

Marrying 871

Chapter 871 A Husband's Shield

Her outcry immediately drew the attention of the bystanders.

Cherise stepped back, preparing to retrieve her hat and mask, when she was warmly embraced.

Damien, holding Cherise with one hand and carrying Soren with the other, fixed a cold gaze on the

woman. "You should be mindful of your words."

"My wife has never engaged in plagiarism. If you persist in spreading false rumors, I won't hesitate to take action."

"Are you attempting to intimidate me?"

"I'm terrified!"

The woman sneered, "Damien, do you even know who I am?"

"I am Sebastian's secretary at the Weiss Group!"

"Soon, your Lenoir Group won't be yours anymore. What are you pretending for?"

Damien smiled faintly, his demeanor calm and distant. His eyes seemed to dismiss her words as inconsequential.

There was no hint of anger or annoyance, as though her insults were mere trifles.

The woman felt a sense of unease.

Despite the hurtful nature of her words, they failed to elicit any visible reaction from Damien.

It was evident that he had never held her opinions in high regard, regardless of their impact.

“Of course, I know who you are. Your name is Malice Thorn.”

Damien, holding Cherise, spoke calmly. “I am aware that Sebastian prompted your words.”

Malice was taken aback. “You...”

“If it weren’t for orders from above, a senior secretary wouldn’t speculate about company shares and ownership changes.”

“The fate of a company is influenced by more than just its shares. You should understand this.”

“Your actions suggest either incompetence or malice.”

“While I don’t know Sebastian personally, his recent business dealings suggest he wouldn’t hire an incompetent secretary.”

Damien smiled at Malice. “You can tell Sebastian his tactics won’t work on me.”

“If he wishes to challenge me, he should do so in the business arena. Insulting my wife will only

diminish his reputation and that of the Weiss Group.”

With that, Damien shielded Cherise and departed.

Even after their departure, Malice remained stunned, unable to regain her composure.

She had already portrayed herself enough as a shrew and unreasonable person.

How did this man see through her flaws?

Pursing her lips, she dialed a number. “Boss, it didn’t go as planned.”

“I witnessed it.”

Sebastian, concealed in the shadows, spoke. “You’re fired.”

Malice’s eyes widened. “But, Boss...”

“You’ve disrupted my plans.”

“But, Boss!”

Malice gripped her phone tightly. “I was listening in when the kindergarten teacher called! She didn’t

contact Damien!”

“I don’t know how Damien found out!”

Initially, Sebastian had tasked Malice with the mission of insulting Cherise, intending to coincidentally

intervene and assist Cherise, thus compelling Malice to apologize.

This will place Cherise in his debt once more.

However, Damien's unexpected arrival preempted this plan.

Sebastian chuckled. "It was an oversight on my part."

"If my spouse faces public criticism, I will also install a listening device on her phone to ensure her

safety anytime, anywhere."

Chapter 872 Midnight Determination

Standing by the window, Sebastian observed Damien gallantly open the car door for Cherise. "He's

quite an intriguing adversary."

"I've already arranged for Mr. Hampson to take Sera back home,"

Damien remarked casually during the drive. "If a situation like this arises again, I'll handle it."

Cherise, holding Soren tightly, expressed her concern. "I didn't want to disturb you. I thought you were

busy."

"I didn't anticipate the kindergarten teacher calling you as well,"

Damien responded with a faint smile in his obsidian-like eyes. "Indeed."

“From now on, I’ll take care of these matters.”

“You should gather the evidence that proves you didn’t plagiarize.”

“After proving your innocence, Soren won’t get into fights with his classmates anymore,” Damien assured.

Resting in Cherise’s embrace. Soren said, “Actually, I don’t want to fight.”

“They were too harsh with their words.”

Cherise hugged him tighter. “I understand.”

Later, at home, Cherise locked herself in the study until dinner, then resumed her work without pause.

She was aware of the concern surrounding her and the impact her situation had on others.

Even her five-year-old son had engaged in a scuffle with his classmates due to the situation.

Determined not to succumb to despair any longer, she recognized the urgency to compile evidence proving her innocence regarding the plagiarism allegations.

At three o’clock in the morning.

In the early morning, Cherise uploaded a document titled “Proof of Non-Plagiarized Data” to the internet.

Cherise took decisive action by uploading the original version of her thesis and the detailed plans and test results from her exhaustive efforts.

Additionally, she included photographs depicting surgical procedures and patients' recoveries.

However, compared to the engaging and accessible style of Gwenn's article, Cherise's documentation appeared dense and technical, making it challenging for non- professionals to grasp.

As it was uploaded overnight, the document failed to garner widespread attention due to its complexity, limiting its impact.

Early morning, Yolanda took to the internet to accuse Cherise of stealing proof, claiming that she had performed the surgery five years prior.

However, Yolanda was caught off guard when she realized that Cherise had not slept all night.

As she posted her comment, Cherise wasted no time responding, firm and unwavering. "If Ms. Weiss insists on your claim regarding the surgery five years ago, please provide a surgical confirmation letter from that time."

Yolanda's silence spoke volumes.

“Can Ms. Weiss provide it? If not, I have the necessary documentation,” Cherise asserted. confidently.

“And I possess a photo of the patient from that time. Would Ms. Weiss care to examine it?” she added.

Yolanda was caught off guard by Cherise’s assertiveness, her surprise evident in her stunned reaction.

As Yolanda processed Cherise’s message, she needed guidance, dialing Gwenn’s number in haste.

“Gwenn, what is our course of action here?”

“Didn’t you say that Cherise has a weak personality?”

But why did the person on the other end of the line seem like an armored tank, relentlessly firing one shell after another?

At that moment, Gwenn was nestled in bed with Evan, their passion consuming them.

Upon hearing Yolanda’s words, Gwenn scrolled through her phone, her expression turning cold as a smile crept onto her lips. “Since she wants to expose it, let her,”

“I have my own plans,” she added decisively,

After ending the call, Yolanda pursed her lips and replied to Cherise, “If you have the evidence, go ahead and expose it.”

Meanwhile, in the study of the Lenoir residence, Cherise read Yolanda’s response, a bitter smile

tugging at her lips.

Chapter 873 Unveiling the Truth

She had already suspected that this was Gwenn's intention.

But now, she no longer cared.

This was her affair.

She couldn't let the people around her worry about her anymore.

Gwenn was getting closer and closer, and she couldn't escape anymore.

There was nothing to fear.

Taking a deep breath, Cherise uploaded long-prepared documentation regarding the surgery's risks

and a poignant photograph featuring herself and Charisa.

"Allow me to acquaint you with the patient featured in my thesis, who underwent an unsuccessful

surgery: my mother, Charisa."

"In my earnest quest to heal her, I diligently researched her condition and devised a surgical plan."

"My mother was willing to cooperate with me."

"Following an unsuccessful surgery, I undertook a rigorous self-examination and, two months ago,

successfully treated another patient.”

“I find Ms. Yolanda’s accusations of plagiarism utterly confounding. To safeguard my mother’s privacy, I maintained silence. Unexpectedly, Ms. Weiss has exploited this situation. Henceforth, I shall pursue legal recourse against Ms. Weiss. This matter concludes here.”

Exhaling deeply, Cherise closed her eyes.

It felt as though she had waged a war within herself.

With determination, she powered down her computer and retreated to bed.

As she lay down where Damien’s comforting embrace awaited. “I’ve seen it all. You were remarkable.”

“Mhmm,”

Cherise smiled, nestling closer. “After all, I am the wife of President Lenoir.”

As weariness washed over her, she released a tired yawn. “So tired,” she murmured.

She was genuinely exhausted.

After an entire night spent crafting evidence and engaging in confrontation with Yolanda.

She sought solace in Damien’s embrace. “From now on,” she confessed, “people will only speak of me as heartless and unfilial rather than accuse me of plagiarism or theft.”

Soothingly, Damien's hand brushed against her head as he spoke. "Go to sleep," he urged.

"Damn it!"

Yolanda's expletive burst forth as she laid eyes on Cherise's latest declaration.

The frustration boiled within her, prompting an immediate call to Gwenn. "Gwenn, what in the world is going on?"

"Cherise's surgical patient is actually her mother!?"

With such incontrovertible evidence, Yolanda found herself devoid of any rebuttal, left vulnerable to public ridicule.

So, she became a laughingstock?

Gwenn did not mention anything like this when she asked her to accuse Cherise!

How could she, a member of the esteemed Weiss family, have embarked on a course of action so fraught with embarrassment?

Now, with Cherise's incriminating photo circulating, Yolanda couldn't shake the feeling of being ridiculed.

Is this the outcome that Gwenn desired?

“Stay calm for now,”

Gwenn’s tone was light, almost dismissive. “Didn’t you express a desire to win Damien over? Well,

here’s your chance.”

“A chance?”

Yolanda’s brow furrowed with uncertainty. “If Damien doesn’t perceive me as a fool, I’ll consider it a

victory.”

“And where is there a possibility of that?”

“Of course there is,”

Gwenn chuckled lightly, “Cherise is a deeply emotional individual.”

“If you incite her with accusations of causing her mother’s death, guess how she will react?”

Yolanda furrowed her brow, lost in contemplation for a moment before a realization struck her like a

lightning bolt. “Oh, right!”

The truth loomed ominously in her mind: Cherise’s initial surgical patient had been her mother. The

outcome was tragic, as the surgery inadvertently led to Charisa’s untimely demise.

Without Cherise's intervention, her mother might have enjoyed another month or two of life.

But what happened instead?

Charisa's health quickly deteriorated following the surgery, and tragically, she couldn't endure for more than two weeks before her passing.

Chapter 875 A Father's Trust

Beckham gazed into the camera, a subtle smile gracing his lips. "I firmly believe Cherise did not err."

"Were I in my wife's shoes five years ago, I would have made the same decision."

"On a smaller scale, it's due to my unwavering trust in my daughter and my willingness to place my life in her hands."

"On a grander scale, it's a step toward resolving these complex issues."

"After the events unfolded, I found the online commentary nonsensical."

"As the individuals closest to Charisa, Cherise and I—are averse to witnessing this outcome, yet we are the most profoundly impacted."

"Yet, netizens advocate for justice, labeling Cherise cruel and disloyal."

"May I ask: before this incident, did you truly pay heed to and understand Cherise?"

“Do you truly comprehend who Charisa was?”

“No, you don’t. You are merely following the herd without engaging in critical thought.”

“I genuinely hope you keyboard warriors can learn to think independently.”

Following Beckham’s video, another clip featuring Charisa emerged.

It was one Cherise had never viewed.

In it, Charisa appeared wan and weary, forcing a feeble smile.

“I am scheduled for surgery tomorrow,” Charisa spoke into the camera.

“I’ve recorded this video to prevent any misconceptions about my daughter should anything unforeseen occur.”

“I hope this footage remains unseen, for its viewing would mean my daughter endures. unwarranted suffering.”

In the video, Charisa’s smile remained gentle.

Watching Charisa like this, Cherise couldn’t help but burst into tears!

So it turns out...

It turns out that Mom had already anticipated everything five years ago...

She foresaw it all.

She even recorded this video to clarify things for her.

“I consented to the surgery willingly,” Charisa continued. “Cherise visited my hospital room earlier and expressed reluctance to proceed, fearing the worst.”

“But I’m unafraid, perhaps because I near death. I’ve experienced all life has to offer; a few months sooner or later makes no difference.”

Cherise could no longer discern Charisa’s subsequent words.

Tears streamed down her face as she covered her mouth, speechless.

Mom...

Cherise’s heart whispered. Her mother was genuinely extraordinary.

She was enduring hardships without complaint and seeking justice alone.

She harbored a love for her husband and shielded him from suspicion, supporting his business from afar for over a decade.

Even on her deathbed, she made decisions with her daughter and husband in mind.

It seems that she never lived solely for herself throughout her entire life.

With tightly clenched lips, Cherise whispered in her heart,

Mom, I still want to be your daughter in the next life.

I'll never leave you or let you suffer illness. I'll care for you...

Tears stained Cherise's reddened eyes as she departed from the research institute.

Climbing into her car, she immediately dialed Beckham's number.

"Dad,"

She sniffled, her voice choked with tears. "I watched those videos."

"As long as you're okay,"

Beckham's affectionate voice reassured her. "Why does your voice sound strained? Have you been crying?"

"Did Damien trouble you?"

"No,"

Cherise replied, shaking her head vigorously despite knowing Beckham couldn't see her. "I watched the video of you and Mom... It was profoundly moving."

Chapter 876 Damien's Timely Intervention

There was a prolonged silence on the other end of the line before Beckham let out a soft chuckle. You silly child."

"This is what parents should do."

Cherise shook her head, "Dad, your video came at the perfect time..."

Just this morning, she revealed her initial failed case, which involved her own mother. Within an hour,

Beckham's and Charisa's videos from years ago were uploaded directly to the internet.

Before the troll army attacking Cherise could escalate the situation, these two videos completely nullified their efforts.

"Damien orchestrated it,"

Beckham chuckled. "That video was recorded a few days ago when Lucy visited with Mandy to inform me of the challenges you would face."

Cherise's grip on the phone tightened as she processed this revelation. "You mean... this video..."

She slapped her forehead, finally understanding why Lucy had rushed to find Mandy.

So, when she went to see Mandy a few days ago, it was for this...

A surge of warmth filled the woman's heart.

So... Damien knew everything.

Before she even confessed to him, he had already deduced that the first case in her thesis pertained to

Charisa, hadn't he?

Otherwise, why would he have hastily dispatched Lucy to Europe before the plagiarism incident

erupted?

"Yes,"

Beckham chuckled, his voice tinged with emotion. "Damien truly cares about you."

"The crisis the Lenoir Group faces now is dire, and I am well aware of it."

"I thought that at this time, he would devote all his energy to work. Yet, unexpectedly, he had foreseen

the crisis you would face and made the most timely response..."

"In this regard, he surpasses even me."

His tone grew somber. "Throughout his life, I have never been able to protect the person I love the

most..."

"But Damien has done it."

“Cherise, with him by your side, even if I were to pass away now, I would have no regrets...”

Alarmed by Beckham’s words, Cherise quickly interjected, “Dad, what nonsense are you talking about?”

“I no longer have a mother, so you must live well. I still need you to help me take care of my children in the future!”

Beckham was brought back to reality by his daughter’s words.

He forced a bitter smile. “Yes, I cannot afford to die.”

“Your two little ones at home can’t do without me...”

After ending the call with Beckham, Cherise felt a gnawing unease.

She hesitated for a long while before dialing Mandy’s number. “Keep an eye on my dad for me.”

“I have a feeling that something is amiss with his emotions...”

He’s not unwell or facing any calamity, yet he mentioned death several times during our recent conversation. As a daughter, Cherise couldn’t help but feel unsettled.

“Understood,”

Mandy replied promptly. "I'll visit Uncle Beckham more often these days." But..."

She paused, leaving the rest unsaid.

Cherise furrowed her brows, "But what?"

"It's nothing,"

Mandy sighed. "However, I've noticed lately that he's made many new friends and seems happy every day."

"I don't think he's feeling down."

"But since have concerns, I'll you pay closer attention."

Cherise nodded, finding solace in Mandy's observation that Beckham had recently made new friends.

Chapter 877 Strategic Diplomacy

Having friends implies that there are still concer desperate measures, right? which means they won't easily resort to

After reminding Mandy, Cherise had Mr. Kolson drive her to the fresh market.

Dad is right.

Damien always prioritizes her

Despite the challenges in his company, he still manages to consider all the possibilities for her.

Despite Damien's business troubles, Cherise recognized that her support could extend beyond solving his professional challenges. While she couldn't directly assist with his business issues, she could provide comfort and care in other ways, such as cooking and staying by his side.

At the fresh supermarket, Cherise meticulously selected Damien's favorite foods, including the fish he enjoys and the vegetables he prefers. Additionally, she picked up ingredients for pierogis, She remembered that he loved her pierogis the most.

As Cherise exited the supermarket with her arms full of groceries, she unexpectedly encountered Sebastian entering the store.

"What a coincidence,"

Sebastian remarked as he noticed the assortment of ingredients in Cherise's hands. "It is the right time for a celebration."

Cherise offered a polite smile in return. "Are you also here to do some grocery shopping?"

Sebastian nodded lightly, returning the smile. "Can't I?"

"It's not that you can't."

Cherise, with a hint of surprise in her expression. "I must admit, it's unexpected to see someone of your status shopping for groceries personally."

"Of course I do,"

Sebastian replied with a smile. "Cooking is my hobby."

He continued, "Plus, recently, a certain woman in our family has been deceived by her friend and feels miserable. So, as her younger brother, I can only personally make her some delicious food to comfort her."

Sebastian then lowered his gaze, his expression serious as he addressed Cherise. "I haven't sincerely apologized to you yet."

"I asked my sister about it, and her friend named Gwenn asked her..."

Cherise interrupted, "I know."

"Ever since my thesis was stolen, I knew this day would come. It doesn't matter if it's your sister or someone else. It doesn't affect our friendship as classmates or the business relationship between you and my husband."

As she spoke, Cherise maintained a sweet smile on her lips as she looked at Sebastian. "But you

should indeed comfort Ms. Yolanda properly. After all, being deceived by a friend. feels quite uncomfortable.”

Sebastian stood still, his shock evident as he looked at the transformed woman before him.

She was graceful, calm, and far from the naive girl he remembered from their high school days at Shawbury High.

After a moment, he managed to smile. “How about having a meal together when we have time?”

Cherise nodded in agreement. “Sure.”

Suddenly remembering something, she looked up at Sebastian. “Can I bring my family?”

Sebastian’s body stiffened slightly at the request.

“When we catch up, there’s no need to bring your husband, right?”

Cherise’s grip on the vegetable bag tightened as she subtly adjusted her approach.

She had her motives for this meeting.

Despite being no longer employed at the Lenoir Group, Cherise knows Lennon is actively seeking opportunities to facilitate Damien’s contact with Sebastian.

If they could sit down and have a calm conversation, it might help resolve the crisis at the Lenoir Group.

So, she wants to help Damien.

She recognized Sebastian's reluctance to cooperate.

In that case, they can only find another way.

Considering the situation, Cherise suggests to Sebastian, "Alright, then, let's not bring our families.

"Let's make another appointment when we have time, and it's getting late. I'll leave first."

With a smile and a wave, she bids farewell to Sebastian and heads home.

Chapter 878 Suppressing Worries

Sebastian stood still, his gaze fixed on Cherise's departing figure, a mixture of emotions swirling within him. As he watched her walk away, he couldn't help but squint slightly, silently clenching his hands by his side.

She seemed much calmer and more composed than he had imagined. Her demeanor exuded maturity.

Yet, despite her newfound poise, Sebastian yearned for the carefree version of her that he had known in the past.

Upon returning home, Cherise dedicated three hours to preparing dinner for the evening.

Frances, her loyal assistant, smiled, "If Mr. Lenoir knew that you had prepared such a feast for him, he would undoubtedly be overjoyed!"

"Lately, Mr. Lenoir has been preoccupied with the company's affairs... Tonight, he will surely wear a smile on his face!"

As Cherise placed the final pierogis into the pot, a sense of concern crept over her. She turned to Frances and asked, "Has he been troubled recently?"

Why hadn't she noticed?

In theory, since she slept beside him daily, she should have been acutely aware of his mood and emotions more than anyone else.

But despite their proximity, she had never sensed any signs of worry or distress on his face.

Frances sighed knowingly, "Mrs. Lenoir, you wouldn't have noticed!"

"Mr. Lenoir mentioned that you have been extremely busy lately, with numerous matters demanding your attention..."

"Perhaps he fears that his concerns would burden you, so whenever you're around, he holds you close

with a smile.”/

“But what you don’t know, Mrs. Lenoir, is that when he is alone, his aura becomes quite oppressive...”

“He is actually facing a difficult situation. The shares of the company that were allocated to Raymond and Tristan were determined by Old Mr. Lenoir before his passing, and he cannot intervene, which is why they were able to sell them all off...”

“Now everyone in the company is worried, speculating that the Lenoir Group will soon be renamed the Weiss Group...”

As Frances spoke, she realized she had divulged too much information and cleared her throat, “But what I said may not be entirely accurate. I only overheard it from Mr. Kolson and Mr. Hampson during their conversations

Cherise pursed her lips and stared intently at the boiling pierogis in the pot, feeling like Pandora’s box had been opened in her heart.

So... Damien had been suppressing his own troubles to prevent her from feeling sad and upset?

If only she could assist him with his difficulties.

“Mom, why hasn’t Dad come back yet?”

Sera lay sprawled across the table, her stomach grumbling audibly. With a pleading look, she turned

her dark eyes towards Cherise. "I'm so hungry!"

"Can't we eat yet?"

Soren, unable to bear his sister's discomfort, frowned at Cherise. "Did you try calling him?"

"It's getting late. We should eat and then head to bed."

Cherise sighed inwardly, feeling the weight of responsibility. "You two go ahead and eat," she said, her voice tinged with resignation.

Cherise observed Frances heating up the food in the microwave as the children began their meal.

With a heavy heart, she reached for her phone and dialed the familiar number.

Once again, she was met with the same busy signal she had encountered countless times before.

With a deep breath, she rose from her seat. "Frances, please help the children with their bath and

bedtime routine once they finish eating," she instructed.

Frances nodded understandingly and fetched a thermos from the kitchen. "I'll do it right away. Please

return soon," she said, her voice filled with concern. With a solemn nod, Cherise carefully filled the

thermos with food before departing from the house.

The early autumn evening air was chilly, prompting her to bundle up tightly in her clothes as she made her way to the Lenoir Group.

Due to Damien's past grand proposal to Cherise in Adania, the receptionist and security guards at the Lenoir Group recognized her.

Chapter 879 Send Me a Gift

She smoothly entered the elevator and arrived on the 24th floor, where Damien's office was.

"Candace is lucky to get so close to the president."

"It's not just luck. Candace must have been pretty capable. Otherwise, how could she be transferred to the president's office to serve him?"

"That's true..."

As the elevator doors opened, Cherise overheard several women, who appeared to be secretaries, sipping water and gossiping softly by the corridor.

Cherise furrowed her brows slightly. As far as she knew, Lenoir Group only had one president, Damien.

"You're all here." A sweet voice sounded as Cherise turned to the gossiping women. She instinctively glanced at the lady who had spoken.

She wore a fitted suit, perfectly tailored to accentuate her figure and make her look alluring.

“Candace!”

“Candace, why do you have time to come out? We thought you’d be cozying up with Mr. Lenoir inside all night!”

“Yeah, I saw Mr. Lenoir nearly sweep you into his arms just now!”

The other women chattered excitedly when the lady named Candace approached them.

Cherise held the thermal lunchbox and pursed her lips. Those women hadn’t noticed Cherise’s presence and were still gossiping away.

“Don’t say such nonsense.” Candace looked down, feigning shyness. “Mr. Lenoir is married and has two children. People will misunderstand if you talk like this...”

The other women burst into laughter upon hearing Candace’s words, “Who doesn’t know that? His wife is the doctor getting criticized online these days.”

“Besides, she never comes to the company. What are you afraid of? Mr. Lenoir’s work hours belong to you; hers is after work. There won’t be any conflict!”

“Exactly. With your outstanding abilities, you can be his perfect helpmate!”

“You can help him the way a conservative doctor can’t! That’s your advantage!”

“Um.” Candace smiled shyly as she listened to those women. “You’re right.”

“But... I was so nervous... Mr. Lenoir was so close to me just now... I could feel his breath on my ear...

My heart almost leaped out of my chest!”

As she said this, the women around her began to exclaim, “Oh my, I’m so envious of you!”

“Once you’re successful in the future, don’t forget about us...”

“That’s right...”

The other women echoed one after another.

“Of course.” Candace stood straight and raised her chin. “Once Mr. Lenoir and I are in a relationship, I’ll get you all presents!”

“Nice!”

“That’s more like it...”

Hearing those women, Cherise narrowed her eyes and made up her mind. She strode to them, saying,

“Please remember to send me a gift too.”

The women were surprised to be interrupted by an unfamiliar voice. They immediately turned to Cherise.

Not knowing who Cherise was, one of them even pouted, saying, "Who are you? Don't you feel ashamed demanding gifts like this?"

"Is it shameless of me to ask for gifts, or are your behaviors more shameless? You praised a woman desiring to have an affair with a married man and demanded gifts from her. Aren't you ashamed?"

Then, she yawned before continuing, "I have every right to ask for a gift from Candace here. If she steals my husband, she should give me a gift. Isn't that a reasonable request?"

The group of women instantly fell silent upon hearing Cherise's words.

Chapter 880 Peeping

Everyone stared at Cherise in shock. "Mrs...Mrs. Lenoir!"

Candace turned pale. "Mrs. Lenoir..."

Cherise smiled at her. "Don't call me that. Perhaps this title might soon be yours."

There was no trace of anger or jealousy in Cherise's voice. Her tone was calm as if she was discussing the weather.

The other women could not help but be impressed by her composure. If it were them, they could never remain that calm if they discovered a woman getting in between their relationship with their husband.

As everyone was at a standstill, Candace's phone rang. It was a call from Damien.

Candace held the phone, hesitating whether to answer it. But Cherise noticed the number on the phone screen and smiled. "Answer it."

Candace silently pressed the answer button.

A deep male voice commanded sternly from the phone, "Come to my office immediately."

Candace pursed her lips. She looked at Cherise with fear and a sense of triumph.

But Cherise merely smiled at her. "Go. Don't mention I'm here. Otherwise, you know the consequences."

Candace looked pale as she nodded. She turned around and hurried into Damien's office. After she left, the corridor instantly quieted down again.

Cherise glanced at the other women, who kept their gaze down, not daring to speak. "I remember you were talking about how you saw Candace and Damien almost embracing, right?"

No one said a word.

Cherise spoke again, "Who will take me to see what they are doing inside? I'll tell my husband to give a raise to whoever volunteers."

After a moment of silence, a petite girl in black stepped forward and led Cherise to a corner. An angled glass in that corner gave them a good view of what was happening in Damien's office.

Cherise was impressed that they noticed such a hidden angle. She stood there and watched the scene inside the office.

She saw Damien lean coldly in his chair. He held his phone while looking at Candace sternly as if reproaching her about something.

Candace's face was flushed from his scolding, and she was on the verge of tears. But Damien did not show any tenderness or pity. He continued to speak angrily.

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14:46

Chapter 880 Peeping

Watching this scene unfold before her, Cherise silently turned around and looked at the women behind her. "Is this what you call intimacy?" She had braced herself to witness something that would break her heart.

As she pondered, Damien dialed a number on his phone. Suddenly, Cherise's phone rang.

She was startled and immediately thought to answer the call. However, she realized Damien was looking at her from his office.

Oh no, he caught me peeping at him.

"Why are you here?" Before Cherise could decide how to react, Damien had already rushed out of his office and stopped before her. His gaze seemed to burn as he looked at her. Then, he noticed the thermal lunchbox in her hands, prompting his lips to curve with delight. "Are you here to bring me food?"

After saying that, he immediately pulled her into his embrace. "So thoughtful."

Cherise did not know what to say.

Meanwhile, the other women witnessed Damien's behavior and exchanged glances. Only a few minutes ago, they were in awe of Candace, thinking she had a chance of becoming Damien's lover.