

Marrying the Man in the Dark (Damien and Cherise)

Chapter 9

Chapter 9 Deep Conversation

Wanda froze.

+10 pearls

All June said was that Damien kicked her out due to Cherise. She did not explain why.

It turned out she had humiliated Cherise!

Wanda pursed her lips. She would never have brought up this matter if she knew the reason.

Raymond smiled diplomatically. "Damien is a man of dignity. Furthermore, Cherise is the daughter-in-law of the Lenoir family. How can we allow a servant to humiliate her?"

Wanda had no retort. All she could do was snort indignantly and stay silent.

At the same time, Old Mr. Lenoir switched the conversation topic and chatted with Cherise.

Suddenly, Raymond's phone rang. His face turned pale when he saw the number on the screen. "I have to take this call. You all go on without me."

Damien's tone was a little cold. "Sure, Uncle Raymond."

Tristan walked in flippantly shortly after Raymond left.

He glanced at the people in the living room and plopped himself in a seat opposite Cherise, winking at her.

Old Mr. Lenoir was annoyed with Tristan's flirtatious attitude and scolded, "She's your sister-in-law!"

"I know."

Tristan blinked suggestively. "I bumped into them at the gates. Cherise and I had a 'deep' conversation just now."

He emphasized the word 'deep,' prompting Cherise to furrow her brow.

She turned away and noticed the servants were preparing dinner in the kitchen.

"I'll help out in the kitchen."

She stood up immediately to leave.

She was determined to get away from Tristan.)

However, she only took a few steps before a rough, firm hand grabbed her arm. "Grandpa has many servants in this house. You don't have to do anything."

"That's right." Wanda laughed mockingly. "Everyone knows a country bumpkin like you enjoys

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hard labor, but this house has many servants. You have better sit still and behave like a lady."

Cherise's face turned pale. She had no choice but to return to her seat.

As soon **as** she sat down, loud noises sounded outside the house.

The butler rushed in. "Old Mr. Lenoir..."

He glanced at Tristan, who was nonchalantly helping himself to the fruit platter .

Old Mr. Lenoir's expression darkened. "Speak!"

The butler said nervously, “Old... Mr. Belcourt and Ms. Belcourt are outside, demanding justice... They claimed Mr. Tristan violated Ms. Belcourt’s dignity...”

Old Mr. Lenoir glared at Tristan. “What did you do?”

Tristan continued eating fruits without care. “They’re making a fuss over nothing.”

“I was a little drunk at the nightclub that night and accidentally pinched Violet’s bum. What’s wrong with that?”

The living room fell into pin-drop silence.

Suddenly, Old Mr. Lenoir threw an ashtray at Tristan. “You d*mn br*t! How could you say it’s nothing?”

Tristan dodged the ashtray. Although it did not hit him, cigarette soot scattered over his body.

His face and suit were covered in gray soot.

“Grandpa, you’re worked up over nothing.”

Tristan pursed his lips and continued, “It’s not my fault! That woman went to the nightclub in such a short dress that her underwear was almost visible. She was clearly seducing me. How could she now make a fuss when all I did was pinch her?”

Old Mr. Lenoir was so angry that he threw a cushion at Tristan.

“Tristan.” Damien, who had been silent all this while, finally spoke. “You’re a grown man. Since the Belcourt family came here to make demands, shouldn’t you go out to deal with them? How can you expect Grandpa to clean up your mess?”

Tristan rolled his eyes. “Won’t the Belcourt family members beat me up if I go out now?”

Damien replied indifferently, “I never knew you were this irresponsible, Tristan. If I’m not mistaken, Grandpa appointed you as the president of a subsidiary company, right?”

"If you have to rely on Grandpa for such a minor matter, the shareholders will think you're untrustworthy. Then, your status as president will be under threat."

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+10 pearls

Damien's words drove Tristan into a corner, giving him no chance of escape.

Wanda stood up, pulling Tristan with her. "It's only a minor matter. Tristan is more than able to deal with it. You didn't have to mock him like that!"

Cherise furrowed her brow as she watched Wanda dragging Tristan out of the house.

Tristan doesn't think he is wrong at all...Are you sure sending him out won't worsen the matter?

She turned to Damien and saw him sipping tea leisurely.

Old Mr. Lenoir appeared tense. He called the butler over and whispered something to him.

After the butler left, he turned to Damien and sneered. "The Belcourt family has always been unreasonable, and Tristan feels no remorse over what he did. An intelligent man like you couldn't have not realized the consequences of sending Tristan to deal with the Belcourt family."

After Old Mr. Lenoir had spoken, the dispute outside the house grew louder.

Cherise heard Tristan scolding Violet loudly.

Things have indeed worsened.

"You two should leave through the back gate. I'll pretend you didn't come here tonight!"

Old Mr. Lenoir stood up furiously and glared at Damien. "I won't hold it against you this time because of your age and ill health. However, I won't tolerate something like this again!"

Old Mr. Lenoir pushed up his sleeves and left.

However, Damien remained seated in his wheelchair. He smirked, making him appear cold and

arrogant.

Cherise consulted a servant about the directions to the back gate before pushing Damien out of the house.

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The dispute outside had become even more intense.

Damien remained silent as they left the house.

Initially, Cherise thought the back gate would be easy to find.

Unfortunately, the paths at the back of Lenoir Residence were complicated and winding. Furthermore, all kinds of flowers of various colors decorated the path. Soon, Cherise realized she had completely lost her way.

"I think we're lost."

Cherise looked at the stone path in despair, thinking that she had been returning to the same path a dozen times. Then, she sighed in frustration. "I should have asked a servant to lead the

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way."

"The servants will never do such a thing for you."

Cherise pursed her lips. "Why not? This is Grandpa's house. You're his grand son!"

Damien sneered. "It seems you don't know much about your husband. I'm famous all over Adania for being cursed. My parents died when I was nine."

"When I was thirteen, my playfulness caused a severe fire that killed my beloved sister and two servants who cared for me. The fire also blinded me and crippled one of my legs."

"The Lenoir family treated me as a pariah due to the misfortunes surrounding me. No one dares to approach me."

"Due to this, I was sent out to live alone. I've been living in that villa for thirteen years."

Cherise opened her mouth in shock..

Does this mean he has been living in that villa, our marital home, by himself for thirteen years?

Damien spoke coldly, but there was a hint of loneliness. "For the past thirteen years, I was only allowed to visit Lenoir Residence for a meal on special occasions."

"Furthermore, you and I only got to come here tonight because we married yesterday."

Then, he smiled and continued, "The servants in the residence will not bother to respect an outcast like me."