

My Blind Husband #Chapter 51 - Read My Blind Husband Chapter 51

Chapter 51

Chapter 51 Pushing Herself Despite the Exhaustion

He was waiting for her to cave in and beg him for mercy. Once completely drained, she would share everything she had been hiding from him.

But Cherise didn't crack.

"It's ready," she said, dipping her hands into the bathtub to test the water temperature. She turned to him with a smile. "You can get in now."

Damien's frustration was mounting as he stepped into the bathtub.

Cherise lowered her head and began to scrub his body with a towel. She used a lighter touch than before but still made no effort to plead.

The man narrowed his eyes as he watched her. The color drained from her face, but she stood her ground. "Again."

Cherise was well aware that he was doing this to her intentionally.

"Did I do something wrong?"

Damien huffed at her. He then pointed at the bathtub and ordered, "Change the water."

Cherise clenched her jaw. She felt like she had been drained of every ounce of energy but didn't give up. She filled the tub with clean water, tested the temperature, and helped him into the bathtub.

"Again."

"Again."

"It's not enough."

Finally, after endlessly going through the same process, she collapsed unconscious into the tub, exhausted.

Her white pajamas floated on the water, revealing her curvy, toned figure. Her dark, silky hair floated on the surface of the water.

Damien narrowed his eyes and pulled her from the water before carrying her to the bed.

“Get Dr. Caldwell here,” he barked into the phone.

After the call ended, he sat by the bed, gently wiping the water droplets off her face with a

towel.

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She would rather faint from exhaustion than open up to him about what she had been through recently.

Her vow to spend the rest of her life with him was an empty promise. She had never once considered him her husband.

He wasn't even her friend. To her, he was her employer or someone she was grateful to

He was baffled by the thought. He treated her as his wife, but she never once genuinely thought of him as her husband.

Suddenly, he recalled the night they were at Lenoir Residence. He could clearly remember her big, doe-eyes staring at him.

“You are my spouse from now on. I will always be by your side.”

Her voice from that night still rang in his ears.

He brushed his fingers against her soft lips and said softly, “I’ve never thought of you as a

burden.”

“Have you ever thought of me as a burden?”

In a daze, her lips pouted, and her hands gathered together.

Damien watched her for a long moment before realizing that she was mimicking the gesture of washing clothes.

As he thought about how she had come to him, the man's dark and inscrutable expression flashed with a hint of slyness.

Half an hour later, Dr. Caldwell entered the bedroom under the escort of the butler.

Dr. Caldwell chuckled as soon as he saw the man sitting beside Cherise. He sat beside Damien and asked, "Is she your wife?"

Damien nodded.

The doctor smiled as he checked her pulse. "She looks too innocent. That must be why your uncle didn't do anything to her."

Damien stared out the window at the night sky. A smirk slowly appeared at the corner of his lips. "The reason they didn't dare to touch her had nothing to do with her looks."

"Of course, I know that," Jacob said. "I just wanted to express that this young lady looks adorable. I can't believe you've lived this long with your low EQ."

Damien smiled and quipped, "I think my EQ is not bad."

"Sure," Jacob replied. "That must be why you only had one friend all these years."

He placed his stethoscope down and looked at Damien with a serious expression. "She's doing okay. She must have been pushing herself despite the exhaustion."

The corner of his lips curled into a mischievous smile. "It's only been a few days since your wedding. How did you exhaust her energy this quickly?"

Chapter 52

Chapter 52 A Threat

Damien's neck veins bulged. "I never touched her. She was exhausted because she had been overworking due to blackmail."

"Interesting," Jacob muttered. He glanced at Cherise after Damien shared everything that had happened. His gaze was filled with respect and admiration for her. "She has been holding the fort for you but didn't ask a penny from you. And she's even working behind. your back. She's a rare find."

He turned to Damien and rolled his eyes. "Why did you call me here so late? You know she's been over-exhausting herself, so all you had to do was give her sufficient rest."

"First off, I wanted to remind you that it's time to let the public know of my physical condition."

"Secondly," Damien added.

He reached out his hand and gently moved Cherise's hair. "What could I do to make her stop pretending to be tough in front of me?"

His explanation took Jacob aback. "So you called me here because you don't know how to deal with your wife?"

The man's brows creased tightly. "In a way, yes.

He softly tapped the edge of the bed and said indifferently, "Leave it to me."

"Do you have a place for me to stay the night? I think you should let her have some rest. after everything she's been through."

Damien nodded in agreement.

He planned to exhaust her to the point where she would ask for his help and tell him. everything about her difficulties.

Initially, he believed his commanding attitude towards her would remind her to share her problems immediately instead of bottling them up.

However, he never expected her to be so persistent and stubborn.

She would rather exhaust herself than share her burden with him.

She was a somewhat fragile and simple-minded little lady, but her persistence was beyond anyone's control.

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"This must be the first time I've stayed at your place. It's quite fascinating," Jacob said, chuckling softly. He wrapped one arm over Damien's shoulder. "As expected, you're much kinder after getting married."

After he finished his sentence, something didn't feel right.

"If you're kind, why would you let your wife faint from exhaustion?"

Damien didn't want to argue with him, so he shrugged and left the room.

"Think whatever

you want."

Jacob frowned as he watched the tall, lean man walk away. He then glanced at Cherise, who was still fast asleep. "Don't tell me you care deeply about this lady?" he said with a deep sigh.

Damien froze in his tracks, his shadow lengthening in the hallway light.

"What's wrong with caring for my wife?"

Jacob's forehead creased. "But Damien, I'm sure you're more than aware of what you're up

against in the future."

"I'm sure you know how your three previous fiancés died."

"Although she managed to escape this time, she could still pose a threat to you in the future."

Damien narrowed his eyes. "We can discuss this later."

He wasn't even sure how he felt about Cherise!

"It's too early to say."

The scorching afternoon sun beat down on the lady's face through the windows.

The heat woke up Cherise.

She stretched out her arms as soon as she woke up.

The sun's rays were too bright, so she had to squint as soon as she opened her eyes.

Why is the sun so hot in the morning?

She furrowed her brows, trying to gather her thoughts. Something wasn't right. She picked up her phone to check the time and saw it was already past ten.

She was dumbfounded. She couldn't believe she had slept past ten o'clock in the morning!

Chapter 53

Chapter 53 Health Checkup

Cherise's eyes flashed with darkness when she checked the date on her phone.

It was Friday. She had to attend the advanced mathematics class conducted by a "drill sergeant" and a physics class that she couldn't wrap her head around.

Her advanced mathematics class would have ended by now, while her physics class was just about to start.

She softly growled in dread before getting out of bed to tidy herself up.

She recalled Damien being in a bad mood the day before, having asked her to clean him. repeatedly. She obeyed his orders regardless of his pointless persistence.

However, she couldn't recall anything that happened after.

Cherise saw her haggard face in the mirror and sighed deeply. As expected, she had been too relaxed since starting college.

When she lived in the rural areas, she had done farming, which was much more tiring. than everything she had to go through the past few days. But she had never seen herself look this haggard before.

She wasn't sure what happened after, but she could piece it together.

Damien must have let her sleep after she fainted from exhaustion and had the maids. carry her to bed.

Her smile widened at the thought.

After all, it seemed like her husband was a pretty nice guy despite his cold demeanor.

Damien was clearly in a bad mood yesterday but still let her stay asleep and had the maids carry her to bed.

He can be pretty gentle.

Cherise was a simple-minded young lady. She didn't need much to make her happy.

Her lips curled into a warm smile as she walked down the stairs.

Damien leaned on the sofa in the living room, savoring his cup of tea.

A man in a white shirt sat beside him, rambling about the rumors surrounding the Lenoir family.

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"Tristan is a laughing stock in the elite social class now," he said.

"He's almost thirty and the eldest grandson of the Lenoir family, but he managed to embarrass himself within days of taking over a new company!"

"And that's not all. He got into a car accident á few days ago and hurt himself in the...well, you know. I don't think he'll be able to touch a woman for at least half a year. Karma, I tell

you."

Jacob was so engrossed in his conversation that he didn't notice Cherise standing at the bottom of the stairs.

With his eyes covered by a black silk scarf, the man tilted his head slightly and spoke in a cold voice. "You're awake."

He was evidently addressing Cherise.

Cherise smiled politely, but her eyes were wary. "Yes, I'm awake."

Jacob finally noticed her.

He scrutinized the girl at the stairs from head to toe. "You look even more beautiful now than when you were asleep."

Unaware of the stranger's identity in the living room, Cherise cautiously said, "You are..."

"Jacob Caldwell, my private doctor."

"Nice to meet you, Dr. Caldwell, Cherise greeted, walking over to the sofa and refilling Damien's tea. "Why are you here?" she asked. "Is Damien not feeling well?"

Jacob almost choked on his tea. "Why would you think that?" he asked.

She was the one who ended up fainting from exhaustion, and the first thing she asked in the morning was whether Damien was unwell.

Damien rolled his eyes from under the silk cover. "Dr. Caldwell is here for my regular health checkup," he interjected, answering her curiosities.

Cherise nodded in understanding. "Oh, I see," she muttered.

She then placed the cup of tea in front of Damien before inquiring, "How are the results? Is everything okay?"

Chapter 54

Chapter 54 Married You for the Money

Despite her recent marriage to Damien, Cherise's voice was firm and unwavering.

"He's alright," he said.

Jacob chuckled, glancing at Damien out of the corner of his eye. "Old Mr. Lenoir asked me to do a checkup on Damien within days of your marriage. I think he's eager to have grandchildren."

He turned to Cherise and winked. "If Damien has any problems in bed, you be sure to let me know right away. It's better to get it diagnosed and treated as soon as possible."

Cherise's cheeks flushed a deep red.

She lowered her head, her fingers fidgeting in her lap. She didn't know how to respond to Jacob.

"Blake," Damien said, his voice cold. "It's time for a beating."

Jacob's eyes widened in fear as a little boy in a white shirt jumped down from the banister. of the second floor. The boy tackled Jacob on the sofa, and they began to wrestle.

"Little devil," Jacob cried. "It's the little devil Blake!"

Jacob tried to run away, but Blake was too fast. Jacob then pleaded to Blake, "I admit I was wrong. Let me go, please!"

Cherise couldn't help but laugh as she watched Jacob and Blake tussle. It was the first time Damien had seen Cherise smile this

way.

She had a genuine smile on her face, one where both corners of her mouth lifted up in a full grin, not the polite one she usually gave him or the forced one she showed in front of the Shaw family.

The sun shone on her, making her hair glow. A strand of hair fell beside her ear and moved as she laughed.

The man reached out and gently tucked the hair behind her ear, revealing her profile.

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Cherise was so engrossed in the playful scene that she didn't notice his touch until he had already moved her hair. She quickly regained her composure and blushed.

"Thank you," she said softly.

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Cherise's brows furrowed in confusion. "How did you know?" she asked.

Damien didn't answer her question. Instead, he changed the subject. "I helped you answer a call this morning while you were still asleep," he said.

Cherise's attention was piqued. "Who was it?" she probed.

"Your aunt, Eriana," Damien replied, his eyebrows raised before he continued, "You ended up giving her money."

Cherise's face tensed with anxiety. She didn't expect him to find out about this so soon.

"I gave her my scholarship funds," she said reluctantly.

She had no choice but to come clean. "Grandma doesn't know I'm married, so..."

"So you let her blackmail you," Damien finished the rest of her sentence, his voice thick with anger. "Why didn't you tell me?"

He had been thinking about this ever since Cherise fainted. He couldn't believe that she had kept this from him.

Cherise was a unique girl.

She was stubborn and persistent; if she didn't want to tell you something, there was no way to get it out of her.

Damien knew he had to be straightforward, even though she had a gentle exterior.

"I..." Cherise hesitated, her anxiety growing at Damien's suspicions.

“I’m afraid you’d think I married you for the money.”

Chapter 55

Chapter 55 Exposed

“Even though it’s for money...”

She looked adorable with her head lowered hesitantly.

To Damien, compared to her stubborn behavior, she became more adorable when she was helplessly panicking.

Damien arched his eyebrows as he smiled slightly. “If I didn’t ask you directly, were you going to hide this from me forever?”

Cherise nodded. “Yes. It’s my personal problem. After all... you have no obligation to be responsible for that.”

“He is your husband; of course he has an obligation to do so, just like you have the same obligation to be responsible as his wife, including taking care of the bottom half of his body.”

She had no idea when Jacob appeared with his arms around Blake. Both of them sat on the other end of the couch.

Jacob flashed a smile at Cherise. “Damien knew about everything over the past few days. He has been waiting for you to tell him yourself, so he did not probe you. over it.”

Cherise’s eyes widened. She shot a glance at Damien, who remained impassive. The black silk cloth almost covered the expression on his face.

“You....” She blushed involuntarily upon recalling her feeble excuse of studying physics. “You knew I was lying...”

He nodded. “All the things I asked you for help-to feed and shower me, were all done to make you confess.”

Cherise bit her lips. I thought he was starting to rely on me by asking me for help with eating, and I thought it was inconvenient for him to take showers.

Even yesterday, when he asked me to prepare a bath for him again, I simply thought he was in a bad mood. In reality, he's doing all this on purpose, but how would I know that?

Jacob's eyebrows slightly creased upon sensing her silence. "Cherise, don't blame him for all the trouble. This man has low EQ. If I wasn't here today, he would probably still be throwing tantrums at you. He doesn't express himself well."

Cherise pursed her lips before replying, "Actually... I'm the same too."

I should have thought of the sudden change in his behavior lately. All this while, he has never

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intentionally given me a hard time. There must be a reason behind this.

She was so occupied with earning more money that it slipped her mind.

Jacob had prepared a long speech to give her some advice. However, he decided against that when he heard her reply.

He shook his head after looking at the seemingly indifferent Damien and Cherise, who had been stealing glances at him.

"Have a good talk, both of you. Blake and I will

"It's fine," Damien interrupted. "We're going back to our room." He turned to Cherise and commanded, "Let's go."

She leaped from the couch instantly. She bade farewell to Jacob and quickly pushed Damien upstairs.

After reaching the bedroom, she closed the door with a huge sigh.

"Uhm... I'm sorry about that." She stood by the door awkwardly. "I didn't mean to hide it from you..."

"I know." He waved at her from the wheelchair. "Come here."

She pursed her lips and walked to him tentatively. As soon as she got closer, he gave her a

tug, making her fall into his arms.

His scent and breath instantly made her blush.

Chapter 56

Chapter 56 Truth Unveiled

"I'm not heavy, am I?" Cherise pursed her lips, afraid that she might exacerbate his health. issue with his legs by sitting on his lap.

Touched by her thoughtfulness, he softened his voice. "Not at all."

"Cherise."

"Hmmh?"

"Do you know what being husband and wife means?"

"Yes." She looked at him with innocent, wide eyes. "It means we have to take care of each other, sleep together and have kids."

Damien was stumped by her innocent tone. Her explanation had another meaning behind. it, but she seemed unaware of it.

After a while, he cleared his throat. "That's not all. More importantly, it's trust and honesty. We have to depend on and trust each other."

She understood what he was implying.

She pressed her lips together in embarrassment. "I don't want to be your burden, after all."

"I've been burdenless for decades."

He looked at her as distance and melancholy seeped into his voice. "I've been alone for so many years. I've longed for someone to be my burden. At least that gives me some responsibility to bear."

She became even more uncomfortable after being reminded of his tragic past. "Don't you find me annoying?"

He's been living a carefree and peaceful life for years. Suddenly, I showed up in his life with my troublesome relatives. Anyone would find it annoying, surely?

This was her reason for hiding the incident with Eriana.

"Sometimes it's a problem having no other problems."

She was speechless upon hearing his answer. I don't understand what these rich people think.

She took a deep breath and spilled the beans about the past few days.

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"I'm not afraid of her; I just don't want to further agitate Grandma. She's not young anymore, and she's rigid and superstitious. If she knows about our marriage, I... I'm afraid she might enter the emergency room again. Her health is quite delicate nowadays. She can't take surprises and ordeals nowadays."

He smiled at her serious tone as she speculated the possibilities. "Bring me to visit her at the hospital later, okay?"

She jumped from his embrace instantly. "No, no, no! She just regained consciousness a few days ago. I can't possibly-"

"Perhaps you underestimate your grandmother. She might take a liking to me after a conversation; who knows?" his low voice rang persuasively.

Cherise lowered her head, still not reassured by that.

"We can bring Jacob alone. He's been my family doctor for years, and he's one of the top doctors in Mondale."

After some time, Cherise finally nodded reluctantly. "Alright, then."

If Grandma can accept Damien, I don't have to work so hard and tolerate Aunt Eriana's harassment. It's been too tiring these few days.

An hour later, Cherise arrived at the hospital with Damien and Jacob.

As she led the way, Jacob nudged Damien resentfully. "You sly fox! No wonder you let me stay the night yesterday. It's all because you want me to accompany you to meet her family. When you are on your feet again, I'm going to ask you to push me around in a wheelchair for rounds and rounds!"

Damien smiled. "If your legs are broken, I can push you as many rounds as you want."

Taken off guard by Damien's offer of kindness, Jacob stared at him with wide eyes before. he continued making his way.

They finally arrived at Mary's ward around noon. When they got out of the elevator, they ran into Elvis, who was going to buy lunch for her.

Upon seeing Damien, he instantly pulled Cherise aside. "Haven't I told you not to bring him here? What are you doing?"

Chapter 57

Chapter 57 I Want to Speak to Him in Private

Cherise took a deep breath. "Uncle, you can hide the truth forever. I'd rather introduce him to her officially than let her find out for herself. I'll tell her I'll be very happy with him. Despite the nervousness on the way there, she heaved a sigh of relief.

I'd rather tell Grandma the truth than be constantly threatened by Aunt Eriana. Even though Damien is blind and disabled, he treats me really well. I'm sure Grandma will understand.

Elvis sighed upon meeting her earnest eyes. "Alright, alright. Your grandma misses you too. But a warning beforehand-if you land her in the emergency room again, I won't forgive you!"

Cherise giggled and patted his shoulders. "Don't worry."

Elvis then turned around and smiled at Damien. "Damien, you guys go ahead first. I'm out. to buy some food for everyone."

Damien returned the smile and replied distantly, "Thanks."

After Elvis left, Damien frowned slightly. "I seem to have met him before."

"You do?" Cherise stopped and turned to look at him. "No way. He seldom goes into the city. He wouldn't be here if it weren't for Grandma's illness."

"Still, I think I've met him somewhere."

"Maybe you remembered the wrong person."

Damien cut the topic short. "Let's enter."

Cherise turned around and knocked on the door. "Grandma, I'm here to pay you a visit!"

In the ward, Mary was lying in bed. As she was in her seventies, her hair had turned

The moment she heard Cherise's voice, her eyes lit up instantly. "Cherry!"

Cherise walked over and sat on her bed. "Feeling better lately?"

grey.

"Loads better." She held Cherise's hand with a relieved smile. "It's been a while since visited. Are you busy with studies lately?"

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Just then, Damien entered the room and the atmosphere instantly became colder.

Mary instantly noticed the extraordinary aura he exuded despite the black cloth around

his eyes.

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With a frown, she muttered, "This is..."

Cherise took a deep breath. "Grandma, this is Damien. I brought him here today to tell you-"

“Cherise, let me speak to Grandma alone. Please leave with Jacob first.” He interrupted her before she could finish her sentence.

“But-”

“Don’t worry. He knows what he’s doing.”

Jacob tugged her sleeves and dragged her out of the ward.

“Will everything be alright?” She lifted her head to look at the door of the tightly shut. ward.

“Dr. Caldwell, perhaps you can take a look inside?”

She was immensely worried. Mary had just recovered from her illness, while Damien was a blind and disabled man. What could they have been talking about for so long?

“Don’t worry,” Jacob repeated while playing games on his phone. “Damien knows what he’s doing.”

That was the fourth time he had said the same thing.

Cherise paced back and forth in the corridor with her hands balled into fists..

After walking up and down six rounds, the door finally opened.

Chapter 58

Chapter 58 What’s the Progress?

“See? Here they are,” Jacob commented without even looking away from his

Cherise quickly walked to Damien. “Is everything alright?”

game.

He smiled at her. “Grandma has something to tell you. It’s your turn.”

She nodded and walked into the room, closing the door behind her.

“Grandma.” She said on her bed and took her hand. “Has Damien told you everything? I’ll be fine.

Looking at how careful Cherise was, Mary sighed. “He’s a good guy. It’s just that revenge clouded his eyes.” With that, she looked deeply at Cherise. “Cherry, you’re a good girl who listens to what I say, right?”

“Of course.” Cherise nodded.

As long as Grandma stays calm, I’ll listen to everything she says.

“Have a child with Damien.” Mary looked at Cherise’s beautiful face. “He’s not young anymore, and his health isn’t that great either. It’s good to have kids soon. Perhaps he will be softened with the arrival of little children.”

Cherise blushed and bit her lips after hearing that. “Grandma... Got it. I’ll try my best.”

Mary laughed at her earnest attitude. She lightly poked Cherise’s temples and teased, “You’re not taking final exams here. Try your best for what? What I mean is just take it easy and do whatever you need to do with him. After that, just let nature take its course.”

Cherise nodded with a reddened face. “Okay.”

“Have you guys done it already?” Mary asked in a hushed voice after seeing how shy she had become.

“W-We’ve kissed...” she replied in a small voice.

Since she first married Damien, Sarah reminded her to get the deed done on the first night so she could quickly bear him a child.

However, she was troubled with many issues that night, and Damien often slept in the study. Slowly, the topic had been brushed aside.

Now that Mary brought it up again, she suddenly recalled that they hadn’t consummated their marriage.

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“Cherise, since you have already decided to spend the rest of your life with him, it’s better to have kids soon.”

Those were the last words from Mary before they parted.

After returning to Adania, Cherise asked Lucy out for a coffee. “If I want to sleep with Damien tonight, what should I prepare?”

Lucy spat out the coffee. “Sis, since when have you become so direct?”

“I promised Old Mr. Lenoir that he would get grandkids in two years. I don’t have much. time left since the pregnancy would take nine months.”

Lucy giggled uncontrollably. “Jesus! I never expect you to take the lead on this.”

Cherise discussed the topic as though they were talking about an academic question. “On our first night, he just kissed me. Could it be that I’m not attractive enough?”

Lucy looked her up and down-a white T-shirt and a pair of jeans. “You’re quite plain. indeed. But wait, your husband is blind. No matter how attractive you are, he can’t tell anyway.”

Cherise suddenly realized this problem. “What should I do, then?”

“Try starting in a romantic atmosphere,” Lucy proposed after giving it some thought. “They say people get aroused more easily under certain circumstances. Would you like to try?”

“For example?” Cherise asked with a frown.

Chapter 59

Chapter 59 The Plan

Lucy took a while searching on her phone for something. Finally, she found a Spanish. song and plugged her earphones into Cherise’s ears.

The strong rhythm vibrated throughout the loud music. Right before Cherise was about to bob her head along, the female singer started moaning loudly.

With a start, Cherish quickly took the earphones off. "What is this?"

"It's a famous Spanish song in Latin America, Lucy explained with a sly smile. "If you play this music tonight and let Damien go wild with you... you are going to have a great time."

"I'd rather drop dead right now."

Lucy then gave a couple more suggestions, but all of them were rejected by Cherise. Finally, she gave up and rolled her eyes. "Nothing will do! Why don't you drug him, then? If nothing else could be done about it, chemical stimulation works best."

"Will it hurt him?"

"As long as the dosage is within limits, it's going to be fine." Lucy rolled her eyes again.

"What if he overdosed?"

"Then it's going to hurt you more."

Her reply rendered Cherise speechless.

That evening, Cherise reached home quite late, but Damien waited for her at the dinner table as usual.

She walked over at a slow pace and sat down next to him. Just when she was about to feed him, he interrupted.

"I can do it myself."

With that, he took the cutlery and started eating like a normal person.

Cherise let out a sigh. "If there's no black cloth over your eyes, I would have thought there's nothing wrong with you."

She then started eating her portion. "It must be difficult to be so adept at this."

He has to use the cutlery to determine where the plates and the food are. It must be tough when you can't see anything

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"It's fine," he replied coolly and continued eating.

After dinner, she was about to bring him upstairs as a part of their usual routine, but before she could do so, he said suddenly, "Bring me to the study. I have some work to finish."

However, this was the first time she denied his request. "No. I have something else to do

too."

Mr. Kolson froze upon hearing that. He was prepared to join Damien in the study to discuss how Raymond investigated Gladswell Enterprise. Surprisingly, the usually docile Cherise went against Damien's intentions.

Damien narrowed his eyes as he waved to Mr. Kolson, indicating that he didn't have to follow them upstairs.

Hence, Cherise entered the bedroom with Damien successfully.

"Are you thirsty?" she asked as soon as they reached the room.

"I'm fine." he replied with a frown, but his deep eyes gazed through the black cloth at her.

"Still, let me get you a glass of water."

She took a deep breath and walked to a table in the room. After pouring some water into the glass, she furtively emptied the contents of a white bag as well.

Finally, she let out her breath and brought the glass to Damien. "After this let's take a bath and go to bed, alright? It's been a while since... we slept together," she said guiltily.

They had been sleeping on the same bed for the past few days, but she felt that she had not been carrying out a wife's duty.

"What is this?" Damien asked, his eyebrows creasing together.

“J-Just plain water. Cherise started blushing. “J-Just finish it. Otherwise, you might get thirsty in the bath later.”

Chapter 60

Chapter 60 The Execution of the Plan

She explained with a blush.

Luckily, he cannot see me. Otherwise, he can definitely tell from my reaction that something's off.

“Arc you sure?” he asked her with an unfathomable look in his eyes.

“Yeah.” Cherise took another deep breath and started to hurry him. “Just finish it.”

“You'd better not regret this.” That was all his response.

She froze upon hearing that, but before she could react, he took the glass from her and gulped it down.

After that, he placed the glass back into Cherise's hands. “Aren't we taking a bath together?”

“Let me prepare the bath.”

He grabbed her hands before she could walk further. “Let's do that later.”

A smile was playing on his lips as he pulled her into his embrace.

She felt flames burning on her cheeks as she took in his unique scent.

Damien caressed her small, oval-shaped face. She looked like a Barbie doll as her wide. eyes blinked at him.

His touch seemed to buzz with electricity as his hands swept across her face.

Knowing what was about to happen, she bit her lips nervously and tensed her body up.

Damien flashed a cunning smile at her and leaned into her. Breathing into her ears, he whispered, "If you are already so nervous now, how are you going to get on top of me. later?"

At that point, it was more than flames burning on her cheeks. She felt as though a volcano. erupted in her body.

Her heart rate sped up upon hearing that. With a slight tremble, she replied, "I- I can do it."

The innocent and honest reply made Damien's smile widen.

He held her chin and kissed her deeply. The nature of the kiss slowly changed, intertwining them further and deepening their bond.

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This was the first time Cherise had such a pleasant kissing experience.

I actually... like it.

His tongue and lips invaded and teased her, making every palpitation of her heartbeat for

him.

Though Damien's lips looked thin, it was actually very soft.

Engrossed in the kiss, she forgot about her plan to get on top...

"It hurts..."

"Do you want me to pull out?" He kissed her again.

His low voice seemed to have a hypnotic power. Every word rang through her body like electricity, sending fireworks into her mind.

"It's fine."

As the light fell onto Cherise, her completely reddened face looked like a ripe apple, making her look alluring.

"Your nickname is Cherry, isn't it?"

Damien looked at her with wild, passionate emotions stirring within him.

“Yeah.” She nodded.

“I think I’ve probably fallen in love with this fruit.” He looked at her with an iridescence of emotions flicking in his eyes. “After all, it tastes good.”