

Marrying the Man in the Dark (Damien and Cherise) Chapter 13

Chapter 13 I'll Protect Damien in The Future

"That's the principle."

Tristan forcefully restrained himself from mocking Cherise. "If you can obediently come here, take off my clothes, and initiate a kiss with me, perhaps I'll really lose interest in you."

A sly expression flickered across Cherise's face.

But she nodded sincerely. "Alright. I'll do as you say."

Tristan couldn't hold back. He smiled and waved at the men in black restraining her. "Let her go. Let go!"

I want to see how dumb this country bumpkin is!

The people in black let Cherise go after hearing it.

"You're not going to play any tricks, are you?"

Tristan said with a smile when he saw Cherise lean over.

"There are three of you here. I can't escape even if I play any tricks."

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Cherise smiled sincerely as she walked to his side. "We've made a deal that I'll remove your clothes and kiss you."

"You can't touch me."

Tristan pulled her hand. "Kiss me down there, not up here."

Cherise restrained her nausea and pulled her hand away. She slowly unbuttoned his shirt

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One button. Two buttons.

The girl's serious side profile was making Tristan burn up.

But he wanted to see Cherise throw herself at him, so he could only forcefully restrain himself.

But she was too slow.

Every time she undid one button, she carefully straightened out the creases on his shirt.

Tristan was impatient.

He wanted to prompt Cherise to hurry up, but he suddenly felt something cold and hard at his heart.

He looked down, and a trace of panic instantly flickered across his eyes.

Because at that moment, Cherise was holding a mini switchblade and pressing it against his chest.

"Let me introduce myself. I'm a medical student majoring in cardiology."

Cherise's crisp voice was slightly cold. "I had full marks in each subject, so I can guarantee that when I pierce it into your skin, your heart will split into two.

Tristan instantly broke into a cold sweat!

He had never had a knife pressed against him like that in his life!

He gritted his teeth and wanted to struggle but realized that Cherise had tied his coat in to a tight knot when he wasn't paying attention!

He didn't even have the chance to struggle. He was helpless under Cherise's hands.

"Cherry..."

Tristan forced a charming smile and started to plead. "In any case, I'm Damien's cousin. If you lay a finger on me, how would you explain it to my family..."

"Calm down, please. Calm down..."

"So you know that I'm your cousin-in-law."

Cherise sneered. "Did you not think of how to explain things to your family when you were doing these things to me just now?"

Tristan's complexion was deathly pale. "I..."

"Do you think you can do whatever you want to me just because Damien is dispensable in the Lenoir family?"

"Is it because he's blind, has no real power, and can't do anything to you?"

Tristan looked down at the shiny silver blade on his chest and could only nod. "Yes..."

Cherise's heart sank violently.

The scene last night in Lenoir Residence's garden appeared in her mind. He was in his wheelchair as he looked up at the moon and said he had no relatives.

Every time she thought of his lonely voice, she felt distressed.

"I'll protect Damien in the future."

The girl took a deep breath and said solemnly, "I'm slightly foolish, and I don't come from the same world as you two."

"But I regard myself as an excellent medical student."

She pretended to move the blade in her hands fiercely. "I've learned what kind of force and technique I must use to cut your heart into two or three parts."

Tristan's figure started trembling,

Because he saw the malice in Cherise's

eyes.

The woman had just been taking his clothes off innocently. He never imagined she would look at him with such a gaze in the blink of an eye!

He evidently felt that she was serious.

She was so determined that he thought if he ever infuriated Damien again in the future, she would track him down and plunge the knife straight into his heart!

How terrifying....Medical students with good results are frightening...

Cherise took a deep breath.

She

had said what she needed to. She had also threatened and scared Tristan. How should she escape next?

Tristan's subordinates were outside.

Even if she could restrain Tristan, his subordinates were still detaining Lucy

They could use Lucy to threaten her into releasing Tristan.

But if she released Tristan for Lucy, she and Lucy would be two unarmed and defenseless girls. They would be no match for Tristan and his people.

Then, Tristan would want to take revenge.

But she couldn't ignore Lucy...

As Cherise pondered, she didn't notice that the tip of the knife in her hands was hovering near Tristan's chest.

He was covered in a cold sweat.

What is Cherise doing? Is she thinking about how to stab the knife into my heart?

He was so terrified that his legs started trembling.

Tristan had been pampered and protected by Wanda and Raymond since he was born. He was already thirty years old but had never suffered any hardships.

Now that someone pointed a knife at his heart, he was reduced to tears.

'Crash!'

The study room's door was suddenly kicked open.

Mr. Kolson and Mr. Hampson stood outside.

Before Mr. Hampson was Damien in a wheelchair.

The sun cast its light from behind Damien. It made him look gilded.

Cherise looked at the man whose eyes were covered with black silk. Her heart started beating furiously.

Did... he come *to save me*?

"Ah! Help me! I'm going to die!"

Tristan, who was beside her, suddenly started screaming.

Cherise furrowed her brows and came to her senses. She realized that the blade in her hands had sliced through his shirt.

Streaks of blood seeped through his white shirt. Tristan was covering his chest and howling in grief.

The veins on Cherise's forehead twitched.

From the amount of blood, she had just made a small cut. *Does Tristan have to shriek so loudly?*

Moreover, she hadn't moved at all...

"Send him to the hospital."

Damien wrinkled his brows and said coldly.

Mr. Hampson nodded and consoled Cherise. "Mrs. Lenoir, you don't have to blame yourself."

"He wanted to escape while you weren't paying attention. He misjudged his posture and ran into the knife."

Cherise was dumbstruck.

Is Tristan so dumb?

A minute later, Mr. Kolson carried the bawling Tristan and sent him to the hospital.

"The cut isn't deep, judging from the amount of blood."

Cherise bit her lips. "I didn't hurt his internal organs."

She walked over carefully and stood behind Damien. "I hurt him... Grandpa will blame me, right?"

"Are you afraid?"

The girl shook her head. "No. I didn't do anything wrong."

Damien smiled in exasperation. "Are you alright?"

"Yes." Cherise kept the switchblade. "When did you arrive?"

"When you said you would protect me."

Cherise was dumbfounded.

She coughed lightly, picked up her bag, and walked to the corridor to pack the things she had saved before putting them into her bag.

"Are you okay, Cherry?"

Lucy's eyes were red. As she helped Cherise pack, she said, "I was worried just now that he