

Marrying the Man in the Dark (Damien and Cherise)

Chapter 7

+10 pearl's

Chapter 7 Your Wife Is Gorgeous

Damien kissed Cherise's lips before she could figure out her explanation.

He kept a firm grip on her arms and locked her securely in his embrace, kissing her without restraint.

Furthermore, his stern and domineering presence assailed her, making her feel light-headed.

Whenever he kissed her, it felt like he sucked away a part of her soul.

Then, he let her go and laughed deviously. "Mrs. Lenoir, was that

Her heart thumped rapidly, and she was unable to calm down.

od enough for you?"

She struggled and broke free of his embrace, only for him to trap her in his arms again.

They were dangerously close. There was hardly any space between them.

Cherise continued struggling, but Damien maintained a firm hold on her.

It went on for some time until Cherise ran out of energy.

She pursed her lips. "Why are you so strong..."

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Before they got married, Old Mr. Lenoir kept reminding Cherise that Damien was weak and sickly and that she should take good care of him.

Therefore, she thought Damien was ill like her grandmother.

However, she looked down and saw his big hands grabbing her slim waist.

She had always had pride in her strength and health, yet she stood no chance against the 'sickly' Damien.

Cherise pouted unhappily, causing her cheeks to puff up adorably.

Damien smiled and moved her to a more comfortable position. He placed her on his lap and said, "I can't see, but I'm completely healthy otherwise."

Then, he smirked deviously and moved his lips close to her ears. His gruff but magnetic voice stimulated her eardrums. "I'm also healthy down there. Do you wish to test it out, Mrs. Lenoir?"

Cherise's heart nearly leaped out of her chest.

Her face flushed and felt hot as she shook her head profusely. "No, no! I don't want it!"

Damien felt the urge to tease her. He held her earlobe between his lips. "Are you sure? Didn't you say you will... give me a child?"

1/5

"I... I **will** provide you with a child, but... not now!"

Cherise was **so** startled by Damien's words that she could not help but stutter.

She could not figure out what Damien was thinking and feared he would want to do it in the car.

"I mean, we... can't do it!"

Damien did not speak but stared at her with a dangerous and domineering gaze.

His gaze frightened Cherise.

He looks like he will...

She looked like a frightened small animal as she looked at him with eyes filled with tears. "No..."

Damien arched his eyebrows and asked calmly, "Are you sure?"

“Yes...”

Cherise sounded on the verge of crying. “You’re my husband, and you can do anything to me. But...”

She sniffled. “We mustn’t do it in the car! The driver’s here... It’s embarrassing ...”

Cherise was still a conservative person at heart.

She could never do something so scandalous...

Damien smiled calmly. “I can ask the driver to leave the car.”

“No... That won’t do. I’ve seen much news about people getting into accidents while being intimate in the car...”

Then, she continued tentatively, trying to figure out his mood, “We can do it in our bed.. or if you don’t like the bed... I’m okay with the floor...”

Damien chuckled in amusement. “But weren’t you doubtful of my virility?”

“No, I wasn’t!”

Cherise shook her head urgently. “I... I took the wrong medicines. Those weren’t for you.”

Weren’t they for me?

Damien smiled. “In that case, Mrs. Lenoir... who are they for?”

Cherise was rendered speechless.

Her explanation worsened the misunderstanding.

2/5

Chapter 7 Your Wife Is ...

71%

+10 pearls

She panicked and came up with a nonsensical explanation. “They are for my friend, Lucy. Her boyfriend has all kinds of sexual dysfunctions, so she went to the hospital to get medicines for him. They accidentally mixed up with mine.”

Lucy tricked me first. She can't blame me for dragging her into this!

She looked so serious while mumbling nonsense that Damien's eyes crinkled in good humor.

Sensing his anger receded, Cherise hugged his arm gently and tugged them. “I honestly took the wrong medicines. Why would I suspect my husband to have sexual dysfunction?”

Her voice was sweet as honey,

At the same time, the car stopped.

Damien said indifferently, “You have half an hour to change your clothes.”

His tone remained solemn, but Cherise detected a hint of mirth in his voice.

He's not angry with me anymore!

She got off his lap immediately and exited the car.

Then, she took a step and suddenly recalled something. She turned around and asked, “You're not getting out?”

Damien calmly smirked and replied, “Mrs. Lenoir, what we were doing in the bedroom?”

Are you asking because you wish to continue

Cherise was too embarrassed to say anything and escaped into the villa.

Seeing her running away in embarrassment, Damien rested his hands behind his head. His lips curved into a smile.

Cherise and Frances searched the wardrobe for ten minutes before finding something they could agree on. They decided on a lady-like light pink dress for Cherise.

After putting on the dress, Frances carefully did Cherise's makeup to match the style of her dress.

Other than yesterday's wedding, Cherise had never worn such a beautiful dress or had such exquisite makeup.

She looked in the mirror and saw she was beautiful as a princess, prompting her to twirl happily.

Frances smiled at her reaction and said, "Mrs. Lenoir, the half an hour is nearly up."

Cherise came to her senses and quickly grabbed her purse before stepping out in seven. centimeters tall high heel shoes.

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Chapter 7 Your Wife Is ...

+10 pearl's

She was too innocent to conceal her desires. Anyone could see she was eager to show off her new look to Damien.

However, she fell silent when she **saw** the black ribbon over his eyes.

Damian *can't* see anything...*No matter how nicely I dress up, he won't be able to see it or compliment **me** about it.*

She pursed her lips in disappointment. "We can go now."

Damien glanced at her indifferently before saying. "Start driving."

The driver drove the car away from the villa.

"Frances has a good taste in fashion."

Damien's tone softened slightly. "You must look beautiful right now."

Cherise perked up immediately.

“Yes, you’re right. Frances selected a lovely dress for me!”

She

described excitedly how gorgeous her dress was. At the same time, she held his hand and guided him to touch her dress. “There’s a ribbon here. Can you feel it? It’s a pretty ribbon!”

“Also, this part is tailored in such a style as to make my waist appear slimmer. Can you feel it? I look especially slim right now...”

As the car traveled, she innocently guided his hand to touch all over her body.

Sometimes, his hand accidentally touched her smooth skin. However, she did not mind and chattered on eagerly.

Damien could not help but smile as he saw how delighted she was.

Silly girl.

Cherise talked so much that her mouth began to feel dry. At the same time, the car stopped.

The driver unfolded the wheelchair skillfully and opened the door to help Damien get onto it.

Cherise was stunned by the beautiful and opulent house before her.

I thought Damien’s villa looked luxurious. Who knew...

“Damien, what brings you to Lenoir Residence today?

Oh, right. I almost forgot. You got married yesterday. Are you bringing your wife to meet Grandpa?”

A mocking male voice sounded.

4/5

16:00 Mon, **16 Oct** A.

Chapter 7 Your Wife Is ...

371%

+10 pearls

Cherise frowned and turned toward the voice.

A man in black attire stood at the main door with his arms crossed. He looked at Cherise and Damien with a smirk.

As she looked at the man, he looked into her eyes and gave an unexpected wink. “Is she the wife you married yesterday?”,

Cherise shuddered.

She had seen him in the Lenoir family’s portrait. He was Damien’s cousin, Tristan Lenoir.

Tristan looked like a gentleman but was a rake.

He walked toward them and blatantly leered at Cherise. “I didn’t expect to have such a beautiful woman as my sister-in-law.”

5/5