

Marrying 891

Chapter 891 Out of Service

Someone captured this scene with their phone and posted it online. Others were left speechless with shock.

Most employees exchanged glances, marveling at how intimate Damien and Cherise were. It disproved the rumors that Damien was interested in Candace.

Cherise lay in Damien's arms, desperately wishing the ground would swallow her. It was too embarrassing!

On her first day at work, Damien carried her out of the car, which was embarrassing enough, but then he publicly kissed her and said such suggestive words. She could already imagine what the office gossip would be discussing today.

Furthermore, Damien's actions this morning were sufficient to make her the subject of gossip for the entire week. Even the thought of it made Cherise feel helpless.

On the other hand, Damien seemed pleased with himself. He confidently entered the company building with the petite Cherise in his arms..

As Damien carried Cherise to the employee elevator, Cherise frowned and whispered, "Can we take the VIP elevator?"

As a large corporation, Lenoir Group had more than a dozen elevators. In addition to the regular ones for employees, there were two VIP elevators exclusively for important clients and top executives.

Cherise had heard from Lennon that he and Damien would always use the VIP elevator.

"You know a lot." Damien smiled. He turned to let her see the VIP elevator.

She watched the ornate elevator close, and an employee hastily put up an 'Out of Service' sign.

Cherise was at a loss for words. Someone had entered the VIP elevator just then, and it was functioning normally. How could they now hang the maintenance sign? Was it intentional?

"We have no other option." Damien glanced at Cherise slyly. "Mrs. Lenoir, you must squeeze into the employee elevator with me."

With that, he strode purposefully while carrying Cherise into the employee elevator.

"Mr. Lenoir!"

"Good morning, Mr. Lenoir!"

A hushed reverence swept through the entire elevator as Damien entered with Cherise. Damien smiled and found a comfortable position to hold Cherise in his arms.

His office was on the 24th floor. Cherise remained in his arms as they rode the elevator.

Her cheeks burned with embarrassment throughout the journey. Even though she was nestled in Damien's arms, she could sense the probing and fiery gazes of the people around her

Finally, they arrived at the 24th floor. As Damien carried Cherise out of the elevator, she took a deep breath and was relieved to escape people's gaze.

"Mr. Lenoir, I have finished organizing the documents you requested."

Damien noticed Candace standing at the door as he exited the elevator.

Candace still wore her specially tailored figure-hugging suit. She stood there with her head down. Her hands extended before her to hand over two folders. I received a call from the human resource department this morning, informing me to return to my original position.”

Her voice quivered. She seemed on the verge of tears. “I have organized all the documents that need to be sorted in the next two days.”

After saying that, she kept her head down

tears swirling in her eyes. “Mr. Lenoir, I always considered you an employer who clearly distinguished between personal and professional matters. I never expected...”

“Is it because I offended your wife ay that you kicked i

Damien narrowed his eyes and did not respond.

out of

your office?” she asked.

As Candace kept her head down, she did not know Damien was holding a woman in his arms.

Chapter 892 Attitude

As Damien remained silent, Candace felt a glimmer of hope. He didn’t ignore me and walked away. Does this mean my words are getting to him?

With this thought in mind, Candace quickly seized the opportunity and continued, “Mr. Lenoir, I know you value talent and cherish capable individuals. You may not have wanted to transfer me back to my previous position. It’s because your wife can’t tolerate my presence...”

“However, as the boss, I sincerely hope you can consider this. Your wife joined the company to interfere with your judgment in hiring and managing employees. Do you really...”

“What?” Damien narrowed his eyes, looking at her coldly.

Candace immediately looked up, saying, “Are you sure you want to spend the rest of your life with her...”

She abruptly fell silent upon noticing the woman in Damien’s arms. At the same time, the woman was smiling at her.

Cherise’s smile was sincere, and her expression was devoid of anger and resentment. At the same time, her eyes were calm, as if she was casually observing the situation.

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Such a gaze rendered Candace speechless. She could not bring herself to continue what she wanted to say.

Seeing her silence, Cherise smiled. “What’s wrong with being a woman like me? Do you mind continuing your explanation?”

Candace was too stunned to speak. She pursed her lips and took a deep breath before kneeling with a loud thud. “Mrs. Lenoir, everything I said just now was nonsense. Please don’t take it to heart. You’re a magnanimous person. Please forgive me this time!”

People nearby began to whisper amongst themselves as soon as Candace knelt.

“Did Mr. Lenoir bring his wife this morning for her to settle the score with Candace?”

“That makes sense. Candace has been getting close to Mr. Lenoir these days.”

Damien furrowed his brow. He was about to speak, but Cherise stopped him.

She

got down from his arms. Damien immediately supported her so that she could stand on her uninjured foot.

“Candace, no need to kneel for me. I only sprained my ankle. It’s not going to kill me.”

Candace’s eyes flickered with hesitation, but she quickly stood up. “Mrs. Lenoir... I... I only wanted to apologize. I didn’t mean anything else!”

“Must you kneel to apologize to me?” Cherise continued smiling serenely at Candace. “Why do you make it seem like I’m a mean old lady.”

Then, she looked at Candace sternly, saying, “I know you are unhappy to be forced to return to your previous position after being promoted. That’s understandable. No one would willingly go back to their previous position after advancing.”.

“However, you must not covet something that is not yours. While it is true that I cannot tolerate you working by my husband’s side, the reason is not as simple as you offended me.”

Candace pursed her lips. Her eyes were filled with resentment as she looked at Cherise. “If it is not because I offended you, what else could it be?”

“Attitude.” Cherise continued to smile. “Do you want me to repeat to everyone what you and your colleagues said last night about wanting to get in between me and my husband? Perhaps you’re unaware that my phone has a recording function, and it happened to be turned on last night.”

Candace's face immediately turned pale as a sheet. She was resentful of Cherise for making her miss the opportunity to work closely with Damien.

So, after receiving the notification from the human resource department in the morning, she posted in the employee's chat group that she was forced to return to her previous position after accidentally offending Cherise last night.

Chapter 893 Candace's Facade

She had portrayed herself as a pitiful, helpless woman targeted by the president's domineering wife. Little did she know that Cherise had secretly recorded their conversation last night!

If her colleagues were to hear her words from last night, her sterling reputation would crumble in an instant!

Seeing Candace's silence, Cherise smirked. She patronizingly patted Candace's shoulder and said, "You're naive to think you can sabotage me with public hate and opinion, my dear."

Candace gritted her teeth and glared at Cherise with intense hatred. "Even if I said something I shouldn't have, you have no right to pressure Mr. Lenoir to fire me!"

"You're consumed with your doctor-patient duties, unaware of the demands and pressures of his job! I was handpicked by Mr. Lenoir to share his workload. Just because you dislike me and fear I'll steal his attention, you coerced him into transferring me back to my previous position?! Being the president's wife, it seems you're oblivious to the challenges he faces!"

Cherise sneered coldly at Candace's accusation.

Casting her eyes over the gathering, she continued, "The decision for Candace to resume her original role was made jointly by my husband and me. And as for sharing his workload, I believe it's best for me to handle it personally, given its demands."

Without pause, Damien, who had stood steadfastly beside her, added, "My wife will be heading to HR shortly to take on her new role as my personal assistant."

With a firm and piercing gaze, he surveyed the crowd. "She's here to assist me directly. As graceful and thoughtful as she is to me. I won't tolerate any further gossip about her in this company. Now, get

back to work!"

His authoritative voice echoed through the corridor, causing a momentary pause before the employees scattered like startled deer.

A few moments later, only Cherise, Damien, and Candace remained.

Candace stood her ground, her expression defiant as she locked eyes with Cherise.

Unfazed, Cherise maintained her smile. "Any other thoughts you'd like to share?"

"I have serious doubts about your ability to serve as the president's assistant, Mrs. Lenoir."

With the facade now shattered, Candace knew her career advancement in the company was at risk. She now faced a choice, either push Cherise back into her place or resign herself.

The Weiss Group had attempted to poach her to join their team just days earlier.

If Damien failed to handle the situation to her satisfaction, she would help the Weiss Group overtake the Lenoir Group, potentially rising to become Cherise and Damien's immediate superior!

With this in mind, Candace straightened her posture and addressed Cherise directly. "Mrs. Lenoir,

forgive me for being blunt. While you may excel in the medical field, your qualifications as a corporate assistant are lacking compared to mine. When the president selected me for the role, he valued my exceptional memory and diligent work ethic. I stood out among my peers, whereas you have little to no experience in this area. I must say it's rather far-fetched for you to suddenly become the president's assistant, don't you think?"

Cherise remained silent.

Damien smirked. "It appears I can't appoint whomever I please as president. Should I consult you next time, Candace?"

"That's not what I meant-!" Candace interjected hastily. Despite her reservations, she still harbored respect and concern for Damien. His comment made her uneasy. "I'm only looking out for the company's best interests! I-"

Cherise smiled faintly and met Candace's gaze. "Very well. You believe I lack capability, and you are confident in yours."

Chapter 894 Showdown!

"If I prove I'm better than you at this, you owe me an apology and a swift return to your previous position, no fuss," she challenged, her tone cutting through the air.

Damien's brows furrowed at the audacity of her ultimatum.

Honestly, with Cherise being his wife, Damien could've easily let her slide into any role she fancied when she joined his company.

But instead of aiming for something cushy or high and mighty, she chose to play the role of an assistant.

Sure, being the president's assistant might've been the bottom rung on the corporate ladder, but many would kill for this petty position. That was probably why Candace was so hell-bent on keeping the job as Damien's assistant.

Damien didn't see any issue with Cherise assisting him; Candace was harassing her and causing trouble.

But now that Cherise had spoken up to prove her capability, Damien saw no reason to stand in her way.

Presumably, many in the company were unhappy with Cherise's return to work today.

If he wanted to shut those naysayers up, the best bet was to have them eating out of Cherise's hand, admiring her hustle. And his wife had it in her to make it happen.

After all, she had always excelled academically from a young age. Damien had every confidence that Cherise had what it took and more to be his right-hand woman.

Candace scoffed. "Alright. Let's see how Mrs. Lenoir and I stack up!"

She doubted Cherise, always tied up in the hospital, had any skill with paperwork.

News of the showdown between Cherise and Candace quickly circulated throughout the company.

Departments dropped their morning meetings to witness the drama unfold on the twenty-fourth floor.

Damien didn't intervene. This was Cherise's chance to shine because if his wife earned respect, he'd benefit from it, too.

To ensure fairness, Lennon was chosen to oversee the competition.

When Cherise saw Lennon enter with a mischievous grin, she couldn't help but wonder, 'Is he here for fairness or just for the spectacle?'

“Mr. Belcourt, your reputation for fairness precedes you. I’m confident you’ll judge impartially,” Candace said, smiling at Lennon.

Cherise was left speechless.

Watching Candace and others fawn over Lennon, Cherise felt a twinge of frustration. Maybe they didn’t know him as well as she did...

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Lennon had called Cherise last night, practically begging her to intervene with Lucy and end her avoidance. And now, out of the blue, he’s here to judge?

“In the spirit of fairness, I think we should consider a new referee.” Cherise cleared her throat and protested.

Candace raised an eyebrow. “Why the change? Mr. Belcourt is perfectly fine for the role! Mrs. Lenoir, you can’t just dismiss Mr. Belcourt because you’re not familiar with him. If you want to prove your abilities, the referee shouldn’t matter, right?”

Cherise found herself at a loss for words. With a resigned sigh, she glanced at Lennon. “Well, then, you better make sure to be fair and just.”

Lennon coughed awkwardly. “Oh, absolutely! I pride myself on being completely impartial. Fairness is my middle name in this company!”

Cherise couldn’t help but roll her eyes internally at his feigned innocence, ‘Right, and pigs fly!’

Ten minutes later, after a rushed setup, the competition began with a memory challenge.

Lennon produced a document and started reading aloud to Cherise and Candace, who were forbidden from taking notes.

Chapter 895 Phonographic Memory?

Candace furrowed her brow, tapping her hands on her thighs.

Meanwhile, Cherise lowered her head, delicately playing with a pen. Little did she know, the pen belonged to Damien and was worth millions.

Cherise had no inkling of its value; she simply found it visually appealing. She twirled the pen around, idly toying with it from different angles.

Once Lennon finished reading the five-page document, Cherise opened the pen and glanced at him. "Can I start writing now?"

Lennon nodded. "Yes, go ahead."

Cherise took the A4 paper handed to her by Damien and began carefully writing each word and sentence.

Meanwhile, Candace was far from at ease.

Despite her confidence in her remarkable memory, she hadn't anticipated Lennon uncovering such a complex and obscure document. Five pages devoured in one go! How could she possibly recall it all? She wasn't some memory prodigy!

Anxiously, she glanced at Cherise, who was writing quietly beside her, steadily filling the page with text.

From Candace's vantage point, she could only catch a glimpse of Cherise's profile-attentive and unassuming, prompting a hint of begrudging admiration from Candace.

"No wonder Damien liked her so much," she mused involuntarily.

However, Candace quickly shook off such distracting thoughts. It wasn't the time for distractions. She refocused on the document Lennon had just reviewed, diligently attempting to recall its contents.

Ten minutes later, just as Candace was beginning to find her groove and put pen to paper, Lennon's abrupt announcement shattered her concentration. "Time's up!"

Startled, Candace looked up to find Cherise finished all five pages of her A4 paper neatly filled with writing.

Candace couldn't believe her eyes. How had Cherise managed to transcribe everything so quickly? And did the page count match exactly what Lennon had reviewed?

In disbelief, Candace blurted out, "This is impossible!"

How could Cherise have accomplished this feat? It seemed inconceivable that she, a doctor unfamiliar with the document's subject matter, could complete it quickly. It had to be a sham, a random assortment of words!

Candace's confidence surged with this presumption.

She cast a scornful look at the paper in front of Cherise. "Mrs. Lenoir, you wrote that so hastily, almost

as if you weren't paying attention. This is a memory challenge, you know. You're supposed to replicate exactly what Mr. Belcourt read, not jot down whatever comes to mind!"

Unfazed, Cherise calmly capped her pen and offered a faint smile. "Of course, I'm well aware of the rules. If you doubt the accuracy of my transcription, feel free to compare it with the original text."

Before Cherise could finish, a colleague, who was on good terms with Candace, rushed over and snatched up Cherise's notes, eager to cross-reference them with the document in front of her.

Others quickly gathered around, eager to join in the comparison.

The office fell into an uneasy silence, punctuated only by the quiet whispers of conversation.

After a moment, those who had examined the documents stood in disbelief, holding Cherise's transcription and Lennon's texts side by side.

To everyone's amazement, the texts were nearly identical, down to the last word. It was as if Cherise had somehow replicated Lennon's reading word for word!

Except for Damien and Lennon, who remained composed, the rest of the room was stunned and speechless.

Marrying the Man in the Dark

Chapter 896 Cherise Rose Above Candace

Candace felt like she was losing her mind and struggling to believe what she saw. She meticulously compared the two documents over and over again.

To her shock, she found that apart from a few punctuation marks and some incorrect words, the rest were practically identical! Cherise's handwriting was so elegant and neat that it almost seemed printed.

Candace couldn't believe what she was seeing! It was as though Cherise had simply copied and pasted from the original document!

Candace took a deep breath, her gaze locked on Cherise. "This...this is insane! No way someone could be this good!"

You see, Candace had been Damien's pick for assistant in the office because of her exceptional memory. She'd stood out among everyone else. But now, her outstanding performance paled in comparison to Cherise's!

"It's crazy...I can't wrap my head around this!" Candace exclaimed, disbelief written all over her face. How could Cherise, a dork, be so darn good?

Candace clenched her teeth and declared, "This doesn't count! She must've cheated! She must have read Lennon's texts beforehand and memorized it!"

Cherise saw Candace's meltdown coming. With a smile, she looked directly at Candace. "If you think I cheated, how about you provide a document and read it to me, and I'll write?"

Cherise's decision to let Candace set her own challenge was a direct snub to her opponent.

The department fell silent, even those from other departments pausing to watch the tense exchange.

"Man, Mrs. Lenoir is no pushover. Just look at how gracefully she's handling Candace's challenge. There aren't many women in the company who can match her."

Candace stood before Cherise, face drained of color. Despite Cherise's shorter stature, she seemed to loom over Candace at that moment, exuding an aura of dominance.

With great reluctance and a touch of contempt, she uttered, "Fine. You win."

It was clear that Cherise's reaction wasn't that of a cheater. Pressing the matter further would only lead to humiliation for Candace.

Candace took a deep breath, stepping back from Cherise and bowing deeply. Candace stepped back and offered a respectful bow. "I concede. I owe you an apology, Mrs. Lenoir. I shouldn't have doubted you or coveted Mr. Lenoir. I'll resign after today. I'm sorry,"

As Candace turned to leave, whispers filled the room. Cherise called out to her, her brow furrowed. "Hey, Candace."

Candace froze, her back to Cherise. "What else can I do for you, Mrs. Lenoir?"

"You know, Mr. Lenoir didn't move you out of this role because you lack skills. I've honed my memory and literacy over years of study. So, don't doubt yourself; you're still great." Cherise interjected, her tone earnest.

Cherise's smile persisted as she added, "And hey, even if you do leave Lenoir Group someday, don't let it get you down. Honestly, if I were you, I wouldn't quit. On the contrary, I'll prove to everyone, through my own sweat and toil, that I'm just as good as anyone else."

When Cherise finished, a few of Candace's coworkers, who were also close friends, rallied around her, grabbing her arm. "Absolutely, Candace! Quitting is like admitting defeat. You're not going to do that, right?"

Lennon exhaled sharply, checking his watch. "It's ten already. Let's wrap this up! Everyone, back to work!"

Chapter 897 Reporting For Duty At The HR Department

After Lennon's brief announcement, he turned to Cherise. "Those heading to HR should head there ASAP," he said.

The words had barely left his lips when the crowd dispersed, scattering down the corridor.

"HR's up on the twelfth," Damien murmured to Cherise, his tone low.

She nodded, clutching her resume, and darted into the waiting elevator.

Lennon and Damien watched her go, Lennon's arms folded across his chest.

"Looks like Cherry's finally making some headway around here," Lennon observed. "But Lulu mentioned she's a skilled doctor with heaps of knowledge. Are you sure it's wise to have her as your assistant?"

"Seems like a waste of talent," Lennon couldn't help but say.

Damien shot him a cold glance. "You think I haven't considered that?"

He sighed, casting a glance at the departing Cherise. "She left her previous job because she didn't trust her colleagues. I brought her here to gain some confidence and real-world experience. With me guiding her, she'll avoid a lot of unnecessary hurdles."

"That's it?" Lennon raised an eyebrow, clearly unimpressed.

Damien sighed, shaking his head. She always thinks I'm the dedicated one between me and her, but she never lifts a finger to help me. This is her chance to do something for a change."

"Fair enough," Lennon agreed. "It's better than her charging ahead and bothering Sebastian without your say-so."

The mention of Sebastian brought a glint of coldness to Damien's eyes. "I don't want Cherry near that guy."

Lennon nodded knowingly. "You've got to watch out. Sebastian's not subtle about his intentions-he's after your company and your girl."

Damien scoffed. “He’s ambitious, but does he have what it takes? If he can sway Cherry, then I’ll concede defeat.”

Meanwhile, as Cherise entered the HR department, she found everyone lined up at the door, eagerly awaiting her arrival.

The sight left Cherise torn between amusement and exasperation. “Everyone, please, go back to your desks and get back to work. I’m just here to check in...

A middle-aged man with graying hair approached, holding out a notebook. “Mrs. Lenoir, I heard about your incredible photographic memory. Would you mind signing here for me? I have to say, I admire your talent!”

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Cherise was taken aback. She might have refused outright if the person in front of her had been younger. But facing a middle-aged man who was a senior to her, she felt compelled to oblige.

With a resigned sigh, she picked up the pen and signed her name on his notebook. To her dismay, what started as one signature turned into two, then three...

After what felt like an eternity, Cherise finally completed the task, signing everyone’s notebooks with her autograph. “Can I start my duties now?” she asked eager to move on.

The middle-aged man who initiated the signing process smiled and motioned for her to sit. “Absolutely! Let me introduce myself. I’m Fyodor Dultch, Director of the HR Department, though everyone calls me Mr. Dultch! Seems the rumors are true – Mrs. Lenoir isn’t just capable, elegant, and nice!”

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As Mr. Dultch spoke, someone beside him chimed in, “Yeah, the last person we asked to sign was not thrilled about it!”

“Indeed, but Mrs. Lenoir handled it with grace,” another added.

Cherise couldn’t help but be entertained by their lively exchange and

“Mind if I ask who the individual was that you all

surrounded and cratic nature.

she asked.

t you all surrounded and irritated with autograph requests?”

Chapter 898 Backstabbing Mr Belcourt

“It was Mr. Belcourt!” someone blurted out, shaking his head helplessly. “He’s got a temper like a volcano! Apart from the president, nobody in the company dares to cross him!”

“Mr. Dultch came up with this weird idea to test the temper of every big shot in the company.

guess who’s Supposed to help us figure out who to handle with kid gloves when assigning tasks... and the most untouchable? Yep, Mr. Belcourt...”

Before the person could finish, Mr. Dultch glared and shooed him away. “Get back to work! Mrs. Lenoir, don’t pay attention to his rambling.”

Cherise was floored by their bizarre logic. “So... your test concludes that I’m cool as a cucumber, huh?”

Mr. Dultch grinned. “Yep, you’ve got quite the cool head. But don’t worry, we’ll do our best not to ruffle your feathers...”

Cherise was left speechless. She had unwittingly discovered such a peculiar department existed in Damien's company!

When she returned to Damien's office from HR, it was already eleven in the morning.

She walked in holding the thick employee code of conduct given by Mr. Dultch. Damien was at his desk, working.

At the sound of the door, he glanced up with a smile. The HR are a bunch of zealous peeps, huh?"

Cherise grumbled as she unloaded the items from her arms onto the office desk. "Can you believe it? Each of them insisted on getting my autograph. And after I obliged, they had the nerve to compliment

my patience, as if I wouldn't have minded saying no from the start."

Her efforts seemed wasted, leaving her feeling like an easy target.

"They probably didn't mean any harm," Damien said, approaching with a grin as he guided her to the nearby sofa. As he eased off her shoes, he added casually, "Mr. Dultch can be a bit mischievous. But honestly, they just appreciate people who can keep their cool and won't be pushed around."

"And with me around, who'd dare to mess with you?" His warm hand gently massaged her swollen ankle, injured earlier that morning.

Cherise remained silent, and her lips pursed in annoyance.

"Still giving you grief?" The man's eyes flicked to her swollen ankle, concern evident in his voice.

"Nah, it's fine now," Cherise replied, smiling. Before she could say more, a knock interrupted them.

“Mr. Lenoir, I’m from Sales. The manager asked me to bring these documents to you,” a voice outside the door sounded genuinely concerned.

“Just leave them at the door,” Damien said, holding Cherise’s ankle, his gaze unmoving.

There was a pause from the person outside. “But sir, the manager insisted I personally hand them to you. Leaving them at the door... I’ll get in trouble if the manager finds out.”

A frown creased Damien’s brow, ready to voice his protest, but Cherise swiftly pulled her foot away, instructing, “Go sit down and let the poor guy in.”

With work hours in full swing, Damien couldn’t afford to disrupt his routine or the company’s operations for Cherise’s spur-of-the-moment decisions.

Damien sighed, looking resignedly at Cherise, who hurriedly slipped on her shoes.

Aware that resisting Cherise’s insistence would only lead to her overthinking and self-blame, Damien acquiesced. If she wanted him to work, he’d work. If she wanted him to rest, he’d relax.

“Come on in,” Damien uttered brusquely from behind his desk.

Chapter 899 Does The Young Man Know Me?

The young man entered the room, his anxiety palpable as he placed the documents on the desk before

Damien.

He was eloquent about his visit, “Good morning, Mr. Lenoir. The manager hopes you can approve this document soon. It’s about our department’s sales performance this quarter.”

Damien's response was curt, "Sure. You may leave now."

The young man breathed a sigh of relief, turned on his heel, and was about to exit when he saw Cherise nestled in the office corner.

Their gazes locked, confusion etched on Cherise's face, while shock rippled across the young man's features.

He hesitated, words dangling on the tip of his tongue, before he averted his gaze and hastily departed.

Cherise furrowed. She couldn't shake the feeling that the young man's glance held a hint of recognition.

Yet, she wracked her brain but couldn't recall crossing paths with anyone from Damien's company before.

"Let's get going," Damien's deep voice jolted Cherise back to reality.

She blinked, befuddled. "Go where?"

A faint smile ghosted across Damien's lips. "Feeling hungry, Mrs. Lenoir? It's already half past eleven. Lunchtime."

Cherise glanced at the clock, realizing it was indeed lunchtime.

But the morning had slipped by with little productivity. Before she could object, Damien cut in, his tone laced with amusement. "Looks like Mrs. Lenoir is glued to her seat. Shall I..."

Startled, Cherise sprang up from her chair. "No, no, no! I can walk on my own!"

Damien's gaze carried a glint of amusement. "Then what are we waiting for? Let's go."

Cherise pursed her lips and briskly exited the office, her determined steps echoing in the corridor. With a faint smile, Damien caught up with her as they both left the company building in tandem.

As they contemplated lunch, Cherise initially considered something simple. Yet, seeing Damien's marines rilurts, she couldn't help but feel compelled to treat him to something more substantial

Scanning through darby restaurants on her phone he stumbled upon a quaint eatery close to the offer, tasasting rave reviews for Healthy Poke Bow

nearby restaurants. A small place caught her

Cherise silly rolled dough has puting eye conveniently close the attic and big pov revis

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The decisive factor? A promise of a 'Healthy Poke Bowl.'

Grinning, Damien caught wind of her choice.

"Poke Bowls it is, then?" He said while grabbing Cherise's hand as they strolled leisurely beneath the midday sun.

The sunlight accentuated Damien's chiseled features, adding an extra layer of allure to his handsome face.

Hand in hand, the couple sauntered down the street, and Cherise couldn't help but revel in the overflowing happiness within.

Oddly, though, she noticed several people attempting to mimic their stroll. Not that these individuals could even be considered imitators.

Phones flashed, and cameras clicked, capturing their every moment.

Cherise leaned closer to Damien, her voice hushed, “Why are so many people taking our picture?”

Damien’s lips curved into a smirk; Damien flashed her a grin, “Guess we’re just too hot to handle, huh?”

Cherise’s eyes widened in disbelief.

They were followed by eager photographers from the office to the restaurant, making Cherise increasingly uncomfortable.

It wasn’t until they were seated that she finally uncovered the truth. She clicked on the link Heather had sent her.

News Flash: “Lenoir Group President’s Wife Joins Him for a Sweet Day at Work!”

Chapter 900 Twitter Exploded!

Headline: “Lenoir Group President’s Wife’s Debut Workday Is a Love-Filled Affair!”

Breaking Headline: “Surprising Twist! The President’s Wife of Lenoir Group Reveals Her True Colors!”

Cherise frowned as she flipped through the news articles one by one. Each featured a picture of Damien carrying her out of the car in the morning.

Some reports even suggested that Cherise was clinging onto Damien, with rumors swirling that if he didn't carry her to work, she'd divorce him. Various absurd reasons were speculated all over the place.

Each article seemed like a voyeuristic peek into their private conversations. The influence of public opinion was certainly formidable!

After reading all the fabricated news articles, Cherise set down her phone. She looked at Damien with a hint of resentment. "I told you this would happen if you kept indulging me like this. Now everyone thinks I'm some sort of high-maintenance diva."

She raised an eyebrow, fixing him with a challenging stare. "So, Mr. Lenoir, how do you plan to fix this mess?"

Damien furrowed his brow and casually picked up his phone. "What kind of compensation does Mrs. Lenoir have in mind?"

Cherise leaned on the table, furrowing her brow as she pondered momentarily. Then, her eyes lit up. "How about you make roast chicken for me tonight? It's been ages since I've had your homemade roast

chicken!"

Damien's eyes softened with warmth as he smiled faintly at the petite woman before him. "Just roast

chicken?"

Cherise pouted. "Yep. I don't need much with you by my side. But if I had to choose, it'd be your roast chicken..."

With a smile, Damien set down his phone, bending slightly to meet the gaze of the petite woman lounging on the table. "Consider it done. Roast chicken it is for dinner."

“Yay! Can’t wait!” Cherise’s smile faded as her phone pinged with a WhatsApp message just as she was about to speak.

Instinctively, she reached for it, but her hand was intercepted by Damien’s warm touch, covering hers with his own large hand.

He gently moved her hand away from the phone, a faint smile on his lips. “No phones at the table, love.

With a smooth motion, he took her phone from her grasp. “Isn’t the food delicious, or perhaps your husband isn’t handsome enough to keep your attention during dinner, Mrs. Lenoir?”

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Cherise was taken aback by his quip. Come on, she was just checking if it was an urgent message!

But deep down, she knew they’d call if it were urgent. It was likely just a silly video from Heather or Lucy. It could wait. She focused on her meal with a determined air, savoring each bite deliberately.

Little did she know that while she dined, Twitter was ablaze.

The catalyst? Damien’s post on his personal account:

It’s my wife’s first day at work, and I’m here to support her

My wife is kind, lovely, and understanding, but some online gossip has gotten to her.’

When my wife is upset, it sets me off, and when I’m upset, well, let’s just say it’s not pretty.’

Below, an account named ‘MrHampson Lenoirs was busy tagging media outlets.