

Marrying 51

Chapter 51 Pushing Herself Despite the Exhaustion

He was waiting for her to cave in and beg him for mercy. Once completely drained, she would share everything she had been hiding from him.

But Cherise didn't crack.

"It's ready," she said, dipping her hands into the bathtub to test the water temperature. She turned to him with a smile. "You can get in now."

Damien's frustration was mounting as he stepped into the bathtub.

Cherise lowered her head and began to scrub his body with a towel. She used a lighter touch than before but still made no effort to plead.

The man narrowed his eyes as he watched her. The color drained from her face, but she stood her ground. "Again."

Cherise was well aware that he was doing this to her intentionally.

"Did I do something wrong?"

Damien huffed at her. He then pointed at the bathtub and ordered, "Change the water."

Cherise clenched her jaw. She felt like she had been drained of every ounce of energy but didn't give up. She filled the tub with clean water, tested the temperature, and helped him into the bathtub.

"Again."

“Again.”

“It’s not enough.”

Finally, after endlessly going through the same process, she collapsed unconscious into the tub, exhausted.

Her white pajamas floated on the water, revealing her curvy, toned figure. Her dark, silky hair floated on the surface of the water.

Damien narrowed his eyes and pulled her from the water before carrying her to the bed.

“Get Dr. Caldwell here,” he barked into the phone.

After the call ended, he sat by the bed, gently wiping the water droplets off her face with a

towel.

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She would rather faint from exhaustion than open up to him about what she had been through recently.

Her vow to spend the rest of her life with him was an empty promise. She had never once considered him her husband.

He wasn’t even her friend. To her, he was her employer or someone she was grateful to

He was baffled by the thought. He treated her as his wife, but she never once genuinely thought of him as her husband.

Suddenly, he recalled the night they were at Lenoir Residence. He could clearly remember her big, doe-eyes staring at him.

“You are my spouse from now on. I will always be by your side.”

Her voice from that night still rang in his ears.

He brushed his fingers against her soft lips and said softly, “I’ve never thought of you as a burden.”

“Have you ever thought of me as a burden?”

In a daze, her lips pouted, and her hands gathered together.

Damien watched her for a long moment before realizing that she was mimicking the gesture of washing clothes.

As he thought about how she had come to him, the man’s dark and inscrutable expression flashed with a hint of slyness.

Half an hour later, Dr. Caldwell entered the bedroom under the escort of the butler.

Dr. Caldwell chuckled as soon as he saw the man sitting beside Cherise. He sat beside Damien and asked, “Is she your wife?”

Damien nodded.

The doctor smiled as he checked her pulse. “She looks too innocent. That must be why your uncle didn’t do anything to her.”

Damien stared out the window at the night sky. A smirk slowly appeared at the corner of his lips. "The reason they didn't dare to touch her had nothing to do with her looks."

"Of course, I know that," Jacob said. "I just wanted to express that this young lady looks adorable. I can't believe you've lived this long with your low EQ."

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Damien smiled and quipped, "I think my EQ is not bad."

"Sure," Jacob replied. "That must be why you only had one friend all these years."

He placed his stethoscope down and looked at Damien with a serious expression. "She's doing okay. She must have been pushing herself despite the exhaustion."

The corner of his lips curled into a mischievous smile. "It's only been a few days since your wedding. How did you exhaust her energy this quickly?"

Chapter 52 A Threat

Damien's neck veins bulged. "I never touched her. She was exhausted because she had been overworking due to blackmail."

"Interesting," Jacob muttered. He glanced at Cherise after Damien shared everything that had happened. His gaze was filled with respect and admiration for her. "She has been holding the fort for you but didn't ask a penny from you. And she's even working behind your back. She's a rare find."

He turned to Damien and rolled his eyes. "Why did you call me here so late? You know she's been over-exhausting herself, so all you had to do was give her sufficient rest."

"First off, I wanted to remind you that it's time to let the public know of my physical condition."

“Secondly,” Damien added.

He reached out his hand and gently moved Cherise’s hair. “What could I do to make her stop pretending to be tough in front of me?”

His explanation took Jacob aback. “So you called me here because you don’t know how to deal with your wife?”

The man’s brows creased tightly. “In a way, yes.

He softly tapped the edge of the bed and said indifferently, “Leave it to me.”

“Do you have a place for me to stay the night? I think you should let her have some rest. after everything she’s been through.”

Damien nodded in agreement.

He planned to exhaust her to the point where she would ask for his help and tell him. everything about her difficulties.

Initially, he believed his commanding attitude towards her would remind her to share her problems immediately instead of bottling them up.

However, he never expected her to be so persistent and stubborn.

She would rather exhaust herself than share her burden with him.

She was a somewhat fragile and simple-minded little lady, but her persistence was beyond. anyone’s control.

“This must be the first time I’ve stayed at your place. It’s quite fascinating,” Jacob said, chuckling softly. He wrapped one arm over Damien’s shoulder. “As expected, you’re much kinder after getting married.”

After he finished his sentence, something didn’t feel right.

“If you’re kind, why would you let your wife faint from exhaustion?”

Damien didn’t want to argue with him, so he shrugged and left the room. “Think whatever

you want.”

Jacob frowned as he watched the tall, lean man walk away. He then glanced at Cherise, who was still fast asleep. “Don’t tell me you care deeply about this lady?” he said with a deep sigh.

Damien froze in his tracks, his shadow lengthening in the hallway light. “What’s wrong with caring for my wife?”

Jacob’s forehead creased. “But Damien, I’m sure you’re more than aware of what you’re up

against in the future.”

“I’m sure you know how your three previous fiancés died.”

“Although she managed to escape this time, she could still pose a threat to you in the future.”

Damien narrowed his eyes. “We can discuss this later.”

He wasn’t even sure how he felt about Cherise!

“It’s too early to say.”

The scorching afternoon sun beat down on the lady’s face through the windows.

The heat woke up Cherise.

She stretched out her arms as soon as she woke up.

The sun’s rays were too bright, so she had to squint as soon as she opened her eyes.

Why is the sun so hot in the morning?

She furrowed her brows, trying to gather her thoughts. Something wasn’t right. She picked up her phone to check the time and saw it was already past ten.

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She was dumbfounded. She couldn’t believe she had slept past ten o’clock in the morning!

Chapter 53 Health Checkup

Cherise’s eyes flashed with darkness when she checked the date on her phone.

It was Friday. She had to attend the advanced mathematics class conducted by a “drill sergeant” and a physics class that she couldn’t wrap her head around.

Her advanced mathematics class would have ended by now, while her physics class was just about to start.

She softly growled in dread before getting out of bed to tidy herself up.

She recalled Damien being in a bad mood the day before, having asked her to clean him. repeatedly. She obeyed his orders regardless of his pointless persistence.

However, she couldn't recall anything that happened after.

Cherise saw her haggard face in the mirror and sighed deeply. As expected, she had been too relaxed since starting college.

When she lived in the rural areas, she had done farming, which was much more tiring. than everything she had to go through the past few days. But she had never seen herself look this haggard before.

She wasn't sure what happened after, but she could piece it together.

Damien must have let her sleep after she fainted from exhaustion and had the maids. carry her to bed.

Her smile widened at the thought.

After all, it seemed like her husband was a pretty nice guy despite his cold demeanor.

Damien was clearly in a bad mood yesterday but still let her stay asleep and had the maids carry her to bed.

He can be pretty gentle.

Cherise was a simple-minded young lady. She didn't need much to make her happy.

Her lips curled into a warm smile as she walked down the stairs.

Damien leaned on the sofa in the living room, savoring his cup of tea.

A man in a white shirt sat beside him, rambling about the rumors surrounding the Lenoir family.

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“Tristan is a laughing stock in the elite social class now,” he said.

“He’s almost thirty and the eldest grandson of the Lenoir family, but he managed to embarrass himself within days of taking over a new company!”

“And that’s not all. He got into a car accident a few days ago and hurt himself in the...well, you know. I don’t think he’ll be able to touch a woman for at least half a year. Karma, I tell

you.”

Jacob was so engrossed in his conversation that he didn’t notice Cherise standing at the bottom of the stairs.

With his eyes covered by a black silk scarf, the man tilted his head slightly and spoke in a cold voice.
“You’re awake.”

He was evidently addressing Cherise.

Cherise smiled politely, but her eyes were wary. “Yes, I’m awake.”

Jacob finally noticed her.

He scrutinized the girl at the stairs from head to toe. “You look even more beautiful now than when you were asleep.”

Unaware of the stranger's identity in the living room, Cherise cautiously said, "You are..."

"Jacob Caldwell, my private doctor."

"Nice to meet you, Dr. Caldwell, Cherise greeted, walking over to the sofa and refilling Damien's tea. "Why are you here?" she asked. "Is Damien not feeling well?"

Jacob almost choked on his tea. "Why would you think that?" he asked.

She was the one who ended up fainting from exhaustion, and the first thing she asked in the morning was whether Damien was unwell.

Damien rolled his eyes from under the silk cover. "Dr. Caldwell is here for my regular health checkup," he interjected, answering her curiosities.

Cherise nodded in understanding. "Oh, I see," she muttered.

She then placed the cup of tea in front of Damien before inquiring, "How are the results? Is everything okay?"

Chapter 54 Married You for the Money

Despite her recent marriage to Damien, Cherise's voice was firm and unwavering.

"He's alright," he said.

Jacob chuckled, glancing at Damien out of the corner of his eye. "Old Mr. Lenoir asked me to do a checkup on Damien within days of your marriage. I think he's eager to have grandchildren."

He turned to Cherise and winked. "If Damien has any problems in bed, you be sure to let me know right away. It's better to get it diagnosed and treated as soon as possible."

Cherise's cheeks flushed a deep red.

She lowered her head, her fingers fidgeting in her lap. She didn't know how to respond to Jacob.

"Blake," Damien said, his voice cold. "It's time for a beating."

Jacob's eyes widened in fear as a little boy in a white shirt jumped down from the banister. of the second floor. The boy tackled Jacob on the sofa, and they began to wrestle.

"Little devil," Jacob cried. "It's the little devil Blake!"

Jacob tried to run away, but Blake was too fast. Jacob then pleaded to Blake, "I admit I was wrong. Let me go, please!"

Cherise couldn't help but laugh as she watched Jacob and Blake tussle. It was the first time Damien had seen Cherise smile this

way.

She had a genuine smile on her face, one where both corners of her mouth lifted up in a full grin, not the polite one she usually gave him or the forced one she showed in front of the Shaw family.

The sun shone on her, making her hair glow. A strand of hair fell beside her ear and moved as she laughed.

The man reached out and gently tucked the hair behind her ear, revealing her profile.

pure

Cherise was so engrossed in the playful scene that she didn't notice his touch until he had already moved her hair. She quickly regained her composure and blushed.

"Thank you," she said softly.

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Cherise's brows furrowed in confusion. "How did you know?" she asked.

Damien didn't answer her question. Instead, he changed the subject. "I helped you answer a call this morning while you were still asleep," he said.

Cherise's attention was piqued. "Who was it?" she probed.

"Your aunt, Eriana," Damien replied, his eyebrows raised before he continued, "You ended up giving her money."

Cherise's face tensed with anxiety. She didn't expect him to find out about this so soon.

"I gave her my scholarship funds," she said reluctantly.

She had no choice but to come clean. "Grandma doesn't know I'm married, so..."

"So you let her blackmail you," Damien finished the rest of her sentence, his voice thick with anger. "Why didn't you tell me?"

He had been thinking about this ever since Cherise fainted. He couldn't believe that she had kept this from him.

Cherise was a unique girl.

She was stubborn and persistent; if she didn't want to tell you something, there was no way to get it out of her.

Damien knew he had to be straightforward, even though she had a gentle exterior.

"I..." Cherise hesitated, her anxiety growing at Damien's suspicions.

"I'm afraid you'd think I married you for the money."

Chapter 55 Exposed

"Even though it's for money..."

She looked adorable with her head lowered hesitantly.

To Damien, compared to her stubborn behavior, she became more adorable when she was helplessly panicking.

Damien arched his eyebrows as he smiled slightly. "If I didn't ask you directly, were you going to hide this from me forever?"

Cherise nodded. "Yes. It's my personal problem. After all... you have no obligation to be responsible for that."

"He is your husband; of course he has an obligation to do so, just like you have the same obligation to be responsible as his wife, including taking care of the bottom half of his body."

She had no idea when Jacob appeared with his arms around Blake. Both of them sat on the other end of the couch.

Jacob flashed a smile at Cherise. "Damien knew about everything over the past few days. He has been waiting for you to tell him yourself, so he did not probe you. over it."

Cherise's eyes widened. She shot a glance at Damien, who remained impassive. The black silk cloth almost covered the expression on his face.

"You...." She blushed involuntarily upon recalling her feeble excuse of studying physics. "You knew I was lying..."

He nodded. "All the things I asked you for help-to feed and shower me, were all done to make you confess."

Cherise bit her lips. I thought he was starting to rely on me by asking me for help with eating, and I thought it was inconvenient for him to take showers. Even yesterday, when he asked me to prepare a bath for him again, I simply thought he was in a bad mood. In reality, he's doing all this on purpose, but how would I know that?

Jacob's eyebrows slightly creased upon sensing her silence. "Cherise, don't blame him for all the trouble. This man has low EQ. If I wasn't here today, he would probably still be throwing tantrums at you. He doesn't express himself well."

Cherise pursed her lips before replying, "Actually... I'm the same too."

I should have thought of the sudden change in his behavior lately. All this while, he has never

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intentionally given me a hard time. There must be a reason behind this.

She was so occupied with earning more money that it slipped her mind.

Jacob had prepared a long speech to give her some advice. However, he decided against that when he heard her reply.

He shook his head after looking at the seemingly indifferent Damien and Cherise, who had been stealing glances at him.

“Have a good talk, both of you. Blake and I will

“It’s fine,” Damien interrupted. “We’re going back to our room.” He turned to Cherise and commanded, “Let’s go.”

She leaped from the couch instantly. She bade farewell to Jacob and quickly pushed Damien upstairs.

After reaching the bedroom, she closed the door with a huge sigh.

“Uhm... I’m sorry about that.” She stood by the door awkwardly. “I didn’t mean to hide it from you...

“I know.” He waved at her from the wheelchair. “Come here.”

She pursed her lips and walked to him tentatively. As soon as she got closer, he gave her a

tug, making her fall into his arms.

His scent and breath instantly made her blush.