

Marrying the Man in the Dark (Damien and Cherise) Chapter 19

Chapter 19 Why Did You Bring Him Here?

"The two of you are worth less than an outsider like me!"

Eriana smiled. "What you're saying is quite nasty, girl. It's not your place to criticize what the Shaws are discussing. Who do you think you are? Have you given the old woman any money? Isn't it the Shaw family's money anyway?"

"Talk is cheap."

"Elvis, **if** you're not paying for the old woman's hospital bill, who is?"

"I am."

Evaline and Eriana crowded Cherise and Elvis. Just as they were about to start arguing, a cold and deep voice interrupted them.

The Shaws were startled and looked toward the voice simultaneously.

They saw a strong and muscular middle-aged man push a young man in.

The man in the wheelchair wore an exquisite suit and covered his eyes with a black silk cloth.

The man had chiseled features and a mysterious silhouette. Even if his eyes were covered, they felt a noble and arrogant demeanor from him.

He was sitting in a wheelchair, but it seemed like he was on a throne instead. Cherise's relatives couldn't help but feel astonished *at* his ominous demeanor.

While everyone was taken aback, Mr. Kolson pushed Damien to them.

Damien glanced at Cherise's face indifferently. It was flushed from anger. He raised his hands to give her a wet cloth. "Wipe your face."

"Thank you."

Cherise took it awkwardly and wiped her face.

The ice-cold sensation of the wet towel made her calm down.

"Who are you?"

After a moment's silence, Eriana glared at Damien with raised brows. "The Shaws are speaking. What does it have to do with you?"

"As the Shaw family's son-in-law, I naturally have the right to question what you **say**."

An arrogant smile was on the corners of the man's lips. "Why don't you introduce me, Cherise?"

Cherise spoke up.

"Aunt Evaline. Aunt Eriana. This is my husband, Damien Lenoir."

After that, she glanced at Elvis timidly. "Uncle Shaw, you've met him before."

Elvis nodded. "Mm."

"We meet again, Mr. Lenoir."

His tone was respectful, but he glared at Cherise viciously when he turned. He reproached her quietly. "Isn't it messy enough? Why did you bring him here?"

Cherise pursed her lips, feeling very aggrieved. She didn't say anything.

Others didn't see the interactions between the two, but Damien saw it distinctly

A subtle and faint smile was on the corners of the man's lips.

"Oh, Cherise's husband?"

Eriana crossed her arms and sized up the man in the wheelchair coldly. "When did you get married, Cherise? You married a disabled man?"

"Why does he have something covering his eyes? Don't tell me he's blind?"

She leaned over as she spoke and reached out, wanting to uncover the silk ribbon around Damien's eyes.

But as her hand was in mid-air, Mr. Kolson did a roundhouse kick and kicked her hand to the side.

Before Eriana could cry out in pain, Mr. Kolson had caught hold of her.

"What should I do with her, Mr. Lenoir?"

At that moment, Mr. Kolson was different from his usual kind demeanor. He didn't look like a middle-aged driver but seemed like a well-trained special forces soldier.

"Let her go."

Damien's lips moved indifferently, and his voice was cold and apathetic. "I hope you understand what I'm about to say, Aunt Evaline and Aunt Eriana."

"I'm paying to treat Grandma's illness. Uncle Shaw has no right to make decisions because this **is** Cherise's way of supporting Grandma."

"I might be disabled, but you can't afford to offend me."

Damien's gaze was icy. "For the sake of Cherise and Grandma, who's in the emergency room, **I'll**

let you off the hook today. I won't be so nice if you dare to say such delirious statements next

time."