

Marrying 91

Chapter 91 My Husband Is Always the Best

The girl breathed in. "Darling, right now, I feel like I've just been hit in the head by five million. I don't dare move or spend any of it. I'm also slightly fearful..."

Damien laughed lightly. "Lyes Enterprise is worth more than five million."

"The stocks Randall transferred to you are worth around five hundred million."

'Bang!' Cherise dropped her cell phone in astonishment.

After a long time, she picked up her cell phone. "I told Bernard to look for Randall. Can I give it back to him?"

"No."

Damien smiled lightly. "Asset transfer takes one month to come into effect. In this month, the assets can only belong to you."

Cherise pursed her lips. "What if I transfer it back to him in a month?"

"You can't."

She furrowed her brows. "Why?"

The man leaning in the chair shifted into a comfortable position. "Because he won't want

it."

Cherise's frown deepened.

"So what should I do..."

Damien smiled faintly as he looked at the financial statement of the newly renamed Shaw Group. His lips curved indifferently. "You can only become the president."

"This corporation has over one hundred thousand employees, and Randall refuses to work. If you don't want to take the position, these people will be left jobless."

"Uh..."

Cherise instantly felt a weight on her shoulders,

But she didn't have a clue what to do!

She was a cardiology student!

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She didn't aspire to be a president. She wanted to be a doctor!

Damien guessed Cherise's thoughts and laughed lightly. He stopped teasing her. "I've listened to the butler read the newspapers for over a decade. Perhaps I can help you."

It was like Cherise had found her knight in shining armor. "Alright! You must help me, darling!"

"Help me manage the company. I'll advise Randall to recall his decisions. We can do it!"

Damien laughed. It was hard to hide the indulgent tone in his voice. "Aren't you worried that a blind man like me will mess this up?"

Cherise shook her head earnestly. "No. My husband is always the best!"

Even if he messed things up... He would be better than me since I'm clueless, right?

The corner of Damien's lips lifted as she complimented him. "Alright. On the surface, you'll be Shaw Group's president, and I'll support you."

"Okay! It's a deal!"

When he said that, the burden in Cherise's heart finally lifted.

But...

She looked back at Bernard far away, who was still smiling at her faintly. "What should I do now?"

"Follow them back to inspect the office."

escape

On the other end of the call, Damien's voice was indifferent. "In any case, you can't be the company's president. Why don't you experience how being a president feels like?"

Cherise's brows furrowed as she thought about it. He's right.

It was an opportunity others didn't have, even if they desired it. Why don't I bring Lucy with me and have fun?

“Cherry!”

Cherise had just ended the call when Lucy rushed out from the lecture building and ran over.

She panted as she stopped before Cherise. She wiped her sweat and glanced at the dense.

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mass of bodyguards. “I wouldn’t have been able to find you if not for this army in black. Why are you here?”

Cherise had a bitter expression. “I don’t want to make a scene.”

She breathed in and told Lucy about how Randall had transferred his stocks to her.

“Oh my god!”

Lucy rocked back and forth with laughter. “I really guessed it correctly?”

“Cherry, how powerful is your blind husband?”

“After Cressa swore at you last time, her father personally came in a lengthened Lincoln to drive you home.”

“Cressa fought with you yesterday, and her dad gave the company to you in fright?”

Chapter 92 Earn Your Own Keep

Cherise and Lucy walked ahead while Bernard led the rest of the men behind them.

The gazes of other students on the way made Cherise uncomfortable.

She flattened her lips as she held Lucy's hand. I can't return the money and the company to Cressa's dad within a month..."

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"So I must still be the nominal president of Shaw Group for the next month."

Lucy doubled over from laughter. "I never imagined that I would one day be the friend of a president whose total assets are worth five hundred million!"

Cherise rolled her eyes at Lucy.

Randall's lengthened Lincoln, which he had picked Cherise up with the last time, was parked at the school entrance.

Bernard opened the car door, and Cherise didn't argue with him. She pulled Lucy and entered the vehicle.

Lucy glanced out the window. "Where are we going now?"

Cherise massaged the bridge of her nose. Her head hurt slightly. "According to my husband..."

"I'm going to inspect the office as the president and have fun."

Lucy was startled. After that, she pulled Cherise's arm with a smile. "I'll come with you!"

Cherise nodded. "I want you to come with me."

She couldn't cope alone.

Therefore, Cherise spent the afternoon amid greetings from Shaw Group employees.

At every department, she heard groups of people cry deafeningly, "Hello, Ms. Shaw!"

Cherise felt she was about to go deaf at the end of the afternoon.

But Lucy was in high spirits.

She kept taking selfies and posting them on Twitter. 'How does it feel to have a best friend. who's a president? Like this!"

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Cherise leaned back weakly in a genuine leather chair as she watched Lucy having fun. "Bernard paid Twitter off today. Tweet less about me. Otherwise, you might get

blacklisted."

After that, Lucy stared at her cell phone in astonishment. "My account is gone!"

Cherise was dumbfounded.

Should I commend Bernard for working so efficiently?

She finally returned to Lenoir Manor as the sun set.

As she exited the lengthened Lincoln, Cherise only had one thought in her heart. I want to sleep!

The girl took a few giddy steps when her cell phone rang.

She answered it without glancing at the screen. "Hello?"

"Cherry."

Eriana's greedy voice rang on the phone. "Your cousin was bored, so he was reading the news in the hospital room today. He said he saw you on the news?"

The middle-aged woman's voice harbored malicious intent. It made Cherise perk up instantly.

She pursed her lips, and her voice was icy. "He must have been mistaken."

"Heh. He wasn't."

On the other end, Eriana laughed coldly. "How different it is when you're the mistress of a rich man. You acquired a company worth five hundred million so easily."

"You're a president now. Since the company is Shaw Group, tell me, shouldn't you give me some shares?"

"Remember that you wouldn't have survived until now without the Shaw family."

Cherise silently gripped her cell phone.

It wasn't true that those from the countryside were simple.

Although Eriana was just a farmer, she knew to ask Cherise for shares rather than at this time.

money

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Cherise took a deep breath and pursed her lips. "Aunt Eriana, I was never anybody's mistress. The money and shares aren't mine. I'm just temporarily safekeeping them for

someone."

"If you need money, please earn your own keep!"

After that, she hung up.

But Eriana still called her relentlessly.

She was annoyed by the noise, so she turned off her cell phone.

The girl was tired after the long day. She composed herself and opened the villa's doors.

"I'm back, Mr. Hampson!"

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Chapter 93 A Hidden Identity

"I'm back, Frances!"

The girl greeted all the servants in the villa energetically, as usual.

When she looked at Mr. Hampson, he blinked at her and smiled. "Welcome home, Ms. Shaw."

Cherise was dumbstruck.

Her face paled, and she pursed her lips in exasperation at Mr. Hampson. "Being president isn't fun at all!"

She couldn't even remember all the disorganized departments in the company, let alone manage it.

Remembering these things was more challenging than attending classes.

Mr. Hampson continued smiling. "You're a president at nineteen years old. Others can't even dream of such a thing, but you don't like it."

Cherise flattened her lips. "I didn't acquire it with my own efforts."

She felt like she was dreaming.

She didn't know how Cressa's dad had been provoked to make such a decision.

Was it possible he feared the consequences of Damien's power because she had fought. with Cressa?

But it didn't make sense. Those who knew anything about Damien knew he didn't have much presence in the Lenoir family. Even Cressa understood this fact. Why was Cressa's dad so frightened?

Could Damien have any hidden advantages she didn't know about?

When Cherise thought of it, she quickly went to Mr. Hampson's side. "Mr. Hampson, tell me. Did my husband have anything to do with Cressa's dad giving me the company?"

Mr. Hampson smiled and nodded. "Of course he did."

If not for Damien speaking up, how would Randall have been willing to give up the company he had painstakingly built up?

He had transferred eighty percent of his assets to Cherise, and the remaining twenty

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percent was enough for his family to open a small business and live the rest of their lives!

After all, Randall was just an undiscovered talent back then who had worked as a marketing manager. If not for Damien, Randall wouldn't have been able to make twenty percent of his wealth in his life.

Of course, only Damien's trusted aides knew about the stories behind the scenes.

Cherise pursed her lips and looked at Mr. Hampson cautiously as she said, "Does my husband have another identity?"

Mr. Hampson was momentarily startled. "Another identity?"

"Yes."

Cherise was serious. "I can't figure out why Cressa's dad was willing to transfer his company and money to me. My husband's public identity doesn't warrant such drastic action."

"Therefore."

The girl's eyes were bright. "Does my husband have a hidden identity?"

Mr. Hampson froze slightly.

Mr. Lenoir always said Mrs. Lenoir was foolish, but before him was a Mrs. Lenoir who was reasonable and made educated guesses. She wasn't dumb at all!

Upon seeing Mr. Hampson hesitate, Cherise's eyes grew brighter.

She looked at him expectantly, "Tell me, Mr. Hampson."

Mr. Hampson's face flushed under her innocent and adorable gaze. "Mrs. Lenoir, Mr. Lenoir is waiting for you in the study room."

But Cherise was persistent. "Mr. Hampson, you must know. Please tell me."

"What do you want him to tell you?"

As Cherise continued to bother Mr. Hampson, a man's indifferent and low voice rang at the entrance of the first-floor elevator.

Cherise pursed her lips and looked away from Mr. Hampson. She turned and smiled at Damien. "Darling!"

A bright smile hung from the girl's pretty face. She revealed two shallow dimples.

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Damien's gaze started to soften through the layer of black silk.

He waved at her. "Come here."

Cherise ran over obediently. She pushed his wheelchair to the dining room and asked cautiously. "Honey, do you understand the photos of the structure of the company's departments that I sent you this afternoon?"

Chapter 94 Spend A Night with Me.

"Also, they want me to go for an early meeting tomorrow morning. Do you know how to run a meeting?"

Her earnest appearance corresponded with her hardworking and studious persona.

Damien answered each question patiently. "If you're afraid of the meeting tomorrow morning. I can come with you."

"That's great!"

Cherise turned his face excitedly and kissed his cheek. "If you're with me, darling, I'm not afraid of anything!"

She didn't know why, but she was willing to trust him even when she knew full well that Damien had no professional managerial talents.

She trusted him firmly without any doubt.

At a distance, Mr. Hampson was startled when he saw the action of Cherise holding Damien's face and kissing it.

If he remembered correctly, Damien hated intimate touch with anyone since the incident. when Damien was thirteen years old.

Damien had cleaned his injuries even when he had burns on his face. He had never let anyone touch his face.

But Cherise...

Mr. Hampson's gaze fell on Cherise's hands, which were stained with fountain pen grease.

He was astonished again.

Mrs. Lenoir... Not only did she use her hands to hold Mr. Lenoir's face and kiss him, but her hands were also unwashed....

Mr. Lenoir unexpectedly didn't get angry or repel her?

"Put your bag down and wash your hands. Then, come eat."

Damien picked up a napkin and wiped away the saliva from her kiss slightly exasperatedly.

Cherise laughed slightly embarrassedly. "I'll be back at once!"

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After that, the delicate woman ran up the stairs, thumping with her yellow duck bag.

After a while, the bright girl returned energetically.

She sat across from Damien and beamed at him. "Honey, since you've figured it out, can. you teach me after dinner?"

The servants started serving dinner at the table.

Damien spoke with a faint smile. "Randall will be less willing to take the company back when he sees how earnest you are."

Cherise was dumbstruck.

She flattened her lips, picked up her utensils, and quietly poked at the food on her plate. "I just feel like since I'm already in such a position. I should have the correct attitude and do what I must properly."

She thought of how there seemed to be many people unsatisfied that she was the

president when she was inspecting the office in the afternoon. They had even mocked and ridiculed her.

Although Bernard had sent people to deal with them, she still felt uncomfortable thinking about it.

She had never cared when others ridiculed her family background and circumstances.

But she couldn't stand others saying she was incapable!

She was competent!

She always came in first in all her subjects!

Damien saw her unhappy face with pursed lips and shook his head in exasperation. "I can teach you, but there is a fee."

Cherise's eyes instantly lit up..

She looked up at him. "What's the fee?"

The man picked up his utensils elegantly and took some food. "Spend a night with me."

Cherise was dumbstruck.

She was a studious student.

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After finishing dinner, she followed Damien to the study room anxiously.

However, the company's personnel structure and roles were too tricky.

She lay on the desk and fell asleep shortly.

Under the light, Damien sat next to her. He looked at her delicate figure and the notebook. before her with thick scribbles comparable to her lecture notes.

A faint smile appeared on the corners of the man's lips.

He reached out and tucked a strand of hair on her face behind her ears.

The girl's fair face seemed more translucent under the glow of the light.

He looked at her and kissed her almost uncontrollably.

“Mr. Lenoir.”

His thin, cool lips had just touched her fair, porcelain-like skin when Mr. Hampson’s voice rang at the door. “Randall is here.”

The man stood up indifferently and took the pen out of Cherise’s hands before carrying her. “Let him wait for me in the study room.”

After that, Damien carried Cherise out of the study room and walked toward the bedroom.

Chapter 95 I Had a Nightmare

The light lengthened the man’s shadow.

Mr. Hampson sighed again upon watching Damien carry Cherise.

Cherise honestly had a good effect on Damien.

Cherise, the good influence, had a very long dream.

She dreamt of madly spending money after receiving the gift from Cressa’s dad.

Firstly, Cherise had spent money treating her grandmother and Damien’s sickness. After that, she bought Uncle Shaw and Aunt Sarah a house. She had even sent Sky and Tay to good schools.

She also bought many things and ate a lot of delicious food as she flaunted her wealth. with great pleasure.

After that, she was arrested by the police.

The police said that Randall's money was illegal. She would have to go to jail since she had spent it.

Therefore, Cherise awoke in fright.

After waking up, the first thing she did was call Bernard. "Our company doesn't have any illegal businesses, right?"

On the other end, Bernard was in a daze from being awoken and momentarily startled. "Probably not."

Cherise panicked. "Probably not or definitely not?"

But only Bernard's steady breathing responded on the other end.

He had fallen asleep again.

Cherise called out to him a few times, but he didn't respond.

Cherise gave up.

She put on her clothes, got out of bed, and searched for information regarding Lyes. Enterprise.

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It surprised her that Lyes Enterprise was a new company established only five years prior.

The company's boss, Randall, was initially a poor and miserable department manager. But one day, five years ago, he suddenly had twenty million, which helped Lyes Enterprise rise in Adania.

As for the date Randall had established Lyes Enterprise...

Cherise was surprised. Five years ago... yesterday?

Was Lyes Enterprise launched five years ago on Damien's birthday?

She continued reading. What surprised her more was that Lyes Enterprise's significant events happened on Damien's birthday every year.

But whether it was Randall or his family members, none of their birthdays were related to that date.

Cherise was baffled. Was it possible that Damien's birthday had special significance to Randall?

She looked at the information for a while but couldn't glean anything worthwhile, so she stopped analyzing it.

She looked at the time. It was already eleven o'clock at night. Was Damien still busy?

She yawned and opened the door before heading to the study room to look for him.

She had just left the bedroom when she saw a middle-aged man's figure walk down.

From his direction, he must have come from the study room.

Why was there still a visitor at home when it was so late?

Cherise was momentarily puzzled before she went to look for Damien in the study room.

Under the amber light in the study room, Damien's eyes were still covered with black silk. as he sat there. Mr. Hampson was at one side reading Damien something Cherise didn't understand.

Mr. Hampson immediately stopped when he saw Cherise there.

Damien said indifferently, "Why are you awake?"

Cherise pursed her lips. "I had a nightmare."

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"Greg."

The man called Mr. Hampson by his first name.

Mr. Hampson immediately answered, "Yes."

"Let's continue tomorrow."

He rolled his wheelchair to Cherise nonchalantly. "I'm going to go sleep with my wife."

Mr. Hampson was briefly startled. Was his boss... expressing a public display of affection before him?

Cherise's face flushed and felt hot..

She bid Mr. Hampson goodnight slightly embarrassedly before quickly pushing Damien's wheelchair back to the bedroom.

After helping Damien wash up, she lay in his arms. She tossed and turned, but she couldn't fall asleep.

The dream had left her slightly fearful.

"Don't be afraid."