

Marrying 141

Chapter 141 Hubby, Save Me

Instead, it was the work of the cursed Damien.

“Argh! D*mn it!”

Tristan cursed furiously the moment he entered Lenoir Manor.

If not for Damien’s actions and the pressure from Randall, Tristan would never have wanted to step into Damien’s house.

However...

He noticed a delicious fragrance from the kitchen. The food smelled incredibly wonderful.

Cherise was putting a freshly baked pie on the table when Tristan entered.

Early morning sunlight shone on the golden pie crust. A fragrant aroma filled the air. Tristan had not eaten last night and could not stop his stomach from growling.

It was only six in the morning. The servants had not arrived for work in the manor. Thus, Cherise was alone in the spacious living room.

Therefore, she could hear the sound of Tristan’s stomach growling clearly.

Cherise glanced in the direction of the noise. Her happy smile disappeared instantly. “Why are you here?”

Tristan pushed aside his hunger and returned to his senses.

He glanced at Cherise with disdain. "What? Am I not welcome?"

Cherise was nineteen, but her face was still innocent and doll-like. On the other hand, her body had an alluring curvaceous body. Her curves were visible even though she wore oversized loungewear and an apron.

Tristan had seen many women of every shape and size.

However, he could not deny that Cherise's face and figure were among the ten most beautiful in his mind.

Her eyes were incredibly alluring. They looked pure and seemed to glow like crystals.

An abundance of morning light filtered through the clear glass windows, adding a nice glow to her cheeks.

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Tristan was so distracted by Cherise's beauty that he forgot what happened when he attempted to rape her previously.

He gradually approached Cherise. "Look at you dressed like this in the early morning. Are you trying to seduce me?"

Cherise was confused.

What's wrong with my clothes?

They are only plain loungewear and an apron.

Unfortunately, in reality, it did not matter what a woman wore. If a man had an undue desire for her, he would think the woman was seducing him even when she wore rags.

At that moment, Tristan was convinced that Cherise was seducing him.

He strode toward her, not bothering to conceal his desire. "Since you're up so early. I assume you didn't get laid last night."

"But then, it makes sense. That blind man can't even take care of himself. How can he bed.

you?"

"What about I help you..."

His daring attitude and words terrified Cherise. She instinctively ran toward the kitchen.

There's a knife on the chopping board!

If I grab it, he won't be able to hurt me...

Unfortunately, she could not make it to the kitchen.

Tristan vaguely remembered what had happened to him previously.

He grabbed Cherise by her hair and dragged her onto the couch, trapping her beneath. him. "Your servants start work late."

"But that's fine with me. We will have finished a few rounds by the time anyone arrives!"

Cherise struggled beneath him with all her might. "Let me go!"

“Help!”

Unfortunately, Tristan was stronger. No matter how hard Cherise tried, she could not break free or hide.

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Tristan pressed his disgusting body on her, but she could not push him off.

She closed her eyes in panic and screamed, “Help!”

“Hubby, save me!”

Suddenly, she felt a heavy weight lifted off her.

Cherise opened her eyes in trepidation.

Blake restrained Tristan on the floor before her.

At the same time, Damien had reached her side with a black sash over his eye. He wiped

her tears with his hand. “Don’t be scared.”

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Chapter 142 You Have to Rely on Me

“Hubby!”

Having experienced helplessness and utter despair, Cherise could not help but relief upon being rescued by the man she loved the most.

She flung herself into his embrace. "Hubby, I knew you would save me!"

cry

with

Tristan spat with disgust while Blake pinned him to the floor. "What the heck? He didn't even save you!"

"It's this kid who dragged me off? Your blind husband couldn't see anything I do to you!"

"Shut up!"

Blake slapped Tristan, causing his cheek to swell.

"My husband saved me!"

Cherise sniffled and glared at Tristan through her tears. "Although my husband cannot see anything, he's still a hundred times stronger than you!"

Damien embraced Cherise and coaxed her. It took a while for her to calm down from Tristan's assault.

"Blake, let him go," Damien instructed emotionlessly after placing Cherise on the couch.

Blake frowned. "But he... I want to kill him!"

Tristan trembled at Blake's determined words.

Damien smiled. "He's my cousin. We can't kill him, but you can give him a little beating."

"Understood," Blake replied and punched Tristan's face.

Tristan regretted not bringing a bodyguard with him.

"I didn't expect you to show up and cause trouble so early."

Damien calmly pushed his wheelchair toward the dining room.

Cherise got up immediately to help him.

"Pfft!"

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Tristan rolled his eyes when Blake released him. He rubbed his swollen cheek and sat on the couch. "You caused me trouble in the middle of the night. I was only returning the favor!"

He slept soundly at home last night when Shaw Group secured the orders. Randall had dragged him out of bed and scolded him the rest of the night.

Hatred filled Tristan's eyes as he recalled what he had to endure.

He did not expect a blind shut-in to have such a broad reach.

The wheelchair stopped before the dining table.

Damien calmly ate breakfast and said, "Tristan, you've also started doing business. Don't you know how to separate business from personal matters?"

"I snatched the business deal you wanted. But instead of resolving it professionally, you showed up at my house and harassed my wife.

"If words go out in public, everyone will laugh at you for the rest of your life."

Tristan's face turned pale.

Reputation was vital in doing business,

While rivalries were common in business, it was commonly understood not to attack one's personal life and family.

Otherwise, no one would want to do business with such a person anymore.

Moreover, everyone would even mock the person for being a sore loser.

The Lenoir family remained prominent in the business world for so long due to its good reputation.

If Tristan's reputation were ruined, he could never hope to inherit old Mr. Lenoir's properties.

Tristan narrowed his eyes and glared at Damien. "If you dare to tell anyone, I'll make you regret it!"

"You and I are the only heirs of the Lenoir family. You're blind, so Grandpa will never pass the company to you. The Lenoir family has to depend on me in the future!"

"You should be nicer to me. When I take over Lenoir Group, you must depend on me for your living expenses!"

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Tristan attempted to lure Damien to his side. "When I take over, I'll be more generous than Grandpa and give you more pocket money!"

Damien laughed.

He had a deep and charming voice.

His laughter was pleasant to hear.

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Chapter 143 Beg Him.

Cherise was infatuated with Damien's voice.

On the other hand, the same voice sounded mocking in Tristan's ears.

"Tristan, why would I need you to fund my living expenses?"

Damien calmly sipped a glass of milkshake. "Have you considered the reason you're here?"

Tristan's expression froze. His face turned pale.

The reason I'm here...

Damien continued indifferently, "Have you realized how ridiculous your claim sounds? You lost the business deal. Yet, you dared to tell me, who has the business deal that I have to rely on you for living expenses."

Tristan's expression darkened. "You know why I'm here?"

"You think?"

Damien sneered, "Since you're here to beg, you should do it properly."

"You should tone down your attitude and apologize to Cherise. Then, perhaps I might agree to your request."

Raymond was not stupid. He knew his son was not cut out for business.

The business deal Damien snatched was almost a done deal for Raetec Group.

Raymond wanted Tristan to secure his position in the company. That was why he gave Tristan a big business deal that was almost guaranteed to succeed.

Even if Tristan was useless, Raymond had to find ways to make him appear competent.

Yet, Damien's team snatched the deal the day before the contract was to be signed.

Worse, Damien hired reporters from media companies after securing the deal.

Since midnight, various media companies had congratulated Shaw Group on their front pages and headlines. Then, Damien used creative ways to let Raymond know that he was behind Shaw Group.

He had only one aim for doing this. It was to make Raymond and Tristan beg him.

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This business deal was critical to Raetec Group's financial statement.

Therefore, they had to plead to Damien for Raetec Group and Shaw Group to collaborate. Then, Raetec Group might be able to salvage the situation.

Damien was confident that they would soon show up

Tristan looked down and clenched his fists tightly.

for this purpose.

"Damien, how could you ruin me so ruthlessly? I'm your cousin!"

Damien chuckled. "I'm not forcing you to your ruin."

He placed food on Cherise's plate and continued, "Didn't say that I'll consider your request

you apologize to Cherise."

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Tristan gritted his teeth and forced out the following words. "You want me to apologize to her? Dream on!".

That wench seduced me first!

Why should I apologize to her?

“In that case, we have nothing to discuss.”

Damien yawned and continued, “Cherise, you should eat more.”

“You’re the president of Shaw Group. Later, we have to go to the company for a commencement ceremony. It’s to reward employees who had worked hard last night.”

Cherise nodded. “Sure, I understand!”

The success of last night’s negotiation was not due to Damien’s effort alone.

The employees have worked so hard. As their boss, I should reward them!

Cherise and Damien behaved like Tristan was not in the room.

Tristan’s face was twisted with fury.

He clenched his teeth and left, not wanting to humiliate himself further.

However, when he reached the door, Raymond appeared and dragged him back into the house.

“Have you gotten the deal? Why are you leaving?”

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Tristan gritted his teeth. “Dad, don’t waste your time on that blind b*stard!”

“He’ll never agree! He’ll use every chance to make things difficult for us!”

Raymond had a stern expression. He narrowed his eyes and said with restraint, “You lost such a major business deal. Even if he troubles you, you must beg him to get it back!”

Chapter 144 A Sincere Apology

“Damien is a member of the Lenoir family. He’s your cousin. You should be considerate of him!”

Tristan frowned. “He’s out to get me! He insisted I should apologize to his wife just now.”

“That woman knew I was coming and dressed to seduce me. I only touched her a bit, yet. he made me apologize!”

‘Smack!’

Raymond slapped Tristan before he could finish speaking. “Have you no shame? She’s your cousin’s wife!”

“Are

you saying I can’t touch her because she’s his wife?”

“I don’t mean you can’t. We can’t afford to offend Damien at the moment!”

Cherise was still drinking her milkshake when Raymond appeared, dragging Tristan with.

him.

“Damien.”

Raymond looked apologetic. "It's my fault for failing to discipline Tristan well. I apologize to you... and Cherise on his behalf."

Damien smiled.

Although he knew the apology was insincere, at least he acted more seriously than Tristan.

Cherise put down the glass of milkshake and did not dare to speak.

She recalled Damien's uncle, Raymond, had always seemed cold and strict. He seemed so intimidating that she dared not dare talk to him unless required.

She had always felt something sinister and scary about Raymond's demeanor.

He seemed so different from Old Mr. Lenoir even though they were family. Although Old Mr. Lenoir was intimidating, he felt much kinder than Raymond.

"Uncle Raymond."

Damian smiled and continued, "I don't understand what you said."

"Tristan caused a stir in my house. Yet, he said he did nothing wrong and had no need to

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apologize."

Damien spoke evenly, but his every word carried weight.

Raymond's expression darkened,

Next, he dragged Tristan and kicked his legs viciously.

'Bam!' Tristan immediately lost balance and kneeled on the floor.

Tristan's expression twisted from the immense pain. He turned to Randal. "Dad, what are you doing?"

"You dare ask me? Apologize to Cherise now! She's your cousin-in-law!"

Tristan frowned. Even an idiot could see that Raymond was suppressing his anger.

Dad is furious.

Tristan had no choice but to take a deep breath and reluctantly glanced at the woman beside Damien. Cherise had curled into a ball and was trying to hide.

I'm sorry, Cherise."

Tristan said in his deep voice.

He had been arrogant since he was a kid. Apart from his parents, he had never apologized to anyone, especially a country bumpkin like Cherise.

It was an insult to his dignity.

However, he and his father needed something from Damien. He had no choice but to voice a halfhearted apology.

Damien remained dissatisfied even after he apologized.

He poured a glass of water for Cherise and said, "Tristan, perhaps you need more time to apologize sincerely. We're not in a rush. You can drink water first."

Hearing Damien, Raymond had to grit his teeth and kick Tristan. "Apologize properly!"

Tristan frowned and looked at Cherise. He humbled his tone, "Cherise, I'm sorry."

Cherise pursed her lips and did not dare to speak.

She knew the matter was not simply about Tristan apologizing to her. There was some

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kind of power play between Damien and Raymond.

Therefore, she did not dare to speak. At the same time, she felt Tristan deserved the beating.

They should kick him a few more times!

It seemed as if Raymond had read Cherise's thoughts. For the next half an hour, Raymond kicked Tristan relentlessly. "Apologize properly!"

"Don't you dare disrespect Cherise again!"

"Do you hear me?"

Chapter 145 You Can Forgive Him

By the end, Tristan was barely conscious and had bruises all over his body. He crawled to Cherise's feet and pleaded, "Please forgive me. Otherwise, I'll be beaten to death."

"You've only recently gotten married. You wouldn't want blood on your hands, right?"

Cherise looked at his sorry state and could not help but pity him.

She pursed her lip. As she was about to tell him to stand up, Damien suddenly said,

"Blake."

Blake, sitting on the second-floor railing, jumped down and answered, "I'm here!"

"Record a video."

Then, Damien calmly sipped tea. "Verbal promise is useless. We need evidence."

"If Tristan dares to do anything to Cherise..."

He looked at Tristan's pale face calmly. "If you do this again, I'll post the recording on the Web."

Then, he proceeded to provoke Raymond. "Uncle Raymond, what do you think about my suggestion?"

Raymond gritted his teeth, but his voice remained genial. "Sure, sounds good."

"Tristan is silly and forgetful. This will be a great reminder for him!"

Damien laughed and replied, "Uncle Raymond, you know best."

Immediately after Damien had spoken, Blake brought a camera and snapped a photo of Tristan's face.
"Look at the camera!"

"D*mn you!"

Tristan cursed through gritted teeth.

This is utter humiliation!

If the photo is leaked onto the Web, how can I show my face in public again?

How will I face my friends?

But...

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"Apologize to Cherise right now!"

Raymond kicked him again.

By now, Tristan had no choice but to grit his teeth and apologize humbly, "Cherise, I was wrong."

Damien's cold and arrogant voice sounded. "How were you wrong?"

Tristan clenched his fists tightly and forced himself to answer, "I shouldn't have harbored improper intentions toward Cherise this morning or done anything inappropriate to her. I was wrong. Please forgive me."

"Was it only this morning?" Damien asked coldly.

Tristan was stunned. He pursed his lip. "Also.... that time on campus."

"And when we were at Grandpa's place," Damien reminded.

"Yes... I was wrong..."

Cherise froze as she listened.

I've almost forgotten those incidents, but Damien remembers.

She turned to him.

Damien calmly sipped tea. He looked disinterested, but his deep voice was filled with protectiveness.

His gesture warmed Cherise.

Tristan sighed. "I apologize for all my bad behaviors in the past. I hope you can..."

Damien interrupted sternly, "What if you do it again?"

What the heck? Haven't you had enough?

Tristan gritted his teeth. "If I do it again, you are allowed to destroy my reputation. I'll also... poke my eyes and make myself blind like Damien!"

Are you happy now?

I'm not going to look at that ugly country bumpkin anymore!

What bad luck!

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She's even more cursed than Damien!

"You can forgive him now," Damien informed Cherise softly.

Cherise finally came to her senses after staring at Damien reverently. "Oh, sure. I forgive you, Tristan."

Tristan narrowed his eyes. He looked at Cherise's dazed expression and clenched his teeth. furiously.

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Chapter 146 Her Brilliant Husband

Why do I have to kneel and apologize to this stupid girl? I've never been so humiliated!

This is the worst!

Since Cherise had voiced her forgiveness, Raymond turned to Damien humbly, "Damien, Cherise has forgiven Tristan. Can you let him go?"

"To be honest, I'm hoping to discuss collaboration with you."

Damien yawned. "I never discuss collaboration with losers."

Tristan could no longer contain his anger at those words.

He dashed forward and shouted, "How dare you mock us?"

However, Raymond calmly grabbed hold of him. "Damien, don't you think you've gone overboard."

"I'm your uncle."

"I negotiated this order first, but you snatched it at the last minute. I understand your recklessness due to your youth."

"But aren't you being unreasonable by refusing even to collaborate?"

Raymond sighed and continued, "What about this? I'm willing to make concessions about. profit distribution. You get sixty percent while I get forty. What do you think?"

"You get thirty percent. I get seventy percent." Damien smirked slightly.

"You!"

Tristan gritted his teeth. Only thirty percent?

We could have gotten all the profits if we secured the order. Now, we are forced to share it with Damien. Worse, we can't even get half but only thirty percent!

That means Damien gets tens of millions for free!

"Deal."

Raymond closed his eyes and continued solemnly, "I'll instruct my company to prepare the contract. We should sign it today."

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“Sure.”

Then, Damien smiled and added, “You can leave now.”

Raymond’s expression darkened. He glanced at Tristan, and they left together.

Cherise watched everything in awe.

She had never seen Damien like this and regretted not following him to the business negotiation the day before.

The way he negotiated the deal and pressured them on the profit share... He’s so cool!

Raymond and Tristan have always been arrogant from when I first met them. I’ve never seen them so humiliated. They even had to bow down to Damien.

My husband rendered them in this state in his first business negotiation!

Cherise looked at Damien with admiration. “Hubby, you’re amazing.”

Her eyes glimmered like stars as she looked at him. “I didn’t know you were this brilliant!”

Damien claimed he didn’t know much about business except what he learned from reading a few economics books and watching a few movies about business rivalries.

But now...

She could see that he was not an amateur but a brilliant businessman.

“I thought I’ve always been brilliant.”

Damien smiled at Cherise. His words seemed to imply something. “I’m good in any area.”

Cherise did not catch what he was implying and looked at him with big and curious. “Hubby, what else are you good at?”

She could not recall anything at the moment.

eyes.

Damien smirked. His tone turned even more suggestive. “Do you want me to demonstrate to you in bed?”

Cherise’s face flushed red.

Her cheeks felt hot, and her heart thumped rapidly.

She took a deep breath and turned away. “I’m going to the campus!”

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She tried to escape upstairs to get her bag, but Damien stopped her.

“You should stop by the company before heading to the

campus.”

Cherise smacked her forehead. How could I have forgotten about that?

As expected, I'm not suited to be the president of a company. I'm better off being a student!

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Chapter 147 You Should Get Used to It

"Dad, why did you let that b*stard take advantage of us? How could you give him seventy percent profit?"

"Do you know how much we will be losing?"

Tristan complained to Raymond once they entered the car. "Let's give up this order. Why must we degrade ourselves?"

How dare he force me to kneel before that stupid country girl and shoot a video of me?

"What do you know?"

Raymond leaned into the leather seat and rubbed his brow. "Even if we only get thirty percent, we must give the impression that we're collaborating with Shaw Group.

"Then, people won't think that we lost the negotiation."

"Better for the public to think that we are collaborating with Shaw Group than for them to know that Shaw Group snatched the order from us!"

Tristan knew very little about business strategies. All he knew was that he had been humiliated.

“But...”

Raymond glared at him. “You have better wise up!”

“Outsiders do not care whether we get fifty-fifty or thirty-seventy profit. All they know is we are collaborating!”

Tristan pursed his lips. “But aren’t we losing too much with only thirty percent profit?”

“Hah.” Raymond laughed and narrowed his eyes ruthlessly. “Shaw Group secured this. order and signed the contract. If there’s any problem, it will be on Damien.”

“We make the products. Since he took advantage of us, we’ll ensure he doesn’t get quality goods!”

He lit a cigarette as he spoke. “When the time comes, the news will talk about Shaw Group producing clothes of subpar quality.”

When Cherise and Damien arrived at Shaw Group, Bernard had arranged for all the

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security guards to wait at the door.

As Cherise exited the car, she heard roaring applause and cheers from the building.

entrance.

She was so surprised by the sudden noise that she almost lost her balance and fell to the ground.

Thankfully, Damien grabbed her by her shirt.

Still shocked, Cherise was almost overwhelmed to tears as she looked at Bernard and the cheering Shaw Group employees.

Damien made me skip a class to meet these frightening people...

“Ms. Shaw!”

Bernard immediately held Cherise’s hand. “You’re our company’s lucky star!”

“Welcome, Ms. Shaw, our lucky star!”

“Welcome, Ms. Shaw, our lucky star!”

All the male and female employees lining up at the back cheered at Bernard’s words.

Cherise was rendered speechless.

Why are these people cheering for me?

“You should get used to it.”

Damien smiled behind her and pushed his wheelchair. “You’ll experience many such. scenes in the future.”

Cherise was aghast.

She would rather drop dead.

“Let’s go.”

Damien looked at her confused and helpless expression and inexplicably found himself in a good mood.

Cherise and Damien entered Shaw Group under the employees’ collective gaze. Then, they went to the meeting room on the top floor using a private elevator.

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The meeting room was already full of people.

Looking at their attire and demeanor, Cherise could see that everyone in the meeting room was more qualified and capable than her.

She knew nothing about the business and felt her chairing seat was undeserved.

After a simple greeting, Damien explained yesterday’s contract to everyone.

Cherise did not understand but had to act professionally.

Damien could not help but smile as he saw her struggling to keep up.

Chapter 148 She Was Unworthy

Damien passed her a glass. “Can you get me some water?”

“Sure!”

Cherise's eyes lit up as if given a lifeline. She rushed out of the meeting room.

The pantry on the top floor had no hot water.

Cherise took the stairs and went down a floor.

She heard a few women chatting in the pantry from afar.

That Ms. Shaw makes me want to laugh. How did a country bumpkin like her become our company president?"

"I heard she got her position through unsavory means. She probably had an affair with. Randall. That's why he gave her the position!"

"Really? If she was Randall's mistress, how could she have someone like Mr. Lenoir backing her?"

That country bumpkin has no capabilities. She relied on men every step of the way. Is she not ashamed of being the president?"

Those women's words were like knives stabbing into Cherise's heart.

Her hand shook as she held the glass.

Initially, she was happy, excited, and proud of her business-savvy husband.

However, she did not expect people to talk about her behind her back.

She could not help but feel that they were right.

After all, she had not made any contributions since being president of Shaw Group.

Furthermore, she was preoccupied with her matters last night while Damien negotiated a significant business deal.

After he succeeded, she enjoyed people's compliments and bask in his success, even though she did nothing.

I am truly useless.

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Someone bumped into her and exclaimed, "Ms... Ms. Shaw!"

The pantry immediately fell silent.

Cherise greeted the person and entered the pantry.

The group of women who criticized her all stood still, watching her.

These women looked sophisticated with their attire and demeanor.

Cherise seemed way out of their league in her simple clothes and appearance.

Then, Cherise poured a glass of water under their watchful eyes.

Even though they had referred her as the company president, she could not help but lose her confidence as she faced them.

The difference between them was too significant.

Cherise returned to the meeting room dejectedly.

By now, Damien had finished instructing everyone on essential matters. He was waiting for Cherise to return to present rewards to employees who contributed to the negotiation's success.

He handed the name list to her. "Now, Ms. Shaw, our president, shall announce employees who will be getting a raise at the end of this month."

Everyone in the meeting room applauded enthusiastically after Damien finished speaking.

Cherise felt inexplicably anxious as she held the name list in her hand.

She glanced at the people in the meeting room before returning the list to Damien in defeat.

She sounded sad and self-deprecating. "I'm unqualified to present the reward to anyone."

"It's better that Mr. Lenoir read the list."

With that, she turned around and left the meeting room on the verge of tears.

Before this day, she thought that as husband and wife, everything she had was his. Likewise, all that he had was hers.

That was why she never considered whether she was worthy.

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However, the women's words made her realize how unworthy she was of Damien..

The meeting room fell into silence.

Damien frowned and tossed the list to Bernard. He rushed in the direction Cherise had left.

Cherise had gone to the rooftop.

The wind was strong. It puffed up her white T-shirt and messed up her long hair.

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Chapter 149 No One Compares to You

Damien maneuvered his wheelchair onto the rooftop. He saw Cherise standing with her back facing him and shouting something into the wind.

Although he could not catch every word, he heard this clearly, "I'm useless."

She thinks she is useless.

"Cherise."

Cherise froze while venting her frustration when she heard Damien's deep voice.

She turned around and looked at him with teary eyes. "Why are you on the rooftop?"

He's blind, and the rooftop's barricades are not secure enough. What if he accidentally fell?

At that thought, she sniffled and rushed to hold his wheelchair still. She pushed him toward the elevator. "You can't be here. Go back!"

He reached out and clasped her hand. "You're here. Why can't I be here?"

"It's different for you."

Cherise pursed her lips. "I can see, but you can't! It's too dangerous!"

"Since it's dangerous, it's even more so the reason for you to be with me."

Damien pointed his face toward the sky and felt the wind against his skin. "It's been a long time since I come so high to feel the wind."

Cherise stopped pulling him toward the elevator.

She pursed her lips. "Dear, do... you wish to stay here to feel the wind?"

Damien nodded. "You must stay with me. I can't see. You have to act as my eyes."

Cherise froze at his words.

After a while, she looked down and replied, "I think Blake is more qualified to do this."

"He's skilled with self-defense. He can not only act as your eyes but also protect you..."

"I..."

"No one compares to you in my eyes."

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Damien smiled and held the hand on his wheelchair. "Cherry, do you know how much. criticism I've faced since I was little?"

Cherise pursed her lips and remained silent.

She knew what he meant.

Even Bernard dared to tell him that he was bad luck. Others must have said worse things.

Damien's whisper floated in the wind. "Some people said I'm cursed."

Cherise shook her head. "I know you're not cursed."

"See, I'm fine standing next to you!"

Damien smiled and continued, "Some said I'm bad luck."

"Others said I'm not fit to be a Lenoir."

"They said I should leave the Lenoir family and be left to fend for myself."

"Some even said I should have died."

He laughed with self-derision. The black sash over his eyes made him appear mysterious and lonely, "Who do you think I should listen to?"

Cherise shook her head hard. "They were trying to discourage you. You mustn't listen or believe any of them!"

She held his hand urgently. "Dear, don't listen to others. What matters the most is happiness!"

Damien smiled. "You mean I mustn't listen to others and focus on my happiness?"

"That's right!"

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Damien raised his hands and pulled Cherise into his embrace. "Why were you sad just

now?"

Cherise froze. "I..."

"You left the room happily to get me a glass of water, but when you returned, you even read the name list for salary increment."

He gently pinched her soft cheek. "Let me guess what happened to my dear wife."

wouldn't

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"She must have heard people say something."

Then, he deliberately imitated those women's mean tone. "Why does she company president? She knows nothing. It's all because of her husband."

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“She relied on her husband. Is she not ashamed to show up in the meeting? What a shameless woman.”

He sounded just like those gossiping women.

Cherise’s face blushed before turning pale. In the end, she could not help but laugh at his impersonations.

Chapter 150 Team-building

She awkwardly wrapped her arms around his neck and looked at him with crystal-like eyes. “Hubby, how did you know?”

“Well, I’m your husband.”

He kissed her lips. “Don’t doubt yourself over what others say, okay?”

She looked down shyly. “But I feel I’m... useless in this place.”

“It doesn’t matter. I’m useful enough for the both of us.”

He tightened his embrace. “I remember you’re studying cardiac surgery. You’ll be a brilliant surgeon in the future.”

“Each person has their talents. Perhaps those who mocked you might end up on your operating table.”

Cherise was cheered by Damien's words and no longer felt defeated.

She sniffled and replied, "Dear, you're right."

"Initially, I only wanted to be a heart surgeon."

Cherise's grandmother had a heart condition. Since she was young, Cherise had witnessed her grandmother having chest pain and needed to take medication immediately.

She wanted to be a doctor to help the sick. She hoped other people in her grandmother's situation could become healthy again.

Meanwhile, becoming a company's president was something she did not expect. Therefore, it was normal that she knew nothing about it.

After all, she would eventually return the company to Randall.

With that in mind, Charise breathed a sigh of relief. She turned to Damien and said, "Hubby, you always have such a profound understanding of things."

Ever since she married him, she had become easily influenced by others.

It was likely because of her insecurity about not belonging to his world. She felt what everyone said about her was true.

But she would not stray from her true self if she had Damien by her side.

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Thus, she wrapped her arms around his neck and felt grateful to him. She kissed his cheek. before kissing him again.

Once tired of being on the rooftop, Cherise followed Damien back to the meeting room in a much better mood.

Everyone was seated in the meeting room, waiting for Cherise and Damien to return.

Cherise blushed as she accepted the name list from Bernard. She read the names. individually and announced that they would get a raise.

Once she finished reading the name list, she looked at how serious everyone was and added, "To celebrate our company's success, everyone gets to leave work an hour earlier this afternoon. Tonight, I'll ask Bernard to find a suitable venue for everyone to have dinner.

The crowd looked at Cherise with astonishment. Cherise smiled and continued, "My husband and I won't attend. So please be at ease and have fun."

The meeting room fell into silence.

Other than Cherise, everyone suddenly focused on Damien.

Every employee in this meeting room had helped Damien obtain various successes overseas. However, Damien only ever rewarded them with cash.

In actuality, many employees wished for a team-building event. They hoped to get to know each other better outside work.

Unfortunately, the company never organized one, and others also failed at organizing such events. Furthermore, it was hard to match everyone's schedule. Thus, they never had a gathering till now.

Since their boss never had the habit of having gatherings, everyone wondered whether Cherise's words had any effect.

Damien leaned into his wheelchair and looked at Cherise's innocent face. He smiled and said, "Let's do as Ms. Shaw says."

"Yay!"

Loud cheers broke out in the meeting room.

Cherise was cheered by the excitement around her. She turned to Bernard and ordered, "When you're free later, can you book a venue for dinner and karaoke? Put everything on the company's tab."