

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

### **Chapter 31-35**

#### Chapter 31 Who Am I To You?

Thankfully, she had experience working in a café. Ultimately, disaster was averted.

When she came to her senses, the study room door was opened. Blake looked at Cherise with his guard up. "Why are you here?"

When faced with Blake's question, Cherise didn't know how to answer for a moment.

After a long time, she told them why she had come over with a strained voice. "I came to offer you milk..."

She hadn't deliberately eavesdropped.

Even though she didn't understand what they were saying.

"Come in."

The man's stoic voice rang in the room.

It was as though Cherise was let off the hook. She immediately carried the milk into the room and put the tray on the table. "I went down to make warm milk. I thought you might still be awake, so..."

"Why did you suddenly wake up?"

The man in the wheelchair with his back facing her didn't seem interested in why she had appeared.

Cherise was stumped for words. She coughed lightly. "I just... woke up.

"Your relative called you, right?"

Since Nicky was injured, with how shameless her relatives were, it wasn't strange for them to call her and ask for money at this time.

“Mm...”

Cherise silently clasped her hands together. “How did you know...”

She didn’t even tell Lucy she had received a call from her relative.

“Not everyone is as dumb as you are.”

The man sighed apathetically and turned around.

At this time, Cherise noticed that Damien had changed into a loose, black silk outfit. It didn’t look like pajamas. **It** seemed like an outfit she had seen Lucy put on previously for wrestling.

Her features were slightly distorted because she was surprised.

*He’s blind, and it’s late, but he’s sitting in the wheelchair in his wrestling outfit?*

He naturally felt her astonished gaze but didn’t plan on explaining. “What did you promise them?”

He wheeled himself over, picked up the milk, and sipped it. “How much did they want?”

“I don’t know.”

Cherise pursed her lips. “I don’t have money to lend them, so I didn’t ask how much they needed...”

A trace of a smile was in the corners of Damien’s lips.

“I’m already endlessly grateful you’re paying for my grandmother’s medical fees.”

Cherise looked at him and spoke earnestly. “They treat me poorly. There’s no need for me to owe you another favor to help them.”

Damien’s hand that was holding the glass froze slightly.

“Do you think you’ll owe me a favor if I help you?”

The woman in pajamas nodded earnestly. “I already owe you a huge favor.”

Through the black silk ribbon, Damien looked up at her with his deep eyes.

“Who am I to you?”

Cherise pursed her lips. “You’re my benefactor.”

“That’s all?”

“And my husband.”

“What else?”

The woman’s black eyes turned. “I can’t think of anything else.”

It had been less than a week since she was acquainted with Damien and married him. They didn’t know each other very well, and she couldn’t think of any other relationship they had.

“And the person you’ll spend the rest of your life with.”

Damien looked at her and said solemnly.

Upon realizing their conversation was becoming more serious, Mr. Kolson immediately signaled

Blake to leave.

The study room’s door shut.

Cherise looked at Damien with flushed checks. “Mm.”

“Cherise.”

The man’s deep voice was also slightly solemn. “There’s no such thing as owing each other favors between husband and wife.”

She nodded. “Oh... I won’t say that in the future.”

Damien massaged the bridge of his nose. “You can’t say **it** or think that way.”

“But I owe you an enormous favor. If I don’t think about it this way, how should I think about it?”

But I owe you an enormous favor. If I don’t think about it this way, how should I think about it?”

## Chapter 32 You Can Bear Me A Child

Damien’s lips curved into a smile when he saw her foolish and silly expression. “You can return the favor similarly.”

“How?”

“You can bear me a child.”

Cherise was dumbfounded.

Although Cherise had avoided Eriana ambushing her at the school gate yesterday because of Lucy’s warning, the news of Cherise being with a rich man still spread across campus the next day.

Cressida Moon publicly exposed the major and year of the girl in the post online.

Cherise was the only student from the countryside in her major and year,

A student who liked to gossip compared Cherise’s situation to the female student being provided for in the post and confirmed that Cherise was the girl mentioned in the post

Cherise had classes the following afternoon.

People pointed to Cherise and talked about her as soon as she entered the lecture hall.

“She looks **so** demure. I never thought she would be **so** trashy.”

“That’s what I said. How can Cherise afford to study in our school with her family conditions? As it turns out, she has a bankroller behind her.”

“How humiliating for our year. Students from other schools laugh at me and say shameless woman in our year!”

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The group of students discussed Cherise openly. Cressa, who had witnessed Cherise enter Damien's car that day, was leading the conversation.

Cressa glanced at Cherise from the corner of her eye when Cherise entered. "Our classmate who's with a rich old man, do you have anything to say for yourself?"

Cherise furrowed her brows. "How do you know I'm with a rich old man?"

Cressa sneered. "Aren't you? Would someone who drives a Maserati get into an ordinary

relationship with a country bumpkin like you?"

"At most, it's someone older who wants something different. The rich old man will only provide for you for a while."

"Perhaps the person providing for you is an ugly, fat, bald old fart!"

Cressa was saying nasty things, and Lucy, who was at the side, could no longer stand it. "How can you say such things?"

"If Cherise isn't with a rich old man, and the man who picked her up that day isn't old, ugly, fat, or bald, will you apologize to her?"

Cressa smiled. "If this isn't the case, I'll kneel and apologize to her, alright?"

As she spoke, she rolled her eyes at Cherise coldly. "Please quickly show me evidence that you're having an ordinary relationship and your boyfriend isn't an old man."

"Don't think of hiring an actor to deceive me. The Lyes family has some power in Adania. I know almost all the wealthy young men in Adania, but..."

She laughed tauntingly. "I haven't heard of anyone dating a country bumpkin."  
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Cherise stood on the spot with tightly clenched fists.

Lucy gritted her teeth. "Alright! Wait and see! You'll be kneeling and apologizing to Cherise soon!"

After that, she pulled Cherise's hand and sat at the last row of seats in the back of the room.

Cressa was still laughing tauntingly. She maliciously slandered Cherise with a group of classmates.

"How disgusting!"

Lucy glared straight at Cressa. "Does she think she's a big deal because she's wealthy? Does she think she can criticize others because she's rich?"

Cherise took her books and notes out of her bag. "It's a big deal to be rich."

Since her grandmother fell sick, she desired to become wealthy more than anything else.

Now that she was the wife of someone wealthy, she still felt that her life wasn't real.

"You can't say that."

Lucy's lips twitched. "You must prove her wrong. Ask Damien to come here so Cressa can see for herself. Then, she'll kneel and apologize to you!"

### Chapter 33 I'm Working

Cherise shook her head. "Never mind."

"Why?"

"They want to ridicule me and will always find something to discuss. Even if I prove Damien isn't old, ugly, fat, or bald, they will still taunt him for being disabled."

She took a deep breath and put on her earphones. "I can just ignore them."

Since she had married Damien, she had to take care of him. She couldn't give him any trouble.

Lucy pursed her lips in exasperation. "Cressa is insulting you for no good reason."

Cressa's taunting would become worse if they couldn't show her proof.

When Lucy thought about it, she felt that it was unfair. “Cherise, your marriage is legitimate. Why should they slander you like this?”

Cherise smiled slightly. “It’s alright. Ignore them.”

She gave Lucy some water. “Have some water and calm down. The lecturer is about to come.”

Today’s class was advanced mathematics with their lecturer nicknamed Ice Queen.

Lucy rolled her eyes and sipped the water. Cherise could accept it, but not her .

After the advanced mathematics lecture ended, Lucy said she was going to look for her cousin before she disappeared.

After Lucy left, everyone continued to insult Cherise and said Lucy was calling in reinforcements for Cherise.

Cherise didn’t care about what they were saying.

After classes ended, she walked to the entrance with her bag as usual.

“Cherise!”

Cressa’s annoying voice rang behind her. She had with her a group of classmates with malicious intentions, “We want to see who is providing for you!”

They kept pestering Cherise. Even **if** she didn’t want to get into **a** conflict with them, she **grew** agitated at their relentless behavior.

She took out her cell phone and wanted to tell Mr. Kolson not to pick her up when Cressa’s surprised **voice** rang behind her. “Dad!”

Cressa’s father was dressed impeccably as he stood before an extended Lincoln. He was quietly looking around at the school entrance.

Cressa’s jaw dropped, and her mouth was wide open.

Her father, Randall Lyes, was a reputable figure in Adania. Cressa had always wanted Randall to pick her up at school, but Randall always said he was busy. Unlike other fathers, he had never sent or picked her up to and from school.

But Randall suddenly appeared at the school entrance today.

Cressa immediately felt excited when she saw the extended Lincoln vehicle beside her father. "My dad is here to pick me up!"

And he came in an extended Lincoln. It looked very imposing!

It was clear that although Randall usually never paid much attention to Cressa, he still cared about his daughter.

With everyone crowding around Cressa, she passed Cherise as she walked to the school entrance in enormous strides.

"I'm in a good mood today, so I'll spare you today."

Cressa said to Cherise nastily as she walked past.

Cherise didn't say a word and continued typing her message to Mr. Kolson. "You don't have to pick me up today. I can take the bus."

Mr. Kolson replied instantly. "I can't pick you up today, Mrs. Lenoir, but someone will come in my place."

Cherise furrowed her brows. She wanted to reply to Mr. Kolson, saying he didn't need to bother, but she heard a commotion.

She looked up subconsciously and saw Randall, almost fifty years old, walk to her respectfully. "Mrs. Lenoir, I'm here to pick you up in place of your driver, Mr. Kolson."

There was an uproar around her.

Cressa's eyes widened. "Dad!"

Randall turned to glare at her. "I'm working!"



After that, he turned back and smiled respectfully at Cherise. “This way, Mrs. Lenoir.”

Cherise felt her blood freeze.

The person

who Mr. Kolson had said would come in place of him was **Cressa’s** father?

Chapter 34 Mr Lenoir Is Angry

The whispers around them grew louder. Cressa’s face paled before it turned red.

After a long time, she ran to stop Randall. “Dad, is this a joke? Why are you acting like a servant and picking Cherise home with your status?”

“What kind of connections does the man providing for her have?”

“Dad, you...”

‘Smack!’

Before Cressa could finish speaking, Randall slapped her. “Do you think you can talk about someone like Mrs. Lenoir as you wish?”

Cressa was utterly dazed by her dad’s slap.

The students around them were also taken aback.

Cherise put on a bold face and coughed lightly. “Um, I can go back myself.”

After that, she turned and wanted to go to the bus stop, but Randall and his subordinates stopped

her.

“Mrs. Lenoir, please let me send you home.”

The man in his fifties had a pleading expression. “My daughter is ignorant. You don’t have to stoop to her level.”

Cherise pursed her lips. “I’m not angry.”

“But Mr. Lenoir is angry.”

Randall had an awful expression. “Mr. Lenoir gave me a chance to turn over a new leaf by sending you home. If you turn me down...”

The middle—

aged man almost had a tearful expression. “If you don’t do this, I’m afraid I’ll go bankrupt tonight...”

Cherise answered, “You’re... kidding, right?”

Although the Lenoir family had great power and influence in Adania, Damien was basically abandoned by the Lenoir family. How did he have such a significant influence?

Randall seemed to **see** the confusion in Cherise’s eyes. He sighed. “Mrs. Lenoir, it seems you don’t understand Mr. Lenoir **well** enough.”

Under Randall’s coaxing, Cherise ultimately got into the flashy Lincoln obediently.

After she got into the car, she clearly heard Cressa and Randall arguing outside.

Cressa seemed to be crying, and Randall’s voice was harsh.

After a long time, Randall got into the car after fiercely reprimanding Cressa.

Shortly after the car drove away, Cherise received a message from Cressa. “You just wait and see!”

Cherise didn’t say anything and silently deleted the message.

The car quickly stopped at the entrance of Lenoir Manor.

Randall respectfully opened the car door and gestured politely *for* Cherise **to** exit.

The villa’s butler was at the door. Upon seeing Cherise exit the car, he coldly instructed Randall to leave before leading Cherise into the villa.

In the living room, the man in the wheelchair, whose eyes were covered with black silk, was having tea.

Upon hearing her enter, the man said indifferently, "Come and try it out. It's the latest tea."

Cherise pursed her lips and walked over cautiously. She took a teacup from him and sipped it gently.

"How is it?" The man's deep voice rang.

Cherise took another sip. "I don't know."

"I don't know much about tea... I don't think it's any different from water."

The man smiled and took the teacup from her before pouring another cup. He drank it carelessly. "Do you have anything to say to me?"

Cherise furrowed her brows. "You don't have to send anyone to pick me up in the future/

"I've looked at the bus routes. I only need to take two buses from school to come home. It's very convenient."

Damien picked at his lips indifferently. "Do you think your classmates will stop gossiping about you if you take the bus home?"

Cherise was greatly startled. "You... you know about it?"

### Chapter 35 Why Don't I Feed You

But she thought about it. Since Damien could instruct Cressa's dad to pick her up at school, he should also know what had happened to her in school.

When she thought about it, she couldn't help but glance at Damien again.

She initially thought she had married a disabled person and had to care for him.

But now, she found him even more mystifying.

She even felt that as a so-called healthy person, he was caring for her more...

Damien scratched his lips apathetically. "Do you really think I'm a blind man oblivious to what's happening in the outside world?"

The man's deep voice sounded like he was laughing *at* himself.

Cherise immediately waved her hands. "No, it's not that!"

"I just find it strange..."

"There's nothing strange about it."

Damien poured another cup of tea and sipped it. "You said you want to care for me. I'm just reciprocating the favor."

Cherise was dumbstruck.

*Is this considered reciprocating the favor? Moreover, I don't think I've cared for him, right?*

Other than that time at Lenoir Residence...

She took off her bag and put it on the couch as she thought about it. "Why don't I make you something delicious for dinner to thank you?"

Back in the countryside, she could cook for the entire family alone. Her aunt and uncle even complimented her skills!

She couldn't repay him in any other way, but she was skilled at cooking.

The man in the wheelchair picked at his lips indifferently. "Sure."

She got to work.

Ten minutes later, the girl in the pink apron entered the kitchen.

She was familiar with the kitchen tools from the last time she made breakfast, so Cherise **was** entirely in her element as she made dinner this time.

Cherise moved swiftly when she prepared food. Frances had initially brought a few servants **to** help her but realized she was self-sufficient in the kitchen alone.

A trace of a smile was on the corners of Damien's lips when he saw the woman bustling around in the kitchen, as busy as a bee.

The butler stood next to him with wrinkled brows. “Mr. Lenoir, you’ve used your connections. With two subordinates in the past few days, the Belcourt family and Randall Lyes... Especially Randall today. If someone deliberately starts investigating, they’ll quickly discover the private relationship between you and Lyes Enterprise...”

His voice was filled with worry. “It isn’t time to show your hand yet. You’re showing so much of your power for Mrs. Lenoir now. Are you...”

The butler’s intentions were clear.

”

No mishap could appear in Damien’s long-laid plans because of Cherise.

The man, whose eyes were covered with black silk, was displeased. “I have my limits.”

As a ‘handicapped’ person who had been disabled for so many years, those people wouldn’t pay much attention to him now that he had married someone as harmless as Cherise.

“You should still... be careful.”

The butler couldn’t help but remind him.

Damien leaned back in the wheelchair and shut his eyes. “You’ve been very chatty recently. Is it too tiring to be with me?”

“If that’s the case, I can give you a break and send you to be Blake’s sparring partner.”

The butler’s face paled, and he finally kept quiet..

Cherise bustled about in the kitchen for one and a half hours.

After placing the last dish on the dining table, she looked at the table full of food, satisfied. She turned and ran to Damien’s side. “I’m done. Do you want to eat now or later?”

The woman’s sweet voice rang in his ears. Damien scratched his lips indifferently. “Now.”

“I’ll push you there.”

Cherise’s voice was slightly excited. “I made my best dishes today. Try them and see if it’s to your liking. Tell me which dish you like. I **can** make it for you every day!”

She had wheeled him to the dining table as she spoke.

She smiled and handed Damien cutlery but felt something was wrong. “I forgot you can’t see... Why don’t... I feed you?”