk so fast and find the first aid kit so quickly?

Damien had already returned to her side as she was in a daze.

He

got down on one knee and held her bleeding hand. Then, he used a cotton bud to wipe. the bloodstain. At the same time, he scolded, "How did you cut your hand?"

Didn't she used to cook frequently?

Chapter 87 Do You Like How I Look

I've never seen her make this kind of mistake.

Cherise pursed her lips and answered awkwardly, "I closed my eyes just now..."

Damien paused in astonishment. "Why did you close your eyes?"

Cherise began to blush. "I..."

"I saw how well you cut the steak, and I wanted to understand what it's like to do it without sight."

After saying that, she was so embarrassed that she wished the floor would swallow her.

No wonder Damien called me dumb. What I did... was quite stupid.

She thought Damien would laugh at how silly she was.

However, she did not hear any laughter.

Instead, Damien gently caressed her hair. "Cherise."

"Yes?"

“You don’t have to understand how I feel. You only have to take care of yourself.”

Cherise pursed her lips and looked at him earnestly. “No, I don’t matter. I want to take care of you.”

Her voice and gaze were full of determination and stubbornness.

Damien chuckled and began to bandage her wound. “You must make sure you’re safe and healthy before you can take care of me.”

Cherise considered and nodded. “I understand.”

She seemed so docile that she reminded him of a little girl.

He smiled and focused on bandaging her wound.

Cherise sat on the couch and observed him.

He dressed her wound with practiced hands and could accurately find where her injury was.

1/3

Cherise bit her lip and hesitated before saying, “Dear.”

“Yes?”

“You... can see, right?”

Silence fell between them.

Damien was stumped briefly. Then, he cleared his throat and said, "You're right. I can see.

now."

There was a barely perceptible hint of nervousness in his voice. "Perhaps I was too anxious. I recover my sight briefly when I get too nervous."

Cherise widened her eyes. She never knew this could happen.

Then, she recalled what Jacob had said at the police station.

He said Damien had surgery and could regain his sight.

Does this mean the surgery works?

No matter the reason, he can see now. I'm so glad!

Cherise removed her hand from his hold and urgently held his face. "Dear, can you see

me?"

Her eyes glimmered like crystals under the light. They were full of anticipation and excitement.

Damien nodded. "Yes, I can."

Then, Cherise blushed and stammered. "Do... you like how I look?"

Isn't this his first time seeing me?

I'm so glad that I dressed up to celebrate his birthday.

Otherwise, he would be disappointed if he saw how dull I look without makeup.

Damien chuckled and gently pinched her soft cheek. "I like it."

In the next second, Cherise excitedly flung herself into Damien's embrace. "Dear, I'm so happy!"

Since he regains his sight temporarily, it proves he has a chance to recover fully.

2/3

Then, he will be able to see Tristan's true colors. He'll never fall for his lies again!

Cherise's excitement grew as she thought about it. Her heart thumped rapidly.

Damien let her embrace him.

Her warmth gradually enveloped his stone-cold heart.

After a while, he let her go. "Do you still want some steak?"

Damien remembered she did not eat anything besides the small slice of cake he had not finished.

Cherise blushed. "I'll eat a little."



She was hungry.

Damien stood up and went to the dining table. He brought the steak he finished slicing.

Before Cherise could take the plate, Damien took a fork and brought a bite of steak to her. mouth.  
“Open your mouth.”

Cherise was too stunned to speak. Is he... feeding me?

3/3

Chapter 88 You Must Have Big Dreams.

“I... I can do it myself.”

But he repeated bossily, “Open your mouth.”,

She opened her mouth obediently.

He fed her one piece after another.

Cherise’s face flushed.

After finishing the steak, she boldly removed the black silk covering his eyes while he wasn’t paying attention.

Perhaps it was subconscious, but Cherise felt his eyes were exceptionally bright and good- looking tonight.

Damien wasn’t angry that she had taken off his blindfold either. He stroked her earlobe. “Are you full?”

“Mm.”

After that, Cherise’s body was lifted.

He carried her from the side with a warm and gentle embrace. Cherise lay in his arms. indolently, and the corners of her lips lifted with a happy smile.

She was already drowsy when he placed her on the bed.

But she still forcefully perked up to look at him. “Darling, your legs... Are they getting better after some exercise?”

The man undid the buttons of her evening gown with a faint smile. “When have I said that something is wrong with my legs?”

Cherise was startled. She thought about it carefully. No one had ever said something was wrong with his legs.

She saw that he was in a wheelchair, so....

Her sleepiness instantly vanished.

The delicate woman crawled up from bed and leaped on Damien. Her hands embraced his neck. “Honey, it’s great that your legs are fine!”

1/3

“Pili!”

Lucy spat a mouthful of coffee out.

“You’re saying Damien can see you when he’s anxious?”

“Are you kidding me?”

Cherise had an honest expression. “I’m not joking. I’m serious.”

“You must be muddled from your rage at Cressa and mixed up your dream with real life.”

Lucy waved her hands. “Damien has been blind for over a decade. If Damien showed symptoms where he can see when he’s anxious, he would have long been cured!”

“Also, who would be in a wheelchair for over a decade when their legs are fine?”

“Really...”

Cherise lowered her head slightly disappointedly.

When she recalled last night’s matters, they were hazy to her. She didn’t dare to confirm whether they were real.

“Alright, don’t think about it anymore.”

Lucy waved her hands when she saw Cherise feeling gloomy. “Let’s talk about something. happier.”

“Like what?”

“Cressa isn’t at school today.”

Lucy picked up her coffee and sipped it gently. "Last night, Cressa's dad reportedly transferred Lyes Enterprise's stocks overnight to someone named Shaw and then announced bankruptcy."

"Everyone suspects he has a mistress outside. His wife, who has been through misfortune with him, has to stay with him through more hardships after he transferred his assets to his mistress!"

As Lucy spoke, she blinked at Cherise. "Tell me, you're also a Shaw. Could Cressa's dad have transferred his company to you?"

2/3

Cherise almost spat her coffee out. "How can that be?!"

"Why not?"

Lucy rolled her eyes. "What if Cressa's dad gave you the company as a polite apology?"

Cherise laughed and doubled over on the table. "Don't make me laugh, Lucy."

"Although I would feel great if it's true, it's impossible."

No matter what, Cressa's family often appeared on television and owned a large company. How could her family be in disarray because Cherise fought with Cressa?

Lucy naturally knew it was impossible, but she still pursed her lips. "You must have big dreams: What if they come true?"

3/3

## Chapter 89 Hello, Ms Shaw

Cherise smiled. She took a thick stack of lecture notes from her bag and started revising. "I don't have such ambitious dreams now. I only want to score well in today's advanced mathematics midterms."

"Oh my god!"

Lucy put down her coffee

cup.

She had forgotten that there was a mathematics midterm today!

\*Cherry, lend me your notes. I want to make a cheat sheet."

Cherise rolled her eyes and pushed away Lucy's restless hands. "No way!"

After that, she took out the advanced mathematics textbook. "Let me show you some questions that may be in the test..."

The advanced mathematics test was held as scheduled at two in the afternoon.

Cherise sat at a seat in the front row and calmly picked up her test paper before she started answering the questions.

She had always gotten near full marks in all her subjects. Therefore, her lecturers didn't need to pay her any attention during tests. They only needed to keep an eye on students who wanted to look at her answers.

An hour into the test, a series of rhythmic footsteps rang in the corridor outside.

Cherise, who was verifying her calculations, furrowed her brows from the noise.

Ultimately, she just stood up and handed her test paper in.

She picked up her yellow bag with ducks. Lucy, who was in the corner of the exam hall, looked at her worriedly.

Cherise gestured at Lucy to cheer her on before turning to leave.

“Hello, Ms. Shaw!”

Loud and clear male voices instantly rang in unison as soon as Cherise left the hall.

Two rows of men were standing on both sides of the corridor. They were of the same

1/3

height and build and wore identical black uniforms.

“Thud’

The yellow duck bag in Cherise’s hands fell in her surprise. The stationery in her bags. spilled out onto the ground.

When the men in black saw it, they swarmed forward like bees and swiftly picked up Cherise’s fallen belongings. They even picked up the scrap paper on which she had done. her calculations and returned it to her in one piece.

They put the intact yellow duck bag back in Cherise’s hands.

The head of the men in black coughed lightly. "One, two, three!"

The men in black started clapping. "Congratulations on finishing the test, Ms. Shaw!"

"We hope you come out on top, Ms. Shaw!"

The men's voices caused a stir in the entire corridor and exam hall as they rang in unison.

Students in the exam hall stretched their necks in succession to look outside.

The invigilator opened the door furiously. "What's going on, Cherise Shaw?!"

Cherise turned with a grieved expression. "Sir.. I don't know what's going on either..."

What on earth was going on?

The head of the men in black walked up beamingly. "Hello, Ms. Shaw. I'm Bernard Cones, the assistant to Shaw Group's president. This means I'm your assistant."

"These are employees of Shaw Group. They're your subordinates from now on. Today is the first day of your job, so we came to pick you up to inspect the office!"

Cherise was dazed.

Shaw Group?

Ms. Shaw?

Inspect?

“Are you sure... you have the right person?”

“Yes, of course!”

2/3

Bernard smiled and took out Cherise’s personal details from a briefcase. “Take a look. This is your picture, right?”

“Your name is Cherise Shaw, right?”

“You’re nineteen years old, right?”

Cherise was flabbergasted.

It was her personal details.

But she wasn’t a president!

Behind her, the invigilator was still glaring at her.

Cherise could only force herself to look at Bernard and the men in black behind him. “You say that I’m the president, right?”

“Yes.

“Will you obey me?”



“Of course.”

Cherise massaged the bridge of her nose, which was hurting. “Let’s go out.”

Thus, the men in black lined up in an orderly manner again as they followed Cherise and Bernard.

Chapter 90 Isn’t It Good to Be a President?

Cherise attracted the attention of many as she led a large group of people around campus.

She looked like a leader who was about to conduct an investigation.

Cherise summoned her courage and led them to the garden behind the

campus.

She breathed a sigh of relief when she confirmed no one else was around. She found a stone and sat down.

The row of tall, strong men in black in front of her blocked the sunlight.

Cherise turned to glance at Bernard. “Can you tell them to crouch down?”

“Of course!”

Bernard commanded the retired, well-trained special force soldiers, and they crouched down before Cherise obediently as though they were in the army.

The sunlight shone on her again..

Cherise took a deep breath before turning to glance at Bernard. "Explain to me clearly. What do you mean by Shaw Group? Why are you saying that I'm the president?"

Bernard coughed lightly. "It's like this, Ms. Shaw. Last night, our previous boss changed. the name of Lyes Enterprise to Shaw Group. He also transferred all the stocks under hist name and eighty percent of his assets to your name..."

Cherise stood frozen on the spot as though lightning had struck her. "What... What did you say?"

"Lyes Enterprise?"

"Yes."

Bernard grinned. "Randall Lyes, the one who drove you home last time. It's the under his name."

Cherise was stupefied.

Lucy had blabbered nonsense, but she was right?!

company

Randall had really transferred the company to Cherise?

Cherise was astonished and couldn't say anything for a long time.

1/3

"Um..."

She took out her cell phone and searched for the various theories online about Randall transferring his assets to his mistress. She showed it to Bernard. "Am I... this mistress?"

Bernard was surprised. "Yes."

"No, no. You're not!"

"You're not his mistress. You're openly taking what belongs to you. Others have no right to say anything!"

Cherise's head started to hurt. "But the news online says..."

Bernard nodded and took out his cell phone. "Hello, public relations department? Pay Twitter off immediately and scrub the site clean of tweets cursing our boss. Blacklist whoever as necessary and arrest those who started the rumors!"

Cherise was floored.

She felt like her head was hurting more.

"Can you contact Randall? I want to meet him."

Bernard picked up his cell phone again. "Seal off the airport. Don't let Randall leave Adania. Bring him back. Ms. Shaw has something to say to him!"

Cherise felt exasperated.

She ran to a corner of the garden while holding her cell phone. "Don't follow me!"

The girl lay on a large stone and called Damien helplessly.

When Damien's cell phone rang, he was leaning back in his chair in the study room, looking at the pictures that Blake had sent him.

In the picture, the small woman was worried as she crouched before well-trained special force soldiers.

The scene was so comical that it made him laugh aloud.

He answered the call. "Cherry."

The girl's voice on the phone was slightly teary. "Honey, it's frightening!"

"I inexplicably became the president of some company. Save me!"

2/3

Damien burst out laughing. "Isn't it good to be a president? Many people dream of it."

Cherise looked up at the dense mass of bodyguards at a distance and Bernard standing nearby, smiling faintly at her. "No!"

Damien felt playful and held his cell phone as he lifted his hands to look at the document. Randall had sent him on the computer. "Why not?"

"You can do and buy what you want."

Cherise was about to cry. "But none of this belongs to me!"

She was just a girl from the countryside. She couldn't handle being in an honorable position like a company's president!