

My Blind Husband #Chapter 41 - Read My Blind Husband Chapter 41

Chapter 41

Chapter 41 Why Aren't You Home Yet?

Cherise initially wanted to turn him down, but she thought of what he had previously said and ultimately nodded in agreement.

It was lunchtime, and the restaurants near the hospital were crowded.

Ian took Cherise to a restaurant slightly further away.

The afternoon sun was blazing above them. Ian was considerate and bought an umbrella by the side of the road to shield Cherise from the sun.

"You're so attentive, Ian."

She smiled, feeling moved.

Ian laughed lightly. "It's only natural to take care of you."

The man's words made Cherise blush.

"But why were you at the hospital?"

Ian's distinct and bright voice was like a clear spring on a summer's day. "You said you came with your friend last time. What about this time?"

"I came to visit my relative."

Cherise and Ian walked under the umbrella side by side. Her heart started to beat furiously. "Ian."

"Hmm?"

"I remember you previously told me that when you were in university, you made a lot of money from working part-time jobs, right?"

She had agreed to eat with Ian because she remembered this.

"You're looking for a job?"

Jan laughed lightly and reached out to stroke her head. "You still work so hard."

Cherise smiled and lied. "I want to earn money to pay for my school fees."

The man's brows furrowed. "You're paying for your school fees?"

"Doesn't your husband take care of you?"

He was startled when he found out that she had gotten married. But when he thought about it, she would have someone to take care of her after getting married. It wasn't bad for a girl like Cherise with such a family background.

But now, she wanted to earn money to pay her school fees?

Cherise was surprised and immediately shook her head. "It's not that he doesn't take care of me..."

"I just want to earn money to sign up for cooking classes. I don't want my husband to know. I want to surprise him."

Ian's brows slowly relaxed.

He laughed bitterly. "It looks like you love him a lot."

Cherise nodded with flushed cheeks. "So, do you have any good part-time jobs to recommend, Ian?"

Ian looked up and saw the signboard before him. "We're here. Let's eat first and talk later."

Cherise could only nod as she followed him into the restaurant.

She was preoccupied when they were eating.

Her mind was filled with what had happened when she previously ate with Ian.

The last time she ate with Ian, Damien found out at once.

Does he know this time? Will he call me and instruct people to capture me like last time?

Cherise was fearful until she finished lunch, but Damien didn't contact her.

“Since you’re majoring in nursing, I can recommend a sanatorium where you can work part–time as a nursing assistant.”

After lunch, Ian scrolled through his cell phone. “I have a friend who’s working at the sanatorium. Many nursing assistants work there part–time, and the pay is pretty good, but the job is quite demanding.”

“You cared for your grandmother so well. I believe you’re capable.”

As he spoke, he called his friend.

His friend was glad that a university student like Cherise wanted to work part–time and immediately wanted her to go for an interview.

With directions from Ian, Cherise took a bus to the sanatorium. The interview went on for an hour.

Cherise could readily answer all the questions about taking care of patients.

Therefore, both parties quickly finalized the pay and working hours and immediately signed a

part–time contract.

Cherise officially started working in the afternoon.

She was on her feet until past six in the evening.

“Mrs. Lenoir, why aren’t you home yet?”

Frances called Cherise when it was almost seven. “Mr. Lenoir is waiting for you to come back and eat with him.”

Chapter 42

Chapter 42 I’ll Wait

Cherise looked at the time. It was already seven at night. She smiled and said embarrassedly to Frances, “I’m studying in the library and lost track of the time. I’m sorry. I’ll come back at once!”

Before she finished speaking, someone called out to her. “Cherise, the patient at 203 wants to take a walk. Go and keep them company!”

The person shouted loudly.

On the other end of the phone, Frances fell silent momentarily. “Mrs. Lenoir, are you really at the library?”

“Mm.”

Cherise felt guilty. “Alright, I’ll be coming back in half an hour. Tell Damien not to wait. I’ve

eaten.”

After that, she ignored what Frances said on the other end of the phone and hung up.

She kept her cell phone before rushing to 203 and taking the patient for a walk.

The chilly night breeze blew, and she realized she was in a cold sweat.

At that moment, in Swan Lake Chateau, where Lenoir Manor was located.

The man in the wheelchair picked up his coffee gracefully and sipped it. “She can’t even come up with a good lie.”

He had instructed Frances to make the call. It was on speakerphone once the call went through. Therefore, he heard everything, including Cherise’s frantic voice and tone when she was lying.

“Mr. Lenoir, Mrs. Lenoir is being extorted and is working part–time. Are you really going to let her be?”

The butler stood by his side and asked respectfully.

The man put the cup of coffee in his hands on a saucer. A sneer was on the corners of his lips. “She’s hiding it from me because she doesn’t want me to know. Why should I get into this mess?”

Mr. Hampson was baffled. “But Mr. Lenoir, she’s your wife now.”

“It’s humiliating for you if she’s working like this.”

Damien smiled, and the corners of his lips curved into a sarcastic smile.

“When have I not been humiliated?”

He was someone in the Lenoir family who was abandoned many years ago. To other people, he had lost all dignity and pride long ago.

Other than Old Mr. Lenoir, no one else had attended his wedding.

“But...”

“It’s not that I don’t want to help her.”

Damien changed into a more comfortable position as he leaned back in his wheelchair. “Once she fully grasps how a husband–and–wife relationship should work, I’ll help her.”

Mr. Hampson was puzzled by Damien’s words but didn’t ask further when he saw the man’s expression turn cold. “Mr. Lenoir, will you still wait for Mrs. Lenoir to have dinner?”

“It’s so late. Why don’t you eat first?”

The man shook his head, and his thin lips parted slightly. He only said two words. “I’ll wait.”

The sanatorium regulated that nursing assistants leave work at half past seven at night.

With that in mind, Cherise planned her time. She could still make the last bus at eight o’clock and rush home.

But she had too many things to do on her first day of work and wasn’t very proficient. Time passed, and it was very late.

When she left the sanatorium, she almost fell apart when she took out her cell phone and looked at the time.

It was past eight, and all the buses had stopped running. The sanatorium was in the suburbs, and cabs didn’t usually pass by.

She waited by the road anxiously for a long time but didn’t see a single cab.

She was frustrated and could only take out her cell phone. She planned to hitch a ride online to go home.

At that moment, a white sedan stopped before her.

Ian lowered his car window and looked at her with a smile. "Get in. I'll send you home."

Cherise was overjoyed. She got into the backseat with her bag.

"Why are you here, Ian?"

Ian started driving. "I came here for work a

Chapter 43

Chapter 43 I Don't Think He Works

It suddenly dawned on Cherise. "That's right. You're friends with the head, Lila."

She could work here thanks to Ian and Lila's good relationship.

Otherwise, how could she have found a well-paying job that suited her?

"Ian, it's so late. Did you come to look for Lila?"

She asked with a frown.

Lila was pretty, competent, and intelligent. She should be the type of woman Ian liked.

The man's hands on the steering wheel froze slightly. "Sort of."

Lila Gurwell had called and asked him out for dinner in the evening, but he turned her down.

"I thought you got off work at seven."

He had come to wait for her to get off work and had been waiting since seven,

“I just started working, and I’m unfamiliar with everything.”

Cherise laughed embarrassedly. “Lila didn’t make me work overtime. I’m not skilled enough, so I got off work late.”

Ian smiled. “I’m quite familiar with the work here. If there’s anything you don’t understand, you can call me and ask.”

Cherise nodded. “Thank you, Ian.”

So many years had passed, but Ian was still as gentle and friendly as he was back then.

“We’ve been friends for so many years. I feel like calling me ‘fan’ is very solemn. If you don’t mind, you can call me ‘E.’”

E...

Such a nickname was too intimate.

Cherise waved her hands. “I think I’ll continue calling you Ian. After all, you’re older than me.”

After that, the car was momentarily silent.

After a long time, Ian coughed lightly. “Why are you working part-time all of a sudden? Are you in trouble lately?”

Actually, Ian wanted to ask Cherise this question in the afternoon.

But she stammered and said she wanted to sign up for cooking classes.

She really didn’t know how to lie.

She was such a sensible and capable girl. No one would believe that she didn’t know how to cook.

“I’m not in trouble.”

She smiled as she denied it.

The man in the driver’s seat asked, “If you need money, you can tell me. Even though I haven’t worked long, my pay is decent!”

After that, Ian couldn't help but start to show off. "I bought this car with my own money for around two hundred thousand. All my classmates are jealous of me."

Cherise looked at him enviously. "As expected, you're amazing, Ian."

"It would be great if I could be as excellent as you, Ian."

Ian smiled, pleased with himself. "As long as you work hard, nothing is impossible."

"By the way, Cherise, you haven't told me where you're staying!"

Cherise quietly told him Swan Lake Chateau's address.

Ian was in awe for a long time. "Swan Lake Chateau? Is that the exclusive villa area for wealthy people?"

Cherise nodded. "I don't think there's another Swan Lake Chateau, right?"

The astonishment in Ian's gaze lingered for a long time. "What... What does your husband work as?"

The villas in Swan Lake Chateau were so expensive that many didn't even dare to imagine living

there.

"I don't think he works."

Cherise answered honestly. "He stays at home every day, drinks tea, listens to the news, and chats with the butler, Mr. Hampson, and the driver, Mr. Kolson..."

"Is his family rich?"

"I think so."

Ian's smile completely froze on his face. "So you must be... quite happy being married to him."

"However."

Ian furrowed his brows. "Since he's so rich, why are you working part-time outside to earn money, Cherise?"

If the man treats her well, she can act coyly in front of him and ask for money. Since he can stay in Swan Lake Chateau without working, he must spend his money extravagantly.

Cherise took a deep breath and started to regret telling Ian about her personal matters. "He doesn't know I'm working part-time. I don't want to let him know either."

Chapter 44

Chapter 44 A Wealthy Middle-Aged Man

"All I wanted was to learn how to cook to surprise him... But Ian, I'll be mad if you ask anything else about my private life."

Cherise released a long breath. She was already uncomfortable enough when Ian kept asking about Damien. Eriana threatened her and her part-time job. These were all her private matters. She did not want anyone else to know about them.

Ian did not expect the ever-gentle Cherise to say such words. He could only laugh awkwardly. "Alright, I won't then. Just as long as you're happy."

He did not pry any further.

The two were silent all the way until they arrived at the entrance to Swan Lake Chateau.

He planned to drop her off at her house.

Unfortunately, his car seemed shabby compared to the luxurious cars in the area. The security guard flagged him, thinking they were up to no good.

Besides, the guard did not recognize Cherise as she had not been there for long. He did not let them through even though Cherise was in the car.

"You can head back now, Ian."

Cherise smiled at him sheepishly. "I'll call someone to pick me up."

He nodded. "That's probably better than your husband seeing us and getting the wrong idea."

When the car disappeared from her sight, she pulled out her phone. She called Frances and said that she was stopped at the entrance.

A couple of minutes later, Mr. Hampson, who was dressed formally, appeared. "Mr. Lenoir instructed me to bring you home, Mrs. Lenoir."

She widened her eyes.

It was already past nine.

Is Damien still awake?

The buyer nodded as though he had seen through her thoughts. "Mr. Lenoir is waiting for you to have dinner."

"Has he not taken his dinner yet? Even though it's quite late?"

The astonishment on her face was apparent..

He nodded. "I suggest we return as quickly as possible if you're worried about him."

Cherise did not want to delay further and quickly followed the butler toward the villas.

Noticing the weight of her bag, Mr. Hampson stopped and took it from her. The two swiftly left the entrance.

A few hundred meters away from the entrance under the trees, Ian furrowed his forehead as he watched Cherise leave with a middle-aged man in a dark shirt.

He did not ask her about her husband's age. He had his suspicion when she said that he would listen to the news while drinking tea. She must have married an older man.

Ian did not expect the man to be that old.

He narrowed his eyes.

She's not the type to covet riches and fame. For her to marry a wealthy middle-aged man, something must have happened in her family. The man may provide her with what she needs, but he can't give her love.

He would take her back someday.

Cherise followed the butler back timidly. The man with the black silk cloth around his eyes leaned back in his wheelchair as Mr. Kolson read 'Anna Karenina' aloud.

When she stepped through the door, Mr. Kolson was reading the section where Anna decided to divorce Karenin.

She frowned in displeasure.

They had not been married for long, yet Mr. Kolson was reading a book that made one opposed to love. No wife would be pleased with the situation.

However, the man in the wheelchair only tapped the armrest when Mr. Kolson finished the section. "I heard the door open. Is someone here?"

Chapter 45

Chapter 45 Push Me Upstairs

Mr. Kolson raised his head and spotted Cherise. "Mrs. Lenoir is back, sir."

"What time is it?"

"It's exactly nine now."

The man in the wheelchair smiled. "It's probably been a decade since I've last had dinner this late."

Cherise paled. She helped Frances serve the food on the table guiltily.

"You didn't need to wait for me. It's... it's almost exam season. I will be studying until late at night for a while," she murmured.

Damien did not bother exposing her excuse. "Let's eat."

She nodded silently, but her heart was jumping out of her chest.

He didn't realize that I lied, right?

She would hardly lie since she was young. Every time she did, she would feel ill at ease for quite some time.

She chose a seat far from the man to hide her nervousness.

Yet just when she sat down, the man frowned. "Come here."

"...Why?"

"Feed me."

She was lost for words.

Was the man hooked on her feeding him?

Without any choice, she huddled into the chair next to him cautiously. She picked up and began feeding him.

He ate elegantly but at a snail's pace. She felt miserable.

the

spoon

She was starving and exhausted from all the physical labor at the sanatorium. Now, she had to feed him spoonful by spoonful.

But it was only natural that she, as the wife, fed her husband.

Damien finished his food about twenty minutes later.

Cherise placed the spoon down and wiped his mouth gently.

The line on his face made him look rugged and unapproachable. But it was soft to the touch.

His skin seemed to be in a better condition than hers. The sensation made her heartbeat quickened.

A few seconds later, she put the napkin on the table and began her meal.

After an afternoon of work, she was starving enough to have an entire feast.

The youthful woman held her cutlery tightly and polished off all the food without holding back under the warm light of the glass lamp.

Dumbfounded, Mr. Kolson and Frances watched as she devoured the food.

Damien sat in the same spot. He sipped some tea. "It looks like studying is an incredibly strenuous task."

Cherise noticed that he was referring to her bottomless appetite. She blushed and nodded. "Well, I'm not a smart person. It's exhausting to use my brains."

A smile can be heard in his deep voice. "Yup, that's true."

Cherise knew that he was joking.

But—her being dull-witted was not false.

She pursed her lips and decided not to argue with the man. She continued to gobble down the food.

After she polished off the last morsel of food, she patted her expanded stomach and burped. "How nice."

"Time to work."

The man said, "Push me upstairs."

Cherise paused mid-stretch. "Don't you usually head to your study these days?"

Usually, Mr. Kolson or Blake would bring him up without a word. Why was it her responsibility today?

Chapter 46

Chapter 46 Trust Is the Most Important

“I didn’t finish my story then. Mr. Kolson and Blake read it to me at my study those days. Now that I’ve finished the story, I would return to our room.”

Cherise did not reply.

She had been completely swamped at the sanatorium at her part-time work. She was utterly exhausted.

She had only just finished her meal. But now the man was expecting her to bring him back to the

room?

She hesitated but eventually went to push his wheelchair.

Pushing the man up to the next floor was not tiring.

However, she did not expect the troublesome man to request her to bathe him.

He shamelessly added, “You did very well on our wedding night. Just do what you did at that time.”

Cherise felt like stuffing his mouth with a towel and holding his head under the water in the bathtub.

But all she did was wash him earnestly, just as she did during the first time. She even went to look for suitable loungewear for him.

She was dead on her feet at the end.

Yet, Damien refused to let her rest and requested she read the day’s news in its entirety.

Her eyes were half shut the entire time, but she leaned against the headboard and forced herself to stay awake. “A shareholder has been investing in Belcourt Group, increasing the value of its stocks and market value. According to insider information, this mysterious shareholder seems to be the same person who had aided Lyes Enterprise made a comeback...”

Cherise could not understand the news about the business. It did not take long for her to nod off against the headboard.

She kept repeating the news she had just read monotonously as she fell asleep.

Leaning on a pillow next to her, Damien observed her for a while before covering her with the duvet

“Trust is the most important thing between a couple. You don’t tell me everything because you don’t trust me.”

He reached out and stroked her hair. “If you can’t completely trust and depend on me, I won’t

make you stay by my side.”

As he watched her, memories from years ago appeared before him.

He was eight, sitting in the back seat of a car. His parents were arguing at the front.

“You wouldn’t have done these things behind my back if you trusted me.”

“I didn’t want you to worry about it!”

“We could have fixed it if you told me in the first place. But now? You took it upon yourself and made these decisions! Everything is ruined!”

It was not pleasant to hear his parents argue.

The young boy sighed and put on his earphones, increasing the volume to the loudest.

He drifted off to sleep.

An agonizing pain woke him up.

He lost both his parents that day.

They said the car crash was an accident, but he knew it was not.

That day, his father condemned his mother for handing their stocks to Raymond and his wife. They were on their way to ask for it back.

Cherise slept well that night from her tiredness. She did not even dream.

She was roused from her sleep when Frances shouted, “Mrs. Lenoir, Mr. Lenoir wants you to make breakfast today.”

She opened her eyes drowsily. “Can you tell him I’ll make it some other day?”

She was completely exhausted yesterday. It was only six in the morning, and she had not slept. enough.

Frances furrowed her eyebrows uncomfortably. “But Mr. Lenoir said he had been thinking about the breakfast you made the morning after your wedding. He says he must have it today. Or else... I will have to pack up and leave.”

Chapter 47

Chapter 47 It’s Fine if I Sleep

Good–hearted Cherise could not let Frances lose her job because of her.

She stretched and summoned the energy to get out of bed.

Preparing breakfast was not a problem since she had two years of experience preparing breakfast for Grandma.

However, skills were nothing in the face of drowsiness.

Although she was making breakfast standing, she almost fell asleep more than a couple of times.

If Frances had not reminded her by her side, she could have fallen asleep and hurt herself.

After countless yawns, Cherise finally finished preparing the food.

“This is pretty good,” the man tasted some of it and praised her.

He did not see that Cherise was half awake and continued happily, "Breakfast is in your hands since you're used to waking up early."

His voice was filled with admiration. "Cherise, you're a wonderful wife."

But Cherise was half asleep on her feet.

If there were a bed before her, she would not hesitate to fall into it and sleep to her heart's.

content.

She forced herself to stay awake. After feeding Damien, she went back to her seat.

She almost fell asleep even as she ate.

She arrived at school in a daze. For once, Cherise, who had always paid full attention in class, felt like sleeping when class started.

I'm drained. The others never paid attention like I usually do. It's fine if I sleep this one time, right?

Yet the reality was never as she hoped it would be.

The first class was advanced mathematics.

The lecturer called on Cherise. "You're the only one who has been listening to me. But now you're doing the same as they are? Keep standing and reflect on yourself!"

She complied helplessly and stood in the middle of the ruckus until class ended.

Political studies was the next class.

Uncharacteristically, the lecturer called Cherise to the front as an assistant.

Although Cherise was not much help, the lecturer did not let her back to her seat. "Cherise, with enough practice, you can be a capable assistant. You'll continue to be my assistant in the meantime."

Cherise was miserable the entire morning.

She felt as though her brain had melted entirely, but there was no chance of taking a shut-eye.

“Why don’t you just tell Damien the truth?”

Lucy observed a dispirited Cherise and carefully said during lunch. “Tell him what you’re going through. Tell him he can help with the finance or reduce the things you must do. Look at you! You’re on your last

legs!”

Cherise shook her head. “We’re not that close. He has no reason to help me financially.”

“What do you mean you’re not close? You share a bed, for goodness’ sake!”

Lucy slammed her spoon on the table. “You’re overthinking it, Cherise. You’ve always believed since you married him for money that makes you beneath him, right?”

Lucy could see through Cherise’s thoughts. “Do you feel like you’re just a maid before him?”

Ever since she married Damien, Cherise had been cautious. Lucy could see that she was not -happy at all.

Cherise glanced at Lucy. “Keep your voice down.

Chapter 48

Chapter 48 This Is His Obligation Now

Her volume was too loud, and the people around them gave them looks. “I just don’t want to be a bother.”

Damien may

“Cherise.”

be rich, but he has his worries.

Lucy took a deep breath. "Have you ever thought that from the moment you married Damien, you two are a lawful pair of husband and wife? In what world are there couples who hide things from each other? Marriage is the closest relationship there can be between two people. He's your closest person. Are you not tired of being this secretive and cautious around him?"

Cherise chewed on her spoon. "But we're not a regular couple."

She could take care of him, protect him, and do anything he wanted.

But she did not need him to do anything for her.

Because she was the one owing him. He was her benefactor.

"How are you not a regular couple?!"

Lucy was about to lose her temper again.

"If Damien does not treat you as his wife, he shouldn't have married you in the first place! He can call it a burden or anything he wants, but this is his obligation now!"

Cherise furrowed her forehead and patted Lucy's hand while handing her the spoon. "Let's just finish our food."

Lucy felt that all she said was for nothing.

That was how Cherise had always been.

She was stubborn, inflexible, and thought of herself lowly.

"You're heading in the direction of the dinosaurs if you continue this."

"So be kind to me."

Cherise gave her a light smile. "I'm going to the sanatorium later."

Lucy stabbed the food in her bowl with the fork. "Take it easy. I have no plans to clean up your body."

Knowing that Lucy meant well, Cherise placed a piece of meat in Lucy's bowl. "Alright, finish up your food. Aren't you going to the dance class in the afternoon?"

“Hmph!”

When they finished the meal, Cherise took public transport to the sanatorium.

She fell asleep on the way. When she woke up, they had arrived at the terminal stop.

She had to prick herself with a pin to keep herself awake.

Even so, she was late when she finally arrived at her destination.

“You’re late.”

Lila looked at her, full of disdain. She shoved a heap of bed sheets into her hands. “Wash these.”

Cherise nodded. She went to the laundry room to find all the washing machines malfunctioning.

She went back to Lila.

“All the machines are broken. The mechanic is not around these days. You can just hand wash the sheets.”

Lila scorned her.

“Ian says you’re a good worker. You can’t say you can’t even finish washing the bed sheets, which is a simple task. The pay here may be generous, but it’s not charity.”

Cherise nodded. “I understand.”

Lila leaned against the door, watching as Cherise was scurrying about. The image of Ian fetching Cherise home kept appearing before her eyes.

“Eyeing my man?”

She scoffed. “You have much to learn.”

Although there was a large pile of sheets, Cherise was used to washing clothes by hand as she grew up in the countryside. It was not a difficult task.

The most challenging part was fighting her drowsiness.

She had only washed one when she almost fell into the water basin.

“You’ve only washed one, and you’re already tired?”

Lila scorned her. “Cherise, I praised you to the boss, saying you’re a great worker. Don’t let me down.”

Chapter 49

Chapter 49 A Man of Honor

“Yes.”

Cherise raised her head and smiled at Lila. “I will do my best.”

She dipped her hand into the cold water and wiped it across her forehead, summoning the energy to continue.

But the cold water only worked for a short time.

After that, she placed pins into her pocket. Anytime she nodded off, they would jab her awake.

She spent the entire afternoon in a daze.

When it was time to leave, she ran into Ian as usual.

“You haven’t had your dinner yet, right?”

Ian furrowed his forehead while looking at Cherise, exhausted in his passenger seat. “I’ll buy you a meal.”

She shook her head. “Please just send me home, Ian. He’s probably waiting for me to have dinner together.”

Cherise felt overwhelmed when she remembered that Damien would be waiting for her to feed and bathe him.

He’s waiting to have dinner together.

Ian’s hand on the steering wheel paused when Cherise said those words.

He looked at her pale face with an aching heart. "Is it worth it to work yourself this hard?"

From his perspective, Cherise should have an easy life since she married a rich man.

Don't people say that older men usually treat their wives better? Can it be that he refused to give her money? Is he abusing her?

"There's nothing that is not worth it."

She leaned her head against the headrest. She had no energy to speak anymore, much less argue with Ian. "I'm exhausted, Ian. Let me take a nap."

She shut her eyes and immediately drifted off.

She was drained.

She did not have enough rest. With the labor she had done in the sanatorium, she was ready to

drop at any time.

Ian peeked through the rearview mirror. The tired woman's face left a sour taste in his mouth.

When he arrived at the crossroad to Swan Lake Chateau, he made up his mind and drove in the opposite direction.

The old man is not worth Cherise's efforts. It's pretty late, yet the man doesn't bother to call her. I'm not surprised if he has a lover somewhere. He probably doesn't care about Cherise at all.

He felt more at ease with these thoughts.

He turned the wheel and drove straight toward the direction of his apartment.

If the old man were not willing to treasure her, he would!

Cherise was a naïve, simple, and lovely woman. She should be with an outstanding young man like him!

He had not driven for long when Cherise's phone began ringing.

The weary woman could not even hear the ringing.

Ian stopped the car on the roadside and took out the phone. A cold smile appeared on his lips when he saw the words 'Hubby' on the screen. "Hello."

"Mr. Philips."

The frosty voice on the other end made Ian shiver. "I was hoping you would be a man of honor, but you've let me down."

The indifferent and calm voice felt domineering even through the call.

Ian froze, and his heart rate quickened. His voice was slightly shaky. "Who are you?"

"You know who I am."

The man's calmness was frightening compared to Ian's uneasiness. "You're well aware that she has her own family, yet you're taking the opportunity to bring her back to your home when she's asleep. Mr. Philips, do you think she would still have any respect for you if she knew that you have done such a thing?"

Chapter 50

Chapter 50 Start Over

His voice was cold and indifferent, as if he didn't even care that he was Cherise's husband. He acted more like a guest than a spouse.

His words had stirred up Ian's emotions, but he kept his cool,

"You know my relationship with Cherise?" he asked through gritted teeth.

"How could I not know the man who asked my new bride out the day after my wedding?"

Damien spoke with his deep and gravelly voice, sending a shiver down the spine of the person at the other end of the call. "I can let you off once, seeing how you were a senior she respected in school. I will not be so forgiving next time."

"I'll give you ten seconds to decide whether you want to send her back to Swan Lake Chateau—or would you like to test my patience?"

Ian's forehead was beaded with sweat.

"Who are you?"

"Cherise's husband is nothing more than a middle-aged social climber!"

How could such a man have such a commanding presence?

"Middle-aged social climber."

He lowered his voice and repeated the words, then chuckled. "That's the most creative insult I've ever received."

"You have seven more seconds."

"Six, five, four, three..."

"I'll send her back."

Ian wasn't afraid of his threat, but he wasn't willing to risk anything for a married lady like Cherise. It just wasn't worth it.

He sighed deeply and turned the car around to drive towards Swan Lake Chateau as soon as the call ended,

Seeing the white car drive away, a young teenager standing under the traffic light huffed as he kept the darts in his hands and skated away.

"I'm so hungry..."

Lenoir Manor.

Cherise finally awoke from her deep slumber, her senses assaulted by the smell of food.

"Are you awake?"

She was startled by the icy and unfriendly voice of Damien. "It's time for you to feed me."

Cherise

got up from the table with a start. She was lying on the dining table of Lenoir Manor

The man with his eyes covered by a black silk fabric sat across from her, sipping his tea confidently and elegantly.

Cherise was famished. "Can I eat first?"

"Of course not! You can only start eating when I'm full." Damien's lips curled into a smirk. "Hasn't it always been this way?"

Cherise's brows furrowed. She could feel her blood boil, but she kept her composure.

She took a deep breath and sat beside him, feeding him.

After he finished his meal, she started to devour her food.

Before she could finish, however, Damien insisted that she help him upstairs so he could shower and go to bed.

Cherise was utterly reluctant to fulfill his request, but she obeyed his demands and helped him to the elevator to head upstairs.

She almost fell asleep in his bathtub as she assisted him to freshen up inside. Soon, however, she was jolted awake by his hostile voice.

"Is it tiring to revise on your own?"

The man's dark eyes stared at her intently as he leaned on the bathtub. "You could tell me about the problems you faced. I'm sure you wouldn't feel as exhausted after."

Cherise stared at him for a moment silently before shaking her head lightly. "You don't have to. I can handle it on my own."

His eyes flashed with darkness when she plainly rejected his offer to help her.

He placed the towel she passed to him back into her arms and demanded in a rough voice, "I think you didn't do a good job of bathing me. Start over."

Cherise never expected Damien to make her start over. The exhaustion she had been feeling over the past few days finally made her lose her patience. “I think I did well,” she said.

“I told you to start over,” the man ordered, his voice dripping with disdain.

In the end, Cherise had to drain the water away in the tub and fill it in again. Damien stared at her emotionlessly throughout the process.