

Marrying the Man in the Dark (Damien and Cherise)

Chapter 14

Chapter 14 I Didn't Do Anything Wrong

Lucy didn't finish her sentence.

Because she clearly felt that Damien, next to Cherise, had a strange disposition.

Lucy bit her lips and said goodbye to Cherise before leaving.

Damien was silent on the way back from the school to the villa.

Cherise wanted to say something to Damien a few times but didn't know what to say, so she could only stay silent.

After returning to the villa, the first thing Cherise did was to put together the torn certificates little by little.

It wasn't easy to join together the ripped pieces.

Most of the cards and postcards Cherise's grandmother had written her were burned and destroyed. It was difficult to restore them.

Sitting before a desk, Cherise looked at the burned and damaged photo album bitterly. She privately cursed Tristan repeatedly.

After that, she was about to keep the photo album when a card fell out.

She picked it up and wanted to put it back in but realized something else was stuck to it. It was an old picture of a boy.

Half the photograph was burned.

Cherise looked at the picture for a long time but couldn't recognize the boy. She carefully put the photo into the album and kept it.

When she had a chance, she had to ask her grandmother why a picture of someone else was stuck to a card for her.

When she was done with everything, the sky had darkened.

Frances knocked on the door. "Mrs. Lenoir, Old Mr. Lenoir called to ask you and Mr. Lenoir to go to Lenoir Residence. You should get ready."

Cherise raised her eyes to look at the time. It was already eight o'clock at night. *Grandpa wants us to go there now?*

She vaguely felt a bad premonition in her heart.

When Cherise had changed her clothes, Damien was already waiting for her in the car.

"Grandpa wants us to go there so late at night... Does it have anything to do with what happened with Tristan today?"

She asked cautiously when she entered the car,

"Naturally."

Damien's deep voice was intertwined with disappointment and frustration. "I told people will blame you for Tristan's injury."

you *that*

many

After that, he turned his head to look at her. His eyes were covered by black silk. "Are

you

afraid?"

"No."

Cherise shook her head. "I didn't do anything wrong."

"Many things can't be reduced to being right or wrong."

Damien shook his head as though annoyed and amused by her answer. "Cherise, is your world **so** simple that it's limited to right or wrong?"

Cherise nodded. "Anything that isn't right is wrong, and vice versa. Isn't the world like that?"

"My teacher said no one cares about your mental process during exams. The grader only looks at the final answer. The right answer is correct, and the wrong answer is incorrect."

She's as innocent as an ignorant child. No. Perhaps Cherise is an ignorant child.

Damien sighed indifferently and reached out to stroke her soft hair. "People with personalities like yours are quite hard to come by

"

Cherise didn't know if he was praising or belittling her, **so** she was sullen and silent.

The car quickly arrived at Lenoir Residence.

It was past nine o'clock at night. Ordinarily, Lenoir Residence's lights would be turned off *at* this time, but it was brightly lit tonight.

When Cherise pushed Damien's wheelchair into Lenoir Residence, Tristan sat on the couch, covering his chest bound in gauze as Wanda fed him fruits.

Tristan started crying crocodile tears when he saw Cherise. "Grandpa, you must bring her to justice..."

Wanda also started crying. "Dad, the messenger of bad luck is here. You must bring her to justice..."

The two were howling and bawling exaggeratedly as though their loved one had suddenly passed

away.

At that moment, Old Mr. Lenoir sat at the side, playing chess with Raymond. When the mother and son started wailing, Old Mr. Lenoir lost control of the chess piece in his hands and placed it in the wrong position. Raymond captured Old Mr. Lenoir's king mercilessly.

"I won again."

Raymond laughed lightly and called out to Old Mr. Lenoir. “Damien and Cherise are here, Dad. It’s time for you to get down to business.”

Old Mr. Lenoir looked up at Cherise, who was pushing Damien in. He frowned ever so slightly.

He moved his legs and rose. His voice was as loud as a bell. “Come with me.”

Old Mr. Lenoir led them to a room at the end of the second floor.

When the butler opened the door, Cherise realized it was a gigantic memorial hall. Various plaques were inside.

“Cherise Shaw.”

Old Mr. Lenoir called out.

“Yes, Grandpa.”

Cherise answered as she loosened her grip on the wheelchair.

“Come here and kneel!”

Old Mr. Lenoir said coldly, pointing to a mat next to him.

Although Cherise didn’t know what he meant, she did it obediently out of her respect for an elder.

The moment she knelt down, **she** clearly sensed Wanda smiling. Wanda seemed very pleased with herself.

‘Crack!’

The next moment, the butler at the side took out a whip and swung it fiercely on Cherise’s back.

Because of the sharp and raw pain, Cherise almost couldn’t stay in position.

She bit her lips, and her voice was weak. “Grandpa, I don’t know what I did wrong to bear such a punishment.”

“You don’t know what you did wrong?”

As Wanda stood at the side, her voice suddenly went up three octaves. “First, you seduced Tristan. After that, he didn’t give in to you, so you hurt him!”

Wanda gritted her **teeth**. “You just married Damien, and then you seduced his cousin. Are you so shameless to tell me you don’t know what you did wrong?!”

Cherise smiled while enduring the severe pain. “Aunt Wanda, you say I seduced Tristan, but do you have proof?”

“Do I need proof?”

Wanda snorted coldly. “Everyone at the scene can testify for Tristan!”

As she spoke, she glared coldly at the butler holding the whip. “What are you waiting for? Hit her!”

Upon hearing it, the butler swung the whip on Cherise’s back as it cracked.

With just two strikes of the whip, the white T-shirt on Cherise tore from the force and exposed her raw flesh. It was clear that the butler was whipping Cherise with much strength.

Cherise stayed kneeling on the floor and didn’t avoid the severe beating.

She groaned dully. “I didn’t seduce Tristan or deliberately hurt him.”

“You stupid, stubborn girl!”

Wanda glared straight at her before glancing at the butler holding the whip. “Continue!”

“Wait a moment.”

Upon seeing that the butler was about to whip Cherise for the third time, the silent Damien said indifferently, “Grandpa didn’t say a word, but you kept whipping her.”

“Are you supposed to obey Grandpa or Aunt Wanda?”