

Marrying 881

Chapter 881 I'm Not That Petty

Their assumptions turned out to be false.

Was Damien scolding Candace just now? When he realized his wife was outside, he rushed out of his office to embrace her. Seeing such affection and closeness, anyone could tell that Candace had no chance to get between them.

The women looked at Candace standing stiffly in the office with pity before leaving,

Candace remained frozen in the same position even as Damien entered his office with an arm around Cherise. Her cheeks were scorching hot, as if they were burning.

Just a few minutes ago, she shamelessly declared that if she got together with Damien, she would buy gifts for everyone. But after observing how Damien behaved with Cherise, Candace realized the issue was never Damien's abstinence. Instead, he was never interested in the company's female employees.

Usually, he would not even look at the female employees except for work-related matters. Otherwise, she would not have assumed that Damien had transferred her to his office to assist him because he was

interested in her.

"Why are you still here?" Damien glanced at Candace after bringing Cherise into the office. He furrowed his brow slightly. "Is there something else?"

Candace looked down and quickly shook it. "No, nothing."

"If there's nothing, then leave. I want to eat." After saying that, Damien eagerly sat down and opened the lunchbox Cherise brought. It contained a poke bowl, small and delicate pierogi, and his favorite

crab cakes. A smile crept onto Damien's lips once again.

Watching Damien and Cherise before her, Candace forcefully pressed her nails into her palm.

So, this is what Mr. Lenoir looks like when he's in love. This is how he behaves when facing the woman he loves. It's my first time seeing it...

She took a deep breath and knew she would only humiliate herself if she kept on standing there.

"Wait." Cherise called out with a frown as Candace turned around to leave.

Candace's heart sank, and her face instantly turned pale. What she dreaded finally happened. Cherise probably wanted to punish her for her arrogance.

She pursed her lips and glanced at Cherise, "Yes, Mrs. Lenoir..."

Initially, Cherise wanted to ask Candace if she had eaten dinner, but Candace looked so fearful and timid when she turned around that Cherise could not help but smile.

Cherise was now twenty-five years old and a mother of two. She had an unwavering belief in Damien's feelings for her. Thus, when she first heard people praising Candace, saying she had a chance with Damien, she only observed out of curiosity.

Seeing the young woman looking at her with a frightened expression, Cherise shook her head in pity,

saying, "You haven't eaten, right? Do you want to eat together? I brought a lot."

Cherise recalled Candace had encountered those gossiping women right after she exited Damien's office. Since Damien had not eaten dinner, Candace, his subordinate, definitely had not eaten either.

Candace's eyes instantly widened in astonishment. She looked at Cherise in disbelief and pointed to herself. Her voice faltered. "Mrs... Mrs. Lenoir, are you talking to me?"

“Who else? Is there a fourth person here?” Cherise was amused to see the young woman’s shocked expression. “Don’t worry, I’m not that petty. He is my husband. Do you think I don’t know what kind of person he is?”

Candace was stunned. After a moment, she pursed her lips and solemnly apologized to Cherise. “I’m sorry.”

Chapter 882 All to Tease Her

She apologized for making wrong assumptions and expressed gratitude for Cherise’s mercy.

Damien sat in his armchair and picked up a fork to start eating. At the same time, he looked at the two women with confusion. He had no idea what they were talking about.

“Do dine with us.” Cherise smiled at Candace. “If you don’t hurry, your boss will eat everything.”

Candace pursed her lips. She wanted to decline, but Damien spoke before she could. “I will inform the finance department to give you an extra one thousand as a bonus. You can go out and eat anything you want. However, the food my wife makes is only for me.”

Candace was stunned, while Cherise was speechless.

Seeing Candace still not moving to leave, Damien frowned in annoyance. “Two thousand. Get out.”

Candace did not know what to say. She stammered, “Yes, Mr. Lenoir. Thank you.”

Then, she rushed out of the room at lightning speed. While leaving, she did not forget to close the blinds in the office and the door.

Cherise was too aghast to speak.

Is her admiration for Damien worth only a two thousand bonus? Didn't she promise to become Damien's dedicated assistant? Women nowadays are fickle.

As Cherise pondered about Candace's lack of determination, Damien pulled her body into his arms and embraced her while he ate. His deep voice gently sounded in her ears. "Why did you suddenly think of bringing me food?"

The warmth of his body and the loving tenderness of his voice caused Cherise's heart to tingle. She looked down and blushed slightly. "I saw the video online and called my dad."

After saying that, she raised her glimmering eyes and looked at him. "This meal... is to thank you..."

Damien's heart was warmed as he looked at her shy expression. He instinctively tightened his grip on her hand. If he were not eating right now, he would pin her down against the office desk and shower her with love.

"Be gentle..." Cherise frowned and complained softly as she felt Damien tightening his grip. "It hurts."

"If I weren't eating, I would make your body ache even more." Damien smiled as he ate pierogi. "I'm happy you show your gratitude through actions instead of just words."

At least she was not as distant as before.

"Whatever I do for you is worthwhile."

Cherise pursed her lips. "Is that so? Why didn't you answer my call earlier?"

Damen paused and shook his head helplessly. "Remember the girl you saw just now? I thought she was

smart, so I had her help me organize some documents.”

He sighed and continued, “Turns out she’s smart, but in the wrong way. I didn’t answer your call because she sneakily put my phone on silent. I was just talking to her when I saw you.”

After saying that, Damien squinted, saying, “By the way, why were you secretly watching me outside?”

Cherise remained silent.

“You came to the company to bring me food. Yet, instead of knocking on the door and finding me, you secretly hid in a corner with a few female employees to watch me.”

Damien tilted Cherise’s chin. His eyes flickered with amusement as he looked at her. “Mrs. Lenoir, what were you hoping to see?”

Cherise was rendered speechless. Knowing his intelligence, he must have already figured out why she secretly observed him. All of this was just to tease her

Chapter 883 I Can’t Handle Everything

Cherise pouted and pretended to be jealous. “When I arrived, the employees talked about you recently getting close to a beautiful young lady. Then, the young lady came out of your office, but you soon called her back.”

She continued, “So, I hid in the corner to confirm whether you prefer this beautiful young lady or me.”

Damien was amused by her behavior. His eyes crinkled in good humor as he looked at her. “Did you figure it out? Do I prefer you or the beautiful young lady?”

Cherise got out of his embrace and sat on a chair beside him. She pursed her lips and looked at him. “I figured it out. You prefer her.”

Damien arched his eyebrows slightly. "What made you come to that conclusion?"

"You see, she hasn't had dinner tonight, and you immediately gave her a raise of two thousand to get something to eat," Cherise answered.

Then, she breathed in before continuing, "As for me, I had to cook the food by myself. I even had to cook the food for you and send it to the company. It's exhausting! So, of course, you prefer her... Mm....."

Damien forcefully sealed Cherise's lips with his before she could finish speaking. He kissed her fiercely, saying, "Is this what you think, Mrs. Lenoir?"

"Starting tomorrow, I will hand over my bank card to you, and you won't have to do anything. You can order anything you desire from the menu every day. And whichever restaurant you wish to go to,

I'll go with you. Are you satisfied with this arrangement?"

Cherise's heart fluttered slightly as she looked into his earnest gaze.

"I don't want your bank card. You have so much money. I might be in danger if people know I have it!"

"Don't worry, I'll assign Blake to protect you."

Cherise was rendered speechless. She looked at his amused gaze and pursed her lips. "Okay, okay, stop joking around!"

Damien rarely joked with her, so she genuinely worried that he might give her the bank card and let her eat out every day.

In reality, she did not mean what she had said earlier. She disliked managing money or eating out. After all, nothing could beat home-cooked meals. The food outside seemed soulless in comparison.

"I wasn't joking." Damien smiled faintly at her, "Mr. Kolson says that the wife manages the money in ordinary households. Didn't you always wish for a normal life? Hmm?"

Cherise replied, "Ordinary families don't have that much money!"

After saying that, she pursed her lips and sat on the side. "But I did hear people saying you have an unusual relationship with Candace. That was why I peeked."

Only then did Damien return to his armchair and continue eating. He asked casually, "How did they say my relationship with Candace was unusual?"

Cherise pouted again and repeated what those people had said.

"I only see her as an employee." Damien continued eating without looking up. He explained, "Candace is new and doesn't know many things. I was standing behind her and noticed her mistake, so I went over to guide her."

"However, others twisted what they saw and turned it into a scandalous relationship. These people have too much time on their hands. They have time to gossip even though they work overtime at this hour."

Cherise pursed her lips. Honestly, she had never doubted Damien. Still, she could not help but feel uncomfortable with Candace's attitude and how others encouraged her to have an illicit relationship with Damien.

Seeing Cherise remaining silent, Damien added calmly, "I'll transfer Candace back to her original position tomorrow."

Cherise looked at him and pressed her lips together. "Are you able to handle all the work by yourself?"

"I can't handle everything."

Chapter 884 Superficial

Damien explained frankly, "Since I can't buy Weiss Group's shares, I have to explore other avenues, such as repurchasing some of the shares scattered among Lenoir Group's longtime shareholders."

"At the very least, my sister and I have to hold more shares than what Tristan sold. Otherwise, during the shareholders' meeting, the Weiss family may exploit the share ratio to weaken my influence in Lenoir Group."

"I have to review information on those longtime shareholders individually. My workload will be substantial if no one assists me. Other capable individuals in the company hold high positions or have ambiguous identities and standings. I cannot involve them in such confidential matters."

Damien attempted to explain the challenges he faced to Cherise simply and concisely.

Cherise pursed her lips and seemed to understand him. "If your work is unmanageable without an assistant... perhaps you should let Candace stay."

Knowing Damien had a clear conscience was enough for her. As long as she believed in him, what others said did not matter.

But Damien did not share the same sentiment. "I would rather deal with more work than allow others to gossip about us."

He set down the fork and gracefully picked up a napkin to wipe his mouth. "If you feel sorry for me, you can come here often to bring me meals. The food is delicious."

Cherise felt uneasy despite his assurance. She wondered if she should never have visited tonight. Damien wouldn't have had so much trouble if she had not visited.

Regardless, she trusted Damien entirely and knew he would never have an affair with his female employees. After all, if he genuinely wanted to be with the woman in his company, he would not have desperately searched for her for five years.

But now...

Cherise pondered as she organized the lunchbox, wishing she could be more helpful to him in this situation. Suddenly, she looked up and gazed firmly at Damien. "I can help you!"

Damien frowned at her, "You can help me?"

"Yes!" Cherise answered excitedly. Her plump face radiated enthusiasm. "I'm good at organizing data!"

"I excelled in this area while studying!" she continued confidently. "Furthermore, you can trust me even when the company is in turmoil. I will unwaveringly stand by your side, and my position is crystal clear!"

"Let me assist you! This way, no one can gossip about us!" she declared, recalling the mockery she faced before entering Damien's office. Other women had mocked her when she arrived on this floor, saying, "She can only treat illnesses and knows nothing about the company. Only you can be Mr. Lenoir's trusted assistant..."

Cherise clenched her fists in excitement. "Hubby, I can be your trusted assistant. Have faith in me! I can do this!"

Damien was stunned by her determination before asking, "What about your job at the research institute?"

Cherise pursed her lips. "I quit the job this evening!"

Damien raised his eyebrows in surprise. "You quit?"

Cherise nodded solemnly. "Yes, I quit."

"Why?" Damien furrowed his brow and asked while helping her to gather the lunchbox.

Cherise took a deep breath and looked into his eyes. "I felt that I might not be suited for the work at the research institute."

"When I was accused of plagiarizing Yolanda, besides Heather, no one in the institute respected me. I could hear them whispering about me whenever I walked down the hallway."

"But when I returned to the institute today after clearing my name, everyone was suddenly excessively polite and welcoming to me. It feels superficial," she concluded with a bitter smile.

You've got your reading rewards, tap the

on the right top of the page to collect them.

Mini-survey:

Does this book fit your idiomatic expressions and cultural background?

Chapter 885 A New Job

"The world is full of superficial people who follow the crowd. I fear I will also become one of them if I stay in such an environment for too long."

Cherise smiled at Damien. "Honestly, I've considered this before but never acted on it. Since the matter with Yolanda has been resolved today, and I am proven innocent, I decided to resign."

"That's fine." Damien smiled and gently ruffled her hair. "But are you sure you want to help me in the office? If you do, you will be my employee. I won't be as gentle with you at work as at home."

Cherise smiled and nodded. "Of course, I also want to see how impressive my husband is at work!"

“You...” Damien smiled helplessly, patting her head, “You should go home first. I might be working late tonight. Since you just resigned today, take a day off tomorrow. You can officially report to the human resource department the day after as my assistant.”

Cherise nodded. “No problem!”

“Go rest now.” Damien glanced at the stainless-steel watch on his wrist. “It’s already past ten.”

Cherise nodded and held a thermal lunchbox, preparing to leave. However, she could not help but turn around and look at Damien. “I’m going home... What about you?”

“I still have some work to do.” Damien smiled and patted her head. “Don’t worry, I won’t leave you feeling lonely. Go back and rest early. I’ll keep you busy in bed once I get back.”

Cherise blushed and grumbled about the inappropriate response before quickly leaving with the lunchbox.

A faint smile appeared on Damien’s stern face as he watched Cherise leave.

In fact, Beckham had mentioned previously that it would be best for Cherise to learn the ropes of business. After all, they could not forever entrust the Tanner family’s businesses to Mandy.

As Mandy was not getting any younger, it was time for her to consider marriage, and Cherise should shoulder the responsibility of managing Tanner Group.

Before this, Damien hesitated because he wanted Cherise to focus on her aspirations and dreams. But since she had expressed the desire to work as his assistant, it was a promising start.

With him as her mentor, he believed that Cherise’s future achievements would be on par with her mother’s.

Damien was a man of his word.

Even though he returned home after four in the morning, he still roused Cherise from her sleep and initiated baby-making activities.

Dazed and sleepy, Cherise felt sore and uncomfortable but could only whimper and complain as she

1/2

cooperated with him. The two tumbled in bed until past seven.

After a shower, Damien remained energetic as he left to send their children to school.

On the other hand, Cherise lay on the bed, too exhausted to move a finger. She could only stare at the ceiling in a daze. Even now, she could not understand why Damien had so much energy.

He had not slept a wink last night, yet he was insatiable in bed and happily helped her send the children to school in the morning. With no other explanation, Cherise thought he must be a monster. She realized she had married a monster.

As Cherise lay in bed pondering, her phone rang. It was a call from Sebastian.

“Are you awake?” Sebastian’s warm voice carried a hint of concern. “Do you have time to meet today or tomorrow?”

Cherise yawned. “I have time today, but not tomorrow.”

Sebastian chuckled. “Why?”

“I’m starting my new job tomorrow as the assistant to Lenoir Group’s president.”

Chapter 886 Meeting Sebastian

Cherise's eyes sparkled with excitement as she thought about this.

Damien had helped her take care of everything for so long. Despite his busy schedule, he always found time to solve her problems. Now, she had finally discovered the perfect way to repay him. Besides, as his wife, it only made sense that she was his trusted assistant.

"You're going to be Damien's assistant?" Sebastian's voice rose a few notches. "But you're an excellent doctor. Isn't being Damien's assistant a waste of your talent? Moreover, you are a medical expert. Being Damien's assistant means starting from scratch. Are you truly willing?"

Sebastian had reasons from both logical and emotional standpoints for not wanting Cherise to become Damien's assistant.

Firstly, if Cherise stayed by Damien's side daily, it would significantly reduce his chances of pursuing her.

Secondly, Sebastian knew her temperament well. If she immersed herself in the business world for too long, she might grow to dislike someone like him who would do anything to make a profit.

"It's fine." Cherise completely misunderstood Sebastian's reservations and chuckled. "I believe that with my strong learning ability. I'll quickly get the hang of it. And besides, we should embrace lifelong learning. It's always good to expand your knowledge."

Sebastian did not know what to say. Cherise's response left him momentarily speechless.

After a moment, he took a deep breath and decided to stick to the original plan. "Since you're free today, can I invite you to lunch? We haven't had a proper meal to catch up after being apart for so long

"It's been many years since we were classmates back in Shawbury, and I've only reunited with you. It brings back memories of those days."

Cherise pursed her lips. "Sure."

It was the same for her. After all these years, Sebastian was the only former classmate she had encountered.

It was half past ten in the morning.

As Cherise got ready to go out and meet Sebastian, Damien was sleeping soundly in the bedroom. She could not help but feel a pang in her heart as she observed his exhausted expression.

Whether in her work or personal life, he always went out of his way to help her, no matter the challenges she faced. On the other hand, it seemed she had never been able to help him in return.

Taking a deep breath, Cherise tightened the strap of her sling bag and slung it over her shoulders. Now that she had a chance to talk to Sebastian, she would do her best to assist Damien as much as possible.

"You were a plain nerd in middle school. I never imagined you would grow to become so beautiful and

1/2

mature."

They met in a luxurious restaurant in Adania. Sebastian sipped coffee while looking at the woman before him with admiration. "You've changed so much. It's impressive."

Cherise smiled and was a little embarrassed. "You're also impressive. The chubby desk mate from our middle school days has turned into such a handsome and capable person."

She sipped some coffee before smiling at him. "I was so shocked when my husband told me you were his competitor."

“Shocked?” Sebastian chuckled as he looked at her. “You didn’t think I’d still be as clueless as I was back then, did you?”

“No, not at all.” Cherise quickly shook her head, smiling at Sebastian. “I was just genuinely amazed.”

“Did you hate me when you learned I was your husband’s rival?”

Chapter 887 You’re Lying

Sebastian rested his back against the chair and smiled at Cherise.

Sunlight filtered through the glass window, casting a mysterious shadow on his sharply defined face.

Cherise cleared her throat. “No.”

But she did hate him, especially when Lennon mentioned that Sebastian was determined to prevent Damien from succeeding. Deep down, she held some resentment towards him.

In other words, even if it were not Sebastian and were someone else, Cherise would still find the person despicable. He took advantage of the Lenoir family’s crisis to enrich himself.

Despite knowing the situation involving the Lenoir family and that the shares could not be sold at such a low price, he still took advantage of Tristan’s financial difficulties. He secretly purchased the shares while Damien was away. He even refused when the Lenoir family offered to repurchase the shares at a higher price based on market value.

Seeing such despicable behavior, Cherise would never have bothered to meet him if he hadn’t been her desk mate.

“You’re lying.” Sebastian laughed heartily. “The way you avoided eye contact when denying it proves that you dislike me deep down.”

Sebastian elegantly put his cup down, “Cherise, I hope you won’t let my rivalry with Damien affect our friendship. Business is like a battlefield, where everyone fights for their camp and interests. I’m doing this for the sake of the Weiss family.”

“Just like Damien is responsible for his employees, I also strive for the welfare of my employees and grow my company. So don’t blame me for being cunning. If you must blame someone, blame it on the scattered distribution of Lenoir Group’s shares.”

After saying that, Sebastian picked up the coffee pot and filled the empty coffee cup before Cherise “That’s enough. It’s not easy for us to meet. Let’s not discuss business matters. I remember your grandmother has always been in poor health. How is she doing recently?”

Cherise’s gaze dulled when Sebastian mentioned her grandmother.

Many things transpired during the years she left Adania. Her mother, Charisa, passed away. Cherise grandmother had also passed away a year ago.

Her grandmother reached the ripe age of eighty-six when she left this world. It was a life well-lived, yet Cherise still felt a pang of sadness whenever she thought of her. She regretted not spending much time with her grandmother after her separation from Damien.

Seeing Cherise’s eyes lose their sparkle, Sebastian pursed his lips and frowned. “I’m sorry, I probably shouldn’t have brought this up.”

Cherise snapped back to reality and smiled at him. “It’s okay. My grandmother passed away peacefully with her family by her side. She didn’t suffer. It was simply the natural course of aging. In a way, it was a blessing.”

1/2

“That’s true,” Sebastian observed Cherise’s forced smile and silently pushed a slice of cake to her. “Have something sweet. It will improve your mood.”

Cherise nodded and slowly began to eat the cake.

"I never imagined that your grandmother was already gone." Sebastian sighed. "I remember when she came to school to bring you lunch, she would often bring me a portion as well."

"She would always tell me, 'Study hard, chubby.' I still remember it to this day," he chuckled.

His words prompted Cherise to recall scenes from her middle school days in Shawbury.

Back then, her grandmother would come to her school every lunchtime, carrying a small cloth bag. The bag contained her lunchbox wrapped in a cotton cloth.

Although the lunchbox was old, the food was always freshly cooked and the most delicious.

Chapter 888 How Will You Tempt Me?

Later, Sebastian and Cherise's grandmother became close, and her grandmother always brought him a lunchbox.

During those days...

Cherise knew she could never return to those carefree days.

"Can you bring me to pay respects to your grandmother when you're free?" Sebastian looked at her and continued, "You and your grandmother were the greatest warmth I felt when I first arrived in Shawbury."

Sebastian was telling the truth this time. Back then, he arrived in Shawbury as a new transfer student. As he was ugly, timid, and chubby, no one paid attention to him.

Cherise, his deskmate, was the only exception. She always cheered him on and helped him with his studies. Whenever Sebastian reminisced about his time in Shawbury, the only person he could recall was Cherise.

“Sure,” Cherise agreed earnestly. “But I might not have much time recently, as my husband needs me.....”

Sebastian chuckled. “You’re an inexperienced new employee. Damien can do without you. You won’t be given any important work to do.”

“That’s not true.” Cherise frowned. “I have an important assignment. I need to...

She immediately stopped herself before she could reveal anything further. Then, she looked at Sebastian and abruptly changed the topic. “I must help my husband the best that I can.” Sebastian and

abruptly changed the to

“You have good business acumen.” Sebastian looked at her approvingly. “I hope you can be his best assistant. I also hope that Damien can solve the problem soon. Then, you can take me to see your grandmother.”

Cherise pursed her lips and looked at the man in front of her. She could never tell what he was thinking. In truth, there were many things she wanted to say.

After a while, Cherise finally gathered courage. “Sebastian, you know better than I do what crisis my husband is facing. If you truly want to end this crisis sooner... could you do me a favor and sell the shares that don’t originally belong to the Weiss family to my husband?”

Sebastian picked up his coffee cup and took a sip. “I have no intention of giving back the shares once they are mine.”

“But since you came to me about this matter...” Sebastian smiled at Cherise. “There’s still room for negotiation.”

Cherise's eyes instantly lit up. "Really?"

"Of course." Sebastian laughed. "However, Cherise, what are you planning to offer to tempt me to sell these shares to you?"

Cherise was momentarily stunned before vaguely understanding what Sebastian meant.

She took a deep breath and smiled at him. "I can have my husband offer you a higher price. You can state the amount you desire, and I'll have my husband consider it."

"Or you can keep a small portion of the shares. When Lenoir Group makes a profit, you will also receive dividends." There was excitement in her crisp voice.

Sebastian smiled. He gracefully placed the coffee cup down, saying, "Cherise, you're still too naïve. Do you think I care about money?"

Cherise blinked in astonishment. "But didn't you just say businessmen are only in it for the money? If you don't care about profits, what do you care about?"

Sebastian chuckled, "Of course, there are other things I want."

But his phone rang urgently as soon as he finished speaking. He glanced at the name on the phone screen and stood up calmly. "I have something to attend to, so I'll leave first."

"You're leaving just like that?".

Chapter 889 She's No Match for You

Cherise widened her eyes as she stood up. "Can't we... chat a little longer?"

She was not done discussing the acquisition of Lenoir Group's shares.

"Let's not talk about it for now." Sebastian smiled at Cherise. "I have something I want from Damien. But I won't reveal it at the moment."

"If Damien can't find a solution, you can come find me again. Remember, I'm only willing to entertain negotiations from you, not Damien." He gave her another smile and left.

Cherise stood still and pursed her lips as she watched Sebastian leave.

He's only willing to talk to me, but not Damien. Is it because I was his classmate that he's ready to negotiate?

Regardless, it's still a positive development as long as Sebastian is willing to talk.

Cherise told Damien about her discussion with Sebastian that night.

"No need to talk to him." Damien smiled. "If he's willing to negotiate, Lennon would have done it long ago."

He cradled her feet onto his lap, supporting her delicate feet with one hand while holding a nail clipper with his other hand. He gently trimmed her toenails, saying, "As for what he said to you today, he's either teasing you or being polite because you were classmates."

"Only someone as foolish as you would take it seriously."

Cherise was at a loss for words.

"I'm not foolish!"

"Okay, you're foolish, just naive."

"I'm not naive either!"

Cherise lay on the carpet, playing a game on her phone while enjoying the luxury treatment of her husband trimming her toenails. "I don't think he's the type of person to break his promise. Who knows, he might be sentimental about the past and sell the shares to you out of respect for me?"

Cherise was confident that Sebastian still cared about their friendship.

"He won't." Damien chuckled lightly. "Sebastian is not that kind of person. Try not to meet him again, and don't bring up this matter with him."

Damien advised sincerely, "It won't end well, so no need to invite trouble."

"I have confidence in handling this matter. Just focus on being my assistant and organizing documents for me. This storm will soon pass."

Cherise lay on the carpet, silently pursing her lips.

However, since Damien had no intention of repurchasing the shares, she did not have to worry anymore. After all, it was up to Damien to decide for Lenoir Group.

Cherise woke up early the following day.

She rummaged through her closet for a while before finally settling on a set of mature-looking formal attire. Although she had suits, she could not help but feel envious of Candace after seeing her in a figure-hugging tailored suit. Therefore, she was determined to outshine Candace on her first day of

work.

Thus, she even applied slightly heavier makeup after changing into the clothes. Gazing at herself in the mirror, Cherise was satisfied with her professional appearance and left the bathroom.

She noticed a man in a suit leaning against the door frame as she stepped out. His arms were crossed, and his eyes flickered with a playful gleam as he looked at her. "Ms. Shaw, you look gorgeous today."

Cherise could not help but blush. "How do I compare to Candace?"

"She's no match for you."

"Really?"

"Absolutely."

"That's good, then!"

She smiled delightedly and turned around to go downstairs. However, she overestimated her ability to walk in a pair of 3-inch stilettos.

Chapter 890 Wifey, Behave

Cherise had just taken a step when a resounding crash followed. Her exquisite makeup made intimate contact with the carpet.

'Hiss!'

As she began to struggle, a pair of large hands gently pulled her up.

"Be careful." Damien helped her up and examined her reddened ankle. "Can you still walk?"

Cherise gritted her teeth and stubbornly took a step. "Ouch..."

Damien chuckled helplessly, squatting down to remove her high heels. "You shouldn't wear these high heels when you're not used to them. The children and I will be sad if you get hurt."

Cherise blushed with embarrassment. "I thought..." *

She had noticed that the female employees in his company all wore stilettos like these, and she thought that wearing stilettos might make her look more professional.

However, she did not expect to be so clumsy and sprained her foot before leaving the house.

"Don't go to work today." Damien lifted her. "You should rest at home first."

Cherise pursed her lips. "But what about your work..."

"I'll take care of it myself for now."

"No, I can't let you do that!" Cherise pouted. She declared insistently, "I'm fine! Let's go to work!"

Damien glanced at her swollen ankle and shook his head helplessly. He immediately carried her back to the bedroom.

Then, he fetched a first aid kit, delicately applied ointment, and pasted a medicated plaster on her ankle. "Rest well."

After saying that, he pressed her onto the bed and turned around to leave.

"Damien Lenoir!" Cherise clenched her teeth, bracing herself against the bed frame. She hopped over to him with her uninjured foot. "I work with my brain and hands, not my feet! I want to go to work!"

If she could start working a day earlier, she could help him sooner, and he would not be so exhausted.

Damien turned around, focusing his gaze on her. "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely!" She nodded vigorously. "Without a doubt!"

"You're so stubborn." Damien sighed and picked her up. He instructed Frances to get Cherise a pair of slippers at the door. Then he headed out, carrying Cherise to the car.

Cherise looked at him in shock. "Are...are you planning to carry me to the office?"

"Of course. Should I let you limp your way there?"

The car soon arrived at the Lenoir Group entrance.

"I can walk by myself It's only a sprain. I just need to rest for a while!"

Cherise kept pushing against Damien in the backseat, trying to break free from his embrace.

But Damien would never let her go, His large hands gripped her arms like a vice, rendering her immobile. Then, he lifted her and strode out of the car.

It was the peak of the morning rush to work, and many employees were at Lenoir Group's entrance with bagels and coffee in hand. They all witnessed their boss exiting the car, gently holding his wife as if she were a delicate treasure.

The boss was still as tall and handsome as ever, but his face showed an extremely gentle expression they had never seen before.

He looked down affectionately at the woman in his arms, saying, "Don't move. Everyone is watching."

Cherise was too aghast to speak.

Since put me down!

i know everyone is,

However, instead of putting her down, he raised his voice for everyone to hear, speaking indulgently, "Wifey, behave."

With that, he gently placed a kiss on her forehead.

Everyone at Lenoir Group's entrance fell

's entrance fell utterly silent.