

Marrying the Man in the Dark (Damien and Cherise) Chapter 3

Chapter 3 Have You Guys Done It?

Cherise was about to enter the kitchen again, but the servants quickly stopped her. "It's okay, Mrs. Lenoir." They were paid to prepare breakfast every day. They would lose their jobs if Damien discovered that Cherise had prepared the breakfast! "Mrs. Lenoir, Frances and I are in charge of preparing breakfast in this household. You're new here and don't know Mr. Lenoir's preferences, so it's better for you to stay out of the kitchen." The other servant chimed in, "Yeah, June is right. Mrs. Lenoir, please leave it to us." "Mr. Lenoir won't eat this kind of breakfast." June glanced disdainfully at the simple breakfast Cherise had prepared. "Someone as noble as Mr. Lenoir always has a full English breakfast in the morning. Don't you think the food you prepare is too simple?" A startled look washed over Cherise's rosy face before a dejected look replaced it. She lowered her head and hummed, "You're right." *Indeed, the rich usually have fancy preferences. Back in school, my classmates who were from wealthy families wouldn't eat simple breakfasts from the cafeteria, let alone someone as esteemed as Damien. I must have lost my mind.* A few seconds later, Cherise regained her composure and smiled brightly at June. "I'll throw them away then!" Frances, the other servant, was shocked. June's comment was harsh, yet Cherise wasn't upset and was even willing to dispose of her food. She looked at the freshly prepared breakfast on the table and felt sorry for Cherise, so she went forward to stop her. "Mrs. Lenoir, it's a waste to throw them away. If you don't mind, please let us eat it. But you should leave the task to us next time." Cherise hesitated briefly. "Okay. I'm going upstairs." When she turned around, a lump rose in her throat. *It seems like I'm not welcome in this house...* ... The handsome man was sound asleep in the bedroom. Kneeling beside the bed, Cherise observed his chiseled jawline and muttered, "You city people are so fussy! Who eats a full English breakfast every day? I've never had that before. How would I possibly know how to make them..." Before Cherise married, her aunt repeatedly reminded her that a woman should satisfy her husband's sexual desire or feed him well to ensure a happy and long-lasting marriage. Cherise felt all the more aggrieved, thinking about what happened last night and the episode in the kitchen just now. She had just gotten married and didn't want a miserable marriage! Last night, Damien stopped after kissing her for a while. She was worried that his condition might not allow it, so she didn't insist, thinking she had good cooking skills. But now, even her cooking was despised. If that was the case, she could only satisfy him sexually. "Hey. I'm gonna kiss you if you don't wake up soon." Cherise pressed her lips while staring at Damien's sharp nose. Damien's long eyelashes

fluttered, but he didn't open his eyes. Cherise's heart pounded as she looked at the man's cold, attractive face. She bent down and almost wanted to kiss him but ended up giving up. Finally, she left the room, deflated. *It's okay. Maybe Aunt Sarah was wrong. A happy marriage might not necessarily be correlated with sexual satisfaction.* However, Cherise couldn't help feeling discouraged. Just then, she received a call from Sarah. She trotted to the washroom before answering the call. "Hey Cherise, did everything go well last night?" Sarah went straight to the point as soon as the call was connected. The washroom door was left ajar. Sarah and Cherise's voice came forth clear. "Not really." "Not really? Have you guys done it?" "No..." "Cherise, you have to remember your current identity. You're the Lenoir family's daughter-in-law, and your primary task is to bear Damien's children. Don't forget you've promised them to bear Damien a child within two years!" Sarah urged earnestly. Cherise gripped the phone firmly and said, "Don't worry, Aunt Sarah. I remember." She was merely inexperienced because it was her first marriage. "I'll do my best to bear him children!" Getting Cherise's firm reply, Sarah sighed in relief. "Also, since you guys have gotten married, you should call him 'Honey'." Cherise's face turned red. "Okay..." Just then, the bedroom door was opened. Cherise thought it was the servants. Worrying that they might wake Damien, she quickly hung up the call and went out. To her surprise, Damien was nowhere to be seen in the bedroom, and his wheelchair was gone too. Cherise hurried downstairs and found the man in black elegantly having breakfast in the dining room. His eyes were blindfolded with the black silk, looking aloof and mysterious. "Mrs. Lenoir, your breakfast is served. Please try it out. I hope it suits your taste!" June called out to Cherise passionately. Her warm attitude was a sharp contrast to her earlier scornful behavior. Cherise went forward obediently. A full English breakfast, which Cherise had never had before, was served on the dining table. After the incident earlier, Cherise couldn't bring herself to eat this breakfast that didn't suit her taste. Suddenly, she remembered she kept a bowl of oatmeal in the fridge this morning. *Damien doesn't like it, but I can have it.* So, she trotted to the kitchen to bring out the oatmeal. Then, she savored it happily in her seat. Sitting at the other end of the wide table, Damien asked with a frown, "What are you eating?" Cherise mumbled sulkily, "Something that you wouldn't like." Damien wore a faint smile. "How do you know I won't like it?" Cherise pouted and answered naively, "June told me so." A shiver ran down June's spine. Damien held the glass of milk and elegantly took a sip of it. "June said I wouldn't like it?" "Yeah." "Why would there be something I don't like in the fridge?" Damien asked with a wry smirk. Cherise muttered apologetically, "It's me... I didn't realize your preference and prepared for you what I normally made for breakfast, not knowing that you wouldn't eat simple food like this." "I see." Damien slowly put down the glass. When the glass hit the table, the clink was so unnerving that June almost fell to her knees. Damien's voice was as cold as ice. "Even I didn't know I would dislike the food you made." Before Cherise could understand the meaning behind his words, he pulled the bowl of oatmeal toward himself. Then, he

pretended to detect the position of the oatmeal with his spoon before precisely taking one scoop and tasting it. It was a flavor he had never tasted before – a savory oatmeal. "Not bad." Damien put down the spoon elegantly. "How did June know this is not to my liking?" He figured out Cherise must have complained about him beside the bed this morning because June commented on her cooking. Damien's aura was so intimidating that June trembled in fear and instinctively hid behind Frances. Damien continued, "June, why are you remaining silent? Is it because you don't think there's a need to explain it to a blind man like me?"