

Marrying 61

Chapter 61 A Night To Remember

When Cherise had gotten engaged to Damien, Lucy loaded her with plenty of materials. on this topic, instructing her to put it into practice.

At the time, Cherise hid under the blanket and watched said 'materials' with a curious mind. Do people really scream when they go at it?

Is it true that intimacy drives people mad?

It was not until today that she understood how it felt.

Bathed in the dim light, she gazed at Damien with misty eyes.

Beads of sweat rolled down his forehead, and the way they followed the ridges of his abs. made her inexplicably swallow hard.

"Dear..."

She called him softly.

"Hmm?" He raised an eyebrow.

"You look great."

Sunlight filtered through a crack in the curtains, and Cherise turned over and shielded her eyes from the faint glow with a hand.

The memories quickly dawned on her as she furrowed her brow and opened her hazy eyes, and she froze for a good two seconds. Every muscle on her body was sore.

Last night...

She blushed to the roots of her hair.

After hastily fixing her hair, she rushed downstairs and found Damien sitting indifferently on the couch with a black silk blindfold over his eyes. The butler was standing next to him, reciting the news as usual.

Upon hearing her footsteps, his calm and deep voice rang out. "Awake?"

Cherise blushed and softly responded with an "Mmm, before hurrying into the kitchen.

"Madam, you're up."

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Frances came out of the kitchen with breakfast, "Breakfast is ready, you may help.

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yourself." She said with a smile.

Cherise felt a little apologetic. "I was supposed to make breakfast..."

It's all Lucy's fault!

She said a tiny bit of the drug doesn't do any harm!

And....

She spent the night being the subject of Damien's manly prowess. She almost passed out from exhaustion a few times, but he would wake her up with a few hard pumps.

There was not a bone in her body that was not aching. That was why she slept in!

Frances smiled ambiguously at her. "Ma'am, it's a blessing for a woman to be able to sleep in."

"Please take a seat at the dining table. I'll bring the food over in a second."

Cherise pouted her lips and obliged.

The truth of the matter was that she was famished.

Cherise had just taken her seat when Mr. Kolson put away the newspaper and wheeled Damien over.

She checked the time and found that it was past nine!

"You... Haven't had anything to eat?"

Damien handed her a spoon elegantly. "I was waiting for you."

His gentle yet commanding voice made her heart flutter.

She grabbed the spoon in a fluster. "Eat up... You must be hungry." Her face turned a little red.

While she was starving, she acknowledged that she did nothing but get pinned under him all night. One could only imagine how much hungrier he was at this point.

Through the thin, black silk, Damien saw the tinge of redness on her face and curved his lips into a satisfied smile.

“Have some more,”

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As Frances served the other dishes, Cherise thoughtfully helped him to more food.

She smiled bashfully like a teenage girl.

Damien, on the other hand, looked at her with a faint, warm smile. – more warmth than what Frances could recall in recent memory.”

After breakfast, he brought Cherise into his embrace and gave her a flurry of kisses before her phone started ringing it was Lucy. Cherise shyly left his embrace. “I... I have to go to class.”

He brought his lips to her ears. “Shall I give you a lift?” His breath was warm yet chilling at the same time.

“N-nah, I’ll be alright.”

Cherise pouted on her lips. “There were rumors about me recently...”

She swallowed her words and raised her head, her watery eyes filled with bashfulness. “Besides... You should get some rest.”

His health calls for cautious monitoring, and he had been so tired last night...

Chapter 62 A Different Breed

Damien chuckled indifferently. "Good idea."

"Cool!"

Cherise laughed shyly and went upstairs to pack her bag.

Not long after, she skipped down the stairs, put on her shoes in the mudroom, waved him. goodbye with a bright smile, turned around, and a sudden realization struck. upon her.

He is blind...

He doesn't know that I am waving at him.

So, she clumsily removed her shoes and scurried towards Damien, stopped by his wheelchair, and bent forward to place a kiss on his cheek.

"Darling, I've gotta run!"

She bolted away with red hot cheeks, heart thumping rapidly.

Sitting in the wheelchair, Damien watched her as she left, subconsciously rubbing his cheek where he had just been kissed.

"Idiot," he smiled.

"Sir."

At the sound of Mr. Kolson's turned engine, Mr. Hampson cautiously approached Damien. "Do I prepare... The medicine for madam?"

Damien raised a brow apathetically. "What medicine?"

"She's a little young of age, and you shouldn't bear a child these few years..."

Sensing a threatening energy coming from Damien, Mr. Hampson gradually lowered his voice. "Besides, if Mrs. Lenoir were to conceive a child, you would've had to stick to Mr. Peter's plan..."

Damien scoffed. "Do you reckon the id*ot would be more foolish when she gets pregnant?"

Mr. Hampson was left with no words.

After a brief pause, he responded, "Got it, sir."

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Mr. Hampson heaved a sigh of relief after finishing what he had to say.

It seems like Mrs. Lenoir truly is Mr. Lenoir's lucky charm.

"Cherry, how was last night?"

After class, Lucy walked up to Cherise with a mischievous look and winked at her. "Did you unleash your blind and hot husband's inner beast with the drug?"

The drug was a special blend by Lucy's cousin. Not only did it help with arousal, but also...

Hohohoho...

Lucy was loud, at least loud enough to make everyone in class turn their heads.

Cherise instantly blushed to the roots of her hair.

She hurriedly packed her bag and dashed out of the classroom.

Lucy chased after her with a playful yet sly look. "Come on, give me some details. I'm eager to hear some deets!"

Cherise bit her lips. "Another word, and I'm getting mad at you."

Her angry front could barely cover her excitement.

She was delighted not only because she had a chance to bear his child but also....

He was the kindest person she had ever met!

Lucy knew Cherise so well that she could read her like a book.

She could hear the excitement in Cherise's voice.

So, she decided to push her limits. She put an arm around Cherise's shoulder and ushered her to a less crowded area. "Now, tell me, how did the blind and an idiot make it work last night?"

"I am dying to find out!"

They were so close that there were hardly any secrets between them.

Cherise mumbled her words hesitantly with a flushed face.

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“After dinner, he was headed towards the study. I stopped him and offered him the water...”

Flashes of unthinkable images started playing in Cherise’s head as she started her story.

“Then... We got on the bed...” Her cheeks were now red and hot like a fiery red pepper.

“He doesn’t look that healthy, but in bed...”

She bit her lips firmly. “He is a different breed in bed...”

Chapter 63 Grandma’s Approval

“Great!” Lucy patted Cherise on the shoulder.

“I thought your husband had a lot of health issues and that it might’ve compromised his manly prowess!”

It seemed like she was overly concerned!

Cherise was going to respond when a dark shadow came over her.

She raised her head.

Standing before her was Ian, dressed in white, looking at her with a pale face.

“Ian? What are you doing here?” Her eyes widened with surprise at his unexpected presence.

Ian noticed the tinge of redness on her cheeks, and the girls’ voice echoed in his head.

Health issues and it might’ve compromised his manly prowess!

...A different breed in bed...

Ian’s soul quickly left his eyes.

He responded with a hoarse voice. “Lila said you didn’t go to work yesterday, and she couldn’t reach you on the phone, so I came over to check on you.”

At this point, Ian thought he had been a little ridiculous.

He was terrified that something had happened to Cherise when he got Lila’s call. Worried sick, he put down everything and rushed to school while ringing her multiple times.

But in the end, when he finally got a hold of her, he was greeted by a thrilling story about what happened between her and her husband.

“Ahh...”

Cherise rubbed her head, seemingly upset at herself. “I forgot about the job at the sanatorium!”

Following that, she removed Lucy’s hand from her shoulder and was prepared to head to

work.

Lucy grabbed her arm with a frown. "Why are you still working at that crappy place?"

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"I thought all your problems had already been resolved!"

Grandma Mary had met Damien. Not only was she happy with him, but she also suggested Cherise to conceive a child quickly.

Now that Grandma was no longer a concern, Cherise did not have to be worried about Aunt Eriana's threats, not to mention covering Cousin Nick's medical expenses.

Freed from financial burdens, Cherise did not have a reason to work at the sanatorium. anymore.

But she responded with a beaming smile, eyes filled with a resolute glint. "I must finish. what I started. It has hardly been a few days into the job; even if I were to quit, it's only fair if I last for a week."

Lucy rolled at eyes. "Whatever."

"If Damien Lenoir ever finds out that you're serving other men, he's going to be upset."

"Nah, he won't!"

At the mention of Damien, Cherise smiled from ear to ear. "My husband isn't that petty."

"He'll support my decision!"

Her voice was filled with affirmation and a tinge of coyness, but while Cherise was indulging in loving emotions, Ian was clenching his fists silently.

Damien Lenoir, is that his husband's name?

What a stupid name, straight out of the 60s, just like himself.

Lucy knew Cherise well enough to understand that once she had made up her mind, there was no going back.

She furrowed her brow. "Go then..."

"Just have a think about quitting the job today."

"Okay."

Cherise bade her farewell and turned around to look at Ian apologetically. "I'm sorry, Ian."

"I had something to take care of yesterday and forgot about the job."

Ian stared at her face, flushed with color from the sun's embrace. "What's keeping you so

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busy?" He uttered with a frown.

"Urm..."

Cherise hesitated and chuckled. "I took my husband to meet my grandmother."

Ian's posture subtly stiffened, and he managed a forced smile. "Does she like him?"

"She rather fancies him."

Cherise walked towards the exit with graceful steps. "I used to be worried that Grandma might not take to him, fearing that the news of my marriage would distress her, perhaps. even make her ill."

Her smile, now as bright as the sun that surrounded them, exuded a sense of warmth. "But to my surprise, Grandma has grown quite fond of him."

Chapter 64 Sparkle In Her Eyes

Walking next to her, Ian could not help but notice the radiant sparkle in her

This was a Cherise Shaw he had never seen before.

eyes.

She had always been a cheerful lady in the past, but never like this, radiating the glow of happiness so vividly.

Jealousy crawled its way into Ian's heart.

What's so special about that old and bald man?!

How does he deserve her love and sacrifice? Even Grandma Mary approves of him!

As they reached the gate, Cherise turned to say goodbye to Ian. "I'm off to the sanatorium!"

With those words, she slung her little backpack over her shoulder and headed in the direction of the bus stop.

Ian grabbed the strap of her backpack and pulled her towards him. "I happen to have a few patients at the sanatorium who I need to visit. Let me give you a lift."

"In that case, thanks Ian!"

Cherise did not hesitate and hopped into Ian's car.

On the way to work, Ian thought about bringing up Damien several times but decided against it.

He understood that learning more about the man would lead to nothing but agony and pain.

He recalled the way Cherise used to look at him when they first met, her eyes twinkling like stars.

His classmates used to tease him. "That junior seems to be fond of you. Aren't you going to take the first step?"

He would respond with a faint smile. "I have plenty of juniors who like me."

Now, though she treated him with the same amount of respect, that sparkle in her eyes belonged to another man.

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They soon arrived at the nursing room.

Ian walked her to her station before leaving.

“Tsk tsk, you even have a cute guy to keep you company now.”

Lila sneered and dumped a pile of used bed sheets in front of Cherise. “You were missing yesterday, so I saved these for you.”

Cherise looked at the towering heap of sheets, feeling a bit troubled. “Is the washing machine still not working?”

She had spent the whole afternoon washing bed sheets the other day, and her wrists were aching by the time she finished!

Besides, the materials which the sheets were made of were stiff and difficult to maneuver.

“Nah, it hasn’t been repaired.”

Lila replied with a cold sneer. She crouched to Cherise’s eye level and fixed a cold gaze on her. “What’s the matter? Can’t you handle a bit of washing?”

“Or perhaps now that you’ve found a man to dote on you, you’re refusing to get your hands dirty?”

Cherise did not miss the sarcasm in Lila’s remark, but she chose to lower her head. “I’ll try my best.”

It might be challenging, but since she had taken on this job, she was determined to get it done!

Ian stepped out of the sanatorium director’s office with half an hour to spare before his afternoon shift.

With extra time on his hands, he headed to the second floor for Cherise.

Earlier, he had requested Lila to assign lighter tasks for Cherise, like making and serving tea to the patients.

By that logic, she should have been stationed on the second floor, but he searched part of the floor and could not find her.

It was only after someone pointed it out that he learned Cherise was in the laundry.

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The laundry room was tucked away in a corner of the sanatorium's backyard.

He pushed the door open, revealing several large washing machines with 'Out of Order' signs taped on them.

At the far end of the laundry, he saw a petite girl standing barefoot in a basin, her hands and feet covered in foamy suds.

When she heard the door open, she looked up. "Tan?"

Ian furrowed his brows and approached her with large strides. "Cherise, why are you doing this?"

Chapter 65 The Formidable Man

Cherise wiped the sweat from her forehead, and a frothy patch of bubble clung to her hair. "Lila assigned me to this job; the machines are broken, so I must hand wash them."

Ian knitted his brows furiously. The sheets had always been machine-washed at the sanatorium, and hand-washing was unheard of!

This is absurd!

“I’m going to have a word with Lila about this.”

He turned around, intending to leave.

But before he could, Cherise noticed his displeasure and tried to stop him. “Ian!”

Alas, she forgot that her feet were covered in water and foam.

As soon as her delicate feet touched the ground, she slipped and lost balance...

Ian swiftly reached out to grab her.

Just as Cherise was barely an inch away from falling into his embrace, she instinctively held up her hands and stopped herself from colliding with his body.

Her actions cut Ian’s heart like a blade.

But he managed a nonchalant front, embracing her body as if it were an accident.

“Hah.”

A cold, heart-piercing laughter echoed from the doorway.

Ian raised his head to see a wheelchair parked at the entrance of the laundry room.

In it sat a man with a black silk blindfold.

The man exuded a dangerous air that filled the laundry with his presence.

Ian had never seen anyone like him.

Despite being disabled, his presence commanded respect, and he emanated a formidable pressure without uttering a word

posture.

Who is this guy?

all he did was sit in the wheelchair with an elegant.

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What's he doing here?

Cherise, who had been forced into a hug with Ian, took advantage of his momentary distraction and slipped out of his embrace.

Sensing something amiss in the air, she frowned and turned her head to look toward the laundry room's entrance...

"Dear!"

As soon as her gaze met the man in the wheelchair, what discomfort Cherise was feeling immediately vanished.

She quickly wiped off the foam from her feet with an unwashed sheet, then scurried towards Damien barefoot. "What are you doing here?"

The way she blinked her eyes and called him 'dear' brought a smile to Damien's face. He pulled her into his arms and said, "Lucy heard you're back at work, so I'd like to check on _you."

As he held her in his lap, Cherise became self-aware and tried to fight him off coyly.

They were in a public space. Besides, Ian was around, and she did not want to be a subject of gossip.

But the more she struggled, the tighter Damien's grip around her slender waist became.

She was also afraid that if she struggled harder, it may give the impression that she was in an unhappy marriage. Besides, she was mindful not to hurt him. So, in the end, she gave in and let him hold her.

Ian stood unmovingly, face alternating between pale and red.

The man in the wheelchair.... is Cherise's husband?

Not the old bald man I saw last time?

Mr. Hampson emerged from the back of the wheelchair and leaned into Damien. "Sir, they are on their way."

"Okay."

"You may go, we only need Mr. Kolson and Blake here."

Damien replied as he grabbed a piece of napkin from Blake and handed it to Cherise. "Here, clean yourself."

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Mr. Hampson bowed courteously and stepped away.

Meanwhile, Ian's mind exploded with questions.

So...

The man I saw last time is her husband's butler?!

"Mr. Philips, we have finally met."

Damien raised his head, and despite his blindfold, Ian could feel a piercing gaze through the black silk.

The voice sounded oddly familiar...

It was the same cold voice Ian had heard last time!