

## **My Blind Husband #Chapter 11 - Read My Blind Husband Chapter 11**

### Chapter 11

Damien's smile appeared soft and seductive under the moonlight. Cherise pursed her lips and felt her cheeks heating up. "Check them..." "I'll check them when we get home." She suddenly gasped. "I was only bluffing in Lenoir Residence... He's much stronger than me. How can I win against him in a fight? I don't have the power to make him stop bullying you." Cherise looked down at her bare feet. "But... I can bring you to escape with me. I can run quite fast." Damien could not help but laugh when he saw her serious expression. "Are you planning to run away with me every time?" "Yes." Cherise nodded, but she realized something and shook her head. "I won't keep running. I will be able to protect you once I get stronger." Damien glanced at her under the moonlight and smiled. "Sure, I'll wait for you to become stronger." "Okay!" Cherise clenched her fists. Her face was flushed. She patted her cheeks and looked at the dark and empty road. "We might not be able to get home tonight." I damaged my shoes while using it to hit Tristan. I can't walk home barefoot while pushing Damien in his wheelchair. It's too far. Damien smiled and said, "Close your eyes and count to ten. I will figure out a way then." Cherise pursed her lips. "This is not the time for jokes." "You can give it a try. Then, you will find out whether I was joking." "I'm not a kid." Cherise pouted and rolled her eyes, but she still closed her eyes as he asked and began to count. "One, two, three..." Her voice sounded bright and pure in the night. Damien could not stop looking at her through the black silk cloth over his eyes. He did not notice that his gaze had turned unusually gentle at this moment. "Eight, nine, ten!" Cherise opened her eyes immediately at the count of ten. A car shone so brightly in the distance that Cherise could not open her eyes. The said car stopped before her and Damien a few seconds later. Then, the door opened, and Mr. Kolson, the driver, rushed out of the car, saying, 'I'm late. My apologies, Mr. Lenoir.' "You're not late yet." Damien smiled indifferently. "But we would have to deduct your salary if you were another minute late." Cherise finally realized something. She pursed her lips as she helped Damien into the car. "I thought you had a good plan, but you only contacted Mr. Kolson to pick us up." Damien got onto the car seat slowly. "This is the best plan a blind man can come up with." Cherise disliked that he kept calling himself a 'blind man.' She pursed her lips and sat down beside him. Mr. Kolson started the car. Cherise did not get enough sleep last night. She leaned into the leather chair and accidentally fell asleep as the car

traveled. She vaguely heard someone speaking softly. "Mr. Lenoir, we have arrived." "Don't wake her up. Let her sleep." "But..." Later, Cherise sensed herself floating in the air like someone had lifted her. Then, she found herself in a warm and comfortable embrace. She smelled the person's minty and masculine scent. At the same time, she felt dizzy and was unable to differentiate between dream and reality. Perhaps... I'm dreaming. The minty and unique masculine scent continued to fill her nostrils. She felt drowsy, unsure whether she was in a dream or that what happened was real. Perhaps I'm dreaming. She dreamed she was in a man's gentle embrace. He placed her on a soft bed. Furthermore, he carefully tidied her hair and said, "Silly girl." His voice was low and deep. It felt familiar, but Cherise could not recall where she had heard it. Cherise woke up in the early morning of the following day. The sunlight felt glaring to her eyes. She yawned and sat in bed, realizing she was in her marital bedroom. Cherise frowned and tried hard to remember what happened last night. She remembered getting into Mr. Kolson's car with Damien to leave Lenoir Residence. She felt drowsy then and wanted to rest for a while. Did... I sleep through the night? How did I get to the bedroom from the car? Could it be... She recalled the dream from last night. No... That's impossible. She shook her head and pushed out the illogical idea from her mind. "Are you awake?" A gruff male voice sounded. Cherise was stunned. She immediately turned around and looked toward the source of the voice. Coincidentally, she found herself looking straight into Damien's eyes. She blushed and instinctively looked away. Isn't Damien blind? Why does his gaze look so sharp and focused? However, she recalled Damien could not see and wondered why she blushed and felt nervous. Thus, she smiled and said, "You're awake." "Yes." Unbeknownst to Cherise, Damien could see her every gesture. He smiled and stood up with the help of a crutch. "I didn't sleep well last night." Cherise frowned and asked, "Why?" Damien's tone carried a hint of resentment, but his eyes crinkled in good humor. "You snored." Cherise was rendered speechless. She cleared her throat awkwardly and changed the topic. "How did I get here last night?" "You sleepwalked here," Damien answered, heading into the bathroom without glancing at her. Cherise was left without retort. She glared at his back and scowled. He said I snored last night. That's impossible! How could he say I sleepwalked? "I don't sleepwalk." However, Damien did not respond but closed the bathroom door. Cherise rolled her eyes and glared at the closed door.

Then, she stood up and removed the severely wrinkled dress before changing into a clean pair of jeans and a white T-shirt. She had just finished putting on her clothes when her phone rang. It was a call from Lucy. Lucy sounded anxious on the phone. "Cherry, you must come here now! Someone's tearing

your books and burning your notes on campus!" Cherise widened her eyes in shock. "What?" She grew up in a village and felt proud to be able to study in Adania. Therefore, she reserved a space in the study room and placed all her study materials and notes there. Many students did the same thing, and nothing terrible had ever come up. She could not figure out why someone would destroy her books and notes. "You must get here immediately! Otherwise, it will be too late!" Cherise hung up and rushed out of the room. Meanwhile, Damien sat on a couch and sipped tea as he listened to Mr. Kolson read the news. He frowned when he saw Cherise running. "Why are you rushing?" "I need to go to school immediately. Something happened!" Cherise hurried to the doorway and changed her shoes. "Can you let Mr. Kolson send me there? It's urgent." "I won't be able to get a taxi at this hour! "Go," Damien ordered indifferently. Mr. Kolson put down the newspaper and followed Cherise out of the house. "Mr. Lenoir." Mr. Hampson, the butler, waited for Cherise to leave before coming to Damien. "I received news from Lenoir Residence. Triston has gone to Mrs. Lenoir's school." Damien sneered, "Prepare a car for me." "Are you going to Mrs. Lenoir's school?" "Yes." "But..." Mr. Hampson wanted to say something but stopped. He hesitated before saying, "Mr. Lenoir, with our current plan, we are not ready to face Tristan head-on." Damien pulled off the black silk cloth over his eyes and looked at Mr. Hampson sternly. "He has ill intentions against my wife. Why should I care about the plan?"

## Chapter 12

The black Maserati drove through the city streets and stopped steadily before Adania University's study hall. Cherise exited the car without thanking Mr. Kolson before swiftly running toward her study room. Not only were her class notes in the study room, but various award certificates she had received in the past were also there, along with the cards her grandmother had given her during her birthday every year. The cards were roughly made, and the words on them were messy. Other people might even think of them as trash. But these were Cherise's most precious items! The study hall was packed with people early in the morning. A crowd of people were waiting for the elevator. Just as Cherise was waiting for the elevator, Lucy called her again. "Cherry, when are you arriving? They're going overboard!" Cherise could hear Lucy's tearful voice through the phone! Cherise's heart tightened viciously. She took a deep breath and decided not to wait for the elevator. She rushed into the stairwell at the side. It's just on the eighth floor. It's no big deal! She hadn't eaten anything in the morning, so her legs felt weak when she reached the

eighth floor. But she couldn't be bothered with the exhaustion in her legs. She ran frantically toward her study room when she arrived on the eighth floor. People were guarding the entire floor. Only Lucy was waiting anxiously in the corridor alone. Near Lucy was a group of people dressed in black throwing her books and notes into the fire. Cherise's precious notes blazed in the fire! A man dressed in black was sitting leisurely next to the fire. "What a mess." As he spoke, he picked up a first-place certificate from a physics competition in Adania and tore it up. "Put it down!" Cherise seemed to be delirious with rage as she leaped on the man. When she pounced on him, she realized it was Tristan! "Cherry, are you throwing yourself at me because you like me so much?" Tristan still sat there carelessly and sized Cherise up smugly. "Since you're so open, why did you pretend to be so chaste and pure at Grandpa's house yesterday?" Cherise gritted her teeth and shook Tristan off. She picked up shredded pieces of the certificate and hugged them. Ripping sounds still came from behind her. The group of people dressed in black were tearing up her other belongings. "Stop!" "These are mine! It's illegal for you to destroy them without permission!" The rims of Cherise's eyes reddened. She used all her might to snatch her belongings. "You can stop." Tristan sneered while his legs were crossed. "Give Cherry a chance." The people dressed in black finally stopped after he spoke. Lucy

rushed forward and snatched away the things in their hands with Cherise. But many were still in the fire. As Cherise sorted her belongings, she raised her head to glance at the fire. She suddenly saw a corner of a photo album exposed in the fire. She completely froze. The photo album was filled with pictures and postcards her grandmother had sent her every year! She reached out almost subconsciously and took out the burning photo album from the fire. The flame burned her, and her fingers turned crimson red, but it was as though she was unconscious. She kept using her sleeve to extinguish the remaining sparks on the photo album. Lucy snatched the photo album from Cherise's hands and put it aside. She was filled with indignance when she saw how red Cherise's fingers were from being burned. "Isn't this too much?" Tristan smiled. "This is nothing compared to Damien trying to sow dissension yesterday." After that, he seemed to recall something. He raised his hand and pointed at the bruise on his forehead. "Cherry, you should remember how this came about, right?" Cherise thought to herself. Does it have anything to do with me? Was it because I threw my high heel at him last night? "Compared to what you and your husband did to me yesterday." Tristan sneered and looked at Cherise. "I don't think I'm going overboard." His gaze swept over the things in Cherise's hands as he spoke. "If I knew about your precious trash earlier, I would have burned them all!" Raymond had reminded

Tristan last night to be more well-behaved. But it was the first time in Tristan's life that he was hit with a shoe. How could he accept it? "You deserved what happened last night!" Cherise gritted her teeth and glared at him. Her circular face seemed rounder because of her rage. "You deserved it!" He harassed the Belcourt family's daughter and argued with others. How can he blame everything on Damien? And he treated Damien in such a way yesterday. As Damien's wife, is it wrong for me to protect my husband? What Cherise said angered Tristan again. He narrowed his eyes dangerously and walked to Cherise. He raised his hands viciously and grabbed her lower jaw forcefully. He exerted so much strength that he almost crushed her jaw. "It's my fault for not taking a closer look. You're so pretty, after all, Cherry." "As it turns out, those born in the countryside aren't necessarily dark and tanned country bumpkins. There are such fair girls..." He sized up Cherise's figure. "You have a pretty good figure. Your bust is huge." Cherise panicked and immediately broke free. She covered her chest. "You better show some respect. I'm your cousin-in-law!" "Cherry, you really don't understand me."

Tristan drew near to her. "I've always liked sleeping with unavailable women." "The more savage they are, the more I like them." After that, the people dressed in black behind Cherise caught hold of her before she could escape. "The more you struggle, the more interested I am." Tristan walked over with a jeer. He reached out crudely to squeeze Cherise's cheeks. "You've taken good care of your face. You don't look like you came from the countryside at all." His voice was as nauseating as his words. Lucy rushed forward angrily. "You!" Before Tristan could say anything, the people dressed in black dragged Lucy away. Tristan had too many people there. And everyone was tall, strong, and hefty. Cherise's hands were clenched tightly into fists. She couldn't go up against him so stubbornly. "It doesn't seem very convenient here." Tristan sized up the corridor around them before raising his eyes to glance at the empty study room. The men dressed in black understood intuitively and pulled Cherise in. "Tristan Lenoir!" Cherise truly panicked when she was dragged into the study room. She hadn't given herself to her husband, Damien. She couldn't let a sc\*m like Tristan destroy her innocence! "Mm." Tristan raised his hand to pinch Cherise's cheeks. "I like seeing you angry. You can continue." Cherise bit her lips until they turned white. Tristan enjoyed seeing Cherise struggle. He started tearing her clothes apart before his two subordinates in the room! "Wait!" Cherise gritted her teeth. Her intelligent mind worked quickly. "You said you like girls with wild personalities, right?" Tristan scoffed and nodded. She blinked. "What if I obey everything you say and do anything you want? Won't you lose interest in me?" What the girl said even made the

two subordinates dressed in black laugh. Tristan was tickled. Is this country bumpkin dumb?

## Chapter 13

"That's the principle." Tristan forcefully restrained himself from mocking Cherise. "If you can obediently come here, take off my clothes, and initiate a kiss with me, perhaps I'll really lose interest in you." A sly expression flickered across Cherise's face. But she nodded sincerely. "Alright. I'll do as you say." Tristan couldn't hold back. He smiled and waved at the men in black restraining her. "Let her go. Let go!" I want to see how dumb this country bumpkin is! The people in black let Cherise go after hearing it. "You're not going to play any tricks, are you?" Tristan said with a smile when he saw Cherise lean over. "There are three of you here. I can't escape even if I play any tricks." Cherise smiled sincerely as she walked to his side. "We've made a deal that I'll remove your clothes and kiss you." "You can't touch me." Tristan pulled her hand. "Kiss me down there, not up here." Cherise restrained her nausea and pulled her hand away. She slowly unbuttoned his shirt. One button. Two buttons. The girl's serious side profile was making Tristan burn up. But he wanted to see Cherise throw herself at him, so he could only forcefully restrain himself. But she was too slow. Every time she undid one button, she carefully straightened out the creases on his shirt. Tristan was impatient. He wanted to prompt Cherise to hurry up, but he suddenly felt something cold and hard at his heart. He looked down, and a trace of panic instantly flickered across his eyes. Because at that moment, Cherise was holding a mini switchblade and pressing it against his chest. "Let me introduce myself. I'm a medical student majoring in cardiology." Cherise's crisp voice was slightly cold. "I had full marks in each subject, so I can guarantee that when I pierce it into your skin, your heart will split into two." Tristan instantly broke into a cold sweat! He had never had a knife pressed against him like that in his life! He gritted his teeth and wanted to struggle but realized that Cherise had tied his coat into a tight knot when he wasn't paying attention! He didn't even have the chance to struggle. He was helpless under Cherise's hands. "Cherry..." Tristan forced a charming smile and started to plead. "In any case, I'm Damien's cousin. If you lay a finger on me, how would you explain it to my family..." "Calm down, please. Calm down..." "So you know that I'm your cousin-in-law." Cherise sneered. "Did you not think of how to explain things to your family when you were doing those things to me just now?" Tristan's complexion was deathly pale. "I..." "Do you think you can do whatever you want to me just because Damien is dispensable in



the Lenoir family?" "Is it because he's blind, has no real power, and can't do anything to you?" Tristan looked down at the shiny silver blade on his chest and could only nod. "Yes..." Cherise's heart sank violently. The scene last night in Lenoir Residence's garden appeared in her mind. He was in his wheelchair as he looked up at the moon and said he had no relatives. Every time she thought of his lonely voice, she felt distressed. "I'll protect Damien in the future." The girl took a deep breath and said solemnly, "I'm slightly foolish, and I don't come from the same world as you two." "But I regard myself as an excellent medical student." She pretended to move the blade in her hands fiercely. "I've learned what kind of force and technique I must use to cut your heart into two or three parts." Tristan's figure started trembling. Because he saw the malice in Cherise's eyes. The woman had just been taking his clothes off innocently. He never imagined she would look at him with such a gaze in the blink of an eye! He evidently felt that she was serious. She was so determined that he thought if he ever infuriated Damien again in the future, she would track him down and plunge the knife straight into his heart! How terrifying... Medical students with good results are frightening... Cherise took a deep breath. She had said what she needed to. She had also threatened and scared Tristan. How should she escape next? Tristan's subordinates were outside. Even if she could restrain Tristan, his subordinates were still detaining Lucy. They could use Lucy to threaten her into releasing Tristan. But if she released Tristan for Lucy, she and Lucy would be two unarmed and defenseless girls. They would be no match for Tristan and his people. Then, Tristan would want to take revenge. But she couldn't ignore Lucy... As Cherise pondered, she didn't notice that the tip of the knife in her hands was hovering near Tristan's chest. He was covered in a cold sweat. What is Cherise doing? Is she thinking about how to stab the knife into my heart? He was so terrified that his legs started trembling. Tristan had been pampered and protected by Wanda and Raymond since he was born. He was already thirty years old but had never suffered any hardships. Now that someone pointed a knife at his heart, he was reduced to tears. 'Crash!' The study room's door was suddenly kicked open. Mr. Kolson and Mr. Hampson stood outside. Before Mr. Hampson was Damien in a wheelchair. The sun cast its light from behind Damien. It made him look gilded. Cherise looked at the man whose eyes were covered with black silk. Her heart started beating furiously. Did... he come to save me? "Ah! Help me! I'm going to die!" Tristan, who was beside

her, suddenly started screaming. Cherise furrowed her brows and came to her senses. She realized that the blade in her hands had sliced through his shirt. Streaks of blood seeped through his white shirt. Tristan was covering his

chest and howling in grief. The veins on Cherise's forehead twitched. From the amount of blood, she had just made a small cut. Does Tristan have to shriek so loudly? Moreover, she hadn't moved at all... "Send him to the hospital." Damien wrinkled his brows and said coldly. Mr. Hampson nodded and consoled Cherise. "Mrs. Lenoir, you don't have to blame yourself." "He wanted to escape while you weren't paying attention. He misjudged his posture and ran into the knife." Cherise was dumbstruck. Is Tristan so dumb? A minute later, Mr. Kolson carried the bawling Tristan and sent him to the hospital. "The cut isn't deep, judging from the amount of blood." Cherise bit her lips. "I didn't hurt his internal organs." She walked over carefully and stood behind Damien. "I hurt him... Grandpa will blame me, right?" "Are you afraid?" The girl shook her head. "No. I didn't do anything wrong." Damien smiled in exasperation. "Are you alright?" "Yes." Cherise kept the switchblade. "When did you arrive?" "When you said you would protect me." Cherise was dumbfounded. She coughed lightly, picked up her bag, and walked to the corridor to pack the things she had saved before putting them into her bag. "Are you okay, Cherry?" Lucy's eyes were red. As she helped Cherise pack, she said, "I was worried just now that he would..."

## Chapter 14

Lucy didn't finish her sentence. Because she clearly felt that Damien, next to Cherise, had a strange disposition. Lucy bit her lips and said goodbye to Cherise before leaving. Damien was silent on the way back from the school to the villa. Cherise wanted to say something to Damien a few times but didn't know what to say, so she could only stay silent. After returning to the villa, the first thing Cherise did was to put together the torn certificates little by little. It wasn't easy to join together the ripped pieces. Most of the cards and postcards Cherise's grandmother had written her were burned and destroyed. It was difficult to restore them. Sitting before a desk, Cherise looked at the burned and damaged photo album bitterly. She privately cursed Tristan repeatedly. After that, she was about to keep the photo album when a card fell out. She picked it up and wanted to put it back in but realized something else was stuck to it. It was an old picture of a boy. Half the photograph was burned. Cherise looked at the picture for a long time but couldn't recognize the boy. She carefully put the photo into the album and kept it. When she had a chance, she had to ask her grandmother why a picture of someone else was stuck to a card for her. When she was done with everything, the sky had darkened. Frances knocked on the door. "Mrs. Lenoir, Old Mr. Lenoir called to ask you and Mr. Lenoir to go to Lenoir Residence. You should get ready."



Cherise raised her eyes to look at the time. It was already eight o'clock at night. Grandpa wants us to go there now? She vaguely felt a bad premonition in her heart. When Cherise had changed her clothes, Damien was already waiting for her in the car. "Grandpa wants us to go there so late at night... Does it have anything to do with what happened with Tristan today?" She asked cautiously when she entered the car. "Naturally." Damien's deep voice was intertwined with disappointment and frustration. "I told you that many people will blame you for Tristan's injury." After that, he turned his head to look at her. His eyes were covered by black silk. "Are you afraid?" "No." Cherise shook her head. "I didn't do anything wrong." "Many things can't be reduced to being right or wrong." Damien shook his head as though annoyed and amused by her answer. "Cherise, is your world so simple that it's limited to right or wrong?" Cherise nodded. "Anything that isn't right is wrong, and vice versa. Isn't the world like that?" "My teacher said no one cares about your mental process during exams. The grader only looks at the final answer. The right answer is correct, and the wrong answer is

incorrect." She's as innocent as an ignorant child. No. Perhaps Cherise is an ignorant child. Damien sighed indifferently and reached out to stroke her soft hair. "People with personalities like yours are quite hard to come by." Cherise didn't know if he was praising or belittling her, so she was sullen and silent. The car quickly arrived at Lenoir Residence. It was past nine o'clock at night. Ordinarily, Lenoir Residence's lights would be turned off at this time, but it was brightly lit tonight. When Cherise pushed Damien's wheelchair into Lenoir Residence, Tristan sat on the couch, covering his chest bound in gauze as Wanda fed him fruits. Tristan started crying crocodile tears when he saw Cherise. "Grandpa, you must bring her to justice..." Wanda also started crying. "Dad, the messenger of bad luck is here. You must bring her to justice..." The two were howling and bawling exaggeratedly as though their loved one had suddenly passed away. At that moment, Old Mr. Lenoir sat at the side, playing chess with Raymond. When the mother and son started wailing, Old Mr. Lenoir lost control of the chess piece in his hands and placed it in the wrong position. Raymond captured Old Mr. Lenoir's king mercilessly. "I won again." Raymond laughed lightly and called out to Old Mr. Lenoir. "Damien and Cherise are here, Dad. It's time for you to get down to business." Old Mr. Lenoir looked up at Cherise, who was pushing Damien in. He frowned ever so slightly. He moved his legs and rose. His voice was as loud as a bell. "Come with me." Old Mr. Lenoir led them to a room at the end of the second floor. When the butler opened the door, Cherise realized it was a gigantic memorial hall. Various plaques were inside. "Cherise Shaw." Old Mr. Lenoir called out. "Yes, Grandpa." Cherise answered as she loosened her grip on the

wheelchair. "Come here and kneel!" Old Mr. Lenoir said coldly, pointing to a mat next to him. Although Cherise didn't know what he meant, she did it obediently out of her respect for an elder. The moment she knelt down, she clearly sensed Wanda smiling. Wanda seemed very pleased with herself. 'Crack!' The next moment, the butler at the side took out a whip and swung it fiercely on Cherise's back. Because of the sharp and raw pain, Cherise almost couldn't stay in position. She bit her lips, and her voice was weak. "Grandpa, I don't know what I did wrong to bear such a punishment." "You don't know what you did wrong?" As Wanda stood at the side, her voice suddenly went up three octaves. "First, you seduced Tristan. After that, he didn't give in to you, so you hurt him!" Wanda gritted her teeth. "You just married Damien, and then you seduced his cousin. Are you so shameless to tell me

you don't know what you did wrong?!" Cherise smiled while enduring the severe pain. "Aunt Wanda, you say I seduced Tristan, but do you have proof?" "Do I need proof?" Wanda snorted coldly. "Everyone at the scene can testify for Tristan!" As she spoke, she glared coldly at the butler holding the whip. "What are you waiting for? Hit her!" Upon hearing it, the butler swung the whip on Cherise's back as it cracked. With just two strikes of the whip, the white T-shirt on Cherise tore from the force and exposed her raw flesh. It was clear that the butler was whipping Cherise with much strength. Cherise stayed kneeling on the floor and didn't avoid the severe beating. She groaned dully. "I didn't seduce Tristan or deliberately hurt him." "You stupid, stubborn girl!" Wanda glared straight at her before glancing at the butler holding the whip. "Continue!" "Wait a moment." Upon seeing that the butler was about to whip Cherise for the third time, the silent Damien said indifferently, "Grandpa didn't say a word, but you kept whipping her." "Are you supposed to obey Grandpa or Aunt Wanda?"

## Chapter 15

Everyone could tell the butler was hitting Cherise with such speed and strength because someone must have prompted him. Damien's words made the butler's actions freeze momentarily. After a moment, he pulled back the whip dutifully. "I obey Old Mr. Lenoir." Wanda rolled her eyes. "We're enforcing family rules on a depraved woman. You have no parents, and you weren't brought up well. How is it your place to criticize us?" In the past, Damien always kept silent on such occasions with the Lenoir family. Wanda naturally felt annoyed that he suddenly spoke up today. "You're hitting my wife. Of course I have to say something." Damien spoke indifferently. Cherise

could tell that it was just as Damien had said. He didn't have any position or dignity in the family. No one paid attention to what he said. "You think marrying such a tramp would bring you any benefits?" Wanda snorted coldly and turned to look at Old Mr. Lenoir. "Dad, I think Cherise won't learn her lesson if she isn't hit." "But since she's already the Lenoir family's daughter-in-law, we shouldn't go overboard. As long as she admits her mistake, we can stop, right?" On the surface, it seemed like Wanda was giving Cherise a way out. However, because of Cherise's obstinate personality, Wanda was sure that Cherise wouldn't admit fault. Old Mr. Lenoir looked down and glanced at Cherise. "Do you admit your mistake?" "No." Cherise straightened her back. "I didn't do anything wrong. Why must I admit fault?" Old Mr. Lenoir waved his hands restlessly. 'Crack!' The butler holding the whip hit Cherise. "Do you admit you were at fault?" "I'm not at fault!" 'Crack!' "Are you admitting your mistake yet?" "No!" 'Crack!' The butler used all his might to whip her viciously. Kneeling on the mat, Cherise was in so much pain that she almost couldn't straighten her back, but she still gritted her teeth and prepared for the whip to hit her. But she never thought that when the whip cracked, the pain still didn't hit her after a long time. "Damien!" Old Mr. Lenoir's astonished voice rang behind her. Cherise immediately turned around and realized Damien had exited the wheelchair without her noticing. He had thrown himself behind her and helped her take the hit entirely. The plain white shirt on him was dyed with his blood. His handsome face slowly turned pale. "Who told you to hit him?!" Cherise's hands clenched into fists as she shouted at the butler. "Are you blind? Why did you strike the whip at him? Don't you know he's in poor health?!" The butler didn't expect Damien to rush over to take the blow for Cherise, nor did he think she would shout at him like

this because of Damien. He had hit her with the whip, and she was clearly in much pain, but she hadn't made a sound. But she was shouting at him after Damien had only been hit once. "I'm fine." Damien looked up weakly at Cherise. "I just... feel slightly faint." "Send him to the hospital!" Old Mr. Lenoir instructed sharply as he finally panicked after seeing his own grandson being hit. He glared at the butler. "You'll be punished!" The butler holding the whip could only resign himself to his bad luck as he put the whip down and retreated. Soon, the servants in Lenoir Residence came to take Damien to the hospital. "Don't touch him!" Cherise shouted at the servants near her to back away. She helped Damien back into his wheelchair alone. "He's my husband. I'll take care of him!" Afterward, she pushed Damien and left the memorial hall in large strides. Old Mr. Lenoir stood in the middle of the memorial hall and watched Cherise's figure as she pushed Damien away. He looked at the dark red wounds on her back, and a gratified expression flickered across his eyes.

“Look after things here.” Although Damien was the least pampered in the Lenoir family, he was part of the Lenoir family after all. Wanda knew this better than anyone. She smiled slightly awkwardly. “I never thought Damien was so infatuated with Cherise that he would take a blow for her...” “That’s enough. Stop feigning sympathy for Damien.” Old Mr. Lenoir rolled his eyes at Wanda. “I’ve taught Cherise a lesson. This matter will end here. No one can mention it again!” After that, he looked at Tristan coldly. “Why did you go to Cherise’s school for no reason?” Tristan, who had been watching the scene, naturally didn’t know how to answer. “I... I...” “Don’t think I’m clueless about your devious thoughts. Were you innocent in what happened today?” Tristan’s complexion paled. “Don’t do such petty tricks secretly next time. Otherwise, I’ll leave you out of my will!” ... At the hospital. Cherise only breathed a deep sigh of relief after seeing the nurse give Damien medicine. “He won’t be in pain after this, right?” The nurse nodded. “This medicine is good for pain relief.” Another nurse turned her head to look at Cherise’s back. “Miss, why don’t I also take care of you?” Cherise’s injury was evidently more severe than her husband’s. Cherise only felt the pain after what the nurse said. Her back was in fiery pain. She lay on the bed, and the nurse behind her carefully cut her clothes. The nurse carefully disinfected and cared for the open wounds on her skin. Cherise was in so much pain that she was in a cold sweat. Ultimately, she fainted. Distress streaked across Damien’s heart as he sat beside Cherise’s bed while looking at her. “How long will it take for her

injuries to heal?” “At least one week.” “Your wife looks weak, but I never imagined she would be so perseverant. Ordinary women would have long fainted with such an injury, but she held on for so long.” Damien sighed softly. “That’s right.” She was strange in that way. Old Mr. Lenoir had a clear stance. This matter would have blown over if she admitted her mistake and asked for forgiveness. But she would rather endure the physical pain than admit fault and ask for mercy. As someone who had pretended to be sick for more than a decade, Damien couldn’t understand Cherise’s determination. However, she astonished him. After taking the medicine and confirming nothing else was wrong, Damien instructed Mr. Kolson to deal with the hospitalization procedures. With Cherise’s back injury, he didn’t want to torment her by taking her home. “I didn’t do anything wrong.” At night, she was still unconscious in the hospital room. She was dreaming and stubbornly protesting her innocence like before. Seeing her like that distressed him. Damien thought about it. He climbed out of his bed and got into hers. He carefully put his arms around her. “You didn’t do anything wrong.” Your husband can’t reveal his true colors yet. He hugged the tiny woman in his arms and silently shut his eyes. After his older sister died in the fire when he was ten, Damien told himself he had to

pretend to be particularly weak to preserve his strength and take revenge for his parents when he was older. Therefore, he had played the part of an indifferent and weak person well all these years. After lying dormant for so long, today was the first time he thought of giving up. As he watched Cherise get whipped, it was the first time he didn't want to persevere. It was the first time he had the urge to stop pretending. "I don't admit fault..." The woman in his arms trembled. "You don't have to." Damien took a deep breath and put his head down to smell the fragrance of her hair. "I won't make you wait too long." "Soon, everyone who bullied you today... I will make them kneel down and apologize to you individually."

## Chapter 16

### Chapter 16 A Person with Integrity

It was the following morning when Cherise woke up.

2%

+5 Free Coins

When she moved her body, her back was still in burning pain. It hurt so much that Cherise awoke instantly.

After waking up, she realized she was lying in the hospital bed with Damien.

It was a single bed, so it was rather crowded for them to lay together. It was why he was hugging her so tightly. Both their bodies were closely pressed together. She could even clearly hear the man's heart beating in his chest.

It beat at the same rhythm and frequency as hers.

The corners of her lips curved unconsciously.

It was the first time someone had hugged her to sleep. It was also the first time she could hear the sound of someone's heartbeat up close.

She looked up at Damien's face.

He had a handsome and refined side profile, sensual and alluring collarbones that were defined, tall and polished brows, long lashes, and lip's that were perfectly curved.

Under the glow of the morning sun, his eyes were exceptionally charming.

Wait a moment! His eyes!

Cherise suddenly came to her senses. "You're... you're awake."

Damien was amused by her silly yet endearing appearance. He couldn't help but kiss her forehead. "Does it still hurt?"

"No. It doesn't hurt anymore."

Cherise didn't know if it was because of his kiss or question. Either way, her heart started beating frantically, and her face blushed uncontrollably.

"That's good."

The man reached out to stroke her pretty and tiny face. "Why didn't you admit your mistake last night?"

Cherise pursed her lips. "Because I didn't do anything wrong."

"But you could have avoided the physical pain if you admitted fault."

"I'm a person with integrity."

Cherise looked at him with a determined gaze. "I can endure it no matter how much it hurts, but I won't admit to something I didn't do. Nor will I acknowledge making a mistake when I didn't."

"It's tragic if someone loses their principles."

"My principle is that I won't confess to something I didn't do."

Chapter 16 A Person with Integrity

She was exceptionally adorable when she was being solemn.

Damien looked at her and sighed. "You're precious."



25/2%

+5 Free Coins

Cherise's wounds would initially have taken a week to recover, but she was in good shape. In three days, her injury was almost completely healed.

She had packed up her belongings early on the day she was discharged. When she returned home, she looked up and fell on her bed. "No wonder Grandma doesn't like staying in the hospital. It's too stifling."

She sighed and wanted to continue lamenting when the cell phone in her bag rang.

It was a call from Sarah.

When she thought about it, Sarah hadn't called her in a few days. Cherise pursed her lips and answered it cautiously. "Aunt Sarah..."

She thought Sarah had called to ask about her and Damien's progress, so she stammered. "For the past few days, I haven't..."

"Cherise."

The woman's voice on the other end was slightly tearful. "Your grandmother just fainted again. She's in the emergency room now!"

Cherise's jaw instantly dropped.

"How could that..."

Since she had agreed to marry Damien, her grandmother was transferred to the best hospital in Mondale, and her condition stabilized. How did her grandmother suddenly...

"Quickly come over. Your grandmother is over seventy years old and might... at any time..."

Sarah was crying and couldn't speak properly.

Cherise's heart tightened as it beat viciously.

She hung up and ran out hurriedly.

At the washroom entrance, she bumped into Damien, who was exiting.

She lost her balance entirely when she bumped into him and quickly fell toward the floor.

## Chapter 17

### Chapter 17 You Shouldn't Get Out of The Car

At that crucial moment, Damien threw his cane to the side and reached out to pull her back. Due to the force of the impact, he inclined backward.

Thankfully, he used his other hand to prop himself on the wall so the two didn't fall on the floor together.

"What happened? Why are you so flustered?"

"My... my grandmother..."

Cherise's voice was tearful. She looked up at him. "Can you ask the driver to send me to the hospital?"

"Grandma is in the emergency room now..."

She was so anxious that her face was flushed, and her voice was tense. The man was slightly stirred. He nodded. "I'll send you there."

Cherise pursed her lips and wanted to say something, but the man had already pressed the bell at the door.

The driver, Mr. Kolson, rushed forward swiftly. "Mr. Lenoir."

"Send us to the hospital."

Damien glanced at Mr. Kolson meaningfully.

Mr. Kolson immediately went into the room to take Damien's coat and silk ribbon for his eyes before quickly grabbing Damien's wheelchair. He pushed Damien to the private elevator in enormous strides to go downstairs.

In the blink of an eye, Mr. Kolson was already pushing Damien out the doors.

Frances put a coat on Cherise. "Be careful, Mrs. Lenoir

Cherise came to her senses. She grabbed her cell phone and rushed out without saying her thanks.

Cherise hesitated when Damien suggested sending her to the hospital. After all, she felt it would be troublesome for a disabled person like him to leave the house.

But... Mr. Kolson's series of actions took less than two minutes.

It was lightning speed.

She sat next to Damien with complicated feelings. "Are you just sending me there? Will you be leaving after I'm dropped off? Or..."

Damien waved and signaled Mr. Kolson to drive. "You're so distraught. Do you think I'll let you go alone?"

Cherise pursed her lips. "Maybe... you shouldn't get out of the car."

With her grandmother's current state, Sarah would have informed Cherise's other aunts in addition to her.

Cherise's aunts didn't know that Cherise was married.

Chapter 17 You Shouldn't Get Out of The Car

2%

+5 Free Coins

If her other aunts and cousins saw Damien at the hospital with her, they would have many questions. They would even mercilessly mock Damien for being disabled.

"Why?"

The air in the car turned cold abruptly. Cherise clearly felt that the man before her, whose eyes were covered with black silk, was displeased.

But she could only put on a bold face to avoid more trouble. "It's nothing. It's just that my other relatives should be there."

“People from the countryside don’t have good etiquette, so...”

Damien scratched his lips indifferently. “Are you afraid they’ll offend me?”

She looked down and played with her fingers before nodding silently. “Mm.”

The man glanced at her. “I can ignore them for your sake.”

Cherise silently rolled her eyes.

He could ignore them for her sake, but her relatives wouldn’t keep quiet for her sake.

Her two other aunts had always been sharp and unkind. When her grandmother initially fell sick, the treatment cost hundreds of thousands. They only gave her uncle ten thousand each. He had to figure out how to come up with the rest.

Her uncle was a meek farmer who couldn’t come up with so much money.

If not for the emergence of the Lenoir family later on, Mary might not have been able to survive until today.

Cherise’s two aunts treated their own mother insensitively. Therefore, they naturally disliked Cherise since she was adopted.

They even blamed Mary’s sickness on Cherise because they called her an outsider.

The man’s low voice rang in her ears. “I’m already here. It’s too impolite if I don’t get out of the car and meet everyone.”

## Chapter 18

### Chapter 18 Because I’m Curious

Mr. Kolson quickly exited the car and assembled the wheelchair before helping Damien into it.

“Let’s go.”

The man in the wheelchair looked at her nonchalantly and smiled. "Lead the way."

Cherise led Damien into the hospital with complicated feelings.

2%

+5 Free Coins

The two walked into the hospital silently and passed the lounge.

When they were in the elevator, she finally couldn't hold back. She turned to look at him. "Your grandfather said you don't like to be in such situations or interact with strangers. Why did you insist on coming to visit my grandmother this time?"

Before actually meeting him, she had felt that the man was aloof.

After meeting him, she realized he was aloof and arrogant.

A man like that didn't have the temperament to cozy up to relatives.

"Because I'm curious."

"Curious about what?"

The man turned, gazing at her petite figure through the black silk ribbon. "What kind of family raised a silly fool like you."

Cherise was dumbstruck.

"Just... a normal family."

She flattened her lips. "This isn't the point. The point is that I'm not a fool."

The man who was leaning back in his wheelchair laughed in disbelief. "I disagree."

Cherise wasn't currently in the mood to argue with him. She watched the numbers on the elevator change nervously. She had complicated feelings.

On the one hand, she was worried about her grandmother's health.

On the other hand, she was also worried about her two aunts.

‘Ding. The elevator arrived at the fifteenth floor.

“The daily expenses in such a nice hospital must be a pretty penny, right? Elvis, how do you have so much money?”

A woman’s sharp voice rang when the elevator doors opened.

“Sis, this isn’t the time to talk about it. Mom is still in the emergency room.”

“Let’s not talk about Mom now. How do you have so much money? Going to the emergency room can’t be cheap, either. It must be tens of thousands at least, right? We can buy two acres of land at home with ten thousand

1/2

Chapter 18 Because I’m Curious

2%

+5 Free Coins

“That’s right. We’re so broke. How do you have so much money? You don’t have to take the old woman’s sickness seriously. She’s old and can’t recover fully. Why don’t you conserve the money and split it with

us...”

Cherise had just exited the elevator when she heard her two aunts discussing money with her uncle.

The veins on her forehead twitched.

“Eva, Eri, I really don’t have much money now. Even if I did, it would go to treating Mom’s illness!”

Elvis Shaw was stuck between his two older sisters and had an impatient expression. “They’re trying to save Mom now. We don’t know if she’ll survive, but you’re saying such things at a time like this?!”

“She’s old anyway and has to leave one day. Since we’re alive, we have to live well.”



“That’s right. After Mom passes away, she won’t want to see us suffer in the countryside. Don’t spend all your money on her...”

Evaline Shaw and Eriana Shaw spoke one after another. They were curious about how much money Elvis had.

Cherise clenched her fists tightly after exiting the elevator. She rushed to stand in front of Elvis. “Aunt Evaline, Aunt Eriana, Grandma is still in the emergency room. How can you say such things at the entrance?!”

Evaline glanced at Cherise, and a taunting smile flickered across her lips. “The Shaw family is speaking. As an outsider, you have no right to interrupt.”

“That’s right. The Shaw family has done our utmost duty to raise you for the past two decades. You have no right to interfere in our family business!”

Cherise gritted her teeth and looked up viciously to glare at the two shrewd and unkind middle-aged women. “Even if I’m not a Shaw, I know my priorities. As long as there’s hope, we must save Grandma!”

## Chapter 19

### Chapter 19 Why Did You Bring Him Here?

“The two of you are worth less than an outsider like me!”

ú2%\*

+5 Free Coins

Eriana smiled. “What you’re saying is quite nasty, girl. It’s not your place to criticize what the Shaws are discussing. Who do you think you are? Have you given the old woman any money? Isn’t it the Shaw family’s money anyway?”

“Talk is cheap.”

“Elvis, if you’re not paying for the old woman’s hospital bill, who is?”

“I am.”

Evaline and Eriana crowded Cherise and Elvis. Just as they were about to start arguing, a cold and deep voice interrupted them.

The Shaws were startled and looked toward the voice simultaneously.

They saw a strong and muscular middle-aged man push a young man in.

The man in the wheelchair wore an exquisite suit and covered his eyes with a black silk cloth.

The man had chiseled features and a mysterious silhouette. Even if his eyes were covered, they felt a noble and arrogant demeanor from him.

He was sitting in a wheelchair, but it seemed like he was on a throne instead. Cherise's relatives couldn't help but feel astonished at his ominous demeanor.

While everyone was taken aback, Mr. Kolson pushed Damien to them.

Damien glanced at Cherise's face indifferently. It was flushed from anger. He raised his hands to give her a wet cloth. "Wipe your face."

"Thank you."

Cherise took it awkwardly and wiped her face.

The ice-cold sensation of the wet towel made her calm down.

"Who are you?"

After a moment's silence, Eriana glared at Damien with raised brows. "The Shaws are speaking. What does it have to do with you?"

"As the Shaw family's son-in-law, I naturally have the right to question what you say."

An arrogant smile was on the corners of the man's lips, "Why don't you introduce me, Cherise?"

Cherise spoke up.

"Aunt Evaline. Aunt Eriana. This is my husband, Damien Lenoir."

After that, she glanced at Elvis timidly. "Uncle Shaw, you've met him before."

Elvis nodded. “Mm.”

## Chapter 19 Why Did You Bring Him Here?

“We meet again, Mr. Lenoir.”

+5 Free Coins

His tone was respectful, but he glared at Cherise viciously when he turned. He reproached her quietly. “Isn’t it messy enough? Why did you bring him here?”

Cherise pursed her lips, feeling very aggrieved. She didn’t say anything.

Others didn’t see the interactions between the two, but Damien saw it distinctly.

A subtle and faint smile was on the corners of the man’s lips.

“Oh, Cherise’s husband?”

Eriana crossed her arms and sized up the man in the wheelchair coldly.

“When did you get married, Cherise? You married a disabled man?”

“Why does he have something covering his eyes? Don’t tell me he’s blind?”.

She leaned over as she spoke and reached out, wanting to uncover the silk ribbon around Damien’s eyes.

But as her hand was in mid-air, Mr. Kolson did a roundhouse kick and kicked her hand to the side.

Before Eriana could cry out in pain, Mr. Kolson had caught hold of her.

“What should I do with her, Mr. Lenoir?”

At that moment, Mr. Kolson was different from his usual kind demeanor. He didn’t look like a middle- aged driver but seemed like a well-trained special forces soldier.

“Let her go.”

Damien’s lips moved indifferently, and his voice was cold and apathetic. “I hope you understand what I’m about to say, Aunt Evaline and Aunt Eriana.”

“I’m paying to treat Grandma’s illness. Uncle Shaw has no right to make decisions because this is Cherise’s way of supporting Grandma.”

“I might be disabled, but you can’t afford to offend me.”

Damien’s gaze was icy. “For the sake of Cherise and Grandma, who’s in the emergency room. I’ll let you off the hook today. I won’t be so nice if you dare to say such delirious statements next time.”

## Chapter 20

### Chapter 20 A Real Man

Mr. Kolson twisted Eriana’s arm viciously, and she grimaced in pain. When she heard what Damien said, she gritted her teeth, unconvinced. She wanted to retort when Evaline stopped her.

Evaline was a few years older than Eriana and was slightly more experienced.

Evaline could tell with one glance that Damien’s clothes and the silk ribbon around his eyes were pricey.

On top of his noble demeanor, she had guessed from the start that the man was of significant stature. At that moment, what Damien said made her feel that her guess was entirely accurate.

She pulled Eriana back and shook her head slightly.

“I suddenly remembered that I have something to do with my sister. We’re leaving!”

After that, she pulled Eriana away and quickly left before Elvis could answer.

“We’ve ridiculed ourselves in front of you, Mr. Lenoir.

After the two left, Elvis smiled shamefully. “This is our family. I had no other way, so I made Cherise...”

“Cherise and I are doing well.”,

Damien’s cold voice rang. “Cherise, I want to speak to Uncle Shaw alone.”

Cherise raised her head to glance at Elvis. "Where's Aunt Sarah?"

"Sending Sky and Tay to school."

The petite woman took a deep breath. "You haven't eaten, have you?"

"Why don't you buy us breakfast?"

Damien said nonchalantly.

Cherise nodded and turned to leave.

When her figure vanished at the end of the corridor, Elvis sighed indifferently. He looked up at Damien. "What do you wish to say to me, Mr. Lenoir?"

"Have your sisters always been like this?"

"Mm."

"Did Cherise grow up in such surroundings?"

"Yes."

Damien turned and rolled his wheelchair to the window as he felt the cool breeze outside. "It's been tough for her. She grew up in such conditions but is still so silly."

"Cherise isn't silly. She's just simple and goes about her life bluntly."

Elvis sighed. "Mr. Lenoir, you'll spend the rest of your life with her... I hope you can take the time to understand her. She's actually a great girl."

## Chapter 20 A Real Man

Damien laughed lightly. "Did I say I want to spend the rest of my life with her?"

"But... Cherise is prepared to spend the rest of her life with you."

Damien looked downstairs.

2%

+5 Free Coins

The girl in jeans and a white T-shirt quickly walked toward the hospital's main entrance to buy breakfast at a café outside.

The morning breeze swept her dark hair. She had a youthful glow to her in the morning light.

He quietly watched as she walked into a café. "Do you feel reassured that she's married to a blind man who killed almost everyone in his family?"

Elvis looked at him for a long time. "I don't believe the outside rumors. I only believe what I see."

"Perhaps you have intricate thoughts and a complicated family background, but I can tell you're a real man."

"A real man won't hurt a woman who treats him sincerely."

Damien's lips twitched, and he smiled. "Your information shows you've been an honest farmer in the countryside all your life. The only thing unusual is that you were conscripted into the army for three years two decades ago in the culinary team."

"But what you're saying is making me doubt your identity."

Damien wasn't prejudiced against people from the countryside. His family's old servants were from the country but were plain and simple people who spoke colloquially. Few could come up with such cryptic statements.

Elvis was startled before he understood what Damien meant. "You've watched too much television."

"I hope that's the case."

The man in the wheelchair sneered. He turned and examined Elvis' expression through the translucent black ribbon. "But I won't find it strange even if you don't have an ordinary identity."



