

Marrying the Man in the Dark (Damien and Cherise)

Chapter 20

Chapter 20 A Real Man

Mr. Kolson twisted Eriana's arm viciously, and she grimaced in pain. When she heard what Damien said, she gritted her teeth, unconvinced. She wanted to retort when Evaline stopped her.

Evaline was a few years older than Eriana and was slightly more experienced.

Evaline could tell with one glance that Damien's clothes and the silk ribbon around his eyes were pricey.

On top of his noble demeanor, she had guessed from the start that the man was of significant stature. At that moment, what Damien said made her feel that her guess was entirely accurate.

She pulled Eriana back and shook her head slightly.

"I suddenly remembered that I have something to do with my sister. We're leaving!"

After that, she pulled Eriana away and quickly left before Elvis could answer.

"We've ridiculed ourselves in front of you, Mr. Lenoir."

After the two left, Elvis smiled shamefully. "This is our family. I had no other way, so I made Cherise..."

"Cherise and I are doing well."

Damien's cold voice rang. "Cherise, I want to speak to Uncle Shaw alone."

Cherise raised her head to glance at Elvis. "Where's Aunt Sarah?"

"Sending Sky and Tay to school."

The petite woman took a deep breath. "You haven't eaten, have you?"

"Why don't you buy us breakfast?"

Damien said nonchalantly.

Cherise nodded and turned to leave.

When her figure vanished at the end of the corridor, Elvis sighed indifferently. He looked up at Damien. "What do you wish to say to me, Mr. Lenoir?"

"Have your sisters always been like this?"

"Mm."

"Did Cherise grow up in such surroundings?"

"Yes."

Damien turned and rolled his wheelchair to the window as he felt the cool breeze outside. "It's been tough for her. She grew up in such conditions but is still so silly."

"Cherise isn't silly. She's just simple and goes about her life bluntly."

Elvis sighed. "Mr. Lenoir, you'll spend the rest of your life with her... I hope you can take the time to understand her. She's actually a great girl."

Damien laughed lightly. "Did I say I want to spend the rest of my life with her?"

"But... Cherise is prepared to spend the rest of her life with you."

Damien looked downstairs.

The girl in jeans and a white T-shirt quickly walked toward the hospital's main entrance to buy breakfast at a café outside.

The morning breeze swept her dark hair. She had a youthful glow to her in the morning light.

He quietly watched as she walked into a café. "Do you feel reassured that she's married to a blind man who killed almost everyone in his family?"

Elvis looked at him for a long time. "I don't believe **the** outside rumors. I only believe what I **see**."

“Perhaps you have intricate thoughts and a complicated family background, but I can tell you’re a real man.”

“A real man won’t hurt a woman who treats him sincerely.”

Damien’s lips twitched, and he smiled. “Your information shows you’ve been an honest farmer in the countryside all your life. The only thing unusual is that you were conscripted into the army for three years two decades ago in the culinary team.”

“But what you’re saying is making me doubt your identity.”

Damien wasn’t prejudiced against people from the countryside. His family’s old servants were from the country but were plain and simple people who spoke colloquially. Few could come up with such cryptic statements.

Elvis was startled before he understood what Damien meant. “You’ve watched too much television.”

“I hope that’s the case.”

The man in the wheelchair sneered. He turned and examined Elvis’ expression through the translucent black ribbon. “But I won’t find it strange even if you don’t have an ordinary identity.”