

Marrying 171

Chapter 171 Running into An Acquaintance

Damien affectionately ruffled her hair. "They sound good to me."

Cherise held Damien's arm triumphantly, raising her head high. "Did husband says I'm a good hummer!"

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hear that? My

Blake was speechless. After a while, he sullenly pursed his lips and muttered under his breath. "Having a husband is such a big deal.

"That's right!" Cherise was extremely pleased. Co get yourself a husband if you can!"

Blake was speechless again.

The car drove for four hours before finally reaching the town where Cherise's hometown

was.

On this journey, at first, Cherise was excitedly chatting with Blake. However, maybe because she didn't sleep well the night before and the ride was bumpy, she fell asleep in Damien's arms.

By the time they reached town, it was already noon. Mr. Kolson slowed down the car. "Mr. Lenoir, Mrs. Lenoir will need to give directions from here on out."

The town's roads weren't on the GPS, and this place was a maze. Only Cherise, a local, could navigate them.

Damien looked down at the young woman peacefully sleeping in his arms. He sighed faintly. "Let's stop for a break."

"Take Blake to get something to eat. He must be tired after driving all morning."

Mr. Kolson nodded and parked the car in a corner. Blake and Mr. Kolson got out.

Damien stayed where he was, watching Cherise's peaceful sleeping face.

Maybe it was because the car suddenly stopped, but Cherise woke up. She opened her eyes groggily and asked, "Where are we?"

"Somewhere I don't recognize," Damien responded.

The young woman yawned, looked out the car window, and got excited, "Yay, we're finally here!"

She asked, "Where are Mr. Kolson and Blake?"

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"I thought you wanted to sleep a little longer, so I let them go get something to eat."

Cherise was stunned for a moment and pursed her lips. "Okay, honey. Let's go eat, too, then."

She saw a sign for a small eatery in the distance. "I know a place with delicious pasta! I used to go there all the time in high school!"

Damien smiled. "Sounds good."

Cherise excitedly pushed Damien, who was blindfolded, out of the car and headed quickly towards the small eatery.

But before reaching the eatery's entrance, they bumped into someone Cherise knew.

"Hey, isn't this our high school's pride, Cherise, who got into Adania University?" A woman's mocking voice rang out. "And why are you walking a cripple?"

"What's wrong with this cripple's eyes?"

"Is he blind and crippled as well?"

The woman who spoke was Vivian, whom Cherise knew. She had mentioned her two days ago when talking about her hometown with Damien.

Since childhood, Vivian and Cherise hadn't gotten along, and whenever she had a chance, she would try to put Cherise down.

Fortunately, Cherise left the town with excellent exam results and successfully enrolled in Adania University.

In contrast, Vivian didn't even pass a vocational school entrance exam and returned home to marry after high school. Since then, Cherise's world has become so much more peaceful.

However, Cherise never expected that simply deciding to stop for a meal with Damien would lead to an encounter with Vivian.

Good grief!

At this moment, Vivian wore loose maternity overalls and walked toward Cherise with a cold look.

While walking, she wore a mocking smile. "A few days ago, I heard my family talking about you. After getting into college, you married a disabled person."

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"I found it hilarious. It turns out that after having made it into a renowned college, you're no different from someone like me who didn't even make it to vocational school, right?"

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Chapter 172 Making a Scene

"Your husband cannot compare to mine. My husband is strong, works hard, and can provide for our family. Look at what you have."

Cherise pursed her lips in discomfort, her heart pounding with the desire to leave with

Damien.

However, Vivian wasn't going to let her leave that easily.

Vivian blocked her path. "Don't leave so soon. I'm curious about the man who married our school's most brilliant student. He must be incredibly handsome to have made her give up her academics for him despite his disability."

She turned to Damien, her gaze assessing.

Her eyes bulged from their sockets as she blinked in awe over his appearance.

The man's chiseled features and defined jawline easily made any woman's heart flutter.

A black silk cloth covered his eyes, accentuating his mysterious and cold aura. The curiosity towards the pair of eyes hidden beneath the silk was palpable.

Cherise's brows furrowed in annoyance. "Vivian, I don't want to argue with you moment I'm back. Please move away. I'm tired.

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Vivian often mocked her for being an abandoned orphan, an illegitimate child, and at worthless nobody.

Despite Vivian's insults, she managed to keep her calm.

However, she couldn't stand that Vivian was also targeting Damien.

Cherise's knuckles were white as she gripped her fists to suppress her burning rage.

Vivian slowly averted her gaze from Damien.

She snickered, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "You don't want to argue with me?"

"Cherise, you're speaking as if you could win an argument over me. I don't recall ever losing to you in an argument."

"You've got some guts now that you're married to a disabled man! What a snob!"

Vivian was well-known in town, and she soon attracted a crowd of onlookers around her.

“Vivian, who is this woman?”

“She’s a high school classmate who had to marry a blind man due to her background.”

“Is there a conflict between the both of you?”

“It’s not that simple. I can never get along with her!”

poor family

“Vivian, you’re pregnant, and you shouldn’t be getting so upset. Do you need me to give her a lesson?”

“That’s unnecessary. I don’t want to stoop to her level.”

“I must agree. After all, one is disabled, and the other is not thinking clearly.”

The people crowded around them, throwing insults left and right.

Cherise’s hands were tightly clenched around the handles of Damien’s wheelchair, her knuckles white with tension. “Vivian, I came here to have dinner with my husband. I have no interest in arguing with you here.”

“Think about your baby instead of making a scene.”

Her contempt was written all over her face, her lips curled into a sneer, and her eyes narrowed into slits.

Despite her warning, Vivian had no intention of leaving them alone, her arms crossed. defiantly and her chin raised in challenge. “Are you going to hit me?”

“Go ahead. Are you sure you can handle the consequences of hitting a pregnant woman?”

Cherise took a deep breath and clenched her teeth. "You're the one who asked for it."

'Bam!' Cherise's hand struck Vivian's face. "You can't be serious if you want to accuse me of hurting your child when I only slapped your face."

"I have my medical degree, remember? You're not fooling me."

Vivian struggled to keep her composure after being slapped across the face.

She couldn't believe the person she had constantly mocked and belittled would dare stand. up to her, let alone slap her in the face!

Cherise's eyes were icy with rage as she stared at Vivian. She raised her hands, ready to strike again.

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Suddenly, a brawny man stood in front of Vivian. His eyes were blazing with fury as he

glared at Cherise. "How dare you hit my wife?" he roared.

The man raised his hands, his eyes locked on Cherise's face.

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Chapter 173 A Dark Blue Silhouette

His hands froze in mid-air as they were caught hold of by someone.

The man sitting in the wheelchair bore an air of calmness.

His long fingers were wrapped tightly around the other man's wrist.

The other man's forehead scrunched into a deep scowl. His muscles started to tense up as he tried to pull away.

But his hands were caught in place under Damien's grip.

"Honey!"

Vivian's eyes widened in shock at the sight before her.

Her husband was a trainer at the local gym. Every muscle was perfectly sculpted and toned.

No one in town was stronger than her husband.

But the man in the wheelchair, with a firm grip on his arm, stopped him from hitting Cherise.

A glob of sweat trickled down his temple.

Damien's spiritless eyes betrayed no hint of emotion as he suddenly strengthened his grip.

'Crack!' The man shrieked at the top of his lungs, "My hand! It's dislocated!"

Vivian's eyes flashed red with anger.

She supported the man and ordered, "What are you all doing? Give these people a lesson!"

Damien's lips curled into a smirk following the man's scream, "No one is allowed to bully my wife," he demanded fiercely. "Who else wants to know what it's like to have your hands dislocated?"

At Damien's warning, the faces of the people standing up for Vivian took on a pale sheen.

Vivian's husband was the most muscular man in town.

But Damien even made him shriek in pain.

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Who else was capable of defeating this man?

Vivian's face clouded over. "Target the woman!" she commanded.

"He's blind. He wouldn't be able to help her!"

Her voice boomed through the surroundings, giving courage to those too scared to stand up to Damien and help her.

They might fear Damien, but they could get to the girl behind him! After all, there were so many of them. How could he help her if he couldn't see anything?

In a matter of seconds, they started to swarm over like bees.

Cherise clenched her fists tightly, her hands gripping the handle of Damien's wheelchair. "Damien, what should I do?" her voice trembling under the pressure.

Damien's eyes narrowed. Though they thought he was blind, he could see every inch of their movements through the cloth over his eyes.

The man reached out his arms and pulled Cherise into his embrace. "A bad environment can indeed bring out the worst in people," he said. "But don't you all have parents and children to protect at home? Are you sure karma won't get to you if you do anything bad. to us?"

Coincidentally, a deafening clap of thunder rumbled across the skies as if to emphasize the weight of his words.

The cowards stood rooted to their spots while the brave ones continued to approach. Cherise and Damien.

Although they were surrounded, no one dared to hit Damien.

They still couldn't fathom how he had dislocated Vivian's husband's arm.

"Get them!" Vivian screamed. "I'll buy everyone drinks if you teach them a lesson!"

Vivian's eyes welled with tears as she cradled her husband's injured hand. As the bully, she had never faced such disrespect in her life.

Get them!

Make sure they pay for what they did!

Show Cherise and her disabled husband what they are up against!

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As the attackers raised their fists, a dark blue silhouette stood tall and defiant in front of them.

Blake's brows furrowed as he turned to look at Damien. "Should I do the honors?"

Blake knew that Damien, his mentor, could easily take down the attackers on his own.

But Damien had a unique identity and had to disguise himself as a disabled man. He couldn't act recklessly under such circumstances.

Chapter 174 A Tyrant

Damien stifled a faint yawn. "You go ahead," he remarked, his movements reflecting a hint of drowsiness.

Blake nodded in response. The young man then raised his head, his demeanor exuding self-assuredness as he assessed the men before him. "I can handle ten of you."

Laughter rippled through the crowd. "Just you alone?" they taunted.

"A teenager like you?"

"He's this skinny and thinks he can take on ten?"

"Tell

your parents to feed you more, kid. We won't pick on you!"

Blake narrowed his eyes, grinning defiantly. "If you've got the guts, come at me."

The young man's icy aura, coupled with his provocative words, left everyone exchanging bewildered glances.

Ultimately, the group surged forward, closing in on him.

Cherise observed Blake fighting for the first time, and his movements were so lightning- fast that she struggled to keep up with the action. In less than a couple of minutes, the group's front line had all been defeated.

"Weak," Blake muttered. He shifted his gaze to the onlookers outside. "Who's next?"

"No, no!" someone shouted, and the entire group hurriedly dispersed.

A minute later, the scene was reduced to Vivian helping her husband to his feet.

"Cherise Shaw, you'll pay for this!" Vivian's menacing words stung Cherise.

Blake is quite impressive, Cherise thought, still trying to fully recover from the shock.

Damien had always ensured that Blake accompanied her. Sometimes, he'd keep her company, while most of the time, he would disappear quietly. She assumed he was a playful kid and had never paid much attention to his absence.

But who would have imagined that Blake possessed such formidable combat skills?

"Sir," Mr. Kolson hurriedly approached from a distance. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Damien responded with a faint smile, extending his hand to ruffle Cherise's

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hair. "Still want some noodles?"

As if in answer, Cherise's stomach growled. The choice was evident.

The man smiled faintly, rocked his wheelchair, cradled Cherise, and, with Mr. Kolson's assistance, they entered the restaurant.

The owner had been stationed at the entrance, observing the commotion. As this group entered his establishment, he greeted them with genuine enthusiasm. "Wow! You are quite. impressive, young man!"

The owner continued as he handed the menu to Cherise, "Vivian's husband is a tyrant; I bet he never expected to meet someone who would stand up to him."

Cherise, a regular at this restaurant during high school, was well-acquainted with the

owner.

As Cherise ordered, she raised an eyebrow and asked, "Is that so?"

The owner sighed deeply, "Indeed."

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He continued, "Just recently, Vivian hosted a banquet for her pregnancy, and she insisted.

every household attend, not because she's friendly, but because she wanted money and gifts from all of us."

His sigh left Cherise in contemplation. "Did you attend the banquet?"

The owner sighed once more, "I had no choice. If I didn't go, there would be

consequences. You should stay away from town, as you've been doing. The world beyond. is much more welcoming."

The owner spoke despairingly, "I don't know how long I can keep this little restaurant open."

With that, he returned to the kitchen after taking their order.

Cherise watched the owner's retreating figure, a pang of sadness welling up within her. Seeing the once-cheerful owner so disheartened tugged at her heartstrings.

It was evident that Vivian and her husband were causing quite a commotion in town.

Damien furrowed his brow, seemingly aware of Cherise's thoughts. "Do you want to help him?"

Cherise shook her head. "No, it's fine. Everyone has to follow their own course in life."

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Moreover, even if Damien wielded substantial influence in Suncrest, he couldn't extend

his reach to this remote little town.

Chapter 175 A Rumored Reality

Even though they could assist the restaurant owner during their stay, Vivian and her entourage might become even more problematic once they leave. Cherise knew she couldn't stay here to offer help, leaving her regretful.

Damien keenly observed Cherise's downcast expression and glimpsed a layer of profound emotion in her eyes.

Upon returning to the car after their meal, Cherise's spirits were still low. However, as the car gradually approached the small village she once called home, the young woman's excitement couldn't be contained. Eagerly, she began introducing the area's geography to everyone, anticipating the reunion with her family.

Finally, as the car passed a massive willow tree, they arrived at Cherise's uncle's home, Elvis Shaw's residence.

The moment the car came to a stop, the young girl hastily exited and dashed into the yard.

It was a little

past two in the afternoon, and Mary Dawson was basking in the sun by her wall. Beside her, her daughter-in-law, Sarah, was sorting out the soles of her shoes.

"Grandma! Aunt Sarah!"

The young girl's excited voice reverberated crisply through the yard.

Sarah and Mary raised their heads, witnessing Cherise sprinting towards them. They couldn't help but break into smiles.

Cherise threw herself into the arms of the kind-hearted old lady. "Grandma! I've missed. you so much!"

The old lady patted her back lovingly and asked, "Why are you back suddenly?"

"I missed you, so I came back!"

Sarah also smiled and asked, "Did you come back alone?"

"No!"

Cherise beamed and lifted her head, pointing towards the door. "I brought my husband with me!"

Sarah looked in the direction of the door and noticed Damien, who was seated in a wheelchair, being pushed by Blake.

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Her complexion paled instantly. "Cherise, why did you bring the young master of the Lenoirs here?"

Cherise was taken aback, realizing that Sarah's response was far from welcoming. "My husband has never been to the countryside before. I just brought him along..."

Sarah looked at Damien from a distance, her expression somewhat unpleasant, and she lowered her voice. "Ben from next door recently had a falling out with your uncle. He's been spreading rumors in the village, claiming that your uncle couldn't resolve his issues. until he married you off to a disabled person."

She gazed at Cherise reproachfully. "Why didn't you give us a heads-up? The whole village has been making fun of our family lately. Your uncle has been isolating himself at home. due to this situation. Bringing Mr. Lenoir here now, aren't you adding to the chaos?"

Ben was Vivian's father.

Sarah's explanation clarified why Vivian had caused trouble when they were in town. Cherise pursed her lips. "What should we do then?"

Damien had taken the time to accompany her back. Cherise was too excited to anticipate the potential problems at home. In the countryside, rumors spread much faster than in the city. Being constantly pointed at and talked about by everyone was undeniably uncomfortable.

Mary squinted thoughtfully as she leaned against the earthen wall, her gaze filled with warmth as she regarded Cherise. "Don't bother yourself with that nonsense. Go enjoy your time with Mr. Lenoir."

"This is, in fact, our reality-people aren't making it up," Mary further emphasized.

Meanwhile, Sarah stayed silent, her lips tightly pressed together.

Inside, Damien had already been guided into the house by Blake, where they joined the others.

Behind them, Mr. Kolson held a collection of gift bags, big and small.

The dogs in the yard began to bark, and Elvis Shaw, who had been inside the house all this time, emerged.

Chapter 176 Rekindling Life

"Cherry and Mr. Lenoir have arrived."

Elvis Shaw forced a smile, exchanging pleasantries as he welcomed the group into his home.

After a round of family greetings, the sun was rapidly making its descent. Sarah began preparing dinner while Elvis Shaw went out to fetch some wine.

Noticing Damien and Blake looking disinterested, Cherise suggested taking them to the small river near the village for fishing. Since the rural roads were uneven, Cherise found an old crutch that had belonged to Mary and used it to assist Damien as they made their way to the river.

“Darling, can you feel it? The country air is so much fresher than in the city!” She chatted with him while strolling, taking in the serene surroundings.

Damien gave a slight nod, “Yes.”

Though the village was small, it possessed a picturesque charm, enveloped in lush greenery, and the river’s water glistened crystal clear. Such a breathtaking locale undoubtedly influenced Cherise’s pure and simple nature.

When the trio reached the riverside, Cherise located a large rock for Damien to sit on, she remained by his side, watching Blake enthusiastically fish in the water. After observing for a while, she couldn’t help but desire to join in. However, she couldn’t leave Damien alone, for he couldn’t see anything or enter the water.

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Should she depart, leaving him behind and indulging in fishing, he would undeniably experience loneliness and exclusion.

“Go on and join Blake,” Damien suggested, his tone devoid of annoyance.

It was apparent she yearned to go fishing from her demeanor. Cherise hesitated momentarily, then resolutely shook her head, saying, “No, I’d rather stay here and chat with you.”

Considering Damien’s inability to see and incapacity to enter the water, leaving him alone would inevitably make him feel isolated and forlorn.

“Go ahead,” Damien responded with a faint smile. “I’ll take this opportunity to make a call to the company. It’s been a day since I left; I should catch up on their reports.”

Cherise peered at him for a moment. "Are you sure you want me to go?"

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"Yes," Damien responded warmly.

"Alright!" Cherise joyfully patted his head and planted a kiss on his cheek. "I'm off to fish, my love! You be a good boy and stay right here!"

Assured that Damien harbored no objections to her going, Cherise gleefully rolled up pants and hastened into the river.

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"Blake, you won't catch any fish that way! Watch me!" Cherise exclaimed as she waded further into the water.

Damien settled at the riverbank, gazing at the young girl with her sparkling eyes while she played with Blake. A faint smile graced his lips as he savored the contentment he hadn't felt in a long time.

He couldn't recollect exactly-it seemed like an eternity since his sister's tragic death in at fire thirteen years ago. Cherise had rekindled in him the idea that life was filled with countless opportunities, something he had lost sight of.

With a smile on his face, he retrieved his phone.

"Sir, we've already alerted the local authorities.

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“Vivian’s husband was no stranger to criminal activities, and the extent of his wrongdoings far exceeds the information we obtained.”

“Now that the police are involved, they will likely apprehend him tonight.”

Greg reported his findings to Damien. After a momentary pause, he inquired, “Sir, I don’t understand why you accompanied your wife back and then began overseeing these small matters?”

The two messages Damien had sent earlier had left Greg momentarily bewildered, making him doubt if he had misread them. The first message involved dispatching someone to collect records on a troublesome couple in a small town. The other sought assistance in renovating and investing in a small neighborhood restaurant.

Their boss typically remained laser-focused on confronting the Lenoirs. It was as if he held nothing else in his heart or mind except for hatred and vengeance.

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Chapter 177 How Could I Not

During the trip, he was not only accompanying his wife back to her hometown but also taking steps to enhance the security in her home village and initiating financial support

for small businesses.

“How could I not?” The man raised his eyes, observing the petite woman by the small river with Blake, who was wholly engrossed in fishing. “I want to ensure that her favorite foods await her every time she returns.”

He gently shut his eyes.

The neighborhood restaurant boasted a wishing wall adorned with sticky notes bearing the heartfelt wishes of the restaurant's patrons.

As Cherise enjoyed her meal, Damien took a moment to scan the wishing wall thoughtfully.

Eventually, he found a pink, heart-shaped sticky note in the corner. In elegant

handwriting, it read, "I hope that each time I return, I can savor the amazing food in this restaurant! Cherise."

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With a sigh, Damien opened his eyes. He focused through the black silk covering them, gazing steadily at Cherise, who was bathed in the soft, orange light of the setting sun.

Her wish was so simple; how could he possibly let her down?

"Darling!"

Cherise bounded over, carrying a plastic bucket filled with fish. "I caught a massive fish!" She eagerly displayed the bucket. "Look, it's huge!"

Swimming in the water bucket was a fish measuring about twenty centimeters.

Cherise beamed, ready to share something with him, but her gaze suddenly locked onto the black silk obscuring Damien's eyes. Her cheerful demeanor gradually waned.

After a brief moment, her downcast lips quivered, "I'm sorry, darling, I forgot that. can't see..."

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Cherise sniffled, her frustration evident as she clenched her hands. Regardless, she vowed to herself that she would take her husband to see the old doctor the very next day!

Noticing her disheartened expression, Damien's heart sank slightly. He mustered a faint smile, saying, "Even though I can't see, I can still touch."

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"Are you sure you don't mind, darling? Fish are slippery and smelly, you... you don't mind?"

The man shook his head gently.

Cherise's sense of disappointment eventually faded.

She reached out, took Damien's hand, and plunged it into the water bucket. Yet, the fish proved to be quite elusive. Every time she made contact with it using Damien's hand, the fish darted away.

In the end, the entire water bucket toppled over amidst an exciting moment.

Their location wasn't far from the small river. When the fish leaped from the water bucket, it jumped right into the river, vanishing from sight.

Cherise bit her lip, "It got away..."

"It's alright, we'll catch another one

The young woman took a deep breath, gearing to

dash into the river. But Damien reached out, grabbing her hand, "Let's catch more. tomorrow; I'm a bit tired."

Cherise finally realized that the sun had already set, and the surroundings had become hazy.

It was time to return home.

So, she signaled to Blake, still in the river, "Time to head back!"

Blake acknowledged with an "Oh" and made his way ashore. "That was fun!"

Cherise instructed him to carry the caught fish, and then she assisted Damien step by step. as they made their way back.

"Jacob recently went abroad," Damien remarked. Ultimately, he couldn't resist mentioning it to her.

Only Cherise had the power to make him feel the urge to cast aside his facade. If he weren't 'blind,' he could have done so many things with her. But his identity was that of a blind man. So he could only sit on the sidelines, watching her play, watching her have fun. by herself.

"What did he go abroad for?" Cherise had been preoccupied with planning how to secretly take Damien to get his eyes checked tomorrow. His words failed to register with her.

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Chapter 178 The Countryside

"Jacob mentioned that he had consulted a renowned eye specialist," Damien murmured, his voice subdued.

To his surprise, Cherise didn't appear particularly interested.

She casually responded with a casual “Oh” and continued to walk alongside him.

Aunt Sarah prepared a sumptuous dinner.

Despite the modest ingredients in the farmhouse, she managed to create a lavish meal for Damien using the best items available.

Elvis bought plenty of wine, insisting they drink until they were intoxicated.

Cherise endearingly leaned against Grandma as she attentively chatted with her while helping her with the food.

Mr. Kolson watched contentedly as Damien enthusiastically devoured the scrumptious, homemade drumstick.

As the sun set over the horizon, the warm glow of the sky cast a serene atmosphere upon the evening. The sounds of laughter and cheerful chatter echoed through the surroundings, creating a lively and vibrant ambiance that filled the air.

Elvis persistently encouraged Damien to keep drinking, even well past nine in the evening.

Cherise stayed by Damien’s side, deeply concerned for him, and offered more than just companionship.

She sat on a small chair, watching Damien and Elvis drink while texting Ian on her phone.

“Ian, could you please give me the address of that elderly doctor? I’ve brought my husband back to our hometown!”

Ian replied promptly, “Are you sure you want to take him there?”

Cherise nodded determinedly, "Yes, I hope his eyes can improve. As long as there's a chance, I can't give up!"

Ian remained silent for a long moment on the other end of the phone before finally providing Cherise with the address of the elderly doctor.

"The thatched cottage at the entrance of Johnson Village, Doctor Mark Johnson," he said.

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Cherise earnestly noted it down. "Thank you, Ian!"

After hanging up the call, Cherise found Elvis passed out on the brick bed. While Damien sat there, quietly munching on peanuts.

She couldn't help but marvel at the scene before her eyes.

Her uncle was the best drinker in the whole damn village!

Damien managed to knock him out cold!

"Feeling sleepy?"

The man rumbled, his voice low. "You know, you didn't have to wait for me, really."

"No, I insist!"

Cherish put her phone away and helped Damien, guiding him back to his room. "There are no proper beds in the countryside, just traditional heated brick beds. I want to make sure you're comfortable. If you have trouble sleeping, I can always add an extra blanket for you in the middle of the night."

Damien chuckled softly and pulled her into the blankets. "With you here, I can sleep anywhere comfortably."

Cherise blushed deeply. "R-really?"

"Of course." He was somewhat intoxicated when he cradled her face and kissed her passionately.

Cherise was left breathless. "Hubby, let's sleep..."

"Tomorrow, I'll take you to the neighboring village to explore," she continued.

He kissed her eyelashes and mumbled against her eyelashes, his words slightly slurred, "Wha' are we explorin, hm?"

He kissed her eyelashes in a drunken stupor. "What's there to explore?"

"In the neighboring village, there's an elderly doctor..." She didn't know how to lie convincingly, so she blurted out the truth.

Damien chuckled softly; his fingers gently lifted her chin as his deep, jet-black eyes met hers. "Why do you want to see the elderly doctor?"

"To have him check our pulses to see when we can have a baby?"

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Cherise was momentarily surprised but nodded vigorously and said, "Yes!"

“We’ll see the elderly doctor tomorrow, have our pulses checked, and get some medicine prescribed to have a baby sooner. How about that?”

He grinned and pulled her into his arms, “Sure, I’ll go along with your plan.”

“Mark Johnson?”

During breakfast the following day, Aunt Sarah frowned while eating. “That old Dr. Johnson isn’t very reliable, you know. They say he trusted traditional medicine his whole life. But when his nephew got into medical school and studied Western medicine, he lost. his focus completely. Couldn’t treat patients properly anymore.”

Cherise pursed her lips. “I just thought of giving it a try with Damien. If it works out, everyone will be happy.”

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Chapter 179 A Family in the Making

Aunt Sarah nodded, “That’s true.”

“But...”

She glanced mischievously at Cherise, and the corner of her mouth quirked. up. “Dr. Johnson was an expert in gynecology, even more than eyes. How about letting him check your reproductive health, prescribe some fertility medicine, perhaps?”

“You and Mr. Damien seem quite close now. It’s about time to think about having a child,” she remarked.

Cherise blushed at her words, pushed around her food, and quickly ran outside.

Damien was on the phone with someone under the large apricot tree in the yard.

"I told you, she's not a servant."

"Forget about it then. I won't tell you."

"Take your clothes and leave."

Cherise approached cautiously. "Hubby, who was that?"

This was the first time she had ever heard Damien speak to someone in that manner.

Damien slammed the phone down. "Just a nobody," he spat out.

"Oh," Cherise's voice was subdued as she replied, sensing the tension in the air.

The person on the other end was significant; her husband appeared visibly distressed and. used the word 'leave, which was surprising.

But since he didn't want to discuss it, she decided not to probe further.

Cherise smiled. Her eyes flickered as she gently helped him to his feet. "Ready to go, honey?"

"We planned to see the doctor in the village today," she continued.

Damien chuckled, reaching out to tousle Cherise's hair. "What's the sudden hurry about having kids?"

"Grandma's getting impatient, you know," she retorted playfully, giving him a wink.

Cherise hesitated and continued sheepishly, "L... I also... would like to have a child sooner."

When Cherise and Damien arrived at Mark's house, the older man was still asleep.

He appeared surprised as he saw Cherise guiding a man, one eye covered in black silk, into the house.

He chortled eventually, "Here for a check-up?"

Cherise nodded. "For... gynecological reasons."

Earlier that morning, she had already briefed Ian and Mark, saying they were there for a gynecological consultation.

After a casual "Oh," Dr. Johnson turned and led Cherise and Damien to a grimy table.

He placed a small pillow on it and said, "Give me your hand.

Cherise obediently extended her hand. As Dr. Johnson felt her pulse, his brows furrowed deeply. "Your pulse..."

Cherise's eyes widened as she gasped, "What's happened?"

A slight unease flashed in Dr. Johnson's eyes. "It's nothing," he said.

"You should be able to conceive."

Dr. Johnson remarked and glanced up at Damien. "Your turn."

Damien frowned, feeling hesitant about consulting these rural doctors.

Despite his reservations, he held his tongue in Cherise's presence. He reluctantly extended his hand.

Dr. Mark frowned for a moment during the examination, then smiled. "There's no problem here."

"I'll prescribe some medicine to boost your blood circulation. Take care of yourselves, and in less than two months, you'll have good news!" Dr. Mark assured them.

Cherise blinked and glanced at Dr. Mark.

He shook his head subtly in response.

She nodded disappointedly, paid the fee, and supported Damien back home.

2/3

Dr. Johnson stood at the door as he watched them leave; a smile curled his lips.

A moment later, he picked up the phone and dialed Ian. "He came."

Ian excitedly responded, "How did it go? Is he blind or just pretending?"

"Ian."

Dr. Johnson frowned, his voice weary and tinged with helplessness. "Why are you so concerned about whether he's blind?"

"Their relationship appears to be strong."

After a brief silence, Ian spoke sternly, "Uncle, just tell me if the man is truly blind or pretending. What I do next is my business, not yours."

3/3

Chapter 180 Tainted Tales

"What if I refuse to tell you?"

Dr. Johnson sighed heavily. "The girl is already pregnant, and their relationship seems fine. Why meddle?"

Ian, on the phone, was left utterly stunned. "No, that can't be!"

How could Cherise be pregnant? She had only been married to Damien for just over a month!

"She's indeed pregnant, but it hasn't been long, Dr. Mark said.

"You need to trust your uncle's experience. My pulse diagnosis is much more accurate than early pregnancy tests," Dr. Johnson reassured earnestly.

He sighed, "Ian, you should focus on your own life. Let others..."

"Damien isn't blind, right?"

Ian narrowed his eyes on the phone. Dr. Johnson wouldn't have said so much if Damien weren't blind.

"Whether he's blind or not, Cherise and her child do not concern you."

"I've got it!"

Ian snorted coldly and hung up the phone.

He couldn't and wouldn't let Cherise bear Damien's child!

She was pure, innocent, and devoted to her family.

If she gives birth to Damien's child, she will never leave him for the rest of her life.

Cherise felt dejected and guided Damien back from the Johnson village to the Shaw Family village. When they arrived at the entrance, they encountered Ben, who was burdened with bags. Behind him, a teary-eyed Vivian trailed.

"Give me a break," Cherise scoffed under her breath.

Ben sneered upon seeing Cherise and Damien. He glared at Cherise coldly and scoffed, "Married a disabled person and now shamelessly dragging a disabled man back home. How embarrassing"

"And how did Elvis end up with such a shameless girl?" he scowled.

1/3

Vivian heard and frowned. She gently pushed Ben. "Dad, leave them alone."

"That blind guy is quite powerful, you know," Vivian warned.

Her husband was arrested last night, and his dislocated wrist hadn't fully healed yet!

Ben snorted and gave Vivian a disdainful glare. "So, Dexter went in and took your guts with him?"

"A blind guy like him, what is there to be afraid of?"

"Honey, let's go," Cherise said, pulling Damien away.

Cherise quickly led Damien away from Ben and Vivian, avoiding conflict with the father-daughter pair, and headed towards another alley to go home.

However, Ben wasn't willing to let her off so quickly.

The sun shone bright in the sky, casting long shadows across the village paths. The air was filled with the sounds of the busy farmers heading home for a well-deserved lunch after a morning's hard work in the fields.

Ben raised his voice and declared, "Listen, everyone! I was telling the truth! A few days back, I told you all about the little girl Elvis saved and gave away to a blind man in return for treating his mother's illness. Can you imagine that some of you doubted it?"

"Now look, the one she's supporting, with something covering his eyes, isn't that the blind man?"

"Was I lying? Elvis's family is heartless. This Cherise is just silly!"

The villagers came to a sudden halt, staring at Cherise and Damien while murmurs filled.

the air.

Cherise could feel her anger well in her chest as she went cold with fury.

She guided Damien carefully through the onlookers, heading home.

Ben's voice slowly faded as he mocked, "Can you hide forever?"

"You married a disabled man just for money, and now you can't bear to hear the truth!?"

Cherise clenched her fists tightly. Her anger was mounting, and she was about to explode with rage.

Damien lightly furrowed his brow and reached for her hand. "Does it bother you?"

Cherise was puzzled and looked up

at him.

"Bother me? What do you mean?"

"Do you mind being ridiculed for marrying a disabled man?" Damien questioned.

Cherise shook her head. "I've never minded, not at all."