

Marrying the Man in the Dark (Damien and Cherise) Chapter 11

Chapter 11 You Sleepwalked Here

Damien's smile appeared soft and seductive under the moonlight.

Cherise pursed her lips and felt her cheeks heating up. "Check them..."

"I'll check them when we get home."

She suddenly gasped. "I was only bluffing in Lenoir Residence.... He's much stronger than me. How can I win against him in a fight? I don't have the power to make him stop bullying you."

Cherise looked down at her bare feet. "But... I can bring you to escape with me. I can run quite

fast."

Damien could not help but laugh when he saw her serious expression. "Are you planning to run away with me every time?"

"Yes."

Cherise nodded, but she realized something and shook her head. "I won't keep running. I will be able to protect you once I get stronger."

Damien glanced at her under the moonlight and smiled. "Sure, I'll wait for you to become stronger."

"Okay!"

Cherise clenched her fists. Her face was flushed.

She patted her cheeks and looked at the dark and empty road. "We might not be able to get home tonight."

I damaged my shoes while using it to hit Tristan. I can't walk home barefoot while pushing Damien in his wheelchair. It's too far.

Damien smiled and said, "Close your eyes and count to ten. I will figure out a way then."

Cherise pursed her lips. "This is not the time for jokes."

"You can give it a try. Then, you will find out whether I was joking."

"I'm not a kid."

Cherise pouted and rolled her eyes, but she still closed her eyes as he asked and began to count.

"One, two, three..."

Her voice sounded bright and pure in the night.

Damien could not stop looking at her through the black silk cloth over his eyes.

He did not notice that his gaze had turned unusually gentle at this moment.

"Eight, nine, ten!"

Cherise opened her eyes immediately at the count of ten.

A car shone so brightly in the distance that Cherise could not open her eyes.

The said car stopped before her and Damien a few seconds later.

Then,
the door opened, and Mr. Kolson, the driver, rushed out of the car, saying, 'I'm late. My apologies, Mr. Lenoir.'

"You're not late yet."

Damien smiled indifferently. "But we would have to deduct your salary if you were another minute late."

Cherise finally realized something.

She pursed her lips as she helped Damien into the car. "I thought you had a good plan, but you only contacted Mr. Kolson to pick us up."

Damien got onto the car seat slowly. "This is the best plan a blind man can come up with."

Cherise disliked that he kept calling himself a 'blind man.' She pursed her lips and sat down beside him.

Mr. Kolson started the car.

Cherise did not get enough sleep last night. She leaned into the leather chair and accidentally fell asleep as the car traveled.

She vaguely heard someone speaking softly.

"Mr. Lenoir, we have arrived."

"Don't wake her up. Let her sleep."

"But..."

Later, Cherise sensed herself floating in the air like someone had lifted her.

Then, she found herself in a warm and comfortable embrace.

She smelled the person's minty and masculine scent. At the same time, she felt dizzy and was unable to differentiate between dream and reality.

Perhaps... I'm *dreaming*.

The minty and unique masculine scent continued to fill her nostrils. She felt drowsy, unsure whether she was in a dream or that what happened was real.

Perhaps *I'm* dreaming.

She dreamed she was in a man's gentle embrace. He placed her on a soft bed.

Furthermore, he carefully tidied her hair and said, "Silly girl."

His voice was low and deep. It felt familiar, but Cherise could not recall where she had heard it.

Cherise woke up in the early morning of the following day.

The sunlight felt glaring to her eyes.

She yawned and sat in bed, realizing she was in her marital bedroom.

Cherise frowned and tried hard to remember what happened last night.

She remembered getting into Mr. Kolson's car with Damien to leave Lenoir Residence.

She felt drowsy then and wanted to rest for a while.

Did... I sleep through the night? How did I get to the bedroom from the car? Could it be...

She recalled the dream from last night.

No... That's *impossible*.

She shook her head and pushed out the illogical idea from her mind.

"Are you awake?"

A gruff male voice sounded.

Cherise was stunned. She immediately turned around and looked toward the source of the voice.

Coincidentally, she found herself looking straight into Damien's eyes.

She blushed and instinctively looked away.

Isn't Damien blind? *Why does his gaze look so sharp and focused?*

However, she recalled Damien could not see and wondered why she blushed and felt nervous.

Thus, she smiled and said, "You're awake."

"Yes."

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u **see** her very gesture. The sinned and stood up with the

help of a crutch. "I didn't sleep well last night."

Cherise frowned and asked, "Why?"

Damien's tone carried a hint of resentment, but his eyes crinkled in good humor. "You snored."

Cherise was rendered speechless.

She cleared her throat awkwardly and changed the topic. "How did I get here last night?"

"You sleepwalked here," Damien answered, heading into the bathroom without glancing at her.

Cherise was left without retort.

She glared at his back and scowled.

He said I snored last night. That's impossible! How could he say I sleepwalked?

"I don't sleepwalk."

However, Damien did not respond but closed the bathroom door.

Cherise rolled her eyes and glared at the closed door.

Then, she stood up and removed the severely wrinkled dress before changing into a clean pair of jeans and a white T-shirt.

She had just finished putting on her clothes when her phone rang.

It was a call from Lucy.

Lucy sounded anxious on the phone. "Cherry, you must come here now! Someone's tearing your books and burning your notes on campus!"

Cherise widened her eyes in shock. "What?"

She grew up in a village and felt proud to be able to study in Adania. Therefore, she reserved a **space** in the study room and placed all her study materials and notes there.

Many students did the same thing, and nothing terrible had ever come up. She couldn't figure out why someone would destroy her books and notes.

"You must get here immediately! Otherwise, it will be too late!"

Cherise hung up and rushed out of the room.

Meanwhile, Damien sat on a couch and sipped tea as he listened to Mr. Kolson read the news.

He frowned when he saw Cherise running. "Why are you rushing?"

"I need to go to school immediately. Something happened!"

Cherise hurried to the doorway and changed her shoes. "Can you let Mr. Kolson send me there? It's urgent."

*I won't be able **to** get a taxi at this hour!*

"Go." Damien ordered indifferently.

Mr. Kolson put down the newspaper and followed Cherise out of the house.

"Mr. Lenoir."

Mr. Hampson, the butler, waited for Cherise to leave before coming to Damien. "I received news from Lenoir Residence. Tristan has gone to Mrs. Lenoir's school."

Damien sneered, "Prepare a car for me."

"Are you going to Mrs. Lenoir's school?"

"Yes."

"But..."

Mr. Hampson wanted to say something but stopped. He hesitated before saying, "Mr. Lenoir, with our current plan, we are not ready to face Tristan head-on."

Damien pulled off the black silk cloth over his eyes and looked at Mr. Hampson sternly. "He has ill intentions against my wife. Why should I care about the plan?"