

Marrying the Man in the Dark (Damien and Cherise)

Chapter 15

Chapter 15 You Didn't Do Anything Wrong

Everyone could tell the butler was hitting Cherise with such speed and strength because someone must have prompted him.

Damien's words made the butler's actions freeze momentarily.

After a moment, he pulled back the whip dutifully. "I obey Old Mr. Lenoir."

Wanda rolled her eyes. "We're enforcing family rules on a depraved woman. You have no parents, and you weren't brought up well. How is it your place to criticize us?"

In the past, Damien always kept silent on such occasions with the Lenoir family. Wanda naturally felt annoyed that he suddenly spoke up today.

"You're hitting my wife. Of course I have to say something."

Damien spoke indifferently.

Cherise could tell that it was just as Damien had said. He didn't have any position or dignity in the family. No one paid attention to what he said.

"You think marrying such a tramp would bring you any benefits?"

Wanda snorted coldly and turned to look at Old Mr. Lenoir. "Dad, I think Cherise won't learn her lesson if she isn't hit."

"But since she's already the Lenoir family's daughter-in-law, we shouldn't go overboard. As long as she admits her mistake, we can stop, right?"

On the surface, it seemed like Wanda was giving Cherise a way out. However, because of Cherise's obstinate personality, Wanda was sure that Cherise wouldn't admit fault.

Old Mr. Lenoir looked down and glanced at Cherise. "Do you admit your mistake?"

“No.”

Cherise straightened her back. “I didn’t do anything wrong. Why must I admit fault?”

Old Mr. Lenoir waved his hands restlessly.

‘Crack!’

The butler holding the whip hit Cherise.

“Do you admit you were at fault?”

“I’m not at fault!”

‘Crack!’

“Are you admitting your mistake yet?”

“No!”

‘Crack!’

The butler used all his might to whip her viciously..

Kneeling on the mat, Cherise was in so much pain that she almost couldn’t straighten her back, but she still gritted her teeth and prepared for the whip to hit her.

But she never thought that when the whip cracked, the pain still didn’t hit her after a long time.

“Damien!”

Old Mr. Lenoir’s astonished voice rang behind her.

Cherise immediately turned around and realized Damien had exited the wheel chair without her noticing. He had thrown himself behind her and helped her take the hit entirely.

The plain white shirt on him was dyed with his blood. His handsome face slowly turned pale.

“Who told you to hit him?!”

Cherise’s hands clenched into fists as she shouted at the butler.

“Are you blind? Why did you strike the whip at him? Don’t you know he’s in poor health?!”

The butler didn’t expect Damien to rush over to take the blow *for* Cherise, nor did he think she would shout at him like this because of Damien.

He had hit her with the whip, and she was clearly in much pain, but she hadn’t made a sound.

But she was shouting at him after Damien had only been hit once.

“I’m fine.”

Damien looked up weakly at Cherise. “I just... feel slightly faint.”

“Send him to the hospital!”

Old Mr. Lenoir instructed sharply as he finally panicked after seeing his own grandson being hit. He glared at the butler. “You’ll be punished!”

The butler holding the whip could only resign himself to his bad luck as he put the whip down and retreated.

Soon, the servants in Lenoir Residence came to take Damien to the hospital.

“Don’t touch him!”

Cherise shouted at the servants near her to back away. She helped Damien back into his wheelchair alone. “He’s my husband. I’ll take care of him!”

Afterward, she pushed Damien and left the memorial hall in large strides.

Old Mr. Lenoir stood in the middle of the memorial hall and watched Cherise’s figure as she pushed Damien away. He looked at the dark red wounds on her back, and a gratified expression flickered across his eyes.

“Look after things here.”

Although Damien was the least pampered in the Lenoir family, he was part of the Lenoir family after all. Wanda knew this better than anyone.

She smiled slightly awkwardly. "I never thought Damien was so infatuated with Cherise that he would take a blow for her..."

"That's enough. Stop feigning sympathy for Damien."

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Old Mr. Lenoir rolled his eyes at Wanda. "I've taught Cherise a lesson. This matter will end here. No one can mention it again!"

After that, he looked at Tristan coldly. "Why did you go to Cherise's school for no reason?"

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Tristan, who had been watching the scene, naturally didn't know how to answer. "I... I..."

"Don't think I'm clueless about your devious thoughts. Were you innocent in what happened today?"

Tristan's complexion paled.

"Don't do such petty tricks secretly next time. Otherwise, I'll leave you out of my will!"

At the hospital.

Cherise only breathed a deep sigh of relief after seeing the nurse give Damien medicine. "He won't be in pain after this, right?"

The nurse nodded. "This medicine is good for pain relief."

Another nurse turned her head to look at Cherise's back. "Miss, why don't I also take care of you?"

Cherise's injury was evidently more severe than her husband's.

Cherise only felt the pain after what the nurse said.

Her back was in fiery pain.

She lay on the bed, and the nurse behind her carefully cut her clothes. The nurse carefully disinfected and cared for the open wounds on her skin. Cherise was in so much pain that she was in a cold sweat. Ultimately, she fainted.

Distress streaked across Damien's heart as he sat beside Cherise's bed while looking at her.

"How long will it take for her injuries to heal?"

"At least one week."

"Your wife looks weak, but I never imagined she would be so perseverant. Ordinary women would have long fainted with such an injury, but she held on for so long."

Damien sighed softly. "That's right."

She was strange in that way.

Old Mr. Lenoir had a clear stance. This matter would have blown over if she admitted her mistake and asked for forgiveness.

But she would rather endure the physical pain than admit fault and ask for mercy.

As someone who had pretended to be sick for more than a decade, Damien couldn't understand Cherise's determination.

However, she astonished him.

After taking the medicine and confirming nothing else was wrong, Damien instructed Mr. Kolson to deal with the hospitalization procedures.

With Cherise's back injury, he didn't want to torment her by taking her home

"I didn't do anything wrong."

At night, she was still unconscious in the hospital room. She was dreaming and stubbornly protesting her innocence like before.

Seeing her like that distressed him.

Damien thought about it. He climbed out of his bed and got into hers. He carefully put his arms around her. "You didn't do anything wrong."

Your husband can't reveal his true colors yet.

He hugged the tiny woman in his arms and silently shut his eyes.

After his older sister died in the fire when he was ten, Damien told himself he had to pretend **to** be particularly weak to preserve his strength and take revenge for his parents when he was older.

Therefore, he had played the part of an indifferent and weak person well all these years.

After lying dormant for so long, today was the first time he thought of giving up. As he watched Cherise get whipped, it was the first time he didn't want to persevere. It was the first time he had the urge to stop pretending.

"I don't admit fault..."

The woman in his arms trembled.

"You don't have to."

Damien took a deep breath and put his head down to smell the fragrance of her hair. "I won't make you wait too long."

"Soon, everyone who bullied you today... I will make them kneel down and apologize to you individually."