

# **Marrying the Man in the Dark (Damien and Cherise)**

## **Chapter 12**

Chapter 12 Stop!

The black Maserati drove through the city streets and stopped steadily before Adania University's study hall.

Cherise exited the car without thanking Mr. Kolson before swiftly running toward her study

room.

Not only were her class notes in the study room, but various award certificates she had received in the past were also there, along with the cards her grandmother had given her during her birthday

every year.

The cards were roughly made, and the words on them were messy. Other people might even think of them as trash.

But these were Cherise's most precious items!

The study hall was packed with people early in the morning. A crowd of people were waiting for the elevator.

Just as Cherise was waiting for the elevator, Lucy called her again.

"Cherry, when are you arriving? They're going overboard!"

Cherise could hear Lucy's tearful voice through the phone!

Cherise's heart tightened viciously.

She took a deep breath and decided not to wait for the elevator. She rushed in to the stairwell at the side.

*It's just on the eighth floor. It's no big deal!*

She hadn't eaten anything in the morning, so her legs felt weak when she reached the eighth

floor.

But she couldn't be bothered with the exhaustion in her legs. She ran frantically toward her study room when she arrived on the eighth floor.

People were guarding the entire floor.

Only Lucy **was** waiting anxiously in the corridor alone.

Near Lucy was a group of people dressed in black throwing her books and notes into the fire.

Cherise's precious notes blazed in the fire!

A man dressed in black was sitting leisurely next to the fire. "What a mess."

As he spoke, he picked up a first-place certificate from a physics competition in Adania and tore it

1. up.

"Put it down!"

Cherise seemed to be delirious with rage as she leaped on the man.

When she pounced on him, she realized it was Tristan!

"Cherry, are you throwing yourself at me because you like me so much?"

Tristan still sat there carelessly and sized Cherise up smugly. "Since you're so open, why did you pretend to be so chaste and pure at Grandpa's house yesterday?"

Cherise gritted her teeth and shook Tristan off. She picked up shredded pieces of the certificate and hugged them.

Ripping sounds still came from behind her. The group of people dressed in black were tearing up her other belongings.

"Stop!"

"These are mine! It's illegal for you to destroy them without permission!"

The rims of Cherise's eyes reddened. She used all her might to snatch her belongings.

"You can stop."

Tristan sneered while his legs were crossed. "Give Cherry a chance."

The people dressed in black finally stopped after he spoke.

Lucy rushed forward and snatched away the things in their hands with Cherise.

But many were still in the fire.

As Cherise sorted her belongings, she raised her head to glance at the fire.

She suddenly saw a corner of a photo album exposed in the fire.

She completely froze.

The photo album was filled with pictures and postcards her grandmother had sent her every year!

She reached out almost subconsciously and took out the burning photo album from the fire.

The flame burned her, and her fingers turned crimson red, but it was as though she was unconscious. She kept using her sleeve to extinguish the remaining sparks on the photo album.

Lucy snatched the photo album from Cherise's hands and put it aside. She was filled with

indignance when she saw how red Cherise's fingers were from being burned.

"Isn't this too much?"

Tristan smiled. "This is nothing compared to Damien trying to sow dissension yesterday.

After that, he seemed to recall something. He raised his hand and pointed at the bruise on his forehead. "Cherry, you should remember how this came about, right?"

Cherise thought to herself. *Does it have anything to do with me? Was it because I threw my high heel at him last night?*

“Compared to what you and your husband did to me yesterday.”

Tristan sneered and looked at Cherise. “I don’t think I’m going overboard.”

His gaze swept over the things in Cherise’s hands as he spoke. “If I knew about your precious trash earlier, I would have burned them all!”

Raymond had reminded Tristan last night to be more well-behaved.

But it was the first time in Tristan’s life that he was hit with a shoe. How could he accept it?

“You deserved what happened last night!”

Cherise gritted her teeth and glared at him. Her circular face seemed rounder because of her rage. “You deserved it!”

*He harassed the Belcourt family’s daughter and argued with others. How can he blame everything **on** Damien? And he treated Damien in such a way yesterday. As Damien’s wife, is it wrong for me to protect my husband?*

What Cherise said angered Tristan again..

He narrowed his eyes dangerously and walked to Cherise. He raised his hands viciously and grabbed her lower jaw forcefully. He exerted so much strength that he almost crushed her jaw. “It’s my fault for not taking a closer look. You’re so pretty, after all, Cherry.”

“As it turns out, those born in the countryside aren’t necessarily dark and tanned country bumpkins. There are such fair girls...”

He sized up Cherise’s figure. “You have a pretty good figure. Your bust is huge.”

Cherise panicked and immediately broke free. She covered her chest. “You better show some respect. I’m your cousin-in-law!”

“Cherry, you really don’t understand me.”

Tristan drew near to her. “I’ve always liked sleeping with unavailable women.”

“The more savage they are, the more I like them.

After that, the people dressed in black behind Cherise caught hold of her before she could escape.

“The more you struggle, the more interested I am.”

Tristan walked over with a jeer. He reached out crudely to squeeze Cherise’s cheeks. “You’ve taken good care of your face. You don’t look like you came from the countryside at all.”

His voice was as nauseating as his words.

Lucy rushed forward angrily. “You!”

Before Tristan could say anything, the people dressed in black dragged Lucy away.

Tristan had too many people there.

And everyone was tall, strong, and hefty.

Cherise’s hands were clenched tightly into fists. She couldn’t go up against him so stubbornly.

“It doesn’t seem very convenient here.”

Tristan sized up the corridor around them before raising his eyes to glance at the empty study room.

The men dressed in black understood intuitively and pulled Cherise in.

“Tristan Lenoir!”

Cherise truly panicked when she was dragged into the study room.

She hadn’t given herself to her husband, Damien. She couldn’t let a sc\*m like Tristan destroy her innocence!

“Mm.”

Tristan raised his hand to pinch Cherise's cheeks. "I like seeing you angry. You can continue."

Cherise bit her lips until they turned white.

Tristan enjoyed seeing Cherise struggle. He started tearing her clothes apart before his two subordinates in the room!

"Wait!"

Cherise gritted her teeth. Her intelligent mind worked quickly. "You said you like girls with wild personalities, right?"

Tristan scoffed and nodded.

She blinked. "What if I obey everything you say and do anything you want? Won't you lose interest in me?"

What the girl said even made the two subordinates dressed in black laugh.

Tristan was tickled. *Is this country bumpkin dumb?*