

## **Marrying 111**

### **Chapter 111 I Won't Eat**

He acknowledged that he looked pretty cruel on the surface because he had previously instructed Blake to hang Nicky from the rooftop.

But it was what Nicky deserved.

Compared to what Nicky had initially done to Cherise, Damien didn't feel like what Blake did was unreasonable.

If Nicky wasn't Cherise's cousin and if he wasn't afraid that Eriana wouldn't let Cherise go if Nicky died, he wouldn't have allowed Nicky to live to see another day.

He felt that he had been sufficiently kind. But to Cherise, he was ruthless and heartless?

How innocent and kind was this girl?

Had she never seen the dark side of the world?

Cherise shook her head. "No."

"I know you did it because of me."

The intense fury in the woman's eyes decreased by half when she said it.

She pursed her lips and looked at Damien as she explained earnestly. "Although Cressa is mean to me, she's a treasure to her family."

"Her dad is a good person."

“Ian is my senior. He’s also a good person. Nothing is going on between us.”

“I feel you shouldn’t treat them like this, honey...”

Damien narrowed his eyes, and a self-deprecating smile appeared in the corners of his lips. “What proof do you have that I arranged for them to be in such a state?”

Cherise’s complexion paled.

She didn’t have proof. All of it was her conjecture.

But other than Damien, who else could be so capable of leaving the two people in a bad state at the same time?

She couldn’t think of anyone else.

1/3

Therefore, she deduced that he had arranged it.

The woman’s hands were clenched into fists by her side. She still believed that both matters were related to Damien.

He wanted her to have evidence because he knew she couldn’t come up with proof, so he refused to admit anything.

She pursed her lips and looked up at Damien. She was still sincere. “Darling, I know you did it for my sake, but they...”

“Can you let them go?”

At that moment, the sun was setting. No lights were on in the bedroom.

Cherise’s stubborn and obstinate eyes were exceptionally bright in the dark. They were so bright that they pierced his heart.

Damien narrowed his eyes.

She didn’t even seek actual proof and decided that he must have had something to do with Cressa and Ian’s current state.

She even wanted him to let them go.

He didn’t know anything. How could he let them go?

Frances’ knocking rang outside the door as the two were deadlocked. “Mr. and Mrs. Lenoir, it’s time for dinner.”

Damien furrowed his brows slightly and rose from the bed. “Go and eat.”

Cherise stayed on the bed and looked at him fixedly without moving.

Damien turned to look at her again. His deep voice was slightly annoyed. “It’s time to eat.”

Damien stayed seated on the bed. She didn’t move. “Honey, if you don’t promise me, I

won’t eat.”

Damien was amused. “Promise you what? To let them

go?"

"It had nothing to do with me in the first place. How can I let them go?"

Cherise furrowed her brows. "But it must have had something to do with you."

"I won't eat if you don't promise to let them go."

2/3

Damien laughed in his rage.

The girl was still stubborn, inflexible, and refused to see reason.

He sat in his wheelchair gracefully and rolled it downstairs. "I guess you're not hungry."

As the man's voice rang, the bedroom door shut with a bang.

Cherise still sat by the bed in her initial posture. Her voice hurt fiercely as the door shut.

Does he plan on.... ignoring and disregarding me?

An inexplicable, almost aggrieved feeling surged in her heart.

Chapter 112 No One Is Allowed to Give Her Food

Cherise silently covered her mouth and nose as she got choked up. Don't cry! I can't cry!

Why did she feel grieved? She knew early on that Damien hadn't married her just because

he liked her.

She was just what he received in return for what he paid for.

She should have followed her initial plan of obediently being his wife, serving him three. meals daily, and caring for him for the rest of his life.

She could also conveniently bear him a child.

She shouldn't have made unreasonable requests.

She shouldn't have felt aggrieved at his indifference.

It was her fault!

She couldn't be so emotional!

She should be an emotionless baby-birthing machine to repay her debt!

But the more she thought about it, the more upset she grew.

In the end, she cried, feeling wronged.

He was clearly in the wrong.

She didn't lose her temper with him.

She even asked him nicely to let them go.

But that didn't work!

When Cherise thought about it, she picked up her cell phone, feeling aggrieved. "Lucy..."

In the dining room downstairs, the air was exceptionally stifling.

Even Blake, who usually liked eating barbecued ribs, didn't dare to take any.

It was because the barbecued ribs were next to a particular man with a dark expression.

1/3

Damien took a bite of his food coldly before putting his cutlery down heavily. "Blake."

The thirteen-year-old boy was so startled that his cutlery almost fell to the floor. "Yes,

Dame?"

"What time did Cherry eat lunch?"

Blake furrowed his brows and pondered. "Eleven o'clock."

The frown on Damien's brows deepened.

After a long time, he said with a dark expression, "Frances."

"Yes."

“Bring food to Cherise.”

It was past seven o’clock now. How could she not be hungry after not eating for eight hours?!

This foolish dunce. She wasn’t eating because of other people’s matters?!

Upon hearing it, Frances immediately went to the kitchen to pick out Cherise’s favorite. dishes and carried them to her.

Five minutes later, Frances carried the untouched food down miserably.

“Mr. Lenoir, I persuaded Mrs. Lenoir for a long time, but she doesn’t want to eat.”

“She said she won’t eat if you don’t promise her.”

The air in the dining room instantly felt more stifling.

Damien picked up his cutlery and ate a few bites of his food. Every bite tasted strange.

Ultimately, the man slammed his utensils on the table viciously. “She doesn’t have to eat for all I care! Who is she threatening?”

“Mr. Hampson, take note. No one is allowed to give her food!”

Cherise kept her word.

She said she wouldn’t eat, so she didn’t.

The following morning, Frances exited Cherise’s room miserably again with an untouched breakfast. “Mr. Lenoir, Mrs. Lenoir still refuses to eat.”

2/3

Damien's brows furrowed viciously.

This girl is still as stubborn as always.

He narrowed his eyes. "What did she say?"

"She said..."

Frances spoke carefully. "She said if you don't admit your mistake and agree to her request, she'll starve herself to death..."

'Snap The utensils in Damien's hands were broken into two.

The entire villa fell into a pin-drop silence.

"Don't eat for all I care!"

Damien gritted his teeth. "She doesn't want to eat? I'll see how long she can persist!"

He should be correcting her habit of being stubborn!

"You're feeling angry and indignant."

After the man spoke, the young boy in a navy blue outfit pursed his lips before picking up his utensils and eating ravenously.



Damien narrowed his eyes. Although furious, he had no choice but to admit that the young boy's observation was correct.

His painstaking effort of hiring dozens of private tutors for the young boy annually for the past few years wasn't in vain!

Chapter 113 Ahem, Ahem

"I'm done!"

The youthful adolescent put his cutlery down and sighed in satisfaction. He got up and wanted to go upstairs.

Damien's hand froze slightly as he held his cutlery. "Are you going upstairs to see Cherise?"

Blake pondered. "Mm!"

Cherise had promised to watch an animation with him today!

"Hold on."

The man wrinkled his brows and glanced at Mr. Hampson at the side.

Mr. Hampson understood intuitively and instructed Blake. "Mr. Blake, remember not to give Mrs. Lenoir anything to eat or drink when you go upstairs."

"Ahem, ahem."

The man coughed lightly with tightly furrowed brows.

Mr. Hampson grew more fearful. "Mm. Remember not to give Mrs. Lenoir anything to eat. or drink at all."

Damien was dumbstruck.

Blake nodded in confusion. "I understand!"

After that, the young boy went upstairs hastily, leaving them with a navy blue blur of his figure.

Damien glared coldly at Mr. Hampson in the dining room through the black silk.

Mr. Hampson felt uneasy.

He could feel Damien wasn't in a good mood even through the layer of black silk.

He trembled in fear. I didn't do anything wrong, right?

After a long time, Mr. Hampson finally couldn't restrain himself and asked guiltily, "Do you have any other instructions, Mr. Lenoir?"

1/3

Damien didn't say anything. He still stared at Mr. Hampson with an ice-cold gaze.

"Is... the food not suited to your taste?"

Damien didn't say anything.

"Or are you feeling full? Should I keep the food?"

Damien kept quiet.

Mr. Hampson was dumbfounded.

He was on his guard for any danger.

He had been by Damien's side for so long and rarely saw such an icy attitude from him. How had he misspoken?

"My wife hasn't eaten anything for more than ten hours."

Mr. Hampson suddenly saw the light. "I understand, Mr. Lenoir."

"We won't give Mrs. Lenoir anything to eat or drink according to your wishes. According to our ordinary digestion system, if she doesn't eat anything for another ten hours, she'll be in unbearable hunger..."

Under Damien's gaze that gradually grew icier, Mr. Hampson tried hard to finish speaking. "When that time comes, Mrs. Lenoir will take the initiative to beg you...."

The man's icy gaze was directed straight at Mr. Hampson until he finished speaking.

Damien spoke coldly. "I was looking at you and hinting at you to tell Blake to bring some food for her."

"But you reminded Blake not to give her any food?"

The man slammed the glass in his hands on the table fiercely. The bottom of the glass started to crack. "You want her not to eat or drink for another ten hours?"

"Why don't you ask your wife not to eat or drink for over twenty hours?"

Mr. Hampson was flabbergasted.

“It’s my mistake.”

He was the silly and naïve one.

2/3

His family was meticulous and always kept their word. They would never say one thing at one moment but mean another at the next.

Therefore, Mr. Hampson instinctively assumed that when Damien said Cherise wasn’t allowed to eat at one moment but glanced meaningfully at Blake at the next moment, it must have been to remind Blake not to bring any food for Cherise.

How would Mr. Hampson know what Damien was thinking about?!

Sure enough, Damien’s brain circuit differed when he was in love!

“What’s the point of having you around?”

Damien rolled his eyes at Mr. Hampson. “Think of a way to make her eat something.”

Mr. Hampson was dumbstruck.

“Alright!”

“Have some milk, Cherry!”

Blake knocked on Cherise's door that same morning while holding a large glass of warm milk.

Cherise pursed her lips. She dared not take a second look at the milk. She looked down, while holding her iPad and looked for the animation series she had previously promised to watch with Blake. "Come here."

Blake smiled as he put the milk on the table before going over.

'Growl'

Cherise's stomach started rumbling, to her disappointment.

Chapter 114 I'm Keeping My Word

Blake heard it.

The young boy picked up the milk again. "Have some milk, Cherry!"

Cherise shook her head and turned him down.

"But you're hungry,"

The young teen had a stern expression.

Cherise took a deep breath. She looked away and leaned against the bay window. "Come here and watch the animation."

After Damien had left yesterday, Cherise had called Lucy.

She felt that some of Lucy's standpoints were correct.

For example, Cherise couldn't always let Damien call the shots as husband and wife.

If she retreated, she would never have an ordinary social life again.

The men Cherise was close to would be targeted, while the women Cherise had terrible relationships with would be miserable.

Therefore, she needed to argue strongly for what was right.

She had no powerful weapons to resist Damien, so she could only use such a way.

She was betting. Betting that Damien loved her dearly.

If Damien didn't love her dearly...

She didn't know what to do...

Blake sat beside her obediently.

As the opening song of the animation started, Cherise asked indifferently, "Have you eaten breakfast?"

"Yes."

The girl pursed her lips. "Damien... Did Dame eat?"

She was healthy. She would be fine if she skipped a few meals.

The man was in poor health. Would he abstain from eating and drinking because he was upset with her?

“Yes.”

Blake’s large eyes blinked. “He ate a lot.”

Cherise was dumbfounded.

Alright, I was overthinking!

She was sulking and not eating. But not only did Damien not skip a single meal, he also

ate a lot!

She knew it!

“Dame reminded me just now not to bring food for you.”

Cherise was dumbstruck.

In

any case, she was determined to stand off against the overbearing and insufferably arrogant man!

Since she said she wouldn’t eat or drink, she would keep her word!

As Cherise thought about it, she took a deep breath and pressed the pause button.

She got up and stuffed the warm milk on the table into Blake’s hands. “Bring this to Dame.”

Blake shook his head. "This is yours."

"I'm not going to drink it. It will go to waste if it's left here."

Cherise smiled as she coaxed him. "Quickly go. I'll wait for you to return!"

"Tell him that I'm keeping my word."

The young teen pursed his lips as he carried the milk away.

A minute later, the young teen in blue placed the milk on Damien's study room desk.

"Cherry said she's keeping her word."

"This is for you."

2/3

Damien was stupefied.

The man picked up his cell phone with a dark expression and called Mr. Hampson. "Make her eat something right now. At this very instant!"

Mr. Hampson nodded immediately and left. "Alright! I'll arrange for it now!"

At eight o'clock in the morning.



Frances smiled and opened the door of Cherise's room. She was holding a highly alluring slice of fruit cake. "Mrs. Lenoir, this is a fruit cake I just learned how to make. Try it for my sake?"

Cherise smiled and turned Frances down. "I've been having cavities lately. I can't eat anything sweet."

Ten minutes past eight.

The burly Mr. Kolson knocked on Cherise's room door while carrying a plate of sliced. fruits. "Mrs. Lenoir, these were sent over by Old Mr. Lenoir. They were air-flown from overseas. Have some for his sake?"

Cherise massaged her brows and said, "Put them in the refrigerator. I don't want to cat them."

At half past eight.

A bodyguard in the villa with whom Cherise was acquainted carried a piece of roasted chicken and opened the door of Cherise's room. "Mrs. Lenoir, my beloved pet chicken, felt depressed today. It took its own life and flew into the oven. I can't bear to eat it, so I'm sending it over..."

Cherise was flabbergasted..

"You have absurd ways of trying to get me to eat!"

Chapter 115 What's So Funny

A few hours later.

Mr. Hampson returned to the study room dejectedly. "Mr. Lenoir, you can deduct my salary."

He had used almost all the servants and bodyguards he could mobilize in the villa the entire morning.

He had made various dishes and came up with dozens of excuses. He even tried to use the part-time worker's wedding as an excuse.

But Cherise refused to eat after saying she would abstain from food.

Mr. Hampson couldn't do anything.

Cherise was frighteningly stubborn.

Damien's head hurt slightly. He massaged the bridge of his nose.

"Is there any news from Randall?"

"Yes."

Mr. Hampson took a deep breath. "His plane has been intercepted, and he's being transported here now."

"Don't transport him here."

Damien let out a long breath. "Transport him to Garden Paradise."

"Ask Jacob to come along."

After that, he put down the things in his hands and rolled out of the study room.

In the bedroom.

Cherise was still leaning against the bay window and watching animations with Blake.

The two looked very happy and discussed the show animatedly.

They instantly fell silent when Damien opened the door.

1/3

Blake.

The man spoke in a low voice as he frowned slightly.

“Mm.”

The young teen rose from the bay window and stood earnestly. “Dame.”

“Wait in the car.”

“Mm!”

Upon hearing it, the young teen left hurriedly. He was even considerate enough to shut the door after he left.

Only Cherise and Damien remained in the room.

Cherise looked away. She didn’t want to look at him.

Damien was calm and composed as he rolled his wheelchair to her.

With her back facing him, Cherise could still feel his strong demeanor that couldn't be ignored.

The girl held her breath subconsciously.

After a long time, the man's wheelchair rolled in front of her.

Damien's large hands pulled her into his arms.

'Gurgle'

When Cherise moved, her empty stomach started growling again.

The man laughed lightly.

Cherise was ashamed and annoyed. She could only flatten her lips and struggle to leave his embrace.  
"What's so funny?!"

"Of course, it's funny."

Damien raised his hands indifferently and stroked the top of her soft hair. "Who gave you the idea to use such a dumb way to bear a grudge against me?"

Cherise bit her lips and said nothing.

2/3

The man raised his hands and caressed her stomach. "You were sure I would feel distressed over you, right?"

An indulgent tone was intertwined with his originally deep and magnetic voice. It made Cherise's heart tingle.

Cherise looked down. For a moment, she didn't know what to say.

Damien smiled in exasperation and patted her back. "Go and change."

Cherise was surprised. "Why?"

He deliberately teased her. "We're going to eat."

The girl immediately shook her head earnestly. "I said that I'm not eating."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

Damien sighed nonchalantly. His voice was slightly disappointed. "I'm not going to make things difficult for you, but if you really don't want to go.

"I'll let Mr. Hampson inform Randall not to wait because you won't go."

Cherise's eyes instantly lit up!

Randall!

Is Damien taking me for a meal with Randall?!

She jumped out of his arms at once. "I'm going to change!"

“Slow down.”

The man reminded her in a soft yet exasperated voice. “You still have an injury on your leg.”

Cherise didn’t care about the wound on her leg anymore.

She quickly changed her clothes before coming out to stand before Damien. “Alright, let’s go!”

Damien shook his head when he saw her excited expression. He opened his arms toward her. “Sit here.”