

Marrying 201

Chapter 201 Do I Really Matter to Him?

She had no inkling... that Damien had such a dark past.

Lennon cast a quick look at Cherise. "With advice from a therapist, he decided to make everyone think he was blind."

Cherise looked puzzled. "But why fake being blind if he's dealing with psychological issues?"

Lennon gazed into the distance, his eyes unfocused. "Do you honestly believe it's a coincidence that his parents had a car accident, his sister's house went up in flames, and his three previous fiancées met their end?"

Cherise shook her head, her lips still pursed.

"Those are all the enemy's handiwork, you see?"

"There are people out there who want him dead; that's why they are getting rid of his closest family and friends in preventing him from thriving."

"So, by pretending he's blind and not too nimble, he kind of flies under the radar as the least threatening option."

Cherise was taken aback.

"Damien wasn't just deceiving you; he was outsmarting his enemies."

"But he could have chosen to tell me."

“You never really gave him a chance.”

Lennon let out a yawn. “He’s been on the lookout for his enemies for so many years; he can’t just trust anyone easily.”

“Think about it, how long have you been married? He didn’t know your background when you first tied the knot, so he couldn’t risk telling the truth.”

Cherise pursed her lips, realizing they had been married for only over a month.

But...

Lennon flashed a smile and turned to Cherise. “Because of you, he let go of his start-up and went so far as to stage my sister’s car accident just to get me back running the company and free up time to be with you in the countryside.”

“How could you still doubt his feelings for you?”

Cherise clutched the wine bottle, her eyes brimming with tears.

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She bit her lip, memories of the moments spent with Damien flooding her thoughts.

Damien had been... incredibly good, an excellent husband to her.

He teased and made fun of her, but at the same time, he comforted her and ensured she wouldn’t suffer a tiny bit.

Whether it was Nicky, Cressa, or even the Shaw family back in her hometown who had wronged her, he was there to help her through it all.

Damien had shown nothing but kindness to her.

But why did it feel like she didn't hold a special place in his heart?

But if she did matter to Damien, then why....

Had Lennon been right that maybe she hadn't given him enough time?

Cherise tended to act impulsively, but now, as she had gained more composure, she was strangely puzzled and at a loss.

"Sometimes, you've got to let time take care of the things you can't quite grasp."

Lennon sighed and clinked his wine bottle against Cherise's, creating a crisp sound.

He shook his head. "Damien's life hasn't been a walk in the park, and he hasn't had much experience with girls. You should be more understanding

After a few sips of red wine, Cherise felt a bit tipsy. She smiled at Lennon. "Why do you sound just like his old man?"

"Anyway, he's not exactly the most emotionally savvy or tuned-in. What makes you stick around?"

Lennon shrugged. "We're not really close. It's more of a boss-employee thing

Cherise was even more perplexed. "But Lulu was raving about you, said you're talented and have built a successful career abroad...

Lennon waved his hand. They all belonged to Damien."

Cherise's head was spinning a bit, and she chuckled. "No way! My... Damien doesn't run that big of a business."

"You'll see in time."

"So, why did you choose to work for him, especially when you're already so accomplished?"

Lennon furrowed his brow, gazing at the young woman before him with a puzzled look before sighing. I made a bet with him, and I lost."

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Chapter 202 Damien Felt Powerless

Cherise sprawled over the table and pried. "What kind of bet was it?"

"A.. heartbreaking one."

Lennon closed his eyes, and the memories from twelve years ago flooded back to him.

A young boy stood on the third-floor balcony, grinning at him. "Do you think that after I jump from here, no one from the Lenoir family will come to check on me?"

Troubled by his adoption by the Lenoir family, Lennon shook his head. "No way."

"Us adopted kids get ignored. You're their biological child; they can't be indifferent to your safety."

That year, Lennon was determined that once he found his real family, he would find love and warmth. He firmly believed that all family members cared for one another.

“Let’s bet.”

The fourteen-year-old boy turned to Lennon, the wind lifting his white shirt, making him look lonely and frail.

“What are we betting on?”

“If I jump and get injured, and within half a month, no one from the Lenoir family comes to see me, then you can stop searching for your real family and stay back in Europe with me.”

Lennon nodded. “Alright.”

Later, Damien actually took the plunge. Lennon frantically went out of his way to inform the Lenoir family.

The outcome? One day had passed, then two, and even a week turned into two, but the Lenoir family remained indifferent to Damien’s injury.

Those distant memories made Lennon sigh softly. “Be good to Damien; he’s been through a lot.”

After his words met silence, Lennon turned to find Cherise asleep on the table.

Simultaneously, he heard a car stopping downstairs. Looking down from the balcony, he spotted a figure in black. A man whistled and approached him, saying, “I never thought that in my lifetime, I’d get to witness you driving.”

Damien gave him a disdainful look. “Where is she?”

Lennon nodded toward the balcony with a slight nod of his head. "She just dozed off."

"You brought her out to the balcony right after it rained?"

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The man shot Lennon a disapproving glance and walked onto the balcony.

There, a young woman lay on the table, sleeping soundly. Her long eyelashes concealed her eyes, exuding beautiful grace. Damien sighed, wiped away her tear stains with his hand, and sighed helplessly.

He picked Cherise up and wanted to carry her back to the car

Lennon lazily leaned against the door. "It's quite late; are you taking her back now?"

"I think it's best not to. Both of you can stay here tonight. Whatever needs sorting out can wait until tomorrow."

Damien furrowed his brow, pondered momentarily, and carried Cherise to the master bedroom.

Lennon was dumbfounded. He trailed behind Damien. "Hey! Can you show some guest etiquette? The master bedroom is mine! I have guest rooms here! You should pick one of the guest rooms instead!"

The man looked at him coldly. "The guest room's bed is too small."

Lennon rolled his eyes, "The guest room's bed is not that small. It's enough for the two of you!"

"She tosses and turns in her sleep.

Damien elegantly wiped away the tears on her face with a damp towel. "It's not spacious enough for her to toss and turn."

Lennon was dumbfounded. So, the Lenoir family's bed is spacious enough for her to toss and turn in? Geez, it's his wife's peculiar habit. What's it gotta do with me?

"You're seriously griping about my beds being too small for your liking?"

Lennon didn't say anything more for the sake of his tenfold salary and made his way to the guest room in his own house.

Damien settled at the head of the master bedroom's bed, his gaze fixed on her tranquil sleeping expression, and let out a soft sigh.

Chapter 203 What Have I Done?

It was a night filled with confusion. Before heading to Lennon's, Damien thought he was ready to come clean with Cherise. He was naive to believe that everything was under control.

He hadn't imagined he would get worked up and become disoriented, causing him to deviate from his initial plan.

He raised his hand and gently ruffled her head. "Cherry."

"Damien, you lied to me..."

Even in her sleep, Cherise was restless, gritting her teeth and muttering in her dreams.

Damien sighed, removed her clothes, and slipped under the covers, holding her. "It's my fault."

"I shouldn't have lied to you."

“I should have told you earlier.”

“You jerk!”

“Yes, I’m a jerk.”

“I won’t forgive you...”

“Then I’ll behave well and wait for your forgiveness...”

“...”

The voice of the sleeping woman was slightly muddled. “I think I’m starting to fall in love with you...”

Damien, holding Cherise’s arm, paused for a moment.

After a while, he tightened his 7 on her arm. “Me too.”

And like that, Damien held her, listened to her slumber-induced chatter, and closed his eyes.

Just as Damien was on the verge of falling asleep while holding Cherise, the phone in her pocket buzzed. He furrowed his brow, retrieved Cherise’s phone, and was about to silence it when he noticed a familiar name: Ian Philips. Almost instinctively, he opened the message.

Hey, Cherry, don’t forget our bet. Have you tested Damien’s eyes? Can he see? Remember not to

underestimate him.”

Damien’s grip on the phone tightened.

He knew. He knew Cherise wouldn’t suddenly start doubting his sight and even resort to this lame

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idea to test him. It turned out that Ian was the instigator.

Damien sneered and deleted the message. After erasing it, he contemplated for a moment and blocked Ian’s number on Cherise’s phone before he went to bed contentedly and snuggled up to

his wife.

That night, Cherise slept soundly.

The following morning, with the rising sun, Cherise opened her eyes. She instinctively pushed away the man’s arm draped over her, stretched lazily, and wanted to get out of bed to freshen up and make breakfast.

However, when she got out of bed and surveyed the room, she noticed that the decor was... different. Her mind froze for a few seconds before fully comprehending everything that had transpired the previous night!

Where am I? Is this Lennon’s house? Then, the person in the bed...

A sense of panic surged within her!

Had she, in a drunken haze, done anything out of the track with Lennon last night?

Cherise was in full-blown panic mode!

As far as she could recollect, she had only been drinking with Lennon last night because she was distraught about the truth about Damien's eyes!

She involuntarily looked down at her skimpy tank top and panties, her only garments.

Tears welled up in her eyes! She had been undressed!

Did she actually... have intercourse with Lennon?

Cherise felt her nose tingle. She had only had a bit of alcohol last night because she was troubled. about Damien's eyes!

How could this have happened? How was she going to face Damien? She didn't even dare to lift the covers and find out who this man was....

Anxious, she ruffled her hair, hastily donned her clothes from the floor, and quickly tied her hair into a ponytail.

She then threw on a coat and left the room. In the dining room downstairs, Blake was savoring his breakfast.

Chapter 204 Not Lennon?

Cherise descended the stairs to find Blake waiting for her, and he greeted her, "Good morning. Cherry!"

Cherise tightened her lips and replied. "Stop calling me that!"

She gave her forehead a little smack, mumbling to herself that it wasn't the time to dwell on it

NOW,

She dashed downstairs, took Blake's hand, and pulled him towards the exit. "Stop eating, let's go now!"

"When we get out of here, I'll treat you to something better!"

Blake appeared puzzled. "Why the rush? I've only had a few bites; I'm not done eating yet!"

Cherise pressed her lips together, unable to explain at the moment. "We need to get out of here now."

"Hey, what's the hurry to leave?" Lennon came out of his room and overheard Cherise's conversation.

Cherise, still holding Blake's hand, hesitated for a moment. "Why are you here?"

If Lennon was here, then who was it in the room upstairs?

Lennon yawned. "This is my own house. Where else would I be?"

"Both of you have taken over my master bedroom, and now you want to kick me out?"

Cherise was thoroughly puzzled. What did he mean by both of us had taken over his master bedroom? Both of us? Me and who??

As Cherise came downstairs alone, Lennon looked at her and asked, "Why did you come down alone? Where's Damien?"

A sense of unease crept over Cherise, and just then, they heard a door opening upstairs. Cherise instinctively shifted her gaze toward the stairs.

A striking man in sleek black attire descended the staircase. He carried an air of sophistication and confidence, moving with a grace that turned heads.

His face, previously concealed beneath black silk, was now exposed, revealing his eyes that added a layer of rebellion to his demeanor.

Cherise was momentarily stunned, her eyes locked on him. Then it hit her like a ton of bricks- the guy she'd been sharing a bed with last night? That wasn't Lennon; it was Damien'

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A sense of relief washed through her. She had just freaked out a minute ago, thinking she had slept with Lennon last night.

She thought about running to Damien and hugging him for a moment. However, the memories of the previous night at Lenoir's Manor flooded her mind, and Cherise chose not to.

Meanwhile, Lennon, cool as a cucumber, leaning against the door frame, raised an eyebrow and said to Damien. "If you don't hurry up, they might just bail on you."

All suave and debonair, Damien strolled down the stairs, making a beeline for the dining table. "Let's grab some grub before we hit the road."

Cherise pursed her lips and kept quiet. Instead, she gave Lennon a look and said. "I'm not hungry. I'm off to school."

With that, she dashed to the door to slip on her shoes. By the entrance, she noticed two pairs of sneakers. Her white canvas sneakers from the night before were trashed from all that rain. Next to them was another pair of canvas sneakers, not brand new, but the ones she'd scribbled on herself.

Wait! Did Damien notice my sneakers were ruined and brought me a new pair?

Cherise mused, her eyes glued to him. She locked eyes with Damien, who casually enjoyed breakfast at the dining table.

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Chapter 205 Thank You

Their eyes met, and he gave her a slight smile. Cherise felt a little rush, quickly shifting her gaze away.

Sitting at the dining table, Damien mentioned, "This place is nothing like Lenoir Manor; it's pretty remote, with no public transport around and hardly any cabs." He continued, "come join. me for breakfast. I'll give you a lift afterward."

Cherise pursed her lips and didn't intend to pay him much attention. "Even if there are few taxis, I'll wait by the roadside, and I'm sure I'll eventually catch one!"

Damien chuckled, "But your backpack is in my car."

Cherise was taken aback. She shot him a glare. "Don't think I can't go to school just because I don't have my backpack!"

Trying to make things right with me this way without explaining the situation and an apology? Not a chance!

“Fine, you can go to school without a backpack.

“While I don’t just have your backpack in the car, I also have your textbooks, class notes for today, and the holiday homework you’ve been asked to hand in today.”

This time, Cherise was left with no choice.

Lennon quietly gave Damien a thumbs-up. This guy is incredibly thorough and thick-skinned!

Cherise pursed her lips, feeling somewhat resigned. She made her way back to the dining table to finish her breakfast. After noticing her slightly messy hair, Damien said. “You might want to brush. your teeth, wash your face, and tie up your hair.”

Cherise was puzzled by his sudden instructions. It dawned on her that she had woken up in a bit of a panic, thinking she had slept the night with Lennon after a round of drinks, so she hurried out without freshening up!

Cherise’s face flushed as she hurried to the bathroom.

Lennon couldn’t help but admire Damien. “So, I heard your Cherry has been playing the active role of a caregiver to you?”

How did the roles get reversed? Seems like she’s the one getting taken care of now, and the typically proud Damien is... like a father taking care of the child.

Damien raised an eyebrow at him. “Don’t you have anyone looking out for you?”

Lennon was taken aback. Why single out the single folks?

Dejected, Lennon briefly embraced Blake, his fellow single comrade who was busy eating. "I can take care of Blake!"

The young man widened his eyes and fought to escape. "No thanks!"

Lennon was left momentarily speechless.

After freshening up, Cherise emerged from the bathroom. The other three were already seated at the dining table, leaving an empty spot across from Damien, which she reluctantly occupied

The man across from her slid a plate of food in her direction. "Dig in while it's still hot."

Cherise shot him a glance, but she wasn't about to forgive him just because he was being thoughtful. Nevertheless, she hadn't eaten much the previous night and had been hungry.

As she tasted the food, it turned out to be genuinely delicious.

After breakfast, Damien gave Cherise a ride to school. He hadn't lied; he had her backpack, textbooks, classroom notes for the day, and the holiday homework she needed to submit to her teacher.

"Thanks," she said, a small smile showing her appreciation.

He chuckled. "No need to thank me."

With that, Damien started the car. But as they pulled away, Cherise raised an eyebrow.

"Are you sure it's safe to drive me to school like this?"

Wouldn't someone notice?

Even though Damien had been candid about his perfect eyesight with her, it wasn't a given that everyone else would know he wasn't blind, right?

Besides, Lennon had told her that Damien had his share of enemies, and he'd been feigning blindness as a tactic to fool them. So, wouldn't it raise eyebrows if others saw him driving so casually?

Chapter 206 Afraid You'd Feel Awkward

"Taking my wife to school is perfectly acceptable," the man said in his deep voice. "as for the matter of my eyes..."

"Last night, I had Jacob issue a statement," he continued, "explaining that my eyes were healed during the time I spent in the countryside."

Jacob had devised a more comprehensive, flawless plan for the announcement. Initially, that was the plan he had intended to go with. After all, Jacob had already arranged for overseas ophthalmologists to participate in the charade.

But after what Cherise had put him through last night, he wasn't willing to wait, not even for a week.

If someone like Ian could figure out the truth about his eyes, it was only a matter of time before Raymond and the others did, too..

Instead of waiting for them to catch on, Damien decided to reveal the truth himself because, at this juncture, no one in the Lenoir family had the means to threaten him.

Cherise pursed her lips and responded, "Oh."

She felt somewhat let down. She hadn't even given Damien a chance to explain, and he had already made this matter public. And she had only learned the secret less than twenty-four hours ago, and it was no longer a secret.

Soon, they arrived at the school. Cherise exited the car, carrying her backpack as she entered the campus.

"Hey, Cherry, I heard your husband's eyes were cured by the doctor in your hometown."

During lunch, Lucy sat across from her, grinning slyly. "So, the handsome blind man isn't blind anymore. You must be thrilled, right?"

"That doctor from your hometown seems talented. Why don't we invite him to our school as a lecturer?"

"Your husband was blind for over ten years, and now he can see again!"

Cherise couldn't help but pursed her lips. This topic never failed to put her in a bad mood. She toyed with her food, poking at it with her fork as she replied, "It's not about the doctor. In fact, he didn't lose his sight in the first place."

Lucy blinked in surprise. Lowering her voice, she asked, "Huh? Your husband... How could he not have been blind?"

"But he really wasn't blind," Cherise sniffled. "I only found out about this last night."

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Lucy hesitated for a moment. "So... He kept this a secret from everyone, including you?"

"It's not that he kept it from everyone," Cherise said with a bitter smile. "the person we saw at the Viopril Palace last time, Violet, knew the truth."

"I was the only one in the dark about the truth."

Lucy pursed her lips, gazing at Cherise's sad eyes and her forlorn expression. "I think... In Damien's heart, you're definitely more important than Violet."

"Violet has been in a coma for so long, and Damien hasn't even gone to see her!"

"Doesn't that indicate he doesn't care about Violet?"

"But..."

The more Cherise spoke, the more distressed she felt. "If Violet isn't significant, why did she know secrets hidden from me?"

"I also know that he started pretending over ten years ago. He couldn't have told me the truth when we first met.

"But we've been married for so long. We've shared everything and should know the kind of person I am. Why wouldn't he tell me?" Cherise exclaimed. "If I hadn't revealed the truth last night, how long did he plan to keep lying to me?"

Lucy furrowed her brow. "Maybe... it's just awkward for him to say?"

Cherise pursed her lips. "What could be so awkward?"

Lucy cleared her throat and continued, "Because... he was afraid you'd feel awkward."

Cherise gave her a stern look. "Why would I feel awkward?"

Lucy responded, "You would."

She gazed into Cherise's innocent gaze and began marking dates on her phone's calendar.

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Chapter 207 Don't Flunk Your Physical Education Class Again

"Remember on your wedding night, you watched a woman-on-top video with him right there, Lucy teased.

Cherise blushed, "Hey, it was all your silly ideal"

Lucy countered. "But didn't you entice him with all those subtle moves when he was still pretending to be blind? How many times did you change clothes right in front of him without a second thought?"

Cherise hesitated and mumbled, "I suppose you have a point."

She realized she had been oblivious to his presence because she thought he was blind. Now, looking back...

Lucy rolled her eyes, "If I were Damien, I wouldn't dare casually reveal that I can see again. That would be too uncomfortable."

Cherise sighed, "You're probably right."

Just as Cherise began to feel self-conscious, a commotion erupted in the cafeteria.

She quickly turned her head, pretending to be distracted by the disturbance, to avoid Lucy's teasing.

However, when Cherise turned toward the commotion, she saw a man surrounded by onlookers, and he was approaching her with confidence.

Damien looked different today. Unlike his usual attire, he sported jeans and a white T-shirt paired with canvas shoes; his casual outfit matched Cherise's. Overall, he looked handsome, young, and charming.

The man approached Lucy and casually said, "Mind if I join you? I'd like to have lunch with my wife."

Lucy was momentarily stunned but instinctively stood up, offering her seat to Damien.

He gracefully took the seat, and Blake swiftly cleared Lucy's unfinished meal, replacing it with a freshly prepared student lunch in front of Damien.

Cherise pursed her lips, set her chopsticks down, and remarked, "Lulu, I'm full"

She attempted to leave, but Blake blocked her way.

Damien raised an eyebrow. "You haven't finished your food."

Cherise responded, "True, I haven't eaten much, but I'd rather not eat with you."

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She didn't want to sit with Damien as it brought back memories of their recent argument, especially after Lucy mentioned the awkward things she had done in front of him, which he could probably have witnessed all along.

The thought of Damien watching that video on their wedding night stirred a mixture of embarrassment and anger. She even contemplated grabbing the two eggs on the table and smashing them on his head to vent her frustration.

Damien remained calm, saying, "You have a physical education class this afternoon, and you'll need energy for the 800-meter run, no?"

Cherise lowered her head, her gaze fixed on the golden-brown chicken leg in her bowl, making her mouth water.

She had two full morning classes without a break and was genuinely starving. Plus, the chicken was from the most popular stall in the cafeteria; it was a rare treat for her.

Sitting next to them, Lucy raised her plate and signaled to Cherise with her eyes, silently urging her to stay and eat.

"Remember, you nearly flunked PE last semester. Have you forgotten?" Lucy reminded her, emphasizing the importance of eating to have the energy for the afternoon's physical education

test.

Chapter 208 Reversed Role

Cherise hesitated for a moment but ultimately decided to stay seated.

She realized that Damien's striking appearance had drawn the attention of onlookers, and leaving now might fuel gossip about the state of her marriage.

With an awkward smile, Cherise picked up her fork and ate.

Initially, she was worried that Damien might create another scene.

However, the irresistible scent of the chicken leg proved too tempting to ignore. After a few bites, Cherise couldn't help but pick it up and start gnawing on it.

Cherise recalled what her uncle had once told her about eating chicken legs, emphasizing the joy of gnawing through them. His advice resonated with her, and Cherise fully embraced it in her actions.

On the other hand, Damien observed her with a faint smile, taking in the sight of a girl who radiated purity and simplicity.

Despite her initial anger, it was evident that Cherise was thoroughly enjoying the chicken leg.

If it had been any other girl with a penchant for drama, she might not have considered sitting down to eat with him in such a situation.

Cherise's simplicity and Damien's low emotional intelligence, this odd and quirky pair, made them an unexpectedly perfect match.

"Open your mouth," Damien's deep voice interrupted her thoughts.

Cherise was in the middle of a hearty bite, so she instinctively stopped chewing, lifted her head, and opened her mouth.

Damien held a piece of spinach, which he placed directly into her mouth. "Don't just eat the meat; it's too greasy,"

Cherise hummed in agreement as she chewed on the spinach. However, she soon felt something was off and shot him a disapproving look. "I don't need you to manage my food choices."

Damien smiled and retorted, "Oh, really? I distinctly remember you, Mrs. Lenoir, suggesting I feed you in the school cafeteria."

Cherise's face instantly turned red, and she stammered, "I... I mean..."

Lucy was already laughing so hard that her head was on the table.

Cherise had always been a bit of an airhead, and Lucy wasn't surprised that she would say that!

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Cherise's face reddened even more as Lucy continued to laugh. She bit her lip and attempted to explain. "Lulu, look, I..."

When she first made that suggestion, it was all in good fun, her way of teasing Damien, hoping to spark his motivation to get his eyes treated. She never thought it would turn into ammunition for him to tease her.

Feeling flustered, she lowered her head and nibbled on her chicken leg

Cherise finished the chicken leg and reached for a tissue to clean her hands. Before she could do so, Damien extended his hand, holding a tissue. "Look up," he said.

Her reflexes made her raise her head, and Damien's well-defined knuckles held a tissue, meticulously wiping away the grease stains on her face.

"Give me your hand," he said, extending his hand. Cherise obediently placed her hand in his.

In silence, he cleaned her hand.

Damien's severe and focused expression only added to his handsomeness, momentarily captivating Cherise. However, she suddenly realized she shouldn't get too enchanted by his tenderness or looks.

She quickly pulled her hand away and said, "I can do it myself."

Damien stubbornly held her hand, gently pulling it back, and continued carefully cleaning. "I thought you'd be upset after finding out I'm not disabled. You took care of me for so long, and it's my turn to take care of you now. So, don't you want the same care and effort you put into me?"

His faint smile stirred Cherise's emotions. She realized Damien might have a point as she contemplated what he said.

She had cared for him under the impression that he was genuinely disabled for quite a while. Now that he looked after her, why did it feel so awkward?

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Chapter 209 Take Good Care of Cherry

Cherise remembered when Damien pretended to be blind and allowed her to feed him. It was a memory free of awkwardness, and it comforted her as Damien cleaned her hands. She held her head high, feeling at ease with the situation.

Lucy sat on the side, observing the scene with a hint of astonishment. Damien... he was

surprisingly persuasive. With just a few words, he managed to convince Cherise, someone prone to overthinking.

After they finished their meal, Cherise and Lucy strolled around the school together. Damien and Blake followed closely behind.

Lucy, a bit taken aback, turned to Damien, who had been holding an umbrella for Cherise throughout. "Um, Mr. Lenoir, aren't you tired?"

A wealthy man who had always been on the receiving end of care now willingly held an umbrella for Cherise?!

Damien responded with a faint smile, "Not at all."

"But," he glanced at Lucy, "didn't you drink much water in the cafeteria just now?"

Lucy paused for a moment. "Oh, right, I did drink a lot of water!"

She finally facepalmed. "Cherry, I need to use the restroom!"

With that, she hurried off in the direction of the restroom. "It might take me a while! Don't wait

for me!"

"Ah..." Cherise watched Lucy's retreating figure and couldn't help but mutter that she wasn't very considerate. With Lucy gone, she and Damien were the only ones left.

Suddenly, her gaze landed on the boy in navy blue standing nearby. Fortunately, Blake was still here. If he had gone too, that would have been indeed...

"Blake."

"Hmm?"

"You said you wanted to go play, right? Go ahead."

"Okay."

Cherise couldn't stop him as Blake quickly left, just like Lucy. She sighed, realizing it was now just her and Damien.

Feeling somewhat annoyed, she walked ahead with Damien following behind, holding an umbrella.

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“Cherry!”

From a distance, her seniors from the same department greeted Cherise. “Is that your boyfriend? How lovely to stroll together, huh?”

In this awkward situation, Cherise just wanted to avoid unwelcome prying. Her face turned crimson as she stuttered, “N-no...”

The senior student didn’t get her drift, and her gaze kept drifting over to Damien. “Well, your boyfriend’s quite cute. Where did you two meet?”

Cherise’s face got even redder. “Uh...”

Explaining her situation was a real puzzle. Before Damien showed up, most people thought she was single, with just a few in the know about her marital status. With Damien around, she couldn’t dodge all the suggestive glances.

“Alright, I won’t tease you anymore,” the senior student said, recognizing Cherise’s personality. But when she got to Damien, she couldn’t help herself, “hey, handsome, tell me, what do you like about our Cherry?”

“Everything,” Damien uttered in a voice rich with affection.

The seasoned senior understood the depth of Damien’s feelings for Cherise but kept her smile intact. She advised. “Take good care of our Cherry; she’s too innocent.”

Damien nodded with a smile. “I will.”

Cherise didn’t utter a word the entire time.

When the girl finally left, Cherise swiftly snatched the sticky note from his hand and shoved it into her pocket, all the while shooting a stern look at Damien. "Do not contact her!"

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Chapter 210 He Won't

Word was, this senior had a knack for stealing other girls' boyfriends. When Cherise was flying solo, she didn't give it a second thought. But now, just seeing her around made Cherise all jittery and uneasy.

Damien chuckled softly. "I'm not interested in her," he said. Then he reached out, gently lifting Cherise's chin like he was about to plant a kiss. "I'm all about you."

Cherise instinctively blocked her own lips with her hand. "Shh!"

Instead of backing off, Damien planted a soft kiss on the back of her hand. Cherise rolled her eyes and lowered her hand, blushing. "How rude!"

"Guilty as charged. But hey, kissing my own wife can't be that bad."

Cherise raised an eyebrow. True, though I'm your wife, you should save those kisses for someone

you trust."

With an eye-roll, Cherise turned and kept walking. Damien followed, still holding the umbrella.

But this man was too eye-catching. Cherise had only wanted a leisurely post-lunch walk. With Damien tailing and sheltering her with an umbrella, it was as if she were a royal figure in a parade. All eyes were on them!

In the end, Cherise decided to head towards the gym. Damien was correct; there was a PE class in the afternoon, and the teacher had warned them about an 800-meter run.

Despite her countryside upbringing, Cherise didn't have the athletic genes. She barely scraped through each PE test.

While going from the plaza to the gym, Cherise and Damien ran into three more senior girls who seemed to be smitten by Damien.

Meanwhile, a swarm of students approached Cherise, and in greeting her, they extended their warm regards to Damien.

Cherise was dumbfounded by the sheer number of girls who seemed interested in Damien.

As they reached the gym, she turned to the man who had unintentionally attracted so much attention. "The physical education class is starting in half an hour."

She added, "I've got to attend the class, and you should be off to work or back home. Please don't follow me."

Cherise walked toward the gym, took a few steps, and glanced back hesitantly. The man stood elegantly at the door, not intending to follow.

She breathed a sigh of relief and went into the

gym.

1/2

Lucy was already seated on the lawn when Cherise arrived. Spotting her, Lucy waved her over. "Here!"

Cherise, utterly exhausted, hurried over and plopped down next to Lucy, savoring the fresh scent of the grass. "I never knew the girls at our school were so forward when it comes to guys."

Despite being the rightful wife, they openly approached Damien and gave him little notes.

Lucy burst into laughter. "You're just realizing this now?"

"Don't say I didn't warn you. Attractive guys like him these days tend to have women swooning over him!"

She teased Cherise with a playful smirk. "If you keep up this standoff with Damien, he might just respond to one of those girls!"

Cherise rolled her eyes. "He won't."

"How can you be so sure he won't?"

Cherise pursed her lips, contemplating. "He's not interested in those kinds of girls."

Lucy couldn't help but burst into laughter. "Alright, spill it. What kind of girls does he fancy? Someone like you?"

Cherise nodded, "Yeah, probably someone like me."

Lucy chuckled, "Well, well. Look at you, all confident in your allure now!"

Cherise pondered momentarily, "It's just that the way he glances at other girls is not the same as how he looks at me."