

## Marrying the Man in the Dark (Damien and Cherise)

### Chapter 26-30

#### Chapter 26 A Burden

Cherise's figure trembled slightly. She subconsciously turned to glance at Damien next to her.

The man **was** still leaning back in his chair like before. He hadn't moved.

She took a deep breath and picked up the pen to write her reply. 'Of course, he isn't mute. He speaks!'

'So why isn't he saying anything?'

Cherise wrinkled her brows as she looked at what Lucy had written.

*That's right. Why isn't he saying anything?*

Since Blake had pushed him to the school's back door, he didn't seem to have said anything until

now.

She bit her lips and racked her brains before she sighed. 'Damien must be angry.'

'Why is he angry?'

'Perhaps he feels like he married a burden.'

Perhaps when Damien married her, he never thought her family would be so complicated.

Not only did she have aunts who wanted money from her uncle, but she also had a shameless cousin like Nicky.

'A burden?'

Lucy was confused at the word Cherise used.

‘Wealthy people don’t like troublesome people. My relatives are very troublesome.

Cherise sighed deeply. She suddenly felt that the pen in her hands was slightly heavy.

After a long time, she wrote down her worst thought. ‘Perhaps he’s already planning to divorce

me.’

Women had boundless imaginations.

The man, whose eyes were covered by black silk, leaned back in his chair and shook his head subtly. A trace of a smile was in the corners of his lips.

The car quickly arrived at an intersection near Lucy’s house.

“I can get down here.”

Lucy said to Mr. Kolson before patting Cherise’s shoulder gently. “Don’t think of the worst.”

After she left, Cherise leaned in her chair and was lost in thought as she watched the landscape outside the window sweep past continuously.

Don’t think *of* the worst.

She wasn’t thinking of the worst now. It was the reality.

“Has your cousin always treated you like this?”

The man’s deep voice rang softly in her ears when she was lost in thought.

Cherise was startled and turned. The man, whose eyes were covered with black silk, was still in his previous posture as he leaned back. A thoughtful expression was on his face.

She pursed her lips. “I’m thinking about what to eat for dinner.”

A relaxed smile was on the corners of the man’s lips. “Have you decided?”

Her mind was restless, and she wanted him to stop asking her. “Not... yet.

“Let’s eat out for a change. I happen to want something different today.”

After that, the man spoke indifferently to Mr. Kolson, who was driving. “To Garden Paradise.”

Mr. Kolson was slightly taken aback. “Are you sure, Mr. Lenoir?”

“Yes. Tell Blake to get ready.”

“Alright.”

Their conversation left Cherise baffled.

They were just going out for a meal. Why did it sound so serious?

What did Blake have to prepare?

Thirty minutes later, Cherise and Damien arrived at the so-called Garden Paradise. She finally understood why Mr. Kolson had reacted that way.

The so-called Garden Paradise wasn’t a restaurant. It was the rooftop of a hotel.

The hotel was over thirty floors high. It wasn’t tall or short but showcased Mondale’s evening

scenery.

The rooftop’s security measures were comprehensive. It was also decorated gorgeously, but only one table was there.

Mr. Kolson pushed Damien to the table, and Cherise sat across from him.

A waiter walked up to them. “Mr. Lenoir, would you like the usual course?”

Chapter 27 My Woman

Chapter 27 My Woman

“Yes, the usual.”

The waiter nodded and left.

The table was soon filled with various delicacies that Cherise had never seen.

Upon seeing the curious gaze in her eyes as she looked at the food, Damien said nonchalantly “Let’s eat.”

Cherise nodded. She picked up her utensils and started eating.

She hadn’t eaten lunch because of what had happened in the morning with Mary. Her stomach **was** rumbling with hunger after so many hours.

She suddenly thought of something when they were almost done with their meal. She looked up at Damien. “Where’s Blake?”

*Didn’t he ask Blake to do something? Why don’t I see Blake at all?*

Mr. Kolson, who was at the side, looked at the time. “He’s late. He’ll reach in a minute.”

Cherise acknowledged it and didn’t overthink it. She looked down and continued eating.

She knew Blake was arriving soon but never thought he wouldn’t be alone.

The young boy dressed in white sportswear slowly walked up the stairs.

He was dragging a long iron chain in his hands.

The other end of the iron chain was fastened tightly to a man’s hands.

The man behind Blake was covered in blood and couldn’t stand up. He drooped on the ground weakly, and his pants were tattered from being dragged. His flesh was exposed, and it was dripping with blood.

‘Clang. The cutlery in Cherise’s hands fell to the ground.

She was rendered speechless from astonishment at the scene before her.

The man before her gracefully took another set of utensils and gave it to her. “Are you full?”

Cherise held her cutlery stiffly. She couldn’t move her eyes away from the man behind Blake.

“Traffic was bad.”

Blake tugged on the iron chain viciously. The man behind him fell in response.

Cherise finally saw clearly the face of the man that Blake was pulling.

It was as though the air was knocked out of her.

“Nicky!”

“Cherry.”

Nicky looked up. The wound on his head was bleeding, and blood flowed to his face. He looked at Cherise, and his voice was hoarse. “I’m sorry. I won’t harass you in the future.”

“I beg you to let me go...”

Cherise gritted her teeth viciously.

For a moment, she didn’t know if she should help Nicky plead for mercy.

On the one hand, she abhorred Nicky. Everything he had done to her all these years disgusted her greatly.

On the other hand, Nicky was Grandma’s biological grandson and Uncle Shaw’s biological nephew. Was she really going to stand by and watch?

“She isn’t the one you should beg.”

The man in the wheelchair reached out his large and slender hands to hold his utensils. He calmly ate the celery before him. “I sent someone to teach you a lesson and bring you here.”

“She can’t change my mind or determine whether you live or die.”

Nicky gritted his teeth. The pain had started to distort his expressions. “Mister, I know what I said might have offended you, but you don’t hold grudges, right?”

“I do.”

Damien laughed indifferently. He picked up his red wine and sipped it. “I heard *that* you’ve tormented my woman many times.”

Nicky was taken aback. “Your woman?”

“Cherise Shaw.”

It was as though Nicky **was** struck by lightning. He couldn’t move.

Cherise was a scrawny and petite country bumpkin. How did she get to know someone of such

stature?

And she was even with him...

Nicky subconsciously sized up the man **whose** eyes were covered with silk ribbon. “You....”

“According to your seniority in the family, perhaps I should be more polite to you.”

A bleak and cold smile was on the corners of Damien’s lips. “But I don’t want to.”

Chapter 28 Don’t You Hate Him?

Nicky was covered **in** blood, and he immediately shook his head. “It’s alright. You don’t have to. I don’t deserve it.”

“I’m glad you know it.”

The man raised his red wine indifferently and sipped it. “Tell me what you did to Cherise in the past.”

Nicky was startled. He subconsciously turned to look at Cherise standing at one side. “I...”

Cherise stood on the spot, and her hands were tightly clasped. She was utterly at a loss.

“I took advantage of Cherise in the past and almost...”

Blake, wearing white sportswear, furrowed his brows and stomped on Nicky viciously. "Spit it out!"

"When Cherise was a freshman in high school, I took advantage of the fact that she was alone in Uncle Shaw's house, so I..."

"That's enough!"

Cherise interrupted fiercely before Nicky could finish speaking.

She turned to look at Damien. "What on earth are you doing?"

He acted like he was standing up for her by turning Nicky into such a state, then made Nicky personally describe how he had harassed her back then?

"It seems like you were very hurt by it."

Damien yawned and waved at Blake. "There's no need to continue."

Blake nodded and pulled the iron chain. He dragged Nicky to the other end of the rooftop.

Only then did Cherise notice that the rooftop's edge had no protective measures.

At that moment, Blake had pulled Nicky to the dangerous edge.

"With Blake's temper, he'll kick Nicky down in one minute."

Damien sipped his red wine calmly. "Tell me if you're bullied in the future!"

Cherise felt her blood run cold.

She glanced at Damien and peeked at Blake, who was dragging Nicky to the edge. "I never wanted Nicky to die!"

After that, she disregarded everything and ran to Blake. She reached out to pull the iron chain in Blake's hand in the other direction. "You have no right to decide a person's life and death!"

They were thirty floors from the ground. No one could survive after falling from such a height!

The man in the wheelchair still spoke indifferently. “Don’t you hate him?”

He had clearly seen the hatred in her eyes for Nicky when they were at the school’s back door.

He had promised he wouldn’t let her feel aggrieved again and wanted to keep that promise.

“Even if I hate him, I don’t want him to die!”

Cherise pursed her lips and turned to look at the man behind her. “No matter what, he’s my aunt’s son. Even if I hate him, I won’t let him die!”

“That’s right. I won’t take advantage of Cherry in the future. Save me...”

Upon seeing Cherise help him plead for mercy, Nicky immediately crawled to the railing. “After this, I’ll be well-behaved...”

Damien furrowed his brows slightly and put down the wine glass in his hands. His voice was somewhat restless. “Blake, let Nicky go.”

After that, he waved at Mr. Kolson, who went forward to push him away.

As the doors to the rooftop shut, only Cherise, Blake, and Nicky were left on the rooftop.

Blake pursed his lips and threw the iron chain restraining Nicky to one side. He mumbled, “How dull,” before he left.

Nicky frantically crawled to the middle of the rooftop. He glared at Cherise, who was staring blankly at one side. “What are you staring at? Come and undo the chain!”

After Damien left, Nicky’s voice immediately turned into the old Nicky who harassed Cherise.

Cherise **was** still startled from almost seeing someone die and had yet to return to her senses. She obediently went to free Nicky when she heard him shout at her.



But little did she imagine that when the iron chain was undone, Nicky turned over and pushed her to the ground. He grabbed her neck. "You're amazing, you despicable wench. You found someone to mess

## Chapter 29 Why Did You Come Back?

Cherise never imagined that the person she had saved at the expense of offending Damien would turn around and press her against the ground.

Her throat was viciously choked. She wanted to struggle but couldn't find the strength at all.

"Wench! If I knew you were so vengeful, I would have taken advantage of you back then! Perhaps you wouldn't have looked for a man outside to harm me!"

Nicky grew angrier as he spoke, and he exerted more force.

Cherise was pinned under him and couldn't even make a noise to shout for help.

In the end, her vision started to get fuzzy.

As everything started to get hazy, she had a thought. If she died, was it Damien's fault or her fault?

She wanted to spare Nicky's life since they were relatives, but she never thought he would be so ungrateful.

Just as Cherise thought she would die, a navy blue dart landed firmly on Nicky's hand.

At the next moment, a whip was flicked from the direction of the rooftop's doors. It hit Nicky, and he lay on the ground howling.

After escaping Nicky's control, Cherise turned over and covered her neck as she coughed incessantly.

Her throat felt uncomfortable, as though something had crushed it flat..

"Are you alright?"

After a long time, a large and slender hand reached out to her.

She **was** slightly taken aback as she looked up.

The glow of the sunset shone from his left. Half his face was gilded.

At that moment, his face, which was covered with black silk, immediately emanated an alluring radiance.

Cherise looked at him and stopped coughing. "Why did you come back?"

Her voice was awfully hoarse.

Damien reached out to grab her arm and pulled her into his arms.

The man had a chilly air around him, making her slightly dizzy.

"Of course, I wouldn't have left you here alone."

Cherise was startled. "So you expected that he would do something to me?"

"Not really."

The man glanced indifferently at Nicky at the side, whom Blake had tied up again. "Since you wanted to give him a chance, I gave him one."

"If he was grateful to you after we left, I naturally wouldn't have made things difficult for him."

"It's a shame..."

As the man spoke, Blake kicked Nicky violently.

Nicky lay on the ground and let out a howl before he ultimately fainted.

"Weak."

Blake kicked Nicky a few times and saw that Nicky had stopped moving, so Blake used his leg to check. "He's fainted."

Cherise pursed her lips. *Anyone would faint after getting beaten up like this, right?*

She couldn't help but ask Damien, "What's going to happen to Nicky now? Are you still going to kill him?"

"Not exactly.

The man reached out and gently caressed her tender lips. "But since he has the nerve to have such thoughts about you, I'll destroy this desire for good."

Cherise was slightly astonished. She didn't quite understand what Damien meant. "How are you going to destroy it for good?"

Damien was visibly taken aback by her question.

He reached out to stroke her hair as he explained.

After that, he hugged her with one hand and started to wheel them away with the other.

She felt embarrassed at such a posture and struggled for a long time before breaking free.

She wiped her flushed cheeks. "I'll push you."

The man in the wheelchair smiled indifferently, "You must get used to such a life since your husband is disabled. This will happen when we're intimate."

Chapter 30 Shouldn't Family Members Help Each Other?

Cherise shook her head. She pushed him to the elevator and said earnestly, "We can be intimate at home. We don't have to do this..."

"For example?"

"Like on **the** couch, and... in bed, and..."

The man scratched his lips indifferently. "You can be on top too."

Cherise was dumbstruck.

Perhaps it was easier to feel sleepy on a full stomach. On the way to Lenoir Manor from Garden Paradise, Cherise leaned back in the genuine leather seat and fell asleep in a daze.

A sharp ringtone awoke her from her dreams after some time.

She reached out for her cell phone, half-conscious, and answered. "Hello....."

"Cherise, it's Aunt Eriana."

Eriana's insincere voice rang on the other end. "I'm in Adania Hospital now. Your cousin **got** into a fight and is severely injured. I didn't bring any money. Can you..."

"No."

Cherise took a deep breath, and her voice instantly hardened. She said coldly, "Aunt Eriana, you should know I'm still studying and don't have much money."

On the other end, Eriana laughed. "I know you don't have much money, but aren't you married now?"

"The blind man at home... No, your husband..."

"His money belongs to him. It's not mine."

Cherise was wide awake from the woman's voice on the other end of the phone. She crawled out of bed and realized she was lying in the large bed in her and Damien's room.

... Did *I fall asleep and sleepwalk back to the bedroom?*

"Cherise?"

Eriana spoke for a long time on the other end of the phone and shouted in displeasure when she was greeted with silence. "Cherise, I don't often call you or ask for help, but you're acting like this?"

"Shouldn't family members help each other? We helped you a lot back when you were in the countryside, right?"

Cherise's heart gradually turned cold as she held her cell phone.

It would have been better for Eriana not to mention what had happened in the past because Cherise couldn't muster any sympathy for her when she did.

When Cherise was in school, she wanted to help her uncle and aunt save money, so she ran to Eriana's house to borrow Nicky's old textbooks. In the end, Eriana had shamed her, and she had helped to do a week's worth of farm work before Eriana was willing to lend her Nicky's old textbooks.

She remembered how Eriana had shamed her back then. Still, Eriana was now saying that family members should help each other?

Cherise held her breath and hung up.

But how could Eriana be prepared to let it go?

Eriana called her multiple times, disturbing Cherise so much that she was no longer feeling sleepy.

She turned her cell phone off and went downstairs to make herself a glass of warm milk.

While heating the milk, she thought Damien might still be awake, so she made him a glass.

Three minutes later, she carried two glasses of milk upstairs with a tray. She heard Blake and Damien's conversation inside when she passed the study room.

"You've improved a lot, but you're not using enough strength. Did you see clearly the darts I threw today?"

Blake's voice was still stifled as usual. "No. It was too quick."

"Of course, it has to be quick. Otherwise, others will see you making a move. Then, how can you catch them off guard?"

"I'll work harder."

Cherise was confused when she heard it as she carried the milk.

She didn't expect Blake to be around, so she had only prepared two glasses for herself and Damien.

As she pondered if she should make another glass, Mr. Kolson's voice rang from behind. "Mrs.

Lenoir.”

The sudden voice made Cherise lose her balance slightly. She almost spilled the milk.