

## **Marrying 81**

### Chapter 81 Lucy and Jacob's Common Interest

Damien smiled to himself, savoring his small victory. He called out to his housekeeper, "Send the voice message to Randall. Tell him I'm here to collect the debt that he owes me."

Damien sighed as he rubbed his temples.

Cherise and Jacob did not apologize to Cressa till the end. However, the police did. nothing to them because they knew what had happened – after all, the red welt on Jacob's face said everything.

After he had settled all that he needed to do, Jacob and Cherise left the police station.

As they were exiting the doors, a young woman dashed past them.

"Are you alright, Cherry?"

"I'm fine," Cherise smiled at Lucy before tilting her head towards Jacob, adding, "he's not too well, though."

Lucy turned around to observe Jacob and the handprint on his face.

"Hi, I don't believe we had the opportunity to meet yet. You are...?"

"This is my husband's physician, Dr. Caldwell."

"This is my close friend, Lucy. Lucy Staber."

Jacob frowned. "Are you the 'friend' who prescribed the 'special medication for men' to Damien?"

Lucy, initially rather jovial, suddenly felt her guard go up. "Oh! Oh yes. That was me."

Jacob jingled his car keys as he turned to the car park. "I guess we can say that we have something in common."

Cherise turned towards the doctor, puzzled. "What do you mean?"

Jacob opened the car door dramatically before turning to Lucy with a devilish grin.

"Lucy and I have a common interest – we're both extremely concerned with Damien's nighttime activities."

He then turned his attention towards Cherise while grinning to himself.

"Please tell us, how are you and Damien doing at night? Havin' fun?"

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Realization dawned on Cherise, causing her to blush furiously. "Hey! I... That's a secret!"

Observing Cherise's embarrassment, Jacob could not help but laugh to himself. Where did her ferocity go? She was going to beat up Cressa just now, but now, she's blushing like a teenage girl thinking about her crush.

Damien won the jackpot this time. Cherise would never fight back even when Cressa insulted her. and yet whenever anyone insinuated anything unbecoming about Damien, she would fight back.

"Your Excellence, your ride has arrived. We will need to transport you ladies home soon."

Cherise glowered at him. "I would get in, but you had to make it awkward by talking about Damien and me, didn't you?"

“What did I ask you about?”

Cherise sighed loudly as she stared at Jacob’s indignant expression.

Lucy stepped forward between them and beckoned Cherise to get into the car. “What are you afraid of, Cherry? You can always complain to your husband if he asks weird. questions like that again, right?”

Jacob turned towards Lucy, surprise blooming on his face like fire in a dry forest. “You’re

smart!”

After Jacob dropped Lucy home, he sped towards the Lenoir Residences.

However, Cherise caught sight of a sale displayed on an LED screen in front of a fish market and quickly requested Jacob to pull to the side.

“I need to buy some fish,” the young woman explained.

“Why?”

“I wanted to make something for my husband.

Cherise always thought she had a good fish recipe but never had the opportunity to cook for Damien. Seeing the sale on the way home was a sign for me to cook for Damien!

However, Jacob did not pull to the side of the road.

“I would stop if you said you wanted to cook for your dinner. However, if it was for Damien, you picked the wrong day to cook. He would not eat dinner tonight.”

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“Why?” Cherise asked, a thousand questions babbling up in her mind. She had never seen Damien skip a meal.

Today’s a special day, Cherise”

“Did you say special day?

“”Yes, I did”

Chapter 82 I’ll Celebrate His Birthday

He sighed and said, “Don’t say anything when you return home. You should finish your meal and rest early. He needs time alone.”

Cherise was even more confused. “Why?”

“No reason.”

Cherise could tell that Jacob did not want to explain the reason.

However, Cherise would not give up until she got the answer. She once questioned a teacher about a math problem until the teacher cried.

Therefore, she tackled her curiosity with the same determined attitude as with her studies. She sat in the front passenger seat and asked Jacob many ‘why’ questions.

“Why won’t he have dinner?”

“Why am I not allowed to speak?”

“Why is today special?”

“Why won’t he eat with me on this special day? It’s not like he has period.”

Jacob was stumped.

Why does she have so many questions?

In the end, he could only sigh helplessly. Today is Damien’s birthday.”

Cherise was stunned briefly. “It’s his birthday?”

She thought Jacob was mistaken. She had memorized Damien’s birth date when they registered their marriage.

Then, she checked the almanac at home. She was sure his lunar calendar birthday was over a month away.

“It’s his birthday based on the Gregorian calendar.”

Cherise finally understood.

When she was in the village, her aunt and uncle celebrated her birthday based on the lunar calendar. Thus, she assumed it was the same for Damien.

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It turned out people in the city celebrated their Gregorian calendar birthdate.

She pursed her lips and felt a little guilty. “It’s my husband’s birthday, but I didn’t a present...”

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“You don’t have to get him a present. He stopped celebrating his birthday when he was thirteen years old.”

Jacob gripped the steering wheel tighter. “You’re going to ask me why he doesn’t celebrate. his birthday, right?”

Cherise nodded. She was planning to ask him.

“Fine, I’ll answer it.”

Jacob laughed softly and gazed into the distance. “When Damien was thirteen years old, his sister, Maeve, worked overnights to complete her work overseas. She rushed home to celebrate his birthday.

He paused before continuing, "Unfortunately, a fire broke out that night."

Cherise froze.

She had heard rumors about Damien's sister before marrying him.

People said his sister died in a fire when he was thirteen.

However, Cherise did not expect it to be on Damien's birthday.

Jacob sighed. "The fire was severe that night. Maeve died on the scene. Before her death, she pushed Damien from the third floor. He broke his legs and lost his sight."

He recalled Damien covered in black soot when brought to the hospital. His heart clenched at the thought. He could not stop tears from gathering in his eyes.

At the time, Jacob was around fifteen to sixteen years old. He was assisting his father at the hospital.

When he saw Damien, he almost thought Damien had died.

Many people doubted Damien would survive. Yet, Damien fought on. He regained consciousness and calmly decided on his future while still bedridden.

His birthday is also his sister's death anniversary. Damien must be sad.

Cherise closed her eyes and frowned. She considered something for a long time.

Then, she suddenly opened her eyes and looked at Jacob with determination. "Bring me to a cake shop. I'll help him celebrate his birthday."

Jacob shook his head. "He won't celebrate his birthday."

"But his sister would want him to be happy on his birthday."

Jacob's hands froze on the steering wheel.

He glanced into the rearview mirror and saw Cherise's innocent eyes.

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Chapter 83 Cake From Little Swan

He pressed his lips together and turned the car back. "I know a patisserie."

The car made a few turns and eventually stopped at an alley in the older parts of the city.

Jacob pointed at an old sign saying 'Little Swan Patisserie. "Go on. His sister used to buy him cakes from here."

"Alright!"

Cherise nodded, slung her back over her shoulders, and dashed toward the shop.

Leaning back in his seat, Jacob wound the window down and lit a cigarette.

Through the smoke, he saw the white-shirt girl push open the old shop door.



It was as though she was opening Damien's long-closed heart.

A smile of relief appeared on his face.

The butler's right. Cherise is truly a cure for Damien.

The girl's naivety and kindness almost seemed to belong in a fairy tale.

It had been thirteen years since Maeve passed on.

Damien had never celebrated his birthday within those thirteen years. Everyone else had the same mind that his birthday was a depressing and sorrowful event.

Cherise was the only one who thought that if Maeve were still alive, she would want. Damien to have a joyful birthday.

Jacob was smoking his third cigarette when Cherise came back with the cake.

She held it carefully in her arms. "Let's go!"

The man glanced at the item in her arms through the corner of his eye. "Why did it take so long?"

Wiping away the sweat on her forehead, she smiled and avoided his eyes. "The shop. owner said they didn't have any ready to go and baked one immediately. That took a little. time."

Jacob was doubtful, but he did not pry further. He drove back to the manor.

“Are you not coming to celebrate together?”

Cherise tilted her head and looked at Jacob. He stayed in the driver’s seat, not intending to get down.

“No, no.”

He waved his hand. “I have something to do at the clinic. I’ll

He turned the car around and quickly drove off.

If the birthday celebration failed and that guy began questioning...

He will send people to take my clinic apart!

Jacob did not want to get involved in such a risk.

go now!”

Cradling the cake in her arms, Cherise watched Jacob’s car disappear and pursed her lips. “Is it that urgent at the clinic...”

She took a deep breath and turned around. She trod carefully with the cake in her arms, worried that taking bigger steps would ruin it.

It was deadly silent in the manor.

Before this, Frances and the butler would greet her warmly whenever she came home. The house would be lively when she was back.

Yet today, Frances only gave a light smile before leaving to do her work.

When the butler saw her, he furrowed his brows at the thing in her hands. Resigned, he shook his head and left.

The entire house was surrounded by dreary air.

Cherise felt uncomfortable in the atmosphere.

Bringing the cake upstairs, she asked a servant and found out that Damien was in his study.

She placed her bag down and washed her face. She planned to meet him but noticed her reflection in the mirror.

A white T-shirt and faded jeans. Is this too casual?

Then again, her husband was blind. There was no point in wearing nicer clothes if he

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could not see it.

But should she celebrate his birthday plainly just because he could not see?

She stared at her reflection for a long time.

In the end, she put on her slippers and ran down the stairs. "Butler, Frances, I need help!"

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## Chapter 84 The Birthday Boy

At eight o'clock in the evening.

The servants had dispersed inside the villa as per Cherise's request, leaving behind only a few bodyguards.

Dressed in a white lace princess dress, Cherise drew a deep breath before knocking gently on Damien's study door.

The room was cloaked in darkness, with moonlight seeping through the windows, creating a subtly chilly ambiance.

In the study, Damien was stretched out in his wheelchair. His eyes were covered with black silk, making it impossible for Cherise to determine whether he was awake or asleep. She gently turned on the lights and approached, calling out, "Hey, hubby?"

The man furrowed slightly.

Damien had spent the entire afternoon poring over reports from five European consortia, and his weariness had finally caught up with him as he drifted off in his wheelchair.

Thirteen years ago, on this very day, his sister, whom he dearly loved, had tragically perished in a fiery blaze.

This heartbreaking incident compelled him to push himself to the limits, endure humiliation, and carry weighty responsibilities.

That was why when he founded those consortia and companies, he established the rule that he must conduct an annual year-end review on this particular day.

It served as a constant reminder to himself. To never slack off, pause, and forget the bitterness he once harbored.

And, this year had brought frequent good news from Europe, drawing him closer to his goal.

“Hey?” Cherise’s delicate voice broke the silence.

Damien opened his eyes.

He saw a dainty woman before him, dressed in a white princess dress. Her fair, almost ethereal skin glowed under the soft lamplight. A hint of surprise flashed in Damien’s eyes beneath the black silk blindfold.

He couldn’t help but think Cherise looked beautiful in the whimsical princess dresses,

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adding an innocent and elegant touch to her demure. Unless you knew, you’d never guess she was initially a girl from the countryside.

“Are you awake?” Cherise asked, noticing his movement.

She smiled and continued, “It’s time for dinner. Should I wheel you downstairs?”

Damien nodded faintly. “Sure.”

Cherise could tell he was not in a good mood from his indifferent tone.

Unsurprisingly, when she returned in the afternoon, the servants were all moving around. on tiptoe, behaving like skittish kittens.

Cherise took a deep breath and guided him out of the study and down the stairs.

Downstairs, the dining room remained dark, but the table was adorned with several candles and red wine and steak – the quintessential candlelit dinner.

Cherise's heart skipped a beat. She had asked Frances and Mr. Hurrell for some favors in preparing for Damien's birthday celebration.

Had they gone through all this trouble for her? This was her first experience of a candlelit dinner like that. Before this, she had only seen it on television. She didn't even know how to cut a steak properly.

Taking in everything on the table, Damien narrowed his eyes slightly and inquired in a chilly tone, "What's for dinner?"

"We're having... Steak and a birthday cake," Cherise said almost inaudibly as she wheeled him closer to the dining table.

Damien's voice grew even colder. "Birthday cake?"

"Did Jacob tell you?" Cherise nervously bit her lip.

"Yes," she replied.

"Did he also tell you I don't celebrate my birthday?"

The dining room remained dimly lit, with only the flickering light of the candles. Cherise instinctively clutched the lace hem of her dress, her voice timid yet steadfast.

"I know you've never celebrated your birthday before."

“But...”

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She drew a deep breath, directed her gaze at Damien, and conjured up a warm smile. “But now, you have me.”

Her eyes glistened in the candlelight as she fixed her eyes on him, her sincerity and enthusiasm shining through, “From now on, I’ll make it a tradition to celebrate your birthday every year, marking another milestone in your life.”

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## Chapter 85 Make a Wish

Damien’s gloom could not help but fade as he looked at her happy smile.

Furthermore, her words were like a comforting blanket shrouding his heart.

Damien’s eyes were fiery beneath the black ribbon. “But I don’t want to celebrate my birthday.”

“That’s your problem. I want to celebrate it for you. It’s my choice.”

Cherise pursed her lips and carefully brought the box of cake to him, opening it before

him.

Damien narrowed his eyes.

He was shocked. It was not only because she got the cake from the same shop his sister did. It was also because of the words written on it.

It was evident that the writer was not used to writing with icing.

The handwriting was slanted and wobbly. It looked like the handwriting of a child learning to write.

Moreover, the words were not birthday wishes.

Instead, what was written was a vow. I'll protect Damien all my life!

The signature was Cherise's.

Damien imagined Cherise standing before the cake. He could see her earnest expression as she wrote one stroke after another.

His eyes flickered with conflicting emotions.

Cherise only knew him to be blind.

Yet, she arranged a candlelit dinner and wore her most beautiful dress. She even wrote her vow on the birthday cake.

He was sure she wrote those words not for him but for herself.

It was a vow and a promise.

"Dear, time to blow the candle!"



When Damien was in a daze, Cherise had placed a candle with the word '26' on the cake.

She carefully lit the candle and said, "You can make a wish before you blow the candle."

Damien's deep voice remained indifferent. "What does the cake look like?"

Cherise glanced at the messy handwriting on the cake. She coughed softly and lied, "It... looks like the cake you had previously. I asked the owner to make the cake you liked before!"

Damien squinted his eyes. "What's written on it?!"

"It..."

"What's written on it?"

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Cherise's face had turned red. She turned away. Her breathing quickened. "It says 'happy birthday. What else can it be?'"

Initially, she wanted to write happy birthday.

But the cake shop owner said if the cake was for someone important to her, she should write what she most wanted to tell the person.

It was because "happy birthday" was something anyone could

say.

Cherise had thought for a long time and felt what Damien needed was not her birthday wish.

Instead, he required her promise.

Thus, she decided to write those words on the cake.

It doesn't feel quite right....

Thankfully, only I can see it. It's not so awkward!

With that thought, she smiled and guided Damien to blow the candle. "It's here."

Seeing that he was about to blow the candle, she reminded him, "Remember to make wish!"

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Previously, she had always patiently reminded her grandmother during her birthdays.

Damien, who had been pursing his lips all the while, finally began to smile.

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He blew the candle.

Cherise removed the candle from the cake and cut a slice for him. "What did for?"

Damien stared at her without blinking. "I suppose I made a wish."

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