

Marrying the Man in the Dark (Damien and Cherise)

Chapter 10

Chapter 10 Don't Bully My Husband!

Cherise's hands shook slightly as she held Damien's wheelchair.

Damien's words prompted her to realize something. None of the servants bothered to come to them since they entered Lenoir Residence.

She looked at Damien's chiseled facial features under the dim moonlight and felt pity for him.

His cousin, Tristan, bullied him because of his disability and molested his wife right before his eyes.

Furthermore, his aunt and uncle mocked him, never treating him with respect.

As for his grandfather...

Previously, Cherise thought Damien's grandfather cared about him. Otherwise, why would he be concerned about Damien getting married?

However, she witnessed how coldly Old Mr. Lenoir treated Damien in Lenoir Residence. Thus, she believed Old Mr. Lenoir also disliked Damien.

She could not help but feel sad as she thought about this.

Damien lost his closest family members from a young age. Furthermore, his other relatives mistreated him. It must have been heartbreaking for him...

Cherise instinctively reached out and gently held his cold hand.

His hand trembled slightly, jolting her to her senses.

She withdrew her hand abruptly as if scalded. Still, she said firmly, "I'm your family now, and I'll always be with you."

Damien appeared bewildered for a second.

He turned to Cherise and looked at her through the ribbon over his eyes.

Cherise thought he did not hear her properly.

Thus, she repeated in earnest, "Although we... have only been married for one day, I'm not like them. I will be loyal to you. Even if you're cursed, I'm not afraid. I'll always be with you."

Damien chuckled silently. "Come here."

Cherise went to him obediently and was suddenly pulled into his embrace.

His breaths gently brushed against her neck, making her feel ticklish.

He held her with one hand and used his other hand to tuck her hair behind her ears gently. "Are you sure you're not afraid?"

The moon appeared hazy, partially shrouded by wispy clouds.

Cherise's heart began to palpitate **as** she remained in Damien's embrace.

The black silk over Damien's eyes made him seem forbidding under the moonlight. He looked alluring yet dangerous.

Cherise could not help but blush.

This handsome man has been my husband since yesterday. I guess I'm lucky, right?

Cherise looked adorably and alluring, with her cheeks flushed.

Damien repeated the question in his gruff voice. "You want to be with me? Are you not afraid you could die?"

Those words of warning sounded cold on his lips. It hurt Cherise's heart to see him like this.

She nodded and looked into his eyes earnestly as she replied, "I'm not afraid."

Although three of his fiancées died, I married him and survived. It means I have enough good luck for both of

us!

Damien looked into her innocent and sincere gaze and sighed. "You silly girl."

However, a figure suddenly dashed out of the house before Cherise could determine whether he meant those words as a compliment..

"Damien!"

Tristan rushed toward them furiously with soot all over his face.

His hair was a mess, and his suit was disheveled. Furthermore, his cheek was swollen with a palm. print on *it*.

He kicked Damien's wheelchair violently and shouted, "You were usually so quiet that we thought. you were mute. Who knew you're capable of instigating me at the right moment."

"I should have known you're up to no good."

"You egged me into fighting with the Belcourt family. Thanks to you, the Belcourt family threatens to drag the matter to the public, causing Grandpa to take back the company he just gave me to save his face!"

"You blind b*stard! You tricked me!"

Damien chuckled and said coldly, "Since you knew I was up to no good, why did you still fall for

it?"

"Are you so stupid that you needed beating to realize you shouldn't have quarreled with them?"

His tone was harsh and sarcastic, pushing the already fuming Tristan off the edge.

Tristan kicked Damien's, wheelchair several times, causing it to wobble unstably.

He thought he had kicked hard enough to make Damien fall out of the wheelchair.

Unexpectedly, a woman's hands stabilized the wheelchair as it was about to tip over.

Cherise held the wheelchair still and glared at Tristan. "Don't bully my husband!"

Tristan was rendered speechless.

He could not believe his eyes when he saw her furious glare.

Previously, Cherise was so meek and docile that she did not dare to complain when he pinched her butt. Yet, she not only glared but scolded him.

He sneered and grabbed her chin. "Why? Are you going to defend him?"

"Have

you forgotten your place? You can't even protect yourself."

He laughed menacingly. "Aren't you scared I'll assault you right before your useless husband?"

He thought a woman who didn't dare to complain when he molested her would not dare to fight back.

However, he was wrong.

Cherise clenched her teeth. She removed her high heel shoes and attacked Tristan's face with them. "I don't care if you bully me, but I'll never tolerate anyone bullying my husband!"

"What makes you think no one cares about my husband? I'll have you know that I'm protecting him from now on!"

Tristan was disoriented from being hit by Cherise's shoes.

By the time he recovered, Cherise had run away barefoot, pushing Damien down the flower-lined path and disappearing into the distance.

Tristan wiped his face and smelled the stench of blood.

He cursed under his breath and thought to chase after them. However, Raymond shouted behind him, "Get back here! Haven't you humiliated yourself enough?"

"But Dad, Damien schemed against me!"

"It's because your mistake allowed him to do so!"

Raymond glared at Tristan. "You have better behave!"

"Your grandfather is furious. If Damien tattled to him, you will lose your chance to get money from that old man!"

Tristan scoffed indifferently. "Grandpa doesn't care much about him anyway. It's been years since he kicked Damien out of the house. He even arranged for Damien to marry a country bumpkin. He's not planning to let him inherit anything!"

Raymond sneered. "Would he have married that country bumpkin if I didn't get rid of his three previous fiancées?"

Tristan was stunned. "His three late fiancées. Did you..."

"I did it."

Raymond stood in the shadow and lit a cigarette. "Don't assume you can sit back and relax. Your grandfather cares about that cursed boy."

Cherise kept running, pushing Damien in his wheelchair.

Desperate to escape, she finally found her way out of the complicated flower-lined path.

Still, she continued running until she and Damien arrived at the main road.

Once she confirmed Tristan did not run after them, **she** slumped to the ground and leaned against the wheelchair, gasping for breath

She had not been this nervous for a long time.

"Thank you."

Damien reached for a bottle of mineral water at the side of the wheelchair and offered it to her.

Cherise twisted open the cap and drank a few gulps. She felt much better after that.

Then, she wiped her sweat and turned to Damien. "I ran too recklessly just now. Did I hurt you?"

Damien leaned into his wheelchair and smiled. "My butt is bruised all over from the rough ride."

Cherise was stunned before asking guiltily, "Really?"

"Do you want to **see** them?"