

Marrying the Man in the Dark (Damien and Cherise) Chapter 4

Chapter 4 You're Going to Be Late

The man's frosty tone turned the atmosphere in the dining room cold. 'Thump.' June knelt on the floor. The edges of her eyes were red. "I... I shouldn't have said that to Mrs. Lenoir." Damien's usual gentle demeanor did not mean he would never get displeased. No one could bear it if he were enraged. "But I didn't mean any harm, Mr. Lenoir! I thought Mrs. Lenoir might feel tired if she prepares breakfast herself..." Damien smiled and glanced at June. "So, that's how you justify reducing a newlywed wife's effort to prepare breakfast for her husband?" Silence enveloped the room. Damien's words shocked June and Frances. Even Cherise watched with her eyes wide open. *Is Damien defending me now?!* June was trembling. "No, I didn't mean... We didn't throw away the food Mrs. Lenoir made. Frances and I ate it." The smile on his face grew colder. "It seems like you're the owner of the house, not me." 'Thump!' Frances knelt immediately. June crawled to Cherise. "Mrs. Lenoir, please forgive me. I genuinely thought that since you just came here, you might feel that we are not serving you properly. That's why I didn't want to let you cook..." June was old enough to be Cherise's mother. Cherise could not just watch when June was begging her that pitifully. She pressed her lips together and spoke up stiffly. "Hu... Hubby, June was doing it for my sake... If you want to eat, I'll just make..." She turned toward the kitchen. As she passed by Damien, he pulled her hand, and she fell into his lap. The distinctive minty scent on him was masculine. Cherise's face turned red immediately. He placed a hand on her thin waist. "What did you call me just now?" Her face turned even redder. "... Hubby." "What did you prepare for your hubby?" "Grilled cheese sandwiches, some chocolate drink, hashbrowns, and some..." Observing her reddened face, he smiled and pecked her forehead. "Cook some for me tomorrow, alright?" She bit her lip. "Tomorrow's breakfast..." He placed her back on the floor. "Have a few bites. You're going to be late." She returned to her senses and looked at the clock. *It's almost eight!* Her class would start at half past eight. She shoveled some food into her mouth and rushed upstairs for a change of clothes and her bag. When she returned downstairs, June was nowhere to be seen while Frances was still kneeling in her spot. The man with the black cloth around his eyes was calmly sipping on some milk. He must have heard her when she came down. "I've arranged for the driver to pick you up. Don't stay back for too long." Her face was still crimson. "Thank you." ... "Mr. Lenoir, I've told June everything you told me to. She should be reporting to them just as what I have said." Frances said it slowly after Cherise had left. "You can get up now." Damien shifted to make himself more comfortable and leaned back in the wheelchair. "There's

something I don't quite understand. Both you and June came here on the old man's arrangement. Jean accepted my uncle's offer. Why didn't you?" Her face turned white. 'Thump.' She fell onto the floor again. "It's because you have another task, isn't it?" He wiped his mouth with a napkin gracefully. "I won't do anything to you for now. Since Old Mr. Lenoir instructed you to watch me, you should report exactly what you had seen to him. I was livid and got rid of June to protect Cherise." Frances understood. "You don't need to worry, Mr. Lenoir!" ... "Thank you, Mr. Kolson!" Carrying her bag, Cherise opened the car door a couple of streets away from Adania University and sprinted in its direction. A breath of youthfulness was radiating from the sunrays shining on her ponytail. When she disappeared from view, the driver made a call. "Mr. Lenoir, Mrs. Lenoir stopped the car two streets away from the university." The man's voice was low. "What did she say?" "She said that the car was too luxurious. She doesn't want anyone to know she's married to a rich man." "I see. Do as she says." ... Cherise stepped into the classroom a few minutes before class started, huffing. Lucy stared at her, flabbergasted. "You're here for class?!" Cherise wiped the sweat off her forehead. "Thankfully, I'm on time!" She was still wearing the usual white shirt and faded pair of jeans. Her hair was tied up in a ponytail, and no trace of makeup was found on her face. There was not a single sign showing that she was married. Cherise took out a textbook and notes from her bag. "Our lecture might probably finish the theorem from the last class, right?" Lucy's expression was as though she had seen a ghost. *If I'm not mistaken, Cherise's hot, blind husband is already twenty-six. A twenty-six-year-old who had never touched a woman should be an insatiable beast when he marries!* Yet, there was no mark on Cherise's neck. Her voice seemed fine. She was not in great pain to the point that walking was impossible. She was even arranging her notes calmly before class. Lucy's heart was all over the place. *Can it be that Cherise's husband is not only blind, but his physical condition is not good as well? Even if the woman is leading? Then what about Cherise's sex life?* Lucy's heart ached. She could not leave Cherise alone in such dire conditions. Anxious, she messaged her cousin specializing in andrology. 'Is there any medicine for men who can't do it?' He replied in no time. 'What is the situation? Is the duration short? Is it short? Or he can't even get hard?' Lucy peeked at Cherise. She was taking down notes, engrossed in the lecture. *It's fine. She won't even tell me anyway.* Lucy replied, 'All of it. I'll head over after class to pick up the medicine.' *Cherry, this is the best that I can do to help you.* ... When class ended, Lucy complained that her stomach was aching. She begged Cherise to accompany her to her cousin's hospital. Seeing that Lucy was very uncomfortable, Cherise agreed, thinking she had nothing else to do anyway. They went to the andrology department. For some reason, Lucy began chatting about trivial family matters with her cousin. Thinking it was inappropriate for her to hear, Cherise sat on the hallway bench reading her novel. She was engrossed in a novel that was still being uploaded. The CEO male lead and the female lead had been at each other's throats for years, but they finally tied the knot. "Cherise?" She was reading

the part where the couple was about to spend their first night together. A man's voice suddenly broke her concentration. Cherise was already nervous reading such a scene in public. When she suddenly heard her name, her hand loosened its grip. 'Thud!' Her phone landed on the floor. A large hand-picked it up and handed it to her. "Thank..." Blushing, she raised her head but froze when the man's face came into view. Ian Philips. The stunning man in a white coat was her longtime crush in high school, Ian. 'Thud!' The phone fell to the floor again.