

Marrying the Man in the Dark (Damien and Cherise)

Chapter 46-50

Chapter 46 Trust Is the Most Important

“I didn’t finish my story then. Mr. Kolson and Blake read it to me at my study those days. Now that I’ve finished the story, I would return to our room.”

Cherise did not reply.

She had been completely swamped at the sanatorium at her part-time work. She was utterly exhausted.

She had only just finished her meal. But now the man was expecting her to bring him back to the

room?

She hesitated but eventually went to push his wheelchair.

Pushing the man up to the next floor was not tiring.

However, she did not expect the troublesome man to request her to bathe him .

He shamelessly added, “You did very well on our wedding night. Just do what you did at that time.”

Cherise felt like stuffing his mouth with a towel and holding his head under the water in the bathtub.

But all she did was wash him earnestly, just as she did during the first time. She even went to look for suitable loungewear for him.

She was dead on her feet at the end.

Yet, Damien refused to let her rest and requested she read the day’s news in its entirety.

Her eyes were half shut the entire time, but she leaned against the headboard and forced herself to stay awake. “A shareholder has been investing in Belco

urt Group, increasing the value of its stocks and market value. According to insider information, this mysterious shareholder seems to be the same person who had aided Lyes Enterprise made a comeback...”

Cherise could not understand the news about the business. It did not take long for her to nod off against the headboard.

She kept repeating the news she had just read monotonously as she fell asleep.

Leaning on a pillow next to her, Damien observed her for a while before covering her with the duvet

“Trust is the most important thing between a couple. You don’t tell me everything because you don’t trust me.”

He reached out and stroked her hair. “If you can’t completely trust and depend on me, I won’t

make you stay by my side.”

As he watched her, memories from years ago appeared before him.

He was eight, sitting in the back seat of a car. His parents were arguing at the front.

“You wouldn’t have done these things behind my back if you trusted me.”

“I didn’t want you to worry about it!”

“We could have fixed it if you told me in the first place. But now? You took it upon yourself and made these decisions! Everything is ruined!”

It was not pleasant to hear his parents argue.

The young boy sighed and put on his earphones, increasing the volume to the loudest.

He drifted off to sleep.

An agonizing pain woke him up.

He lost both his parents that day.

They said the car crash was an accident, but he knew it was not.

That day, his father condemned his mother for handing their stocks to Raymond and his wife. They were on their way to ask for it back.

Cherise slept well that night from her tiredness. She did not even dream.

She was roused from her sleep when Frances shouted, "Mrs. Lenoir, Mr. Lenoir wants you to make breakfast today."

She opened her eyes drowsily. "Can you tell him I'll make it some other day?"

She was completely exhausted yesterday. It was only six in the morning, and she had not slept enough.

Frances furrowed her eyebrows uncomfortably. "But Mr. Lenoir said he had been thinking about the breakfast you made the morning after your wedding. He says he must have it today. Or else... I will have to pack up and leave."

Chapter 47 It's Fine if I Sleep

Good-hearted Cherise could not let Frances lose her job because of her.

She stretched and summoned the energy to get out of bed.

Preparing breakfast was not a problem since she had two years of experience preparing breakfast for Grandma.

However, skills were nothing in the face of drowsiness.

Although she was making breakfast standing, she almost fell asleep more than a couple of times.

If Frances had not reminded her by her side, she could have fallen asleep and hurt herself.

After countless yawns, Cherise finally finished preparing the food.

"This is pretty good," the man tasted some of it and praised her.

He did not see that Cherise was half awake and continued happily, "Breakfast is in your hands since you're used to waking up early."

His voice was filled with admiration. "Cherise, you're a wonderful wife."

But Cherise was half asleep on her feet.

If there were a bed before her, she would not hesitate to fall into it and sleep to her heart's

content.

She forced herself to stay awake. After feeding Damien, she went back to her seat.

She almost fell asleep even as she ate.

She arrived at school in a daze. For once, Cherise, who had always paid full attention in class, felt like sleeping when class started.

I'm drained. The others never paid attention like I usually do. It's fine if I sleep this one time, right?

Yet the reality was never as she hoped it would be.

The first class was advanced mathematics.

The lecturer called on Cherise. "You're the only one who has been listening to me. But now you're doing the same as they are? Keep standing and reflect on yourself!"

She complied helplessly and stood in the middle of the ruckus until class ended.

Political studies was the next class.

Uncharacteristically, the lecturer called Cherise to the front as an assistant.

Although Cherise was not much help, the lecturer did not let her back to her seat. "Cherise, with enough practice, you can be a capable assistant. You'll continue to be my assistant in the meantime."

Cherise was miserable the entire morning.

She felt as though her brain had melted entirely, but there was no chance of taking a shut-eye.

“Why don’t you just tell Damien the truth?”

Lucy observed a dispirited Cherise and carefully said during lunch. “Tell him what you’re going through. Tell him he can help with the finance or reduce the things you must do. Look at you! You’re on your last legs!”

Cherise shook her head. “We’re not that close. He has no reason to help me financially.”

“What do you mean you’re not close? You share a bed, for goodness’ sake!”

Lucy slammed her spoon on the table. “You’re overthinking it, Cherise. You’ve always believed since you married him for money that makes you beneath him, right?”

Lucy could see through Cherise’s thoughts. “Do you feel like you’re just a maid before him?”

Ever since she married Damien, Cherise had been cautious. Lucy could see that she was not -happy at all.

Cherise glanced at Lucy. “Keep your voice down.

Chapter 48 This Is His Obligation Now

Her volume was too loud, and the people around them gave them looks. “I just don’t want to be a bother.”

Damien may

“Cherise.”

be rich, but he has *his worries*.

Lucy took a deep breath. “Have you ever thought that from the moment you married Damien, you two are a lawful pair of husband and wife? In what world are there couples who hide things from each other? Marriage is the closest relationship there can be between two people. He’s your closest person. Are you not tired of being this secretive and cautious around him?”

Cherise chewed on her spoon. "But we're not a regular couple."

She could take care of him, protect him, and do anything he wanted.

But she did not need him to do anything for her.

Because she was the one owing him. He was her benefactor.

"How are you not a regular couple?!"

Lucy was about to lose her temper again.

"If Damien does not treat you as his wife, he shouldn't have married you in the first place! He can call it a burden or anything he wants, but this is his obligation now!"

Cherise furrowed her forehead and patted Lucy's hand while handing her the spoon. "Let's just finish our food."

Lucy felt that all she said was for nothing.

That was how Cherise had always been.

She was stubborn, inflexible, and thought of herself lowly.

"You're heading in the direction of the dinosaurs if you continue this."

"So be kind to me."

Cherise gave her a light smile. "I'm going to the sanatorium later."

Lucy stabbed the food in her bowl with the fork. "Take it easy. I have no plans to clean up your body."

Knowing that Lucy meant well, Cherise placed a piece of meat in Lucy's bowl. "Alright, finish up your food. Aren't you going to the dance class in the afternoon?"

"Hmph!"

When they finished the meal, Cherise took public transport to the sanatorium.

She fell asleep on the way. When she woke up, they had arrived at the terminal stop.

She had to prick herself with a pin to keep herself awake.

Even so, she was late when she finally arrived at her destination.

“You’re late.”

Lila looked at her, full of disdain. She shoved a heap of bed sheets into her hands. “Wash these.”

Cherise nodded. She went to the laundry room to find all the washing machines malfunctioning.

She went back to Lila.

“All the machines are broken. The mechanic is not around these days. You can just hand wash the sheets.”

Lila scorned her.

“Ian says you’re a good worker. You can’t say you can’t even finish washing the bed sheets, which is a simple task. The pay here may be generous, but it’s not charity.”

Cherise nodded. “I understand.”

Lila leaned against the door, watching as Cherise was scurrying about. The image of Ian fetching Cherise home kept appearing before her eyes.

“Eyeing my man?”

She scoffed. “You have much to learn.”

Although there was a large pile of sheets, Cherise was used to washing clothes by hand as she grew up in the countryside. It was not a difficult task.

The most challenging part was fighting her drowsiness.

She had only washed one when she almost fell into the water basin.

“You’ve only washed one, and you’re already tired?”

Lila scorned her. "Cherise, I praised you to the boss, saying you're a great worker. Don't let me down."

Chapter 49 A Man of Honor

"Yes."

Cherise raised her head and smiled at Lila. "I will do my best."

She dipped her hand into the cold water and wiped it across her forehead, summoning the energy to continue.

But the cold water only worked for a short time.

After that, she placed pins into her pocket. Anytime she nodded off, they would jab her awake.

She spent the entire afternoon in a daze.

When it was time to leave, she ran into Ian as usual.

"You haven't had your dinner yet, right?"

Ian furrowed his forehead while looking at Cherise, exhausted in his passenger seat. "I'll buy you a meal."

She shook her head. "Please just send me home, Ian. He's probably waiting for me to have dinner together."

Cherise felt overwhelmed when she remembered that Damien would be waiting for her to feed and bathe him.

He's waiting to have dinner together.

Ian's hand on the steering wheel paused when Cherise said those words.

He looked at her pale face with an aching heart. "Is it worth it to work yourself this hard?"

From his perspective, Cherise should have an easy life since she married a rich man.

Don't people say that older men usually treat their wives better? Can it be that he refused to give her money? Is he abusing her?

"There's nothing that is not worth it."

She leaned her head against the headrest. She had no energy to speak anymore, much less argue with Ian. "I'm exhausted, Ian. Let me take a nap."

She shut her eyes and immediately drifted off.

She was drained.

She did not have enough rest. With the labor she had done in the sanatorium, she was ready to

drop at any time.

Ian peeked through the rearview mirror. The tired woman's face left a sour taste in his mouth.

When he arrived at the crossroad to Swan Lake Chateau, he made up his mind and drove in the opposite direction.

The old man is not worth Cherise's efforts. It's pretty late, yet the man doesn't bother to call her. I'm not surprised if he has a lover somewhere. He probably doesn't care about Cherise at all.

He felt more at ease with these thoughts.

He turned the wheel and drove straight toward the direction of his apartment.

If the old man were not willing to treasure her, he would!

Cherise was a naïve, simple, and lovely woman. She should be with an outstanding young man like him!

He had not driven for long when Cherise's phone began ringing.

The weary woman could not even hear the ringing.

Ian stopped the car on the roadside and took out the phone. A cold smile appeared on his lips when he saw the words 'Hubby' on the screen. "Hello."

“Mr. Philips.”

The frosty voice on the other end made Ian shiver. “I was hoping you would be a man of honor, but you’ve let me down.”

The indifferent and calm voice felt domineering even through the call.

Ian froze, and his heart rate quickened. His voice was slightly shaky. “Who are you?”

“You know who I am.”

The man’s calmness was frightening compared to Ian’s uneasiness. “You’re well aware that she has her own family, yet you’re taking the opportunity to bring her back to your home when she’s asleep. Mr. Philips, do you think she would still have any respect for you if she knew that you have done such a thing?”

Chapter 50 Start Over

His voice was cold and indifferent, as if he didn’t even care that he was Cherise’s husband. He acted more like a guest than a spouse.

His words had stirred up Ian’s emotions, but he kept his cool,

“You know my relationship with Cherise?” he asked through gritted teeth.

“How could I not know the man who asked my new bride out the day after my wedding?”

Damien spoke with his deep and gravelly voice, sending a shiver down the spine of the person at the other end of the call. “I can let you off once, seeing how you were a senior she respected in school. I will not be so forgiving next time.”

“I’ll give you ten seconds to decide whether you want to send her back to Swan Lake Chateau—or would you like to test my patience?”

Ian’s forehead was beaded with sweat.

“Who are you?”

“Cherise’s husband is nothing more than a middle-aged social climber!”

How could such a man have such a commanding presence?

“Middle-aged social climber.”

He lowered his voice and repeated the words, then chuckled. “That’s the most creative insult I’ve ever received.”

“You have seven more seconds.”

“Six, five, four, three...”

“I’ll send her back.”

Ian wasn’t afraid of his threat, but he wasn’t willing to risk anything for a married lady like Cherise. It just wasn’t worth it.

He sighed deeply and turned the car around to drive towards Swan Lake Chateau as soon as the call ended,

Seeing the white car drive away, a young teenager standing under the traffic light huffed as he kept the darts in his hands and skated away.

“I’m so hungry...”

Lenoir Manor.

Cherise finally awoke from her deep slumber, her senses assaulted by the smell of food.

“Are you awake?”

She was startled by the icy and unfriendly voice of Damien. “It’s time for you to feed me.”

Cherise

got up from the table with a start. She was lying on the dining table of Lenoir Manor

The man with his eyes covered by a black silk fabric sat across from her, sipping his tea confidently and elegantly.

Cherise was famished. “Can I eat first?”

“Of course not! You can only start eating when I’m full.” Damien’s lips curled in to a smirk. “Hasn’t it always been this way?”

Cherise’s brows furrowed. She could feel her blood boil, but she kept her composure.

She took a deep breath and sat beside him, feeding him.

After he finished his meal, she started to devour her food.

Before she could finish, however, Damien insisted that she help him upstairs so he could shower and go to bed.

Cherise was utterly reluctant to fulfill his request, but she obeyed his demands and helped him to the elevator to head upstairs.

She almost fell asleep in his bathtub as she assisted him to freshen up inside. Soon, however, she was jolted awake by his hostile voice.

“Is it tiring to revise on your own?”

The man’s dark eyes stared at her intently as he leaned on the bathtub. “You could tell me about the problems you faced. I’m sure you wouldn’t feel as exhausted after.”

Cherise stared at him for a moment silently before shaking her head lightly. “You don’t have to. I can handle it on my own.”

His eyes flashed with darkness when she plainly rejected his offer to help her.

He placed the towel she passed to him back into her arms and demanded in a rough voice, “I think you didn’t do a good job of bathing me. Start over.”

Cherise never expected Damien to make her start over. The exhaustion she had been feeling over

the past few days finally made her lose her patience. “I think I did well,” she said.

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“I told you to start over,” the man ordered, his voice dripping with disdain.

In the end, Cherise had to drain the water away in the tub and fill it in again. Damien stared *at* her emotionlessly throughout the process.