

Marrying 66

Chapter 66 You Have My Sympathy

He took a step back involuntarily. "You're Cherise's husband?"

"Of course."

Damien chuckled and placed a kiss on Cherise's forehead. "Aren't you going to introduce.

Cherise regained her composure and quickly got back on her feet, then awkwardly introduced them. "Ian, this is my husband, Damien Lenoir."

"Dear, this is my senior, Ian Philips."

Ian's face turned pale. "Mr. Lenoir, I've heard a lot about you."

"I didn't expect Cherise's husband to be this young," he added, a tinge of bitterness in his

tone.

Damien could sense the jealousy in his words as he smiled nonchalantly, "By the sound of your voice, you seem older than me, Mr. Philips."

He drummed his fingers on the handle of his wheelchair. "Mr. Philips, you must be around thirty-six."

"I'm twenty-six, actually, ten years younger than you,"

Ian responded with his face turning a shade redder.

The pettiness of this man!

I admit that I was being sarcastic when I said he was younger than I thought, but his words have topped the sarcasm charts!

Meanwhile, Cherise was completely oblivious to the subtle punches between the men. She shook her head. "Dear, you've mistaken. Ian just graduated last year, he should only be a few years older than you."

Ian balled his fists. "I'm twenty-five, a year younger than you, Mr. Lenoir."

Cherise was surprised to hear that, and she scratched her head awkwardly. "Sorry, Ian."

"I always thought you were mature beyond your years, it seems I have misjudged your age."

Damien, on the other hand, continued calmly, "Or perhaps Mr. Philips has a particularly...

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Seasoned appearance?"

Cherise was left with no words.

She had finally managed to steer the conversation away from conflict and avoid further confrontation, but Damien's remarks seemed to have brought anger to Ian's eyes.

He clenched his fists silently.

Since his college days, Ian had always been regarded as a young, handsome, and able man. He was used to being showered by compliments, and women were crazy for him.

But Damien's remarks caught him off guard.

He bit his lips and squeezed these words through his teeth. "Can't you see what I look like? I don't understand what you were trying to say.

Damien scoffed indifferently and fiddled with Cherise's fingers. "You're right, I can't see what you look like."

"You!"

"Ian."

Cherise hurriedly interrupted Ian and shook her head. "Ian... My husband... is visually impaired."

Ian was stunned.

A few moments later, it had dawned on him.

Ah, he is blind.

No wonder he is sitting in a wheelchair; no wonder he has a blindfold on. Ian assumed there was more to it.

After all, he is just a blind man.

And it all started to make sense to Ian. A handsome, elegant, and rich man like Damien. Lenoir would have never taken Cherise as his wife unless there was a catch.

Yes, he is rich, so what?

Yes, he is handsome, so what?

He has to spend the rest of his life in a wheelchair, and he can't see a thing!

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At that thought, Ian could not help but feel a touch of satisfaction. "Mr. Lenoir, were you born blind, or did it happen later?"

Damien leaned back in his wheelchair, toying idly with Cherise's fair and delicate fingers. "I was injured in a fire when I was thirteen, and it damaged my retinas."

Ian's ego was properly tickled. "Retinal injuries are difficult to treat."

"You have my sympathy, Mr. Lenoir. It must be tough not being able to see the beautiful creation of this world or your lovely wife."

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Chapter 67 Crossing Boundaries

Cherise was not impressed with the sarcastic remark by Ian. "Ian!"

She was under the impression that Ian was a kind and considerate man. He would never discuss a patient's condition in front of them because it might hurt the patient's feelings.

But why did he choose to say these words to Damien?

Jan quickly realized how unprofessional he had been when Cherise called his name.

He cleared his throat quietly. "My apologies, I've gone too far."

"It's true, I can't see anything."

Damien's lips curved into an indifferent smile as he pulled Cherise into his embrace.

"Even though I can't see Cherise's face."

He ran his long, slender fingers down her face and added gently, "I can feel it."

Ian bit his lips fiercely.

He understood what Damien was talking about.

These were taunting remarks-telling Ian that he could never touch Cherise!

Cherise was still completely oblivious to the sizzling tension in the air.

She looked at Ian gullibly, "Ian, Damien is really good at this. He can figure out how you look like just from touching your face."

Ian was left with no words.

Who the heck wants to be touched by him?!

Sitting in the wheelchair, Damien burst into laughter. "It seems like your friend doesn't want me to know what he looks like."

“Perhaps he isn’t the best-looking one?”

His tone was filled with mockery.

Cherise frowned, “Dear, you’re mistaken, Ian looks pretty cute.”

Damien chuckled in response, then pointed his lips ironically in Ian’s direction. “I haven’t

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felt it, how would I know?”

Cherise was taken aback.

Does this mean... Damien is curious about what Ian’s face looks like?

Isn’t it a little weird for a man to caress another man’s face?

But another voice in her head told her that she should let Ian prove himself. After all, he used to be her crush.

Just as Cherise was trying to put together a response, Ian said with a wry smile, “Cherise, please get Lila.”

“I need to talk to her.”

He threw a sharp gaze at Damien as he spoke. “Besides, I’d like to have a word with your husband too.”

Cherise continued her inner debate inside her head, but Damien interrupted her thought.

“Go ahead.”

“Perhaps Mr. Philips wanted to wait until you left us before letting me touch him.”

Ian became blue and pale in the face.

Something seemed to have dawned on Cherise – as if she had realized that Ian was just embarrassed to be touched while she was around.

At that thought, she hurriedly went for the laundry’s exit.

But she had hardly walked a few steps when Damien’s silvery and tender voice came from behind. “Put on your shoes.”

She facepalmed, thinking how absurd it was for her to forget about her shoes!

Scratching her head, Cherise turned around and scurried over, slipped her feet into her canvas shoes, did her laces, and scurried away.

She also made sure to close the door behind her.

Even after the door had been shut, Damien and Ian could hear her footsteps faint away. into the distance of the hallway.

Damien raised an understated smile, his face shifted to meet Ian’s gaze. “Mr. Philips, do

you have something to discuss with me?”

Ian squinted his eyes, his gaze icy as he stared down at Damien. “Are you truly blind?”

When Cherise had left earlier, not even he had noticed that she was not wearing shoes. How did this blind man know?

And he had even managed to remind her?

“If I recall correctly, you are an orthopedic surgeon, Mr. Philips.”

Damien said, his fingers gently tapping the leather armrest of his wheelchair. “How much does an orthopedic surgeon know about eyes?”

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Chapter 68 Why Are You Pretending

Ian scoffed, “Mr. Lenoir, you give off the impression that you have perfect eyesight.”

He could even feel Damien’s piercing gaze penetrating the black silk blindfold.

It made him extremely uncomfortable.

Damien, however, wore a faint smile. “So, what do you suppose a blind person should be?”

“Submissive, timid, and allows others to push their boundaries without retaliation?”

Ian hesitated for a moment but recalled something, and his eyes turned cold.

He let out a sarcastic laugh and walked slowly towards Damien. "How did you know that I crossed my boundaries on Cherise?"

Aren't you blind?

Slowly and steadily, Ian moved towards Damien. Yet, the man in the wheelchair remained calm as usual, sitting unmovingly with a serene countenance and a hint of a smile. "It seems you have put your hand on someone else's wife, Mr. Philips."

"As a student of the prestigious Adania University and the youngest orthopedic surgeon Adania Hospital, aren't you ashamed of yourself for committing such ignoble deeds?"

Ian arched an eyebrow. "I guess compared to someone like you, who forces an innocent lady into marriage in exchange for money, my actions aren't exactly frowned upon."

He stood before Damien, and while he thought Damien was distracted by his remark, he reached to unveil the black silk blindfold....

Damien remained expressionless. He graciously raised a hand and clamped onto Ian's wrist with his long and slender fingers before Ian could reach him.

Intense pain shot through Ian's wrist, causing him to tremble.

His face grew pale, and the words that escaped his lips came out with a quavering voice, "Let... Let me go!"

Damien put on a faint, enigmatic smile. "Mr. Philips, you seem very interested in my eyes."

Ian gritted his teeth and reached out with his other hand, desperate to free himself from Damien's mighty grip, but to no avail.

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Frustrated, he resorted to launching a hefty kick at Damien.

But Damien's reflexes were swift as a deer, and in their brief scuffle, not only did Ian not gain the upper hand, but his wrist was subjected to greater pain.

In the end, when Ian was on the brink of exhaustion, Damien released his grip and threw him aside.

Ian collapsed to the ground, struggling to catch his breath.

His wrist was slammed against the metallic casing of one of the machines.

Squinting through the pain, he rubbed on his wrist with clenched jaws. "You... You're not blind!"

"Nah, I am blind."

Ian was drenched in sweat, but contrary to his hectic demeanor, Damien remained relaxed in his wheelchair, as though nothing had happened.

He even gently tossed a tissue on the ground. "Wipe yourself."

Ian's

gaze grew even colder. "Why are you pretending to be blind?"

"Again, I am blind."

"If you have any doubts, you may check my records, including all medical reports from the age of thirteen to twenty-six."

His unwavering confidence brought a frown to Ian's face. "Are you telling the truth?"

"Indeed."

"Then... How did you know Cherise wasn't wearing shoes earlier?"

"Ian?"

Suddenly, the door to the laundry room was opened, and Cherise stood in shock, finding an incapacitated Ian on the ground.

What's happening?!

"Tan!"

Following closely behind Cherise, Lila shrieked and shoved Cherise aside, rushing into the room.

Chapter 69 The Venomous Vine of Jealousy

Cherise momentarily lost her balance, but Damien reached out in time to stop her from falling.

"Ian, are you alright?"

Lila, with eager concern, helped Ian to his feet. How did you end up on the floor?"

As she spoke, her eyes lifted cautiously to glower at Damien. "Was it you?!"

"You, blind man seated in the wheelchair, what have you done to Ian?!"

Before Lila could utter another word, Cherise placed herself in front of Damien with a frown. "Lila, please mind your words!"

Lila huffed coldly. "So, did you bring this blind man here?"

"What are you going to do about it?"

She made sure Ian had found his balance before letting him go, then walked towards Damien with a sneer. "Not only will I call him a blind @ss man, but I will also throw him. out right in front of you!"

Cherise clenched her fists. "I dare you!"

Lila had harbored feelings for Ian for a while now.

Jealousy burgeoned within her when she noticed Ian had been dropping off Cherise to work in the past, leading to her making things difficult for Cherise.

Now, it was evident that the man in the wheelchair assaulted Ian, and Lila, amidst her anger, saw it as an opportunity to shine.

A triumphant smile adorned her lips as she moved briskly towards Damien.

But Cherise stood in her way.

Despite being ten inches shorter, Cherise stood with clenched fists, her cheeks puffed as she barked, "Lila, Ian must have fallen on the ground for a good reason. My husband is a good man, how could he put his hands on Ian?"

Lila raised an eyebrow indifferently.

She recalled that this little girl, who wore a ponytail, had always behaved obsequiously. regardless of how difficult she made things for Cherise.

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She had not heard her talk back before.

Who would have thought that now, for the sake of a blind man, this same little girl would. stand up to her?

Lila marched forward and raised her hand to shove Cherise aside.

She made sure to put in enough force to make sure Cherise felt her hostility, but to her surprise, Cherise remained unmoving.

She gritted her teeth and retorted, "Lila, there must be a misunderstanding!"

Lila's eyes widened. The nerve of this girl!

"Lila."

Ian interrupted with furrowed brows. "Stop picking on Cherise."

Lila became so mad; one could see steam shooting from her ears!

What's so good about Cherise Shaw?!!

First, Ian used his connections and got her this part-time job, and as a mere part-timer, she earned almost as much as Lila, a full-time employee!

He even put in a special request to assign her some simple tasks.

He would also drop her off at work and walk her to her station, then he would always be waiting for her as she got off work so he could give her a lift!

She found no reason not to make Cherise's life a living hell!

Who did she think she was? She was merely a country girl from a rural village!

Lila's eyes narrowed to slits at the thought, dangerous and cold, as they fixed Cherise. "Move!" She squeezed the word through clenched teeth.

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Cherise, with steadfast gaze, stood her ground with fists balled at her sides. "Never!"

"Lila, be sensible. We still don't know how Ian fell. On what grounds do you blame my husband?"

"Blame?"

Lila let out a scornful laugh. "There were just the two of them in this room, besides him... Ah...!"

Before her words could escape her lips, Damien swept Cherise into his embrace with one hand and, with the other, wheeled his wheelchair and rammed into Lila's knees!

Everything happened so suddenly that Lila had no time to react.

With a sharp pain that shot through her knee, she collapsed and kneeled on the floor with the other knee.

Chapter 70 The Lenoirs.

Everything unfolded in a breathless rush. By the time Cherise and Ian regained their composure, Damien had returned to his original position.

He sat indifferently in his wheelchair, covering the spot on Cherise where Lila pushed her with his large, thick hand. "Does it hurt?" He asked.

"Nah,"

Cherise responded, her lips pressing together in a tight line. She lifted her eyes to look at Lila, who was struggling to regain her stance. "Lila, you should calm down..."

But calm was a distant horizon for Lila!

She was here to avenge Ian and to tilt his affections in her favor!

But in the end...

She had done nothing but embarrass herself in front of him.

While she was furiously muttering curses under her breath and attempting to stand, two men in black suits appeared at the entrance of the room.

One of whom was the manager of the facility.

And the other, Lila's superior, the supervisor at the sanatorium.

Lila was stunned for a moment, and her subsequent expression was one of overflowing gratitude.

Did her supervisor bring the manager along to seek justice on her behalf, knowing that she had been assaulted?

She scrambled to her feet, thinking to herself that the bribes she had given to her supervisor had paid off!

Standing at the doorway, her supervisor glanced at Lila with an irritated look, then briskly strode towards her.

A flutter of excitement quivered within her, "Boss..."

'Smack!'

Before Lila could utter another word, the supervisor slapped her across the face. The sharp crack of the contact echoed through the hallway.

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The slap left Lila dumbfounded.

"Boss..." She stuttered in disbelief.

Meanwhile, the manager of the sanatorium had approached Damien courteously. “Mr. Lenoir, if anyone from the facility has offended you, we humbly ask for your forgiveness, please do not take it to heart...”

Standing at a distance, Ian furrowed his brows deeply.

The manager of the sanatorium was his former lecturer and held a powerful reputation in the city of Adania. He had treated numerous influential figures and was highly regarded by those from both the lawful and the underworld circles.

Yet, this man, who was supposed to be a fearless figure, now behaved like a frightened rabbit and was attempting to placate Damien Lenoir!

Ian’s eyes narrowed slightly. Who... Is this man?

Damien smiled faintly, “David, as you are aware, I am infamously known as the jinx.”

“I’ve taken a tour around your facility today, if it doesn’t go into liquidation soon, I’m afraid I won’t be living up to my name.”

Manager David was thrown into a panic.

His eyes darted to Lila, still recoiling from the slap. “Get over here and apologize to Mr.

Lenoir!”

Lila, still reeling from shock, heard the manager’s orders and decided to let her intrusive thoughts win. “Why should I apologize to him?!”

“He put his hands on Ian first!”

It was then that David noticed Ian’s presence in the laundry.

Frowning, he lowered his voice. "Ian, you too, come and apologize to Mr. Lenoir!"

"Forget it."

Damien gently let go of Cherise's slender waist and put on a smile. "Let's go home."

David, now desperate, stepped forward to stand in Damien's way, gesturing to the supervisor with his eyes.

The supervisor furrowed his brows and glared at Lila angrily. "Do you realize who you are messing with?" His voice was low and stern.

"If you don't apologize right now, the facility might as well close its doors!"

Lila remained defiant. "What's this blind man going to do?"

The supervisor threw another slap across her face. "Not all blind men are equal!"

"Not a single soul in Adania can afford to mess with this one!"

Seeing Lila's stubborn defiance, the supervisor, frustration edging his voice, continued, "Ever heard of the Lenoirs?"