

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

### **Chapter 41-45**

Chapter 41 Why Aren't You Home Yet?

Cherise

initially wanted to turn him down, but she thought of what he had previously said and ultimately nodded in agreement.

It was lunchtime, and the restaurants near the hospital were crowded.

Ian took Cherise to a restaurant slightly further away.

The afternoon sun was blazing above them. Ian was considerate and bought an umbrella by the side of the road to shield Cherise from the sun.

"You're so attentive, Ian."

She smiled, feeling moved.

Ian laughed lightly. "It's only natural to take care of you."

The man's words made Cherise blush.

"But why were you at the hospital?"

Ian's distinct and bright voice was like a clear spring on a summer's day. "You said you came with your friend last time. What about this time?"

"I came to visit my relative."

Cherise and Ian walked under the umbrella side by side. Her heart started to beat furiously. "Ian."

"Hmm?"

"I remember you previously told me that when you were in university, you made a lot of money from working part-time jobs, right?"

She had agreed to eat with Ian because she remembered this.

“You’re looking for a job?”

Jan laughed lightly and reached out to stroke her head. “You still work so hard.”

Cherise smiled and lied. “I want to earn money to pay for my school fees.”

The man’s brows furrowed. “You’re paying for your school fees?”

“Doesn’t your husband take care of you?”

He was startled when he found out that she had gotten married. But when he thought about it, she would have someone to take care of her after getting married. It wasn’t bad for a girl like Cherise with such a family background.

But now, she wanted to earn money to pay her school fees?

Cherise was surprised and immediately shook her head. “It’s not that he doesn’t take care of me...”

“I just want to earn money to sign up for cooking classes. I don’t want my husband to know. I want to surprise him.”

Ian’s brows slowly relaxed.

He laughed bitterly. “It looks like you love him a lot.”

Cherise nodded with flushed cheeks. “So, do you have any good part-time jobs to recommend, Ian?”

Ian looked up and saw the signboard before him. “We’re here. Let’s eat first and talk later.”

Cherise could only nod as she followed him into the restaurant.

She was preoccupied when they were eating.

Her mind was filled with what had happened when she previously ate with Ian.

The last time she ate with Ian, Damien found out at once.

Does he know *this time*? Will he call me and *instruct people to capture me like last time*?

Cherise was fearful until she finished lunch, but Damien didn't contact her.

"Since you're majoring in nursing, I can recommend a sanatorium where you can work part-time as a nursing assistant."

After lunch, Ian scrolled through his cell phone. "I have a friend who's working at the sanatorium. Many nursing assistants work there part-time, and the pay is pretty good, but the job is quite demanding."

"You cared for your grandmother so well. I believe you're capable."

As he spoke, he called his friend.

His friend was glad that a university student like Cherise wanted to work part-time and immediately wanted her to go for an interview.

With directions from Ian, Cherise took a bus to the sanatorium. The interview went on for an hour.

Cherise could readily answer all the questions about taking care of patients.

Therefore, both parties quickly finalized the pay and working hours and immediately signed a

part-time contract.

Cherise officially started working in the afternoon.

**She** was on her feet until past **six** in the evening.

"Mrs. Lenoir, why aren't you home yet?"

Frances called Cherise when it was almost seven. "Mr. Lenoir is waiting for you to come back and eat with him."

Chapter 42 I'll Wait

Cherise looked at the time. It was already seven at night. She smiled and said embarrassedly to Frances, "I'm studying in the library and lost track of the time. I'm sorry. I'll come back at once!"

Before she finished speaking, someone called out to her. “Cherise, the patient at 203 wants to take a walk. Go and keep the m company!”

The person shouted loudly.

On the other end of the phone, Frances fell silent momentarily. “Mrs. Lenoir, are you really at the library?”

“Mm.”

Cherise felt guilty. “Alright, I’ll be coming back in half an hour. Tell Damien not to wait. I’ve

eaten.”

After that, she ignored what Frances said on the other end of the phone and hung up.

She kept her cell phone before rushing to 203 and taking the patient for a walk.

The chilly night breeze blew, and she realized she was in a cold sweat.

At that moment, in Swan Lake Chateau, where Lenoir Manor was located.

The man in the wheelchair picked up his coffee gracefully and sipped it. “She can’t even come up with a good lie.”

He had instructed Frances to make the call. It was on speakerphone once the call went through. Therefore, he heard everything, including Cherise’s frantic voice and tone when she was lying.

“Mr. Lenoir, Mrs. Lenoir is being extorted and is working part-time. Are you really going to let her be?”

The butler stood by his side and asked respectfully.

The man put the cup of coffee in his hands on a saucer. A sneer was on the corners of his lips. “She’s hiding it from me because she doesn’t want me to know. Why should I get into this mess?”

Mr. Hampson was baffled. “But Mr. Lenoir, she’s your wife now.”

“It’s humiliating for you if she’s working like this.”

Damien smiled, and the corners of his lips curved into a sarcastic smile. “When have I not been humiliated?”

He was someone in the Lenoir family who was abandoned many years ago. To other people, he had lost all dignity and pride long ago.

Other than Old Mr. Lenoir, no one else had attended his wedding.

“But...”

“It’s not that I don’t want to help her.”

Damien changed into a more comfortable position as he leaned back in his wheelchair. “Once she fully grasps how a husband—and—wife relationship should work, I’ll help her.”

Mr. Hampson was puzzled by Damien’s words but didn’t ask further when he saw the man’s expression turn cold. “Mr. Lenoir, will you still wait for Mrs. Lenoir to have dinner?”

“It’s so late. Why don’t you eat first?”

The man shook his head, and his thin lips parted slightly. He only said two words. “I’ll wait.”

The sanatorium regulated that nursing assistants leave work at half past seven at night.

With that in mind, Cherise planned her time. She could still make the last bus at eight o’clock and rush home.

But she had too many things to do on her first day of work and wasn’t very proficient. Time passed, and it was very late.

When she left the sanatorium, she almost fell apart when she took out her cell phone and looked at the time.

It was past eight, and all the buses had stopped running. The sanatorium was in the suburbs, and cabs didn't usually pass by.

She waited by the road anxiously for a long time but didn't see a single cab.

She was frustrated and could only take out her cell phone. She planned to hitch a ride online to go home.

At that moment, a white sedan stopped before her.

Ian lowered his car window and looked at her with a smile. "Get in. I'll send you home."

Cherise was overjoyed. She got into the backseat with her bag.

"Why are you here, Ian?"

Ian started driving. "I came here for work a

Chapter 43 I Don't Think He Works

It suddenly dawned on Cherise. "That's right. You're friends with the head, Lila."

She could work here thanks to Ian and Lila's good relationship.

Otherwise, how could she have found a well-paying job that suited her?

"Ian, it's so late. Did you come to look for Lila?"

She asked with a frown.

Lila was pretty, competent, and intelligent. She should be the type of woman Ian liked.

The man's hands on the steering wheel froze slightly. "Sort of."

Lila Gurwell had called and asked him out for dinner in the evening, but he turned her down.

"I thought you got off work at seven."

He had come to wait for her to get off work and had been waiting since seven,

“I just started working, and I’m unfamiliar with everything.”

Cherise laughed embarrassedly. “Lila didn’t make me work overtime. I’m not s killed enough, so I got off work late.”

Ian smiled. “I’m quite familiar with the work here. If there’s anything you don’t understand, you can call me and ask.”

Cherise nodded. “Thank you, Ian.”

So many years had passed, but Ian was still as gentle and friendly as he was back then.

“We’ve been friends for so many years. I feel like calling me fan’ is very solemn. If you don’t mind, you can call me ‘E.’”

E...

Such a nickname was too intimate.

Cherise waved her hands. “I think I’ll continue calling you Ian. After all, you’re older than me.”

After that, the car was momentarily silent.

After a long time, Ian coughed lightly. “Why are you working part–time all of a sudden? Are you in trouble lately?”

Actually, Ian wanted to ask Cherise this question in the afternoon.

But she stammered and said she wanted to sign up for cooking classes.

She really didn’t know how to lie.

She was such a sensible and capable girl. No one would believe that she didn’t know how to cook.

“I’m not in trouble.”

She smiled as she denied it.

The man in the driver’s seat asked, “If you need money, you can tell me. Even though I haven’t worked long, my pay is decent!”

After that, Ian couldn't help but start to show off. "I bought this car with my own money for around two hundred thousand. All my classmates are jealous of me."

Cherise looked at him enviously. "As expected, you're amazing, Ian."

"It would be great if I could be as excellent as you, Ian."

Ian smiled, pleased with himself. "As long as you work hard, nothing is impossible."

"By the way, Cherise, you haven't told me where you're staying!"

Cherise quietly told him Swan Lake Chateau's address.

Ian was in awe for a long time. "Swan Lake Chateau? Is that the exclusive villa area for wealthy people?"

Cherise nodded. "I don't think there's another Swan Lake Chateau, right?"

The astonishment in Ian's gaze lingered for a long time. "What... What does your husband work as?"

The villas in Swan Lake Chateau were so expensive that many didn't even dare to imagine living

there.

"I don't think he works."

Cherise answered honestly. "He stays at home every day, drinks tea, listens to the news, and chats with the butler, Mr. Hampson, and the driver, Mr. Kolson..."

"Is his family rich?"

"I think so."

Ian's smile completely froze on his face. "So you must be... quite happy being married to him."

"However."



Ian furrowed his brows. "Since he's **so** rich, why are you working part-time outside to earn money, Cherise?"

*If the man treats her well, she can act coyly in front of him and ask for money. Since he can stay in Swan Lake Chateau without working, he must spend his money extravagantly.*

Cherise took a deep breath and started to regret telling Ian about her personal matters. "He doesn't know I'm working part-time. I don't want to let him know either."

#### Chapter 44 A Wealthy Middle-Aged Man

"All I wanted was to learn how to cook to surprise him... But Ian, I'll be mad if you ask anything else about my private life."

Cherise released a long breath. She was already uncomfortable enough when Ian kept asking about Damien. Eriana threatened her and her part-time job. These were all her private matters. She did not want anyone else to know about them.

Ian did not expect the ever-gentle Cherise to say such words. He could only laugh awkwardly. "Alright, I won't then. Just as long as you're happy."

He did not pry any further.

The two were silent all the way until they arrived at the entrance to Swan Lake Chateau.

He planned to drop her off at her house.

Unfortunately, his car seemed shabby compared to the luxurious cars in the area. The security guard flagged him, thinking they were up to no good.

Besides, the guard did not recognize Cherise as she had not been there for long. He did not let them through even though Cherise was in the car.

"You can head back now, Ian."

Cherise smiled at him sheepishly. "I'll call someone to pick me up."

He nodded. "That's probably better than your husband seeing us and getting the wrong idea."

When the car disappeared from her sight, she pulled out her phone. She called Frances and said that she was stopped at the entrance.

A couple of minutes later, Mr. Hampson, who was dressed formally, appeared. "Mr. Lenoir instructed me to bring you home, Mrs. Lenoir."

She widened her eyes.

It was already past nine.

*Is Damien still awake?*

The buyer nodded as though he had seen through her thoughts. "Mr. Lenoir is waiting for you to have dinner."

"Has he not taken his dinner yet? Even though it's quite late?"

The astonishment on her face was apparent..

He nodded. "I suggest we return as quickly as possible if you're worried about him."

Cherise did not want to delay further and quickly followed the butler toward the villas.

Noticing the weight of her bag, Mr. Hampson stopped and took it from her. The two swiftly left the entrance.

A few hundred meters away from the entrance under the trees, Ian furrowed his forehead as he watched Cherise leave with a middle-aged man in a dark shirt.

He did not ask her about her husband's age. He had his suspicion when she said that he would listen to the news while drinking tea. She must have married an older man.

Ian did not expect the man to be that old.

He narrowed his eyes.

*She's not the type to covet riches and fame. For her to marry a wealthy middle-aged man, something must have happened in her family. The man may provide her with what she needs, but he can't give her love.*

He would take her back someday.

Cherise followed the butler back timidly. The man with the black silk cloth around his eyes leaned back in his wheelchair as Mr. Kolson read 'Anna Karenina' aloud.

When she stepped through the door, Mr. Kolson was reading the section where Anna decided to divorce Karenin.

She frowned in displeasure.

They had not been married for long, yet Mr. Kolson was reading a book that made one opposed to love. No wife would be pleased with the situation.

However, the man in the wheelchair only tapped the armrest when Mr. Kolson finished the section. "I heard the door open. Is someone here?"

#### Chapter 45 Push Me Upstairs

Mr. Kolson raised his head and spotted Cherise. "Mrs. Lenoir is back, sir."

"What time is it?"

"It's exactly nine now."

The man in the wheelchair smiled. "It's probably been a decade since I've last had dinner this late."

Cherise paled. She helped Frances serve the food on the table guiltily.

"You didn't need to wait for me. It's... it's almost exam season. I will be studying until late at night for a while," she murmured.

Damien did not bother exposing her excuse. "Let's eat."

She nodded silently, but her heart was jumping out of her chest.

*He didn't realize that I lied, right?*

She would hardly lie since she was young. Every time she did, she would feel ill at ease for quite some time.

She chose a seat far from the man to hide her nervousness.

Yet just when she sat down, the man frowned. "Come here."

"...Why?"

"Feed me."

She was lost for words.

Was the man hooked on her feeding him?

Without any choice, she huddled into the chair next to him cautiously. She picked up and began feeding him.

He ate elegantly but at a snail's pace. She felt miserable.

the

spoon

She was starving and exhausted from all the physical labor at the sanatorium. Now, she had to feed him spoonful by spoonful.

But it was only natural that she, as the wife, fed her husband.

Damien finished his food about twenty minutes later.

Cherise placed the spoon down and wiped his mouth gently.

The line on his face made him look rugged and unapproachable. But it was so soft to the touch.

His skin seemed to be in a better condition than hers. The sensation made her heartbeat quickened.

A few seconds later, she put the napkin on the table and began her meal.

After an afternoon of work, she was starving enough to have an entire feast.

The youthful woman held her cutlery tightly and polished off all the food without holding back under the warm light of the glass lamp.

Dumbfounded, Mr. Kolson and Frances watched as she devoured the food.

Damien sat in the same spot. He sipped some tea. "It looks like studying is an incredibly strenuous task."

Cherise noticed that he was referring to her bottomless appetite. She blushed and nodded. "Well, I'm not a smart person. It's exhausting to use my brains."

A smile can be heard in his deep voice. "Yup, that's true."

Cherise knew that he was joking.

But—her being dull-witted was not false.

She pursed her lips and decided not to argue with the man. She continued to gobble down the food.

After she polished off the last morsel of food, she patted her expanded stomach and burped. "How nice."

"Time to work."

The man said, "Push me upstairs."

Cherise paused mid-stretch. "Don't you usually head to your study these days?"

Usually, Mr. Kolson or Blake would bring him up without a word. Why was it her responsibility today?