

# Marrying the Man in the Dark (Damien and Cherise) Chapter 1

## Chapter 1 Aren't You Afraid of Death?

"Uhm... should I undress and get on the bed first or... help you undress first?" Cherise Shaw asked cautiously, standing at the bathroom door with her body wrapped in a towel. It was her wedding night. The wheelchair-bound man, who was blindfolded with black silk, would be her husband from now on. This was her first time seeing him in person, and he was more good-looking than in pictures. The man had distinct facial features, with a sharp nose and thick eyebrows. His tall and slender figure matched the image of Cherise's dream man. But alas, he was a disabled, blind man. Some accused Damien Lenoir of being a jinx, causing his parents to pass away when he was nine and his elder sister's demise when he was thirteen. Not only that, his three fiancées passed away one after another. When she first heard the rumors, Cherise was intimidated, but her uncle, Elvis Shaw, claimed the Lenoir family would fund her grandmother, Mary Dawson's treatment. For the sake of Mary, she was willing to take the risks. Perceiving no response from Damien, Cherise thought he didn't hear her, so she repeated her question. "Ha! Do you know who I am?" The aloof man slowly removed the black silk and glanced at Cherise coldly. His gaze was so cold that Cherise instinctively shivered, but she soon comforted herself not to be afraid. He was a blind man, after all! Nonetheless, she was surprised to perceive such a profound gaze from a blind man. Cherise had not seen a blind man, so she wasn't sure, but she answered him honestly. "I know." Damien frowned. "Aren't you afraid of death?" He looked more composed and intimidating after the blindfold was removed. Cherise's heart was pounding. "No. We're indebted to you because you saved Grandma. I'll keep my promise to bear you children and care for you for a lifetime!" Staring at Damien, she declared firmly with a serious look on her delicate face. Damien silently scrutinized her for a moment before letting out a sarcastic laugh. "Well, then. Help me take a bath." Cherise hesitated briefly before saying, "Sure." She had not regretted it after promising Peter Lenoir, Damien's grandfather, to marry Damien. It was natural for a wife to bathe her disabled husband. "I'll get the bath ready." With that, Cherise went into the bathroom. Damien knitted his brows as he watched Cherise disappear. In fact, he had sent his men to investigate her. The woman's background was as simple as it could be – she came from a poor family in a village and was willing to marry an infamous jinx like him for the sake of her grandmother's medical expenses. Previously, he had three fiancées, all of which were socialites in Adania and came from wealthy families. However, they were brutally assassinated the night before the wedding. To his surprise, a silly and innocent girl like

Cherise managed to be safe even until their wedding night. Either she was too insignificant for others to bother about her, or she was playing dumb. While Damien was lost in thought, the bathroom door was opened. He was momentarily stunned when he lifted his eyes to see the petite woman walk out of the steamy bathroom. The water vapor dampened her lengthy, black hair, with a few strands hanging above her collarbones. The towel wrapping her body was wet and stuck to her skin, outlining her curvy figure. "Please wait a moment." Cherise crouched down to pull out her suitcase from beneath the bed. Her clothes were neatly arranged in the suitcase. She took out a white lace sleepwear and tore off the price tag before putting it on. Thinking Damien was blind, she changed before him, but the innocent act took on a different meaning in Damien's eyes. *Is she testing if I'm actually blind?* "Huff!" After changing, Cherise walked up to Damien and wheeled him to the bathroom. She assisted him into the bathroom and started removing his shirt. Through the thick steam, Damien looked at Cherise with his eyes narrowed. Cherise looked concentrated with her head lowered. Her clear eyes showed no trace of emotions. She was so focused, as if she was carrying out an assignment. She removed his watch and blouse, then... When only the underwear was left, Cherise pulled back her hand hesitantly. "Can you... bathe with this on?" Damien examined her with a tinge of mischief in his eyes. "You can't bathe thoroughly without removing it." "Oh... You're right." Cherise turned away and reached out her hand. Damien was startled. Staring coldly at her focused look, he furrowed his brows. *Is this woman really dumb, or is she putting on an act? She doesn't seem to be embarrassed at all!* "This way to the bathtub." Cherise carefully helped Damien into the bathtub as if she had not seen his naked body. Yet, her cheeks flushed. She patted her face to calm down before asking Damien, "You're tolerant of pain, right?" "Mm-hmm." Then, Cherise tucked her hair behind her ears and turned around to rummage through the cabinet. Moments later, she returned with a bath scrub. Damien's temples involuntarily twitched, surprised that she actually planned to bathe him on their wedding night. Without asking for his permission, Cherise directly scrubbed his back. "Let me know if it's painful. I'll be more gentle." Damien remained silent as Cherise diligently bathed him. Before marrying Damien, she had cared for her old, sick grandmother for many years. Mary loved Cherise's bathing service, saying she felt comfortable and could sleep better after a bath. So, Cherise assumed Damien would enjoy it too. Crouching beside the bathtub, she carefully scrubbed every inch of his skin. Although she exerted all her strength, it felt like a tickle to Damien. Nonetheless, he perceived her effort and sincerity. It didn't take long before a layer of perspiration covered Cherise's forehead. Frowning, Damien suddenly began to doubt if he had mistaken her. What schemes could an innocent girl like her have? "Uhm... Should I wash there too?" After cleaning other parts of his body, Cherise blushed and pointed at his private part. Damien looked at her with his deep-set eyes. "What do you think?" Cherise hesitated briefly and mumbled, "Okay... I'll do it." Just as she reached out her hand, Damien swiftly seized her wrist. At once, the

atmosphere became tense. Cherise didn't think that her action would make Damien uncomfortable. She lifted her head and looked at Damien naively, "I can't wash it with you holding my wrist." Coldness flashed across Damien's eyes as he blurted, "Get out."