

# Marrying the Man in the Dark (Damien and Cherise) Chapter 6

## Chapter 6 I Don't Trust Your Taste

The atmosphere in the villa turned sullen. Damien glanced at the bottles of medicine on the table. His gaze turned cold as he said, "It turns out my wife is concerned about me. I've wrongly accused her." However, Cherise was not stupid. She keenly sensed the sarcasm in his tone and gaze. Damien turned to the butler and gestured to him indifferently. The butler hurried over and took the bottles of medicine away. Cherise felt guilty. "Why did you get the butler to take them away? Don't... you want to take them?" *He seems in a bad mood.* Damien pursed his lips and smiled vaguely. "Let's have lunch." His voice was gruff and cold. Cherise sensed the surrounding air turn chilly. *It looks like he's angry.* Cherise clasped her hands nervously. *I brought him medicine on the second day of our marriage. Is it wrong? Did giving him the medicine so soon after our wedding make him think I detest him?* Cherise suddenly recalled Lucy's advice. 'A disabled person has low self-esteem.' She could not resist grumbling about Lucy in her mind. *Goodness, Lucy! You know a disabled person has low self-esteem. Why did you ask me to get those medicine? But I'm partially at fault. I should have expected this.* "Eat up," Damien said gruffly. Cherise grabbed a fork and began to eat. She felt nervous and tensed throughout the meal. Once she finished her food, the butler approached her and said, "Mrs. Lenoir, Old Mr. Lenoir called and invited you and Mr. Lenoir to dinner tonight. The driver will pick you up after school, so please refrain from scheduling other activities." "I understand." Cherise smiled politely. "I don't have any plans tonight anyway." Her eyes crinkled as she smiled, making her appear sincere and adorable. Anyone would think she was too innocent to have any schemes. After saying that, she grabbed her bag and waved at Damien. "I'm off to school!" Once she disappeared from the room, the butler stood behind Damien and said respectfully. "I've sent the medicine to a lab for testing. The result will be ready soon." He paused and could not resist adding, "I don't think Mrs. Lenoir is a calculative person." Damien looked indifferently in the direction Cherise had left. "Investigate the doctor who asked her out." The butler pursed his lips and reminded, "The driver said Mrs. Lenoir's friend brought the medicine. I think her friend is more suspicious..." However, Damien's domineering aura intimidated the butler into silence. Damien smiled vaguely, "I wish to investigate the man who asked my wife out. Do you have any problem with that?" "No... No, sir!" ... Once the classes were over, Cherise left the campus to find the driver waiting at the main gate. Moreover, a magnificent Rolls-Royce was parked nearby. Her heart sank. She rushed the driver and

said urgently, "We must leave now!" Cherise feared other students would see her getting into a luxury car and spread rumors. Unfortunately, what one feared tended to come true. Once she entered the car, she glanced through the window and saw her classmate, Cressa Lyes looking at her with a shocked expression. *Oh no...* Cherise's heart sank. Cressa was the campus' notorious gossip. Any secrets she discovered would be spread all over the campus before the end of the day. "Sit tight." A gruff male voice sounded as Cherise pondered how to salvage the matter, prompting her to turn to him in shock. A man with a strip of black silk over his eyes was sitting in the seat behind her. She could feel the intimidating aura around him. Cherise exclaimed, "Why are you here?" *Didn't the butler say the driver would pick me up for dinner with Old Mr. Lenoir?* "It's on the way," Damien replied succinctly as he leaned into the seat made of genuine leather. He appeared reluctant to speak. *It seems he hasn't gotten over what happened at noon...* Cherise looked out the window gloomily. After the car traveled for a while, she noticed something was wrong. *Why isn't this car heading to Old Mr. Lenoir's house but to our home?* She frowned. "Why aren't we going to Grandpa's place?" Damien answered disdainfully, "Do you want to meet him while dressed like this?" His words prompted Cherise to look at her clothes. She wore a pair of faded jeans from repeated wash and a white T-shirt with black writing 'Rude Fairies!'. *Oh... My clothes aren't appropriate for meeting an elder. But...* "How do you know what I'm wearing?" *Isn't he blind?* Damien snorted. "I don't trust your taste." Cherise was rendered speechless. Even though she was mild-tempered, she could not help but feel displeased to be mocked repeatedly. Thus, she rolled her eyes at him. Then, remembering that he could not see her, she scowled at him. Once she had enough of venting her anger, she pursed her lips and looked out the window. "Since you made me go home to change my clothes, you should have stayed there. Why bother coming out?" *He can't see. It must have been troublesome to leave the house repeatedly.* Damien smirked. He turned to the driver and said indifferently, "Mr. Kolson." A divider immediately appeared between the front and back seats, creating two sealed-off spaces in the car. Damien moved gracefully as he offered Cherise a document. "Have a look at it." Cherise was confused, but she flipped through the document nevertheless. It was a lab test report. The items tested were two bottles of unlabeled medicine. *Unlabeled medicine? Aren't these the ones from Lucy? The ones I gave him this afternoon?* Cherise was shocked that Damien tested the medicine she gave him. On further thought, she realized he was right to get them tested. After all, he had a weak constitution and could not simply take any medication. It would be troublesome if they triggered his allergy. *Rich people are so thoughtful!* With that in mind, she skipped the rest of the report and read the conclusion. "Huh..." Cherise was stumped as she read the test result. 'Our tests identified the samples as drugs to treat the male reproductive system, specifically impotence, premature ejaculation, and other conditions.' Cherise was rendered speechless. *What's going on?* Her hands shook, and the document fell onto the carpet with a loud splat. Damien's tone carried a hint of

threat. "My wife thinks I'm lacking in that department." "No... I didn't... I..." Cherise was so flustered that she kept stuttering. When Lucy gave her the medicine, she said they were for his eyes. Cherise and Lucy were close, so Cherise never expected Lucy to trick her. If she had known the medicine's actual usage, she would never have accepted them. Damien suddenly reached out and grabbed her, lifting her onto his lap. He had an intimidating yet seductive aura. Cherise hated herself for blushing. "I..." "Seems like my wife is dissatisfied with our wedding night." He held Cherise's chin with his big hand and slowly parted his lips. "So, she went to the hospital on the second day of our marriage and got me those medicines. How kind of her." A strip of black ribbon covered his eyes, making him appear sensual and flirtatious. Cherise instinctively avoided Damien's gaze as he held her chin. "I... I didn't know the medicines were for that purpose!" "I thought they were for..." "Mmn..."