

My Blind Husband #Chapter 1 - Read My Blind Husband Chapter 1

Chapter 1

“Uhm... should I undress and get on the bed first or... help you undress first?” Cherise Shaw asked cautiously, standing at the bathroom door with her body wrapped in a towel.

It was her wedding night.

The wheelchair-bound man, who was blindfolded with black silk, would be her husband from now on.

This was her first time seeing him in person, and he was more good-looking than in pictures. The man had distinct facial features, with a sharp nose and thick eyebrows. His tall and slender figure matched the image of Cherise’s dream man. But alas, he was a disabled, blind man.

Some accused Damien Lenoir of being a jinx, causing his parents to pass away when he was nine and his elder sister’s demise when he was thirteen. Not only that, his three fiancées passed away one after another.

When she first heard the rumors, Cherise was intimidated, but her uncle, Elvis Shaw, claimed the Lenoir family would fund her grandmother, Mary Dawson’s treatment. For the sake of Mary, she was willing to take the risks.

Perceiving no response from Damien, Cherise thought he didn’t hear her, so she repeated her question.

“Ha! Do you know who I am?” The aloof man slowly removed the black silk and glanced at Cherise coldly.

His gaze was so cold that Cherise instinctively shivered, but she soon comforted herself not to be afraid. He was a blind man, after all! Nonetheless, she was surprised to perceive such a profound gaze from a blind man.

Cherise had not seen a blind man, so she wasn’t sure, but she answered him honestly. “I know.”

Damien frowned. “Aren’t you afraid of death?”

He looked more composed and intimidating after the blindfold was removed.

Cherise's heart was pounding. "No. We're indebted to you because you saved Grandma. I'll keep my promise to bear you children and care for you for a lifetime!" Staring at Damien, she declared firmly with a serious look on her delicate face.

Damien silently scrutinized her for a moment before letting out a sarcastic laugh. "Well, then. Help me take a bath."

Cherise hesitated briefly before saying, "Sure."

She had not regretted it after promising Peter Lenoir, Damien's grandfather, to marry Damien. It was natural for a wife to bathe her disabled husband.

"I'll get the bath ready." With that, Cherise went into the bathroom.

Damien knitted his brows as he watched Cherise disappear. In fact, he had sent his men to investigate her. The woman's background was as simple as it could be – she came from a poor family in a village and was willing to marry an infamous jinx like him for the sake of her grandmother's medical expenses.

Previously, he had three fiancées, all of which were socialites in Adania and came from wealthy families. However, they were brutally assassinated the night before the wedding. To his surprise, a silly and innocent girl like Cherise managed to be safe even until their wedding night.

Either she was too insignificant for others to bother about her, or she was playing dumb.

While Damien was lost in thought, the bathroom door was opened. He was momentarily stunned when he lifted his eyes to see the petite woman walk out of the steamy bathroom.

The water vapor dampened her lengthy, black hair, with a few strands hanging above her collarbones. The towel wrapping her body was wet and stuck to her skin, outlining her curvy figure.

"Please wait a moment." Cherise crouched down to pull out her suitcase from beneath the bed. Her clothes were neatly arranged in the suitcase. She took out a white lace sleepwear and tore off the price tag before putting it on.

Thinking Damien was blind, she changed before him, but the innocent act took on a different meaning in Damien's eyes. Is she testing if I'm actually blind?

"Huff!" After changing, Cherise walked up to Damien and wheeled him to the bathroom. She assisted him into the bathroom and started removing his shirt. Through the thick steam, Damien looked at Cherise with his eyes narrowed.

Cherise looked concentrated with her head lowered. Her clear eyes showed no trace of emotions. She was so focused, as if she was carrying out an assignment.

She removed his watch and blouse, then... When only the underwear was left, Cherise pulled back her hand hesitantly. "Can you... bathe with this on?"

Damien examined her with a tinge of mischief in his eyes. "You can't bathe thoroughly without removing it."

"Oh... You're right." Cherise turned away and reached out her hand.

Damien was startled. Staring coldly at her focused look, he furrowed his brows. Is this woman really dumb, or is she putting on an act? She doesn't seem to be embarrassed at all!

"This way to the bathtub." Cherise carefully helped Damien into the bathtub as if she had not seen his naked body. Yet, her cheeks flushed.

She patted her face to calm down before asking Damien, "You're tolerant of pain, right?"

"Mm-hmm."

Then, Cherise tucked her hair behind her ears and turned around to rummage through the cabinet. Moments later, she returned with a bath scrub.

Damien's temples involuntarily twitched, surprised that she actually planned to bathe him on their wedding night.

Without asking for his permission, Cherise directly scrubbed his back. "Let me know if it's painful. I'll be more gentle."

Damien remained silent as Cherise diligently bathed him.

Before marrying Damien, she had cared for her old, sick grandmother for many years. Mary loved Cherise's bathing service, saying she felt comfortable and could sleep better after a bath. So, Cherise assumed Damien would enjoy it too.

Crouching beside the bathtub, she carefully scrubbed every inch of his skin. Although she exerted all her strength, it felt like a tickle to Damien. Nonetheless, he perceived her effort and sincerity.

It didn't take long before a layer of perspiration covered Cherise's forehead.

Frowning, Damien suddenly began to doubt if he had mistaken her. What schemes could an innocent girl like her have?

"Uhm... Should I wash there too?" After cleaning other parts of his body, Cherise blushed and pointed at his private part.

Damien looked at her with his deep-set eyes. "What do you think?"

Cherise hesitated briefly and mumbled, "Okay... I'll do it."

Just as she reached out her hand, Damien swiftly seized her wrist.

At once, the atmosphere became tense.

Cherise didn't think that her action would make Damien uncomfortable. She lifted her head and looked at Damien naively, "I can't wash it with you holding my wrist."

Coldness flashed across Damien's eyes as he blurted, "Get out."

Chapter 2

Cherise was confused, thinking Damien couldn't see anything. "Can you bathe yourself if I leave?" Damien didn't answer, but the atmosphere grew colder. Realizing that Damien might be annoyed, Cherise timidly took the bath scrub and left. "Be careful, alright? Call me if you need anything!" After leaving the bathroom, Cherise became restless and unconsciously glanced at the door. The floor is slippery. What if he accidentally falls? What if he falls and dies? I've just gotten married and don't wanna be a widow so soon... Just as Cherise's mind was running wild, her phone rang. Lucy Staber, her best

friend, sent her a video titled 'Revision Materials'. Revision materials? Why did she send me this when the final exams are still far off? Cherise wondered as she clicked into the video. "Mm... Ahh..." To her shock, what came into sight was a woman pressing against a man! At once, Cherise blushed to the root of her hair. In a panic, she wanted to close the video, but her knock-off phone froze at that very moment, and she couldn't switch it off no matter how she tried! Suddenly, the bathroom door opened. When Damien heard the erotic sound, his face darkened. "What are you doing?" Cherise, who was already sweating nervously, almost dropped her phone on the floor, frightened by Damien's sudden appearance. Flustered, she shoved her phone under the blanket. The volume became smaller, but the woman in the video moaned more passionately. "You..." Damien stared sternly at Cherise. "I- I'm watching a bathing video!" Cherise pressed the blanket forcefully, hoping to cover the sound. A shadow fell across Damien's countenance. "A bathing video?" "Yeah." Cherise sat on the blanket, nervously wiping the sweat from her forehead. "It was a man giving a woman a rubdown. The woman was so comfortable that she moaned." Damien was rendered speechless. Not only does she think I'm blind, but she probably also thinks I'm dumb. There was a pin-drop silence in the room beside the woman's muffled voice that emerged from under the blanket. Dressed in her sleepwear, Cherise pressed onto the blanket in an awkward position. The warm, yellow light shed on her fair skin, exuding an alluring aura. Damien's breath grew heavier, and his eyes darkened. Beads of perspiration covered Cherise's forehead. She never knew pressing on a soft blanket could get this tiring! Fortunately, the video ended after a while. Cherise wiped away her sweat and took out the overheating phone from the blanket. Damien sat down at the edge of the bed and gazed at her with a half-smile. "Has the video

ended?" Cherise wore an awkward smile. "Yeah... Indeed, it's not good to scrub too hard when bathing..." Damien made no comments. Cherise immediately deleted the video and angrily messaged Lucy. 'You almost got me into trouble!' Lucy replied instantly. 'Come on. I'm being helpful!' 'Isn't your husband disabled? I especially found this video for you. Have you picked it up?' Cherise's face reddened. 'Go to hell!' Since Damien was blind, Cherise didn't excuse herself when texting Lucy. As a result, Damien could clearly read their conversation. 'My phone froze just as I was about to close the video. And he heard it!' 'He asked me what I was doing. I barely managed to lie my way out!' Damien continued remaining silent. 'Haha! Cherry, I'm laughing so hard right now!' 'You devil!' 'The first night is precious. I shall not disturb you and your handsome blind husband any longer!' Damien frowned. Handsome blind husband? What an unflattering address. Taking a deep

breath, Cherise put down her phone and looked at Damien. "Let's begin." Damien stared at her but said nothing. Cherise clenched her fists. She had known this man for less than twenty-four hours and knew he didn't like her. But... Sarah Miles, her aunt, had said it was a must during their first night. Otherwise, they wouldn't be happy for the rest of their marriage! She pounced onto Damien and encircled his neck with her arms, clumsily kissing his cold lips. Her tongue ventured into his mouth and awkwardly touched his like a kid sucking a jelly stick. Damien's expression grew somber. Cherise looked serious and focused as she was determined to complete the task. Damien placed his hands on her waist. "Will you regret it?" Blushing, Cherise shook her head. "I won't. You're my husband." A tinge of tenderness appeared in Damien's eyes as he gazed at the girl. "Are you afraid of pain?" He asked in a deep voice, restraining his emotions. "No." Cherise pursed her lips and wanted to press forward, but Damien grasped her wrist. "It's better for the man to take the lead." ... The next morning, the two servants who were in charge of preparing breakfast arrived at the Lenoir Residence sleepily. "The new Mrs. Lenoir looks ignorant, while Mr. Lenoir is blind and disabled. I wonder if last night was smooth for them." "I guess so. The bodyguards on duty last night said they heard Mrs. Lenoir making some noises." "At first, she was really loud. Later, it seemed like she hid under the blanket, but the moaning was still passionate." "Really? She seemed quite innocent. Who knows..." The servants gossiped as they walked toward the kitchen. "Good morning!" The spectacled young lady, who wore a pink apron, cheerfully put two cups of

chocolate drinks on the dining table. "You came so early!" The atmosphere turned awkward as the two servants exchanged glances. After confirming Cherise didn't hear their conversation, they quickly walked over to help Cherise. "Good morning, Mrs. Lenoir. You're up so early." Grinning, Cherise glanced at the clock and said, "It's not that early. It's already past six!" In fact, she got up slightly later than usual because she hadn't slept well last night. The servants were flustered, thinking Cherise was complaining about them being late. They hurried to prepare breakfast but found out that a variety of food was already served. There were hard-boiled eggs, oatmeals, and a few golden pancakes. The servants were shocked. "Mrs. Lenoir, these..." "I made them! I'm not sure what Damien likes, so I just prepared something similar to what I usually prepare for my grandmother." Then, she pushed the pancakes to the servants. "I didn't know you guys would come so early, so I didn't prepare yours. You can have this first. I'll make more."

Chapter 3

Cherise was about to enter the kitchen again, but the servants quickly stopped her. "It's okay, Mrs. Lenoir." They were paid to prepare breakfast every day. They would lose their jobs if Damien discovered that Cherise had prepared the breakfast! "Mrs. Lenoir, Frances and I are in charge of preparing breakfast in this household. You're new here and don't know Mr. Lenoir's preferences, so it's better for you to stay out of the kitchen." The other servant chimed in, "Yeah, June is right. Mrs. Lenoir, please leave it to us." "Mr. Lenoir won't eat this kind of breakfast." June glanced disdainfully at the simple breakfast Cherise had prepared. "Someone as noble as Mr. Lenoir always has a full English breakfast in the morning. Don't you think the food you prepare is too simple?" A startled look washed over Cherise's rosy face before a dejected look replaced it. She lowered her head and hummed, "You're right." Indeed, the rich usually have fancy preferences. Back in school, my classmates who were from wealthy families wouldn't eat simple breakfasts from the cafeteria, let alone someone as esteemed as Damien. I must have lost my mind. A few seconds later, Cherise regained her composure and smiled brightly at June. "I'll throw them away then!" Frances, the other servant, was shocked. June's comment was harsh, yet Cherise wasn't upset and was even willing to dispose of her food. She looked at the freshly prepared breakfast on the table and felt sorry for Cherise, so she went forward to stop her. "Mrs. Lenoir, it's a waste to throw them away. If you don't mind, please let us eat it. But you should leave the task to us next time." Cherise hesitated briefly. "Okay. I'm going upstairs." When she turned around, a lump rose in her throat. It seems like I'm not welcome in this house... The handsome man was sound asleep in the bedroom. Kneeling beside the bed, Cherise observed his chiseled jawline and muttered, "You city people are so fussy! Who eats a full English breakfast every day? I've never had that before. How would I possibly know how to make them..." Before Cherise married, her aunt repeatedly reminded her that a woman should satisfy her husband's sexual desire or feed him well to ensure a happy and long-lasting marriage. Cherise felt all the more aggrieved, thinking about what happened last night and the episode in the kitchen just now. She had just gotten married and didn't want a miserable marriage! Last night, Damien stopped after kissing her for a while. She was worried that his condition might not allow it, so she didn't insist, thinking she had good cooking skills.

But now, even her cooking was despised. If that was the case, she could only satisfy him sexually. "Hey. I'm gonna kiss you if you don't wake up soon." Cherise pressed her lips while staring at Damien's sharp nose. Damien's long

eyelashes fluttered, but he didn't open his eyes. Cherise's heart pounded as she looked at the man's cold, attractive face. She bent down and almost wanted to kiss him but ended up giving up. Finally, she left the room, deflated. It's okay. Maybe Aunt Sarah was wrong. A happy marriage might not necessarily be correlated with sexual satisfaction. However, Cherise couldn't help feeling discouraged. Just then, she received a call from Sarah. She trotted to the washroom before answering the call. "Hey Cherise, did everything go well last night?" Sarah went straight to the point as soon as the call was connected. The washroom door was left ajar. Sarah and Cherise's voice came forth clear. "Not really." "Not really? Have you guys done it?" "No..." "Cherise, you have to remember your current identity. You're the Lenoir family's daughter-in-law, and your primary task is to bear Damien's children. Don't forget you've promised them to bear Damien a child within two years!" Sarah urged earnestly. Cherise gripped the phone firmly and said, "Don't worry, Aunt Sarah. I remember." She was merely inexperienced because it was her first marriage. "I'll do my best to bear him children!" Getting Cherise's firm reply, Sarah sighed in relief. "Also, since you guys have gotten married, you should call him 'Honey'." Cherise's face turned red. "Okay..." Just then, the bedroom door was opened. Cherise thought it was the servants. Worrying that they might wake Damien, she quickly hung up the call and went out. To her surprise, Damien was nowhere to be seen in the bedroom, and his wheelchair was gone too. Cherise hurried downstairs and found the man in black elegantly having breakfast in the dining room. His eyes were blindfolded with the black silk, looking aloof and mysterious. "Mrs. Lenoir, your breakfast is served. Please try it out. I hope it suits your taste!" June called out to Cherise passionately. Her warm attitude was a sharp contrast to her earlier scornful behavior. Cherise went forward obediently. A full English breakfast, which Cherise had never had before, was served on the dining table. After the incident earlier, Cherise couldn't bring herself to eat this breakfast that didn't suit her taste. Suddenly, she remembered she kept a bowl of oatmeal in the fridge this morning. Damien doesn't like it, but I can have it. So, she trotted to the kitchen to bring out the oatmeal. Then, she savored it happily in her seat. Sitting at the other end of the wide table, Damien

asked with a frown, "What are you eating?" Cherise mumbled sulkily, "Something that you wouldn't like." Damien wore a faint smile. "How do you know I won't like it?" Cherise pouted and answered naively, "June told me so." A shiver ran down June's spine. Damien held the glass of milk and elegantly took a sip of it. "June said I wouldn't like it?" "Yeah." "Why would there be something I don't like in the fridge?" Damien asked with a wry smirk. Cherise muttered apologetically, "It's me... I didn't realize your preference and

prepared for you what I normally made for breakfast, not knowing that you wouldn't eat simple food like this." "I see." Damien slowly put down the glass. When the glass hit the table, the clink was so unnerving that June almost fell to her knees. Damien's voice was as cold as ice. "Even I didn't know I would dislike the food you made." Before Cherise could understand the meaning behind his words, he pulled the bowl of oatmeal toward himself. Then, he pretended to detect the position of the oatmeal with his spoon before precisely taking one scoop and tasting it. It was a flavor he had never tasted before – a savory oatmeal. "Not bad." Damien put down the spoon elegantly. "How did June know this is not to my liking?" He figured out Cherise must have complained about him beside the bed this morning because June commented on her cooking. Damien's aura was so intimidating that June trembled in fear and instinctively hid behind Frances. Damien continued, "June, why are you remaining silent? Is it because you don't think there's a need to explain it to a blind man like me?"

Chapter 4

The man's frosty tone turned the atmosphere in the dining room cold. 'Thump.' June knelt on the floor. The edges of her eyes were red. "I... I shouldn't have said that to Mrs. Lenoir." Damien's usual gentle demeanor did not mean he would never get displeased. No one could bear it if he were enraged. "But I didn't mean any harm, Mr. Lenoir! I thought Mrs. Lenoir might feel tired if she prepares breakfast herself..." Damien smiled and glanced at June. "So, that's how you justify reducing a newlywed wife's effort to prepare breakfast for her husband?" Silence enveloped the room. Damien's words shocked June and Frances. Even Cherise watched with her eyes wide open. Is Damien defending me now?! June was trembling. "No, I didn't mean... We didn't throw away the food Mrs. Lenoir made. Frances and I ate it." The smile on his face grew colder. "It seems like you're the owner of the house, not me." 'Thump!' Frances knelt immediately. June crawled to Cherise. "Mrs. Lenoir, please forgive me. I genuinely thought that since you just came here, you might feel that we are not serving you properly. That's why I didn't want to let you cook..." June was old enough to be Cherise's mother. Cherise could not just watch when June was begging her that pitifully. She pressed her lips together and spoke up stiffly. "Hu... Hubby, June was doing it for my sake... If you want to eat, I'll just make..." She turned toward the kitchen. As she passed by Damien, he pulled her hand, and she fell into his lap. The distinctive minty scent on him was masculine. Cherise's face turned red immediately. He placed a hand on her thin waist. "What did you call me just

now?" Her face turned even redder. "... Hubby." "What did you prepare for your hubby?" "Grilled cheese sandwiches, some chocolate drink, hashbrowns, and some..." Observing her reddened face, he smiled and pecked her forehead. "Cook some for me tomorrow, alright?" She bit her lip. "Tomorrow's breakfast..." He placed her back on the floor. "Have a few bites. You're going to be late." She returned to her senses and looked at the clock. It's almost eight! Her class would start at half past eight. She shoveled some food into her mouth and rushed upstairs for a change of clothes and her bag. When she returned downstairs, June was nowhere to be seen while Frances was still kneeling in her spot. The man with the black cloth around his eyes was calmly sipping on some milk. He must have heard her when she came down. "I've arranged for the driver to pick you up. Don't stay back for too long." Her face was still crimson. "Thank you." ... "Mr. Lenoir, I've told June

everything you told me to. She should be reporting to them just as what I have said." Frances said it slowly after Cherise had left. "You can get up now." Damien shifted to make himself more comfortable and leaned back in the wheelchair. "There's something I don't quite understand. Both you and June came here on the old man's arrangement. Jean accepted my uncle's offer. Why didn't you?" Her face turned white. 'Thump.' She fell onto the floor again. "It's because you have another task, isn't it?" He wiped his mouth with a napkin gracefully. "I won't do anything to you for now. Since Old Mr. Lenoir instructed you to watch me, you should report exactly what you had seen to him. I was livid and got rid of June to protect Cherise." Frances understood. "You don't need to worry, Mr. Lenoir!" ... "Thank you, Mr. Kolson!" Carrying her bag, Cherise opened the car door a couple of streets away from Adania University and sprinted in its direction. A breath of youthfulness was radiating from the sunrays shining on her ponytail. When she disappeared from view, the driver made a call. "Mr. Lenoir, Mrs. Lenoir stopped the car two streets away from the university." The man's voice was low. "What did she say?" "She said that the car was too luxurious. She doesn't want anyone to know she's married to a rich man." "I see. Do as she says." ... Cherise stepped into the classroom a few minutes before class started, huffing. Lucy stared at her, flabbergasted. "You're here for class?!" Cherise wiped the sweat off her forehead. "Thankfully, I'm on time!" She was still wearing the usual white shirt and faded pair of jeans. Her hair was tied up in a ponytail, and no trace of makeup was found on her face. There was not a single sign showing that she was married. Cherise took out a textbook and notes from her bag. "Our lecture might probably finish the theorem from the last class, right?" Lucy's expression was as though she had seen a ghost. If I'm not mistaken, Cherise's hot, blind husband is already twenty-six. A twenty- six-year-old who

had never touched a woman should be an insatiable beast when he marries! Yet, there was no mark on Cherise's neck. Her voice seemed fine. She was not in great pain to the point that walking was impossible. She was even arranging her notes calmly before class. Lucy's heart was all over the place. Can it be that Cherise's husband is not only blind, but his physical condition is not good as well? Even if the woman is leading? Then what about Cherise's sex life? Lucy's heart ached. She could not leave Cherise alone in such dire conditions. Anxious, she messaged her cousin specializing in andrology. 'Is there any medicine for men who can't do it?' He replied in no time. 'What

is the situation? Is the duration short? Is it short? Or he can't even get hard?' Lucy peeked at Cherise. She was taking down notes, engrossed in the lecture. It's fine. She won't even tell me anyway. Lucy replied, 'All of it. I'll head over after class to pick up the medicine.' Cherry, this is the best that I can do to help you. ... When class ended, Lucy complained that her stomach was aching. She begged Cherise to accompany her to her cousin's hospital. Seeing that Lucy was very uncomfortable, Cherise agreed, thinking she had nothing else to do anyway. They went to the andrology department. For some reason, Lucy began chatting about trivial family matters with her cousin. Thinking it was inappropriate for her to hear, Cherise sat on the hallway bench reading her novel. She was engrossed in a novel that was still being uploaded. The CEO male lead and the female lead had been at each other's throats for years, but they finally tied the knot. "Cherise?" She was reading the part where the couple was about to spend their first night together. A man's voice suddenly broke her concentration. Cherise was already nervous reading such a scene in public. When she suddenly heard her name, her hand loosened its grip. 'Thud!' Her phone landed on the floor. A large hand-picked it up and handed it to her. "Thank..." Blushing, she raised her head but froze when the man's face came into view. Ian Philips. The stunning man in a white coat was her longtime crush in high school, Ian. 'Thud!' The phone fell to the floor again.

Chapter 5

Cherise returned to her senses and fumbled for her phone while smiling at Ian. "Ian... are you working here?" An easy smile adorned the man's attractive face. He reached out and ruffled her hair. "You're still as clumsy as ever. How old are you now?" Her eyes were shining. "I'm twenty now." He glanced away and laughed. "Why are you at the hospital?" Cherise pointed to the consultation room behind. "My friend is chatting with her cousin." Ian glanced

at the time. "It's lunch break. Your friend might take some time. Do you want to join me for lunch? My treat." She pursed her lips and gave it a thought. Knocking on the door, she called out to Lucy. "I'm going first." Ian smiled and went ahead. Cherise followed him quietly. Her crush on Ian started when she was sixteen. Grandma fainted when she came to visit Cherise at school. Ian rushed over. After giving her emergency treatment, he carried her to the nearest hospital. The sun's rays were shining brightly that day. While waiting in the corridor, Ian told Cherise he was a medical student. He gave her tips on taking care of her grandmother. It was the first time she was attracted to a man. It was also the reason she decided to pursue medicine. She wanted to attend the same school as Ian and walk the path he had taken. Yet, she did not have the courage to meet him even after she had realized her dream. The last time they met was when she was eighteen. He came to encourage her. Ian led her into a small restaurant. "What do you want to eat?" He seemed even more striking with his coat removed. He flipped through the menu. "I remember you like desserts, right?" "Yup." It had been too long since they last met. Cherise's throat felt tight as she answered him. All of a sudden, her phone rang. It was an unknown number. She apologized and answered the call. "Where are you?" The man's voice was familiar. She furrowed her forehead. "And you're?" "Damien." "How do you have my number?!" "Is that surprising?" His cold voice traveled into her ear. "Come back for lunch with me." Cherise did not reply. She peeked at Ian, who was looking closely at the menu. "Can I have a little more time?" She could not leave when they had just sat down, especially when she had not met him for a long time. The man was silent for a moment. "Ten minutes." "Alright." "Boyfriend?" Smiling, Ian asked when she ended the call. "No, not my boyfriend." She scratched her head sheepishly. "He's my husband." His smile turned stiff. A few moments later, he smiled again, but it did not reach his eyes. "You're already married? When was the wedding?" She hesitated before

answering, "Yesterday." The look in his eyes darkened. He coughed lightly. "I didn't even get you a gift for your wedding. I guess this meal is your gift, then!" He turned to call a waiter. "It's alright." Cherise stopped him. "I'll just finish this drink. My husband asked me to have lunch with him." Ian's face turned white. After a moment of silence, he sighed. "How long have you been together?" How long? Cherise pondered. They were together for about... twenty-six hours? Needless to say, she would not tell him the truth. She lied, "It's been a couple of months." He smiled. "That's a pretty short time. Was it love at first sight?" She sipped some water out of guilt. "Yeah, love at first sight." When the warm liquid touched her pink lips, she remembered the feeling when they kissed last night. Damien's lips looked firm, but it was soft and hot when they

kissed... She felt her cheeks warm up. From Ian's point of view, she was blushing from shyness about mentioning her lover. His face turned paler. "Cherry!" Lucy entered, breaking the silence between them. "Your husband's driver is waiting for you outside. Are you going to take more time chatting?" Cherise looked at the time. It had been ten minutes since she ended the call with Damien. She rose to her feet and looked at Ian apologetically. "Let's chat some other time, Ian." He nodded. "Take care." Sitting next to the window, he watched the other woman pull Cherise into a black BMW while laughing. A bitter smile appeared on his lips. It looks like she's happy. ... "Cherry, I got my cousin to prepare this medicine for your husband's eyes!" Lucy stuffed a few bottles into Cherise's bag when they were in the car. "Those that are disabled usually feel inferior. If you say these are for his eyes, he will think you're looking down on him. So, tell him that these are vitamins for his health! I already tore off all the labels. The dosage and time are all written down in the paper!" "Thank you." Cherise was upset that she did not get to say much to Ian and did not look through the medicine. Mr. Kolson dropped Lucy off at the university entrance and drove Cherise home. Damien was sitting alone at the dining table in the empty house. The noon sun shone on him. The shadow cast on the floor seemed forlorn. Cherise rushed to the table after washing her hands. She sat on a chair and looked at the table full of food, astonished. "Do we have guests?" "No." The man with a black silk cloth over his eyes answered, "It's only us two." Taken aback, Cherise could hardly reply. "We can't finish all this." "That's for sure." He picked up his spoon slowly. "I asked the cook to make more food." "Why would you do that?" His hand paused before he smiled. "Just in case. In case people say that I'm mistreating

my wife when they see her having a meal with some other man the day after we married." Cherise was speechless. "You... Did you know I was at the restaurant?" He continued eating nonchalantly. "It looks like it's true that Mrs. Lenoir was having a meal with another man." She was dumbfounded. Does he think that I'm dense? I can see what he means behind those words! She hated it the most when others minced their words. Taking a deep breath, she said, "I don't mean that the food at home is awful, and I don't mean that I don't want to eat at home. I just met someone I knew at the hospital." He raised an eyebrow. "What were you doing there?" She went to her bag, pulled out the medicine bottles, and arranged them before him. "I got some vitamins for you since you're not doing well."

Chapter 6

The atmosphere in the villa turned sullen. Damien glanced at the bottles of medicine on the table. His gaze turned cold as he said, "It turns out my wife is concerned about me. I've wrongly accused her." However, Cherise was not stupid. She keenly sensed the sarcasm in his tone and gaze. Damien turned to the butler and gestured to him indifferently. The butler hurried over and took the bottles of medicine away. Cherise felt guilty. "Why did you get the butler to take them away? Don't... you want to take them?" He seems in a bad mood. Damien pursed his lips and smiled vaguely. "Let's have lunch." His voice was gruff and cold. Cherise sensed the surrounding air turn chilly. It looks like he's angry. Cherise clasped her hands nervously. I brought him medicine on the second day of our marriage. Is it wrong? Did giving him the medicine so soon after our wedding make him think I detest him? Cherise suddenly recalled Lucy's advice. 'A disabled person has low self-esteem.' She could not resist grumbling about Lucy in her mind. Goodness, Lucy! You know a disabled person has low self-esteem. Why did you ask me to get those medicine? But I'm partially at fault. I should have expected this. "Eat up," Damien said gruffly. Cherise grabbed a fork and began to eat. She felt nervous and tensed throughout the meal. Once she finished her food, the butler approached her and said, "Mrs. Lenoir, Old Mr. Lenoir called and invited you and Mr. Lenoir to dinner tonight. The driver will pick you up after school, so please refrain from scheduling other activities." "I understand." Cherise smiled politely. "I don't have any plans tonight anyway." Her eyes crinkled as she smiled, making her appear sincere and adorable. Anyone would think she was too innocent to have any schemes. After saying that, she grabbed her bag and waved at Damien. "I'm off to school!" Once she disappeared from the room, the butler stood behind Damien and said respectfully. "I've sent the medicine to a lab for testing. The result will be ready soon." He paused and could not resist adding, "I don't think Mrs. Lenoir is a calculative person." Damien looked indifferently in the direction Cherise had left. "Investigate the doctor who asked her out." The butler pursed his lips and reminded, "The driver said Mrs. Lenoir's friend brought the medicine. I think her friend is more suspicious..." However, Damien's domineering aura intimidated the butler into silence. Damien smiled vaguely, "I wish to investigate the man who asked my wife out. Do you have any problem with that?" "No... No, sir!" ... Once the classes were over, Cherise left the campus to find the

driver waiting at the main gate. Moreover, a magnificent Rolls-Royce was parked nearby. Her heart sank. She rushed the driver and said urgently, "We must leave now!" Cherise feared other students would see her getting into a

luxury car and spread rumors. Unfortunately, what one feared tended to come true. Once she entered the car, she glanced through the window and saw her classmate, Cressa Lyes looking at her with a shocked expression. Oh no... Cherise's heart sank. Cressa was the campus' notorious gossiper. Any secrets she discovered would be spread all over the campus before the end of the day. "Sit tight." A gruff male voice sounded as Cherise pondered how to salvage the matter, prompting her to turn to him in shock. A man with a strip of black silk over his eyes was sitting in the seat behind her. She could feel the intimidating aura around him. Cherise exclaimed, "Why are you here?" Didn't the butler say the driver would pick me up for dinner with Old Mr. Lenoir? "It's on the way," Damien replied succinctly as he leaned into the seat made of genuine leather. He appeared reluctant to speak. It seems he hasn't gotten over what happened at noon... Cherise looked out the window gloomily. After the car traveled for a while, she noticed something was wrong. Why isn't this car heading to Old Mr. Lenoir's house but to our home? She frowned. "Why aren't we going to Grandpa's place?" Damien answered disdainfully, "Do you want to meet him while dressed like this?" His words prompted Cherise to look at her clothes. She wore a pair of faded jeans from repeated wash and a white T-shirt with black writing 'Rude Fairies!'. Oh... My clothes aren't appropriate for meeting an elder. But... "How do you know what I'm wearing?" Isn't he blind? Damien snorted. "I don't trust your taste." Cherise was rendered speechless. Even though she was mild-tempered, she could not help but feel displeased to be mocked repeatedly. Thus, she rolled her eyes at him. Then, remembering that he could not see her, she scowled at him. Once she had enough of venting her anger, she pursed her lips and looked out the window. "Since you made me go home to change my clothes, you should have stayed there. Why bother coming out?" He can't see. It must have been troublesome to leave the house repeatedly. Damien smirked. He turned to the driver and said indifferently, "Mr. Kolson." A divider immediately appeared between the front and back seats, creating two sealed-off spaces in the car. Damien moved gracefully as he offered Cherise a document. "Have a look at it." Cherise was confused, but she flipped through the document nevertheless. It was a lab test report. The items tested were two

bottles of unlabeled medicine. Unlabeled medicine? Aren't these the ones from Lucy? The ones I gave him this afternoon? Cherise was shocked that Damien tested the medicine she gave him. On further thought, she realized he was right to get them tested. After all, he had a weak constitution and could not simply take any medication. It would be troublesome if they triggered his allergy. Rich people are so thoughtful! With that in mind, she skipped the rest of the report and read the conclusion. "Huh..." Cherise was stumped as she

read the test result. 'Our tests identified the samples as drugs to treat the male reproductive system, specifically impotence, premature ejaculation, and other conditions.' Cherise was rendered speechless. What's going on? Her hands shook, and the document fell onto the carpet with a loud splat. Damien's tone carried a hint of threat. "My wife thinks I'm lacking in that department." "No... I didn't... I..." Cherise was so flustered that she kept stuttering. When Lucy gave her the medicine, she said they were for his eyes. Cherise and Lucy were close, so Cherise never expected Lucy to trick her. If she had known the medicine's actual usage, she would never have accepted them. Damien suddenly reached out and grabbed her, lifting her onto his lap. He had an intimidating yet seductive aura. Cherise hated herself for blushing. "I..." "Seems like my wife is dissatisfied with our wedding night." He held Cherise's chin with his big hand and slowly parted his lips. "So, she went to the hospital on the second day of our marriage and got me those medicines. How kind of her." A strip of black ribbon covered his eyes, making him appear sensual and flirtatious. Cherise instinctively avoided Damien's gaze as he held her chin. "I... I didn't know the medicines were for that purpose!" "I thought they were for..." "Mmn..."

Chapter 7

Damien kissed Cherise's lips before she could figure out her explanation. He kept a firm grip on her arms and locked her securely in his embrace, kissing her without restraint. Furthermore, his stern and domineering presence assailed her, making her feel light-headed. Whenever he kissed her, it felt like he sucked away a part of her soul. Then, he let her go and laughed deviously. "Mrs. Lenoir, was that good enough for you?" Her heart thumped rapidly, and she was unable to calm down. She struggled and broke free of his embrace, only for him to trap her in his arms again. They were dangerously close. There was hardly any space between them. Cherise continued struggling, but Damien maintained a firm hold on her. It went on for some time until Cherise ran out of energy. She pursed her lips. "Why are you so strong..." Before they got married, Old Mr. Lenoir kept reminding Cherise that Damien was weak and sickly and that she should take good care of him. Therefore, she thought Damien was ill like her grandmother. However, she looked down and saw his big hands grabbing her slim waist. She had always had pride in her strength and health, yet she stood no chance against the 'sickly' Damien. Cherise pouted unhappily, causing her cheeks to puff up adorably. Damien smiled and moved her to a more comfortable position. He placed her on his lap and said, "I can't see, but I'm completely healthy otherwise." Then, he smirked deviously

and moved his lips close to her ears. His gruff but magnetic voice stimulated her eardrums. "I'm also healthy down there. Do you wish to test it out, Mrs. Lenoir?" Cherise's heart nearly leaped out of her chest. Her face flushed and felt hot as she shook her head profusely. "No, no! I don't want it!" Damien felt the urge to tease her. He held her earlobe between his lips. "Are you sure? Didn't you say you will... give me a child?" "I... I will provide you with a child, but... not now!" Cherise was so startled by Damien's words that she could not help but stutter. She could not figure out what Damien was thinking and feared he would want to do it in the car. "I mean, we... can't do it!" Damien did not speak but stared at her with a dangerous and domineering gaze. His gaze frightened Cherise. He looks like he will... She looked like a frightened small animal as she looked at him with eyes filled with tears. "No..." Damien arched his eyebrows and asked calmly, "Are you sure?" "Yes..." Cherise sounded on the verge of crying. "You're my husband, and you can do anything to me. But..." She sniffled. "We mustn't do it in the car! The driver's here... It's embarrassing..." Cherise was

still a conservative person at heart. She could never do something so scandalous... Damien smiled calmly. "I can ask the driver to leave the car." "No... That won't do. I've seen much news about people getting into accidents while being intimate in the car..." Then, she continued tentatively, trying to figure out his mood, "We can do it in our bed... or if you don't like the bed... I'm okay with the floor..." Damien chuckled in amusement. "But weren't you doubtful of my virility?" "No, I wasn't!" Cherise shook her head urgently. "I... I took the wrong medicines. Those weren't for you." Weren't they for me? Damien smiled. "In that case, Mrs. Lenoir... who are they for?" Cherise was rendered speechless. Her explanation worsened the misunderstanding. She panicked and came up with a nonsensical explanation. "They are for my friend, Lucy. Her boyfriend has all kinds of sexual dysfunctions, so she went to the hospital to get medicines for him. They accidentally mixed up with mine." Lucy tricked me first. She can't blame me for dragging her into this! She looked so serious while mumbling nonsense that Damien's eyes crinkled in good humor. Sensing his anger receded, Cherise hugged his arm gently and tugged them. "I honestly took the wrong medicines. Why would I suspect my husband to have sexual dysfunction?" Her voice was sweet as honey. At the same time, the car stopped. Damien said indifferently, "You have half an hour to change your clothes." His tone remained solemn, but Cherise detected a hint of mirth in his voice. He's not angry with me anymore! She got off his lap immediately and exited the car. Then, she took a step and suddenly recalled something. She turned around and asked, "You're not getting out?" Damien calmly smirked and replied, "Mrs. Lenoir, are you asking because you wish to

continue what we were doing in the bedroom?" Cherise was too embarrassed to say anything and escaped into the villa. Seeing her running away in embarrassment, Damien rested his hands behind his head. His lips curved into a smile. ... Cherise and Frances searched the wardrobe for ten minutes before finding something they could agree on. They decided on a lady-like light pink dress for Cherise. After putting on the dress, Frances carefully did Cherise's makeup to match the style of her dress. Other than yesterday's wedding, Cherise had never worn such a beautiful dress or had such exquisite makeup. She looked in the mirror and saw she was beautiful as a princess, prompting her to twirl happily. Frances smiled at her reaction and said, "Mrs. Lenoir, the half an hour is nearly up." Cherise came to her senses and quickly grabbed her purse before stepping out in seven centimeters

tall high heel shoes. She was too innocent to conceal her desires. Anyone could see she was eager to show off her new look to Damien. However, she fell silent when she saw the black ribbon over his eyes. Damien can't see anything... No matter how nicely I dress up, he won't be able to see it or compliment me about it. She pursed her lips in disappointment. "We can go now." Damien glanced at her indifferently before saying. "Start driving." The driver drove the car away from the villa. "Frances has a good taste in fashion." Damien's tone softened slightly. "You must look beautiful right now." Cherise perked up immediately. "Yes, you're right. Frances selected a lovely dress for me!" She described excitedly how gorgeous her dress was. At the same time, she held his hand and guided him to touch her dress. "There's a ribbon here. Can you feel it? It's a pretty ribbon!" "Also, this part is tailored in such a style as to make my waist appear slimmer. Can you feel it? I look especially slim right now..." As the car traveled, she innocently guided his hand to touch all over her body. Sometimes, his hand accidentally touched her smooth skin. However, she did not mind and chattered on eagerly. Damien could not help but smile as he saw how delighted she was. Silly girl. Cherise talked so much that her mouth began to feel dry. At the same time, the car stopped. The driver unfolded the wheelchair skillfully and opened the door to help Damien get onto it. Cherise was stunned by the beautiful and opulent house before her. I thought Damien's villa looked luxurious. Who knew... "Damien, what brings you to Lenoir Residence today? Oh, right. I almost forgot. You got married yesterday. Are you bringing your wife to meet Grandpa?" A mocking male voice sounded. Cherise frowned and turned toward the voice. A man in black attire stood at the main door with his arms crossed. He looked at Cherise and Damien with a smirk. As she looked at the man, he looked into her eyes and gave an unexpected wink. "Is she the wife you married yesterday?" Cherise shuddered. She had seen him in the Lenoir family's

portrait. He was Damien's cousin, Tristan Lenoir. Tristan looked like a gentleman but was a rake. He walked toward them and blatantly leered at Cherise. "I didn't expect to have such a beautiful woman as my sister-in-law."

Chapter 8

Tristan's gaze made Cherise uncomfortable. She took a deep breath and smiled politely at Tristan before pushing Damien in his wheelchair toward the house. However, Tristan extended his arm and blocked her way as she tried to walk past him. "Why are you so anxious to go in? Are you afraid to talk to me?" He crossed his arms and looked at Damien with disgust and contempt. In contrast, his voice was kind, with a hint of concern. "Damien, your wife keeps avoiding me. I think she has an ulterior motive for marrying you." He briefly glanced at Cherise's chest with leering eyes. Cherise frowned and instinctively turned away. But that only made him leer at her more daringly. His lips curved into an arrogant smirk. "Damien, Grandpa is old and might be unable to see through the tricks of young women like her. On the other hand, I have vast experience. What about this? I'll talk to your wife privately and assess her character for you!" Cherise tightened her grip on Damien's wheelchair. Although she was an orphan from the countryside, her uncle and his wife were generous to her. Thus, she grew up well and developed beautiful curves. Although several male students ogled her body at school, she was not afraid because Lucy protected her. However, Cherise was now in Lenoir Residence, Tristan's territory. Furthermore, Damien was blind and could not see how Tristan looked at her. He would also not know what Tristan would do to her if he were to permit Tristan to talk to her in private. Cherise could not rebuff Tristan because he had not done anything out of bounds. She bit her lip, praying that Damien would not agree to Tristan's unreasonable request. Damien sensed Cherise's hands trembling behind him. Even with the black ribbon over his eyes, he could see Tristan's leering expression illuminated by the street lamp. Thus, he pursed his lips and replied indifferently. "This is the first time you have shown so much concern for me after all these years. I remember when my previous fiancée died in a car accident, you said, 'Who cares. She's better off dead than marrying a cursed man.'" Tristan's expression darkened. He cleared his throat. "It was only a joke. Damien, I offer to vet your wife out of concern for you. After all, you can only hear her voice, but..." His gaze landed on Cherise's trim waist before continuing, "I can see everything about her." He looked at Cherise with unconcealed desire. "That's why it's best that you allow me to examine her for

you.” Cherise’s face turned pale. Tristan sounded sincerely concerned but looked at Damien with disdain and mockery. How dare he accuse me

of having ulterior motives? “She is only a country bumpkin. You shouldn’t trouble yourself over her, Tristan.” Then, Damien continued evenly, “It’s not easy for me to get a wife. I’m happy to accept her even if she approaches me ulteriorly.” “Furthermore,” he laughed and said, “Cherise is an orphan. She’s likely jinxed, too, since she is married to a cursed man like me. It would be unfortunate if you met with a disaster after talking to her.” Damien’s words were heavily implied with a warning. Tristan was briefly stunned. Thinking that Cherise could be cursed like Damien, Tristan stepped back and turned the other way, not daring to look at her again. He was not usually superstitious, but it was better to be safe than sorry regarding such things. Damien wanted to laugh as he looked at Tristan’s expression. “We will head in first.” Cherise breathed a sigh of relief and pushed the wheelchair through the gate. As she walked past Tristan, she felt a sudden pain in her butt. It felt like someone pinched her. A wave of disgust filled her. She recklessly rushed ahead, pushing Damien into the residence’s compound. Cherise only dared to pause once they reached a small garden. However, she was still afraid. She did not expect to experience sexual harassment for the first time at the hands of her husband’s cousin. Worse, it was right outside his grandfather’s house. “Is something wrong?” Damien asked with a frown. “No, it’s nothing.” Cherise did not dare to tell Damien the truth. It was because she, Damien, and Tristan were the only ones at the scene just now. Even if she told Damien what Tristan did, all Tristan had to do was deny it, and she could do nothing against him. Then, the Lenoir family would think Cherise was a troublemaker and that Damien had lost his mind in siding with her. Therefore, she had no choice but to stay silent despite what Tristan had done to her. “Can I have some water?” Damien’s words pulled her back to reality. There was not a single servant in the garden. Cherise pursed her lips and replied, “I’ll get you a glass of water. Please wait for a moment.” Then, she entered the villa to get water for him. However, Lenoir Residence was too vast. It took her some time to find a glass of water. When she returned, Damien had put down a phone for the visually impaired. “This place is too big.” She wiped her sweat-covered forehead. Damien accepted the glass of water and sipped before saying indifferently, “Do you regret marrying me?” Cherise immediately shook her head. “No, I don’t regret it.” Although he is disabled and is regarded as cursed by others, I would never be able to find enough money to treat Grandma’s illness without his help. He saved my Grandma. Why would I regret marrying

someone who saved her? Silence fell between them. After a while, Damien sighed and said, "You must let me know if anyone wronged you. I may not be able to see, but it doesn't mean I don't care." Cherise was a forgiving person. After running around Lenoir Residence, she completely forgot about the incident with Tristan. Therefore, she did not realize Damien referred to what had happened previously. She glanced at the sky and said, "Should we go in?" Damien paused before answering, "Sure." They arrived at the living room to find Old Mr. Lenoir chatting with Damien's uncle, Raymond Lenoir, and Raymond's wife, Wanda Payson. Old Mr. Lenoir waved upon seeing them. "Cherise!" "Grandpa!" Cherise smiled sweetly and quickly pushed Damien into the living room. Old Mr. Lenoir smiled as he watched her come over. "What a nice girl!" Raymond glanced at Cherise. "You chose her yourself. I do not doubt that she's a good person." However, Wanda laughed scornfully beside Raymond. "I heard Damien flew into a rage this morning due to Cherise and kicked out an old servant!" "Damien had always been mild-tempered, yet he behaved unreasonably so soon after marrying that girl. She must be a bad influence..." Old Mr. Lenoir frowned and interrupted, "Damien is too withdrawn. It's good that he has someone who can make him angry." Wanda furrowed her brow. She did not expect Old Mr. Lenoir to go to such lengths to defend Cherise. "Good evening, Grandpa! Good evening, Uncle Raymond!" Cherise greeted them while coming over, pushing Damien in his wheelchair. Then, she poured Damien a glass of water and said, "The garden is big. I walked for a long time to get here!" Old Mr. Lenoir looked at her and smiled. "Did Damien bully you?" Cherise shook her head. "No, he treats me well." Wanda sneered, "Of course, he treats you well. He kicked out an old servant this morning for your sake." Damien was a peculiar person. Wanda went to lengths to plant June in Damien's villa to spy for her. Unfortunately, June had only been there for less than two days before Damien kicked her out because of Cherise. Cherise was confused. "Who was kicked out?" "Aunt Wanda, are you saying I shouldn't terminate the servant who humiliated my wife the day after the wedding?" Damien's voice was cold but firm. "Cherise is kind. She would not say anything even though someone bullied her. Are you expecting me, her husband, to ignore such disrespect?"

Chapter 9

Wanda froze. All June said was that Damien kicked her out due to Cherise. She did not explain why. It turned out she had humiliated Cherise! Wanda pursed her lips. She would never have brought up this matter if she knew the reason. Raymond smiled diplomatically. "Damien is a man of dignity.

Furthermore, Cherise is the daughter-in-law of the Lenoir family. How can we allow a servant to humiliate her?" Wanda had no retort. All she could do was snort indignantly and stay silent. At the same time, Old Mr. Lenoir switched the conversation topic and chatted with Cherise. Suddenly, Raymond's phone rang. His face turned pale when he saw the number on the screen. "I have to take this call. You all go on without me." Damien's tone was a little cold. "Sure, Uncle Raymond." Tristan walked in flippantly shortly after Raymond left. He glanced at the people in the living room and plopped himself in a seat opposite Cherise, winking at her. Old Mr. Lenoir was annoyed with Tristan's flirtatious attitude and scolded, "She's your sister-in-law!" "I know." Tristan blinked suggestively. "I bumped into them at the gates. Cherise and I had a 'deep' conversation just now." He emphasized the word 'deep,' prompting Cherise to furrow her brow. She turned away and noticed the servants were preparing dinner in the kitchen. "I'll help out in the kitchen." She stood up immediately to leave. She was determined to get away from Tristan. However, she only took a few steps before a rough, firm hand grabbed her arm. "Grandpa has many servants in this house. You don't have to do anything." "That's right." Wanda laughed mockingly. "Everyone knows a country bumpkin like you enjoys hard labor, but this house has many servants. You have better sit still and behave like a lady." Cherise's face turned pale. She had no choice but to return to her seat. As soon as she sat down, loud noises sounded outside the house. The butler rushed in. "Old Mr. Lenoir..." He glanced at Tristan, who was nonchalantly helping himself to the fruit platter. Old Mr. Lenoir's expression darkened. "Speak!" The butler said nervously, "Old... Mr. Belcourt and Ms. Belcourt are outside, demanding justice... They claimed Mr. Tristan violated Ms. Belcourt's dignity..." Old Mr. Lenoir glared at Tristan. "What did you do?" Tristan continued eating fruits without care. "They're making a fuss over nothing." "I was a little drunk at the nightclub that night and accidentally pinched Violet's bum. What's wrong with that?" The living room fell into pin-drop silence. Suddenly, Old Mr. Lenoir threw an ashtray at Tristan. "You d*mn br*t! How could you say it's nothing?"

Tristan dodged the ashtray. Although it did not hit him, cigarette soot scattered over his body. His face and suit were covered in gray soot. "Grandpa, you're worked up over nothing." Tristan pursed his lips and continued, "It's not my fault! That woman went to the nightclub in such a short dress that her underwear was almost visible. She was clearly seducing me. How could she now make a fuss when all I did was pinch her?" Old Mr. Lenoir was so angry that he threw a cushion at Tristan. "Tristan." Damien, who had been silent all this while, finally spoke. "You're a grown man. Since the Belcourt family came here to make demands, shouldn't you go out to deal with them? How can you

expect Grandpa to clean up your mess?" Tristan rolled his eyes. "Won't the Belcourt family members beat me up if I go out now?" Damien replied indifferently, "I never knew you were this irresponsible, Tristan. If I'm not mistaken, Grandpa appointed you as the president of a subsidiary company, right?" "If you have to rely on Grandpa for such a minor matter, the shareholders will think you're untrustworthy. Then, your status as president will be under threat." Damien's words drove Tristan into a corner, giving him no chance of escape. Wanda stood up, pulling Tristan with her. "It's only a minor matter. Tristan is more than able to deal with it. You didn't have to mock him like that!" Cherise furrowed her brow as she watched Wanda dragging Tristan out of the house. Tristan doesn't think he is wrong at all... Are you sure sending him out won't worsen the matter? She turned to Damien and saw him sipping tea leisurely. Old Mr. Lenoir appeared tense. He called the butler over and whispered something to him. After the butler left, he turned to Damien and sneered. "The Belcourt family has always been unreasonable, and Tristan feels no remorse over what he did. An intelligent man like you couldn't have not realized the consequences of sending Tristan to deal with the Belcourt family." After Old Mr. Lenoir had spoken, the dispute outside the house grew louder. Cherise heard Tristan scolding Violet loudly. Things have indeed worsened. "You two should leave through the back gate. I'll pretend you didn't come here tonight!" Old Mr. Lenoir stood up furiously and glared at Damien. "I won't hold it against you this time because of your age and ill health. However, I won't tolerate something like this again!" Old Mr. Lenoir pushed up his sleeves and left. However, Damien remained seated in his wheelchair. He smirked, making him appear cold and arrogant. Cherise consulted a servant about the directions to the back gate before pushing Damien out of the house. The dispute outside had become even more intense. Damien remained silent as they left

the house. Initially, Cherise thought the back gate would be easy to find. Unfortunately, the paths at the back of Lenoir Residence were complicated and winding. Furthermore, all kinds of flowers of various colors decorated the path. Soon, Cherise realized she had completely lost her way. "I think we're lost." Cherise looked at the stone path in despair, thinking that she had been returning to the same path a dozen times. Then, she sighed in frustration. "I should have asked a servant to lead the way." "The servants will never do such a thing for you." Cherise pursed her lips. "Why not? This is Grandpa's house. You're his grandson!" Damien sneered. "It seems you don't know much about your husband. I'm famous all over Adania for being cursed. My parents died when I was nine." "When I was thirteen, my playfulness caused a severe fire that killed my beloved sister and two servants who cared for me.

The fire also blinded me and crippled one of my legs.” “The Lenoir family treated me as a pariah due to the misfortunes surrounding me. No one dares to approach me.” “Due to this, I was sent out to live alone. I’ve been living in that villa for thirteen years.” Cherise opened her mouth in shock. Does this mean he has been living in that villa, our marital home, by himself for thirteen years? Damien spoke coldly, but there was a hint of loneliness. “For the past thirteen years, I was only allowed to visit Lenoir Residence for a meal on special occasions.” “Furthermore, you and I only got to come here tonight because we married yesterday.” Then, he smiled and continued, “The servants in the residence will not bother to respect an outcast like me.”

Chapter 10

Cherise’s hands shook slightly as she held Damien’s wheelchair. Damien’s words prompted her to realize something. None of the servants bothered to come to them since they entered Lenoir Residence. She looked at Damien’s chiseled facial features under the dim moonlight and felt pity for him. His cousin, Tristan, bullied him because of his disability and molested his wife right before his eyes. Furthermore, his aunt and uncle mocked him, never treating him with respect. As for his grandfather... Previously, Cherise thought Damien’s grandfather cared about him. Otherwise, why would he be concerned about Damien getting married? However, she witnessed how coldly Old Mr. Lenoir treated Damien in Lenoir Residence. Thus, she believed Old Mr. Lenoir also disliked Damien. She could not help but feel sad as she thought about this. Damien lost his closest family members from a young age. Furthermore, his other relatives mistreated him. It must have been heartbreaking for him... Cherise instinctively reached out and gently held his cold hand. His hand trembled slightly, jolting her to her senses. She withdrew her hand abruptly as if scalded. Still, she said firmly, “I’m your family now, and I’ll always be with you.” Damien appeared bewildered for a second. He turned to Cherise and looked at her through the ribbon over his eyes. Cherise thought he did not hear her properly. Thus, she repeated in earnest, “Although we... have only been married for one day, I’m not like them. I will be loyal to you. Even if you’re cursed, I’m not afraid. I’ll always be with you.” Damien chuckled silently. “Come here.” Cherise went to him obediently and was suddenly pulled into his embrace. His breaths gently brushed against her neck, making her feel ticklish. He held her with one hand and used his other hand to tuck her hair behind her ears gently. “Are you sure you’re not afraid?” The moon appeared hazy, partially shrouded by wispy clouds. Cherise’s heart began to palpitate as she remained in Damien’s embrace. The black silk over

Damien's eyes made him seem forbidding under the moonlight. He looked alluring yet dangerous. Cherise could not help but blush. This handsome man has been my husband since yesterday. I guess I'm lucky, right? Cherise looked adorably and alluring, with her cheeks flushed. Damien repeated the question in his gruff voice. "You want to be with me? Are you not afraid you could die?" Those words of warning sounded cold on his lips. It hurt Cherise's heart to see him like this. She nodded and looked into his eyes earnestly as she replied, "I'm not afraid." Although

three of his fiancées died, I married him and survived. It means I have enough good luck for both of us! Damien looked into her innocent and sincere gaze and sighed. "You silly girl." However, a figure suddenly dashed out of the house before Cherise could determine whether he meant those words as a compliment. "Damien!" Tristan rushed toward them furiously with soot all over his face. His hair was a mess, and his suit was disheveled. Furthermore, his cheek was swollen with a palm print on it. He kicked Damien's wheelchair violently and shouted, "You were usually so quiet that we thought you were mute. Who knew you're capable of instigating me at the right moment." "I should have known you're up to no good." "You egged me into fighting with the Belcourt family. Thanks to you, the Belcourt family threatens to drag the matter to the public, causing Grandpa to take back the company he just gave me to save his face!" "You blind b*stard! You tricked me!" Damien chuckled and said coldly, "Since you knew I was up to no good, why did you still fall for it?" "Are you so stupid that you needed beating to realize you shouldn't have quarreled with them?" His tone was harsh and sarcastic, pushing the already fuming Tristan off the edge. Tristan kicked Damien's wheelchair several times, causing it to wobble unstably. He thought he had kicked hard enough to make Damien fall out of the wheelchair. Unexpectedly, a woman's hands stabilized the wheelchair as it was about to tip over. Cherise held the wheelchair still and glared at Tristan. "Don't bully my husband!" Tristan was rendered speechless. He could not believe his eyes when he saw her furious glare. Previously, Cherise was so meek and docile that she did not dare to complain when he pinched her butt. Yet, she not only glared but scolded him. He sneered and grabbed her chin. "Why? Are you going to defend him?" "Have you forgotten your place? You can't even protect yourself." He laughed menacingly. "Aren't you scared I'll assault you right before your useless husband?" He thought a woman who didn't dare to complain when he molested her would not dare to fight back. However, he was wrong. Cherise clenched her teeth. She removed her high heel shoes and attacked Tristan's face with them. "I don't care if you bully me, but I'll never tolerate anyone bullying my husband!" "What makes you think no one cares about my husband? I'll have you know that I'm

protecting him from now on!" Tristan was disoriented from being hit by Cherise's shoes. By the time he recovered, Cherise had run away barefoot, pushing Damien down the flower-lined path and disappearing into the distance. Tristan wiped his face and smelled the stench of

blood. He cursed under his breath and thought to chase after them. However, Raymond shouted behind him, "Get back here! Haven't you humiliated yourself enough?" "But Dad, Damien schemed against me!" "It's because your mistake allowed him to do so!" Raymond glared at Tristan. "You have better behave!" "Your grandfather is furious. If Damien tattled to him, you will lose your chance to get money from that old man!" Tristan scoffed indifferently. "Grandpa doesn't care much about him anyway. It's been years since he kicked Damien out of the house. He even arranged for Damien to marry a country bumpkin. He's not planning to let him inherit anything!" Raymond sneered. "Would he have married that country bumpkin if I didn't get rid of his three previous fiancées?" Tristan was stunned. "His three late fiancées. Did you..." "I did it." Raymond stood in the shadow and lit a cigarette. "Don't assume you can sit back and relax. Your grandfather cares about that cursed boy." ... Cherise kept running, pushing Damien in his wheelchair. Desperate to escape, she finally found her way out of the complicated flower-lined path. Still, she continued running until she and Damien arrived at the main road. Once she confirmed Tristan did not run after them, she slumped to the ground and leaned against the wheelchair, gasping for breath. She had not been this nervous for a long time. "Thank you." Damien reached for a bottle of mineral water at the side of the wheelchair and offered it to her. Cherise twisted open the cap and drank a few gulps. She felt much better after that. Then, she wiped her sweat and turned to Damien. "I ran too recklessly just now. Did I hurt you?" Damien leaned into his wheelchair and smiled. "My butt is bruised all over from the rough ride." Cherise was stunned before asking guiltily, "Really?" "Do you want to see them?"