

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 441

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 441 Asserting Her Position

The look of curiosity in her eyes made him feel a lot better, and he made no attempts to beat around the bush with his reply.

"Ms. Lane, what we used to be in the past is no longer relevant. I'm married now, so please do not contact me again about anything that isn't work-related."

He then hung up the phone before Stella could respond.

Wrenna was concerned when she heard him mention Stella's name, but quickly smiled when he rejected her.

"Ms. Lane and I are not in contact outside of work. She may have called me all of a sudden today, but I'm not going to meet her. Like I have said, I'm married and have nothing to do with her anymore," Damian explained when he saw her smiling at him.

Unable to contain her happiness, Wrenna got up and threw herself in his arms as she said, "I believe you, Damian. Oh, I like you so much!"

Damian chuckled and gave her a pat on the head. "All right, I like you too, Wren."

That doesn't sound like the kind of affection I was hoping for, but it's okay! I'm in no rush! I'll just take my time and slowly get him to like me! He'll stop seeing me as a sister sooner or later!

With that in mind, Wrenna said, "Come on, let's go and have lunch! Or would you rather have it with me in your office? Oh, this reminds me... There's a staff cafeteria here, right? How about we have lunch there instead?"

By appearing next to Damian publicly in the office, Wrenna would be able to declare her title as his wife.

Clarissa had taught her the importance of establishing dominance and asserting her position to ward off those women planning on stealing him.

Even if everyone knew they were married, the only way to guarantee peace was by making the prospect of war seem hopeless, and that was exactly what she had in mind.

Oblivious to her intentions, Damian said, "Sure, we can have lunch at the cafeteria if you'd like."

“Okay, let’s go! Mom told me the food there is pretty good!”

Damian nodded in response and led her downstairs with her hand in his.

The two of them received all sorts of looks the moment they entered the cafeteria, and Wrenna greeted them while clinging tightly to Damian’s arm.

Having shown how intimate they were with each other, the two of them ordered their food and ate in a private room upstairs. Wrenna was feeling terrible because of the drama with Jayden at first, but she had such a great time during lunch that she completely forgot about it.

Life sure is great... As long as I have Damian by my side, every day is a great day!

Instead of returning to campus after lunch, Wrenna went to take a nap in Damian’s break room.

Clutching the blanket tightly, she sniffed it and went into a state of euphoria when she noticed it had Damian’s scent.

Unable to fall asleep due to the overwhelming excitement, Wrenna decided to get up and take a look around the break room.

Because of how quiet it was outside, she tried to be as silent as possible while exploring every corner of it. Eventually, she opened the closet and saw Damian’s spare clothes. The next thing she knew, she was hugging and rubbing her cheek against it with a silly grin on her face.

After what seemed like an eternity, Wrenna fell asleep on the bed while hugging one of Damian’s shirts.

She was woken up by a loud noise later on and got out of bed to investigate with the shirt in hand.

Wrenna made her way to the door and opened it by a crack, only to see Burnham yelling angrily, “I can’t believe how petty and heartless you are, Damian! It’s been so many years, and you’re still hating Stella for betraying you? These are modern times, and women have the right to pursue their dreams if they want to! What’s so wrong with her furthering her studies abroad? Did you seriously expect her to just marry you upon graduation? If so, then I’m f*cking glad she chose to leave you! Otherwise, her talents would’ve been held back by having a family with a narrow-minded a*shole like you! You don’t deserve her love!”

Wrenna could tell that he was being very defensive of Stella, but she was more concerned about how Damian felt about the whole situation.

The two of them had broken up because Stella furthered her studies abroad, but everyone knew Damian still loved her.

After all, they loved each other so much that Damian refused to leave her even though Clarissa strongly objected to their relationship.

Of course, Wrenna was devastated when she found out about that.

Damian and Stella's relationship was very much similar to that of Clarissa and Matthew's, except for the part where it ended when Stella went overseas.

Everyone thought Damian would wait for Stella to return, but he ended up marrying Wrenna instead.

Even Wrenna herself had no idea why he chose to marry her, and that contributed to her lack of faith and confidence in their marriage.

She was afraid of what would happen if Stella were to suddenly return, and the fact that Damian's best friend Burnham took Stella's side wasn't helping.

Regardless, Wrenna chose not to step up just yet as she wanted to see how Damian truly felt about seeing Stella.

"Staying silent isn't going to get you out of this, Damian! Stella is waiting for you at the same place you two used to date, and I'm taking you there!"

"I'm married, Burnham! How many times do I have to emphasize that fact, huh?" Damian sounded cold and unfazed.

"I can tell you don't love Wrenna! She's innocent, Damian! What you're doing will only end up hurting both of them! As a man, I suggest you break it off before it's too late. If you love Stella, then let go of the past and get back with her. Damian, you shouldn't be marrying Wren just because your mother likes her. This is your marriage, not hers! First, you break up with Stella because your mother objected to your relationship, and now you married Wrenna because she likes her? You are really an idiot!"

Damian kept quiet as if he was admitting to Burnham's accusations, much to Wrenna's dismay.

Her heart ached like someone was squeezing it with an iron grip, and she tensed up so much that her knuckles had gone white.

She didn't even realize her lips were almost bleeding from how hard she bit down on them.

"I'm not going, Burnham," Damian said after a long pause.

“Y-You...You b*stard!” Burnham lost his temper and grabbed him by the collar.

Noticing that things were getting out of hand, Wrenna quickly came out of hiding to help pry him off Damian.

“Let go of Damian, you are the b*stard! Let go! Let go of him!”

She bit down on Burnham’s arm, clawed at him, and even kicked him on the shin out of desperation.

Unable to withstand her assault, Burnham had no choice but to let go so that he could shove her off. Due to her tiny figure, Wrenna lost her balance and would’ve fallen to the floor had Damian not caught her in time.

Even so, that did not stop Wrenna from continuing to assault Burnham verbally.

“Burnham, you b*stard! How dare you lay a finger on Damian? Why don’t you go marry Stella if you like her so much? Oh, that’s right! You’re not a man! That’s why you’re here picking a fight with Damian instead!”

“You’re crazy, Wrenna!”

This girl is so blinded by her love for Damian that she doesn’t even realize she’s a victim too!

“I’m not crazy! I love Damian, and you can’t do anything about it! Besides, we’re married, and you’re helping a homewrecker destroy our marriage! Just how shameless can you get?”

“Y-Y-You... Forget it, I have nothing to say to someone as pitiful as you!”

Feeling a little guilty from Wrenna’s accusations, Burnham decided to not say anything further.

“Heh, you’re the pitiful one! I’m living the life of my dreams while you’re trying to act all high and mighty defending Stella’s love because you couldn’t be with her!”

“I never liked Stella that way! We’re just friends!”

“Yeah, sure! Like anyone would believe that!”

“Mind putting a leash on this b*tch, Damian? Look how crazy she is! I knew she was just pretending to be all innocent the whole time!”

Unable to beat Wrenna in an argument, Burnham decided to shift his focus toward Damian instead.

However, that proved to be futile as Damian was never going to take his side to begin with.

“She’s my wife, so her words are as good as mine. You have no right to say the things you’ve said, Burnham. There are a lot of things that you don’t know about, so I’ll pretend I didn’t hear any of that. Do not lecture me on behalf of someone else ever again if you care about this friendship of ours.”

Burnham was disappointed at what he got in return for his good intentions, but there was nothing he could say in response to Damian’s words.

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You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 442 He Does Not Love You

Wrenna was still clinging to Damian after Burnham left, but he didn’t mind as he knew she was still processing what happened earlier.

“Hey, Wren...”

“Yeah?” she responded without looking up at him.

“Don’t take Burnham’s words to heart.”

“I didn’t.”

Nothing Burnham said bothered her because all she cared about was Damian’s attitude toward Stella, and the fact that he took her side came as a huge relief.

“Okay, then. Did you just wake up? Are you hungry? Shall I have someone bring you some snacks? Or would you prefer to head straight home?”

Wrenna glanced at the time and realized she had skipped class again.

I know I’m not a good student, and I do feel bad for skipping class like this... But if it means I’ll be able to spend more time with Damian, so be it! Sorry, professor, please forgive me!

“I’ll stay here with you, and we can go home together after you finish work. I don’t have any class to attend, so heading back to campus would be pointless anyway.”

“Okay. Go have a seat, then,” Damian said with a gentle smile while caressing her cheek.

Wrenna nodded obediently, only to hug him from behind the moment he turned around.

With her face pressed against his back, Wrenna kept her head low as she asked softly, "Damian... Are you really not going to see Stella? You're not lying to me, are you?"

That was what she truly feared from the bottom of her heart.

At first, Damian tensed up slightly in surprise but was quick to relax when he sensed the anxiousness in her voice.

He then held her hands that were wrapped around his waist and pulled her in front of him before hugging her tightly.

"I'm a man of my word, Wren. Besides, we're married for life. Whatever Stella and I had is in the past, and I'm not the type who would go back to his ex," he whispered while kissing her on the forehead affectionately.

"All right, I understand..."

After a brief moment of silence, she added, "I would've believed you no matter what you said, but I just can't stop myself from overthinking sometimes. I'll do whatever you want as long as you don't get mad at me, Damian."

"I'm not mad at you, and you don't have to be that afraid of me getting mad either. Feel free to tell me if something upsets you or if there's something you want to know about, okay?"

Wrenna looked up and flashed him a bright smile in response.

"I'm not upset at all, Damian! Being able to marry you is the happiest thing that has ever happened to me, and I'm going to stay happy for the rest of my life!"

Damian couldn't help but feel his heart ache when he saw that bright yet silly smile of hers.

Oh, Wrenna... You silly girl...

With that in mind, he expressed his heartache and pity in the form of a gentle kiss on her lips.

Wrenna's heart was beating so fast that she had to press her hands against her chest in an attempt to calm herself down.

She then stole a glance at Damian who was busy working, only to quickly look away as her face and ears burned bright red.

Wrenna kept her head low and continued eating her cake to distract herself, but it wasn't really working all that well.

She was snapped out of her train of thoughts when her phone started ringing all of a sudden, and she quickly scrambled into the break room to answer the call.

"Hi! Who is this?"

Her tone was cheerful, and she seemed to be in a great mood.

Stella, on the other hand, could be heard sobbing miserably on the other line.

"I'm begging you, Wrenna! Will you please give Damian back to me? I love him, I really do! It's been so many years, and I haven't spent a day without thinking about him, but I simply couldn't come back! My love for him was what kept me going during my time abroad! And now, I finally come back after a grueling journey, only to find out that you've stolen him from me! With your great family background and wealth, you could have any man you wanted, Wrenna! Why must you insist on taking Damian from me? You've seen how much Damian loves me, haven't you? There's no way he'll ever love anyone else in his life, so why don't you just give up already? If you divorce him and give him back to me, we'll still treat you like a sister and help you find a better man. How about that?"

Wrenna simply kept quiet and listened to her lengthy rant, but there seemed to be no end to it. "Are you done?"

"He will never love you, Wrenna! You know that, right?"

"And you know Damian will never divorce me, right?"

Stella went quiet instantly upon hearing that. They both knew Damian wasn't the type of guy who would act on impulse, and that he was a responsible man who would stay married even if he didn't love his wife.

That was precisely the reason Stella had chosen to approach Wrenna instead.

Because Damian would never cheat on his wife, having Wrenna initiate the divorce was Stella's only option.

Although Wrenna wasn't exactly the brightest banana in the bunch, she wasn't all that stupid either.

"But he doesn't love you. Are you really able to put up with your husband loving someone else?" Stella asked after a long pause.

“That’s none of your business. Of course, you can try and steal him like a homewrecker if you want, I don’t mind. It’s like you said, I have a great family background, and they all love me very much. Should you try anything silly, they’ll come after you even without me asking. You left Damian and spent so many years getting where you are today, Stella. Surely you wouldn’t want to throw all of that away now, would you? Unlike Cinderella who was originally from a noble family, you have a very messy one. Are you really willing to risk everything you have for this?”

Obviously not!

As if intimidated by Wrenna’s words, Stella fell silent after hearing that, and Wrenna hung up the phone when she didn’t get a response.

Despite what she said earlier, Wrenna broke down immediately after the call ended.

She was only able to put up a tough front because Stella couldn’t see her expression over the phone.

If they had been facing each other when having that conversation earlier, Wrenna would’ve undoubtedly panicked and broken down in front of Stella instantly.

Sitting on the side of the bed with her chin propped on her knees, she began thinking about what Stella said earlier.

She said he doesn’t love me... Damian will never love another woman for the rest of his life...

That line alone was more than enough to drive Wrenna insane.

Damian had no idea what she had gone through and assumed she was resting after taking a call.

It wasn’t until he entered the break room later on that he saw Wrenna all curled up like a ball of sadness.

“What’s wrong, Wren?” he asked while making his way toward her.

Wrenna quickly tried to get up, but her body had gone stiff from staying still for too long, and she ended up falling straight into his arms.

“Whoa! that’s a lot of passion there, Wren!” Damian teased her with a chuckle.

“My legs are numb...” Wrenna stammered and blushed a little.

Damian scooped her into his arms and lay her down on the bed before giving her a leg massage.

“Feel any better?”

Wrenna couldn't care less about the numbness as all of her attention was focused on the massage she was getting.

She got so flustered that she couldn't even say anything in response, and Damian simply smiled as he carried on massaging her.

“All right, that's enough. I'm feeling a lot better now,” Wrenna whispered after some time.

“It's getting late. Let's go home, shall we?”

“Yeah, okay!”

The two of them then left the office and headed back to Jackdaws Mansion.

Wrenna tried her best to look as cheerful as usual, but she couldn't seem to forget the incident no matter how hard she tried.

It was unclear if Damian was dense or simply didn't care, but he notice anything off about her behavior.

The next day, Wrenna had just arrived on campus when Dora pestered her to attend her favorite lecturer's class with her.

“She may not have a lot of classes, but every single one of them is jam-packed with students! Even the female students agree that she's a very charming woman, so you have got to see it for yourself! Who knows, you might learn a thing or two and become an independent woman like her too! Seriously, you need to stop acting all sad in Damian's absence or you'll make us women look bad!”

“I'm not interested, Dora. You go on ahead.”

“Oh, come on, don't be like that! Did you and Damian get into a fight again? Or has his first love comes picking a fight with you? It's times like these that you really need to remain calm and indifferent, and the best way to improve your mood is to attend the lecture with me! Trust me, it might just change the way you see things!”

Unable to argue with her statement, Wrenna gave in and followed Dora into the lecture hall. Since Xandra didn't have any classes, she decided to tag along as well.

The entire lecture hall was indeed filled with students like what Dora said, including those who weren't from the Department of Economics.

The four of them stood in the back of the hall as they waited for the famous lecturer, Ms. Lane, to arrive.

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You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 443 Inferiority Complex

Ms. Lane must be really popular, judging by how full this lecture hall is... I guess it's great for her, being such a successful woman and all. Well, I suppose everyone defines success differently. Personally, I see marrying Damian as being successful. These people, on the other hand, define success as achieving financial independence and having more options in life. Still, I am quite curious as to who this Ms. Lane is...

The bell rang shortly after, and the legendary Ms. Lane entered the lecture hall.

Wrenna's eyes went wide with shock when she saw the woman standing on the stage. She was dressed in a white shirt, black pants, and had shoulder-length hair as well as a gentle yet confident smile on her beautiful face.

Thinking she was shocked by Ms. Lane's beauty, Dora flashed her a gleeful smile and said, "See? What did I tell you? Ms. Lane is beautiful, capable, and talented, isn't she? Feel amazed yet? A little envious, perhaps?"

The look of surprise on Wrenna's face faded and was soon replaced with a gloomy expression.

Xandra was quick to notice her reaction and asked, "Wren, you know Ms. Lane?"

"Huh?" Dora was surprised to hear that.

Wrenna let out a huge sigh and nodded.

Of course, I know her... That's my love rival, Stella Lane!

After taking a moment to sort out her presentation slides, Stella looked up and smiled as she scanned the lecture hall from left to right.

Ahh, I've finally managed to attract Wrenna into showing up for my class... Very good...

Apart from being a little more confident and prideful than usual, Stella displayed no other unusual behavior throughout her class.

Unlike the genius Stella who was giving a lecture on economics, Wrenna had been an underachiever when it came to academics since she was a child.

Noticing that she wasn't paying attention to the lecture, Stella deliberately asked her questions that she obviously couldn't answer.

"I don't know the answer."

Stella flashed her a mocking smile upon hearing that.

"Here's a piece of advice. Having good looks and a great family background does not automatically make you a smart person. You should spend more time on learning or you'll be nothing but a boring woman, and men don't like women who are boring. Well... Not for long, at least."

None of the students in the class knew why she said something so nasty, but it did make sense and could totally be passed off as a piece of well-intentioned advice.

Of course, Wrenna knew exactly what Stella meant by that, and she wasn't about to put up with her unwelcome taunts.

So what if we're in the middle of a lecture right now? If Stella's going to humiliate me like this, then I have no reason to show her any respect either!

With that in mind, Wrenna stood up and shouted, "I may not be smart, but I have a husband who wants to spend the rest of his life with me! So what if you're smart, Stella? You couldn't be with the man you love, and now you're even trying to steal him like a homewrecker! If studying more and being smart is going to make a homewrecker like you, then I would rather remain an airhead since my husband doesn't mind it anyway!"

Stella wasn't expecting for her to say that in public, and her face was instantly twisted with rage.

The students in the lecture were quick to catch on and realized what was going on.

Wait, were Wrenna's words targeted at Ms. Lane? Is she calling Ms. Lane a homewrecker? Didn't Ms. Lane say she has a man that she loves, and that he's her first love too? How did Wrenna know about that?

"I don't know what you're talking about, but you are causing quite a scene. Are you here just to disrupt my lesson?"

Stella quickly changed the topic and accused Wrenna of being a troublemaker, only to have the class representative stand up and say, "She isn't from our course, Ms. Lane. She's from the Department of Art."

Some of them knew Wrenna as the girl Jayden confessed to in public.

The look on Stella's face grew cold, and she instructed the class representative sternly, "Make sure to limit the amount of students from other courses attending our lectures next time. We can't afford to have troublemakers disrupting our lessons. Anyway, we'll stop here for today. Class dismissed."

With that, Stella quickly left the lecture hall before Wrenna could say anything more about her.

Despite being incredibly smart, Stella had neglected the fact that Wrenna was a wild card and had a tendency to be very unpredictable.

She remembered Wrenna being an obedient little girl with a slight inferiority complex.

Due to her complicated family background and poor financial status, Stella could barely afford her education and had to study really hard to achieve success. Being a victim of an inferiority complex herself due to the aforementioned circumstances, Stella felt great pleasure when the Jackson family's precious little daughter admired and envied her.

She loved inviting Wrenna on her dates with Damian so she could flatter her own vanity.

However, Stella had underestimated Wrenna as she ended up stealing Damian from her. Is that supposed to make me feel inferior? No... No way! I'm so successful now! Wrenna is the one who should feel inferior! I've done my research on her during my time here. The only reason she's accepted here is because the Jackson family donated a lot of money to this university! She's nothing but a useless underachiever who keeps failing her subjects and skipping her classes! I bet she's feeling terrible about herself now that she's seen how successful I am! After all, we both know Damian seeks more than just appearances when it comes to women! Her wealthy family background and pretty face mean nothing if she remains a useless parasite! Someday, Damian is going to get sick of her, and I'll have my chance at winning him back! Hopefully, her inferiority complex will get the better of her and cause her to do something stupid! That way, I'll have more excuses and opportunities to get rid of her! Now that I think about it, the little incident in the lecture hall earlier wasn't too bad. Anything that will mess with her mentally counts as a victory for me!

Stella thought to herself after returning to her office.

Back at the dorm, Wrenna was sitting on her bed all by herself, fuming with anger and cursing at Stella inside her heart.

Had it not been for her strict parenting at home, she would've said those curse words out loud ten times over.

Her roommates caught up to her soon after, and Dora was the first to speak up, "What was all that, Wren? How could you talk to Ms. Lane like that? Do you two know each other?"

Her tone sounded like she was on Stella's side, and Wrenna glared fiercely at her with reddened eyes in response.

Realizing she had misspoken, Dora kept quiet and quickly hid behind Xandra.

Being the calm and rational one, Xandra sat down on her chair and said, "Is Ms. Lane Damian's first love?"

"What? How is that possible?" Dora exclaimed in disbelief.

Wrenna had planned on keeping quiet at first, but Dora's reaction agitated her and prompted her to lash out angrily, "Why can't it be possible? That woman you idolize is a shameless homewrecker who's trying to steal Damian from me!"

Wrenna got so worked up that her tears began to flow after saying that.

I won that argument and made Stella end her lecture on the spot, and yet... Why am I feeling so terrible?

Unable to contain her emotions, she broke down and cried.

"A-All right, I'm sorry! It's all my fault! Please stop crying, Wren! I-I believe you, I really do! I was just a little shocked, that's all!" Dora stammered anxiously.

"There's no need to cry, Wren.

Damian doesn't know she's teaching at our university, right? She came here purposefully all of a sudden, right? Why don't you tell Damian all this and see what he has to say about it? Of course, you could also choose not to tell him if you don't want to. After all, her teaching here isn't exactly that big of a deal, and it's perfectly possible for you two to not run into each other despite being in the same university."

Xandra's right... I wouldn't have met Stella if I didn't sit in on that lecture today. In fact, I probably wouldn't even know she was teaching at this university! We're in completely different fields, so what she does here has nothing to do with me whatsoever!

With that in mind, Wrenna wiped her tears dry and was able to cast her fears away.
"Yeah, I know..."

It doesn't matter what Stella does. I'm Damian's wife, and I am never going to leave him! Never!

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Wrenna did not tell Damian that Stella was her lecturer.

She felt weak if she had to inform him every single detail whenever Stella came into the picture. Moreover, she did not want to be overly dependent on him.

There's no point in doing this. In fact, it may make Damian pay more attention to Stella. In turn, it will create more opportunities for them to keep in touch.

Therefore, Wrenna decided that it was best to keep the news from Damian. She was resolute not to tell him anything about Stella unless it was completely necessary. As of now, there was no reason for her to do so.

Hence, Wrenna swept everything under the carpet and moved on as if Stella never existed.

Unfortunately, that thought backfired the next day.

Her catfight with Stella was posted all over the school forum.

It appeared that someone was targeting Wrenna.

There was a brief description of the dispute between both ladies during the lecture.

The person who exposed the incident commented that Stella was just advising young girls to live with self-respect and be independent. On the contrary, the same person magnified how Wrenna retorted the lecturer. It claimed that Wrenna was of the opinion that women should rely on men, instead of working hard. The post also implied that Wrenna thought of it that way because of her excellent family background.

Such a post would definitely invite netizens to leave hateful comments even though it did not account to anything serious.

Moreover, Wrenna and Stella were well-known figures in school. Although both of them had totally different personalities and styles, a majority of the students sided with Stella. Times had changed. People now had the impression that it was a disgraceful thing for women to depend on men. Anyone who acted so should be despised.

There was a long list of replies directed to the famous Wrenna.

Wrenna is a rich girl. Who cares about being independent when one has a pocket full of cash? She has nothing to worry about in life even if she's unemployed.

Oh yes, Ms. Jackson doesn't give a da*n about this. That's why she's brazen enough to refute Ms. Lane. Our poor lecturer... Wrenna is probably laughing behind our backs for regarding Ms. Lane as our idol, isn't she? Haha!

Once somebody started the ball rolling, the negative comments continued to pour in endlessly.

Subsequently, many chimed in to mock Wrenna.

Though there were a few level-headed people who contributed some rational comments, the unending waves of criticism on the forum drowned their replies almost instantly.

As a result, Wrenna had been blacklisted in school. The incident had gone completely viral, from the forum to all known and unknown group chats, Wrenna became the talk of the town.

Many commented on her ideals, but in actual fact, those disapproving attitudes shown toward her were just sour grapes. This was because Wrenna did not need to secure a job after graduation due to her well-off family background. Unlike her, the other students had to face the harsh reality of job search.

Actually, many girls envied Wrenna though they refused to admit it.

All these comments upset Wrenna terribly.

She was not as strong as she had portrayed herself to be. Deep down, she was quite fragile. Upon reading the post on the school forum, Wrenna went ballistic. She kept replying to the bad comments and refuted the others online. However, she was absolutely outnumbered, and there was not much that she could achieve.

In addition, the netizens could not care less about the truth. Whether Wrenna was what the post had described, the netizens followed the crowd and joined in the fun to jeer at her.

In the end, Wrenna was the victim of cyber bullying.

"What gives? I didn't do this. How could they say that about me? That's not what I was implying. I didn't even say that..." No one listened to her side of the argument.

Back in the dorm, she was so worked up that she cried. Staring at the computer screen, she wanted to stand up for herself so badly, but to no avail. Feeling wronged and aggrieved, Wrenna shut her computer.

The atmosphere in the dorm was thick with uneasiness.

As much as her friends wanted to console her, they knew very well that words meant nothing at this point.

It was hard to make her feel better, especially when it concerned baseless comments on the Internet. The general public did not care about who was right or wrong. They merely followed the trend, chipped in their two cents, and vented their frustrations. Nobody cared if their words had hurt the other party nor weighed the impact of their responses.

“Stop crying, Wren. It doesn’t help even if you bawl your eyes out.” Linda shot Xandra a look, hoping that the latter would say something as she was the only one who could talk sense into Wrenna.

Meanwhile, Dora was busy using her multiple accounts to speak up for Wrenna, but that had little impact on the situation.

Xandra was also skimming through the school forum. Tucking her phone away, she said, “Wren, I contacted a senior to help track the ID of the post. He discovered that it’s from someone who attended the class the other day, specifically from the male dorm. Thus, I suspect it’s the monitor of that class.”

“Stella must have instructed him to do so,” Wrenna concluded as she put the blame on her rival.

Frowning, Dora offered another perspective, “I don’t think so, Wren. It could be that he was seeking justice for Ms. Lane on his own accord. It may not necessarily be an order from Ms. Lane.”

Dora was still very fond of Stella, a woman whom she hoped to become in the future, except for the part where she was labeled as a homewrecker. She felt that there was a possibility Wrenna had wronged Stella.

Upon reading between the lines, Wrenna stared daggers at Dora. She was furious and felt a tad bit betrayed.

“Dora, why are you siding Stella? Don’t you remember what I told you girls? What kind of a woman is she? Why are you on her side? She’s one who schemes. I can tell you now that this is definitely one of her doings. Why don’t you believe me?”

“No, Wren. I was just thinking perhaps the post wasn’t...”

“You still don’t trust me. You think that Stella is right, don’t you? Dora, I’m so disappointed in you.” Wrenna turned her head away as tears streaked her face. Dejected, she felt a sting of unrequited friendship.

Dora wanted to justify herself, but tears welled up her eyes when she saw Wrenna sobbed uncontrollably.

That's not my intention. I just feel that we have to be objective when approaching this matter. We can't be so biased as to generalize Stella's mistakes.

Dora could understand how Wrenna was feeling. However, being two young girls, their tolerance levels were low. Hence, when one party threw a tantrum, the other would follow suit.

Similarly, Dora turned her back at Wrenna too. With that, the tension in the dorm became increasingly unbearable.

Later on, Dora packed her things and left the dorm. She could no longer stand the intense pressure in the room.

Shortly after her departure, Wrenna leaned against Xandra and burst out into tears again.

The emotional turmoil continued until Wrenna returned to Jackdaws Mansion. Deep sorrow was written all over her face.

Worried, Cora asked, "Mrs. Quigley, did something happen? Are you feeling down?"

Wrenna shook her head and slumped on the couch, hanging her head despondently. She hugged the pillow in silence, debating if she should tell Damian about the matter.

Prior to this, I didn't want to say a word to him. But I'm feeling so awful right now, it'd be nice to talk it out with him. If I do so, will he think that I'm a baby? Since Stella shows up in my life, I've been whining a lot and asking him for help.

Coincidentally, Damian was working overtime that night and did not return home.

Disturbed by the quandary she was in, Wrenna did not have her dinner nor take a shower. She just lay in bed, thinking about all sorts of scenarios until she dozed off.

When she woke up the next morning, she ran into Damian downstairs. He was wearing a greyish blue tracksuit, seemingly just finished his workout. Droplets of sweat rolled down from his forehead to his chiseled face. Wrenna was mesmerized by his look, especially when he looked so gorgeous basking in the morning sun.

At that moment, she had forgotten all of her issues from the night before. She just wanted to keep staring at Damian like a fangirl.

"Wren?" Damian wiped the sweat off his forehead and approached her.

He found her expression amusing. "Still sleepy?" He chuckled while patting her head lovingly.

Upon recollecting herself, Wrenna blushed.

"Oh, no, nothing. Did you come home very late last night, Damian?" "Yup, there was something that I needed to attend to. So, I got back quite late. By the way, Cora mentioned to me that you were down in the dumps and didn't even have dinner. What's wrong?"

Wrenna hesitated, and then shook her head. "Nothing much. I got upset with my friend at the dorm. I'm planning to have a good chat with her today to clear the air. I should be fine."

Damian did not suspect anything. He doted on her and said, "Just get it out of your chest and talk it out with your friend. I bet you'll get along with your friend again soon." Thereafter, he went upstairs.

Wrenna stood still without saying a word. In her heart, she had decided to deal with the matter herself.

After lunch, she set off to the campus.

As soon as she stepped foot into the dorm, she locked eyes with Dora. Both of them froze for a second. Right when Wrenna was about to utter something the next moment, Dora opened the door and walked out.

Wrenna felt so let down. Immediately, Linda attempted to explain, "She's gone to a lecture."

Upon blurting a response, she realized that it was a bad excuse. With that, Linda felt so awkward that she scurried away with her bag.

Xandra was the only one left in the dorm. While she was reading, Wrenna sat down and sighed repeatedly.

"Why are you sighing?" Xandra lifted her head.

Finally, Wrenna had found someone to confide in. "Xandra, I wasn't in the wrong, right? I didn't expect Dora to like Stella so much. Yes, she's someone who makes other girls turn green with envy. But her behavior is appalling! There's nothing more serious than this."

Xandra cast a glance at her. "True, but she's undeniably an expert in her profession. You can dispute that she has her worth and strengths."

Hearing Xandra's straightforward remarks, Wrenna felt hurt. Knitting her brows, all of her insecurities and anxiousness crept up on her at once.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 445

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 445 Never Wrong In Love

Wrenna knew that Stella was very capable.

Back then, when Stella was still a poor student, she had already won Damian's heart. Now that she had attained success, she became even more stunning in the limelight.

If Damian did not have a history with Stella, Wrenna might actually like her.

She's so cool inside out. Besides having a pretty face, she has a great personality that will make people adore her.

Yet, Wrenna disliked her because of Damian. To her, Stella was a threat.

She hit rock bottom when she heard Xandra said good things about Stella too. Instantly, her heart sank.

Xandra seemed to know what Wrenna was thinking. She added, "Though Stella has her good merits, you, Wren, aren't totally useless. You two are different. You have your strengths too! So, don't let this beat you up."

Wrenna looked up with a pair of gloomy eyes. "Xandra, what are my strengths? I don't even know."

She thought of herself as someone who knew nothing much.

Besides being born with a silver spoon, there's nothing great about me. I have absolutely nothing to shout about.

Calmly, Xandra looked at her. "Wren, you're cheerful, loyal, and you have a great personality. Aren't these good things about you? As for Stella, no doubt she's a successful, independent, and smart woman, not all women in the world are like her. Similarly, she's not every man's type either. A girl like you is well-liked by others. Take Jayden for example, he doesn't have any feelings for Stella. Instead, he has been falling head over heels for you for the longest time. Our school doesn't need more people like her. Being excellent at academics or possessing superb capabilities are only the tip of the iceberg. It's just one of the many aspects of a person's characteristics. It doesn't represent the person as a whole."

“Really?” Wrenna was dubious about Xandra’s viewpoint because she lacked confidence.

“There’s no need to belittle yourself. Every one of us is a unique individual.” Xandra intentionally ended the conversation.

I can go on and on until the cows come home, but my words will just be meaningless utterances if she can’t figure this out herself.

Wrenna nodded, seemingly reflecting upon it.

People were still spewing various comments on the school forum. Shortly after that, the person who initiated the post removed it completely.

Baffled, Wrenna wondered if it was Damian’s doing again. Did the news get to him? Was he the one who did this?

Clueless, Wrenna decided to give Damian a call.

“Damian, did you find out about it?”

He was busy working while answering Wrenna’s call. “What did I find out?” he asked directly.

Stunned, she responded, “Oh, nothing. I forgot that I’ve told you this morning about the little argument I had with a friend.”

He cackled. “What? Your memory is terrible. Did you not have a good sleep?”

“Maybe. All right, I better let you get back to work. Bye, Damian.”

Hanging up, she pondered further.

Who could it be? I don’t think that the monitor will delete the post from the forum on his own.

While she was still thinking hard about the matter, Jayden contacted her.

“Don’t worry, Wren. I’ve made that person take down his post. He won’t dare to babble nonsense anymore. Also, he’ll apologize to you.”

The information came like a bolt from the blue, and Wrenna did not know how to respond.

In the end, she thanked him politely.

Then, Jayden made a self-deprecating joke. "Sorry for the inconvenience I've caused you the last time, Wren. I didn't get someone to hype it up. It's fine if you don't trust me. This time, I didn't settle the matter for the sake of your gratitude. I just want to make you happy and protect you whenever you face any harm even though you don't like me."

He was not going to give up on her so easily. Conversely, he was determined to keep loving Wrenna. One would tend to be persistent in chasing after what his heart desired.

Lately, Wrenna's mood had been negatively affected by all the gossips in school. With all that was going on, her interest in school was significantly reduced. It also did not help when she never liked studying in the first place.

As a result, she often played truant and stayed home to learn cooking from Cora. She much preferred to spend time improving her culinary skills and preparing delicious food for Damian.

Being at home provided her a safe space to be away from all the hurtful rumors. In addition, she could avoid facing Dora and be absent from lectures. All she wanted to do was to concentrate on preparing scrumptious meals for Damian and seeing him beam with joy upon returning from work.

Wrenna's hope was to build a comfortable life in Jackdaws Mansion and live happily ever after. She enjoyed the peace very much.

During the weekends, Damian and Wrenna went to Zen Highlands.

When they arrived, Clarissa was taking a stroll with Matthew. The former waved enthusiastically at the couple.

Wrenna gazed at them with envy. Wrapping her arms around Damian's, she blushed when he looked her in the eyes.

"Daddy and Mommy have such a good relationship, Damian and that has never changed."

Damian smiled.

That's a fact. Their relationship gets better and better with each passing day. An ideal marriage should be like theirs; perfect and is most enviable by all.

Clarissa was happy to see how affectionate the couple was. To her, it was only normal that they were close to each other.

She strongly believed that her son would fall in love with Wrenna in the near future despite how he felt about her in the past. This was because Wrenna was a great girl.

Subsequently, Clarissa went to the kitchen with Wrenna while the father and son talked about work in the living room.

In the kitchen, Clarissa checked on Wrenna as they cooked together. "How are you two? It was all a misunderstanding when your Daddy and I made a blunder the last time."

Wrenna was dumbstruck.

What blunder? When?

She remained silent, not knowing what the topic was about.

Clarissa was amused by her blank expression. "Oh, my dear Wren. You have no clue about that, right?"

"No, Mommy. What is it about? I really have no idea."

Clarissa smiled. "Well, we trusted Leia's analysis and thought that Damian... has a problem in that aspect. Fortunately, it was just a scare. He's perfectly fine. Leia had the wrong idea. So, my apologies. It's all a misunderstanding. I didn't know that Damian didn't tell you about it. Haha... That's him anyway, he didn't share anything with you as it probably hurt his pride, right? Haha..." Clarissa shared the incident jokingly.

However, Wrenna did not find it funny. Her heart wrenched. She forced a smile and tried to hold back her tears.

Right then, Clarissa turned around to continue cooking, so she missed the expression on Wrenna's face.

"Oh, this dish..." She turned back, only to realize that Wrenna had left the kitchen.

She did not think much about it and continued preparing other dishes.

When Wrenna came out from the kitchen, she saw Damian on the way. Instantly, she lowered her head to hide her glistening eyes and dashed into the bathroom.

No one really noticed something was off with her.

She stayed inside the bathroom until lunch. Throughout that span of time, she made a tremendous effort to suppress her emotions.

Looking rather normal, Wrenna was full of praise for the meal prepared by Clarissa. She did it out of her earnest admiration for Clarissa's cooking skills, not because she was her mother-in-law.

Amazingly, she could still plaster a smile for Damian.

I'm becoming more pretentious.

After lunch, Wrenna chatted with Clarissa. She enjoyed hearing the latter talk about Damian's childhood stories.

Each time the topic came up, Wrenna would listen attentively. It made her heart full. Clarissa could really sense that love was in the air. She considered her son a blessed man because he had a girl who loved him so deeply and wholeheartedly. She was exceptionally thankful that Damian could marry his Mrs. Right.

Thinking back to that one time when Clarissa learned that her terrific son fell for a woman like Stella, her world almost collapsed.

During that period, Damian resisted me a lot and even threatened to cut off ties with me. Never in a million years would I have thought something so horrendous could happen to me.

At one point, Clarissa regarded those moments as a punishment from God for being unforgiving toward the Tysons during her younger days. Fortunately, Damian changed his mind in the end. She was extremely worried that her son would fall for the wrong woman. Now, she could heave a sigh of relief, knowing that Damian ended up with Wrenna.

Smiling, she took Wrenna's hands and said lovingly, "Wren, as a mother, I thank you for loving Damian. I really do. I'm not trying to be nice here. It's how I genuinely feel, from the bottom of my heart. Had it not been for you, I don't know what would become of Damian. Lucky for him, you love him so dearly. I know that he's not being fair to you sometimes. However, I know my son. Please give him some time. He will fall for you with all his heart and soul. Do be patient with him and wait for him to respond to your love. Okay?"

Biting her lips, Wrenna nodded. "Mommy, I'll wait for him even if the process takes a lifetime. Don't worry about us."

Feeling greatly comforted, Clarissa gave Wrenna a big hug. "You're such a good girl. I'm sure your days ahead will be as blissful as they can be. I'm usually right about people. You'll never make a mistake for loving him either."

At that instant, Wrenna felt a burden lifted off her shoulders.

Yes, I can't be wrong about Damian.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 446

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 446 Resolute

After discovering the truth, Wrenna realized that she should not have taken so many wild guesses about Damian's health.

Then again, she was not sure if she should be happy or sad about it.

I guess it's a piece of good news after all. It means that Damian is in the pink of health as there's nothing wrong with him. It's better than being sick.

On the other hand, the information also implied that Damian had no desire for the woman that he had not come to love.

Wrenna smiled wryly at that thought.

That means I still need to work harder, right?

After returning from Zen Highlands, Wrenna went to bed without waiting for Damian for the first time ever, nor did she wait for his goodnight hug.

Though Damian was a little taken aback, he did not give much thought to it.

She's probably sleepy after a long and tiring day.

The next day, Wrenna had to go to school because she had been skipping too many lectures.

In fact, the dean called her up and was unswerving about this matter. Left with no choice, Wrenna had to show up for classes.

As soon as she stepped foot into campus, she received many strange gazes. She could see that people were talking about her despite not being able to hear their conversations. She was so sure that they were all criticizing her. Feeling rather awful, she quickened her steps and darted toward the office.

Upon entering the small office, Wrenna gazed at that the gray-haired dean. He was the first lecturer who was truly concerned about Wrenna when she entered university.

She had always felt uneasy being a rich student.

Back then, the dean complimented her after seeing the comics she drew.

Facing the same dean who had been so kind to her, tears welled up in her eyes. A strong guilty conscience washed her over, making her feel even more embarrassed about her recent actions.

Alfred remained calm and benign. He gestured for her to take a seat.

Anxiously, Wrenna sat down. Alfred looked at her and sighed. He did not reprimand her. Instead, he apologized, "Sorry, Wrenna."

"Huh?" She was astounded. Why did he say sorry?

"I apologized for what happened on the school forum. Admittedly, the university didn't handle the situation well and resulted in you bearing the brunt of the comment. I should make an apology."

Oh, it's about this.

His sudden apology made Wrenna feel awkward. She clasped her hands and explained, "Well, Mr. Jones, this is not the school's fault. You don't have to say sorry to me. In fact, I should be the one to offer an apology first. I..."

Her voice started to quiver. Biting her lips, she plucked up her courage and admitted, "I've skipped too many classes. Punish me however you want, Mr. Jones. I have nothing to say about that."

Alfred looked at her. Then, he rose to his feet and sat beside her. "Wrenna, don't you want to learn art anymore? Are you considering quitting it all together? Or that you just don't like coming to school and face all these rumors?" His tone was serious.

At that moment, all that was brewing inside Wrenna was nothing but negativity.

Whenever she thought about school, she automatically related it to Stella. She hated seeing her around, especially her smug little smile, and how she always looked all high and mighty.

She loathed how everyone in school was gossiping about her behavior and actions.

She also disliked how one of her dorm mates doubted her. The friendship issue exasperated her.

Actually, all of these had nothing to do with her studies. She just did not like the environment she was in.

Even so, Wrenna knew that she lacked a courageous and positive attitude when approaching problems as such. Hence, her first reaction was to run away from it,

thinking that she could sleep on it, but the problems were still unresolved. The only solution was for her to face them head-on.

“Mr. Jones, I... I want to keep drawing. Just that, I’m not the sharpest tool in the shed. Besides drawing, I’m not interested in the lectures at all. In addition, they...” she faltered.

Alfred nodded, indicating that he understood where she was coming from.

“Since you want to continue studying here, then I’ll carry on the discussion with you instead of your parents. After all, you’re an adult now. Right?”

“Yes.”

“Great. In that case, you shall attend classes today. I’ll give you a demerit for those you’ve missed. If you don’t get sufficient credit hours by the end of the semester, you’ll have to resit the exams. This is a final warning. Wrenna, if you fail, you’ll be retained. It won’t look good on you when that happens.”

Wrenna nodded. Just as she had expected, Alfred always meant business.

Right after that, he changed his expression swiftly.

He cast a fatherly gaze at her. “Wren, now that we’re done talking about official matters, let’s discuss your personal issues. Most of us have more or less faced similar problems at some point in our lives. We’ve all been hurt by people who don’t matter to us, all thanks to the advancement of technology. Everyone can express their opinions on the Internet, anytime, anywhere, and there’s hardly any price to pay. So, some become unscrupulous in their actions. On the contrary, the other parties who get hurt have no way to defend themselves. Unfortunately, you’re in this quagmire now, but you chose to run away from it. Although it’s not a bad way to deal with such matters, it’s not the best way either. Why do you shun your problems? You haven’t done anything wrong. Even if you did, you’re accountable to yourself and no one else. Regardless of what they say, it won’t change your perception of things, right?”

That’s true. No matter what others say, I know what’s right and what’s wrong. I’m not affected. I’m resolute to stand for what I believe in, what I love and hate.

Alfred added, “You’re still young. That’s why you care a lot about what people say about you. I think I’ve said too much. It may not help, but once you experience it yourself, you’ll realize the idea behind it. My advice to you now is to go all out for what your heart desires, and do whatever you put your mind to it.”

Wrenna was so touched to hear Alfred’s encouraging words. Teary, she looked at him sheepishly.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Jones."

"Your fault is that you played truant. Other than that, I'll leave it to your own judgment."

"Okay, I understand now."

Alfred smiled. Then, he returned to his desk and put up his usual front as a lecturer.

"Right, now that everything is solved, I have a request. I have a student, who's actually a few years your senior. He owns a publishing firm and is urgently looking for an artist. I've seen your work, so are you interested in giving it a try? Though you major in traditional painting, I see that you lack interest in it. On the contrary, you seem to enjoy drawing comics. I'll pass you his contact number, and you can call him up."

"Thanks, Mrs. Jones, I'll think about it."

It was a good day after all for Wrenna.

Mr. Jones is the world's best lecturer!

Shortly after she left the office, Alfred chuckled while shaking his head.

He made a phone call. "I've spoken to the girl. Rest assured that everything's fine now. Haha... With your extensive intervention, I don't dare to expel her, do I? Haha... Just kidding. This matter is now resolved. Don't you worry..."

Indeed, Damian was on the other end of the line.

It was impossible for him not to know that Wrenna had been skipping classes. At first, he was not bothered since she had done it before.

When she did it consistently, and her mood turned bad quite frequently, Damian could sense that something was off.

Therefore, he investigated it and found out that Wrenna met Stella in school.

He also discovered that she was the victim of cyberbullying.

He did not know how to console her despite wanting to encourage her to attend classes. Hence, he asked Alfred for a favor to convince Wrenna to go back to campus. Most essentially, he did not want to see her hating school.

As for the job at the publishing firm, it was not arranged by Damian. He had no idea about it. It was recommended by Alfred.

When Wrenna went back to the dorm, Dora was the only one present.

She was on the phone when Wrenna walked into the room.

Feeling shocked and awkward at the same time, Dora quickly hung up. At that instant, there was pin-drop silence in the dorm.

Just when Wrenna wanted to speak, Dora interrupted her, "Sorry, Wren."

"Um... I should be the one to say sorry."

Both of them offered each other an overdue apology. Subsequently, they exchanged glances and burst into laughter.

Girls and their shenanigans.

Eventually, they felt more comfortable with each other as they started chatting.

"Wren, I'm sorry for making you upset. In the future, I won't attend Ms. Lane's lecture anymore. Actually, she's not that great. I've now fixed my eyes on another goddess. She's an incredible woman..."

"Dora, I shouldn't have put the blame on you. Stella's character and her lectures are two separate things altogether. If you like it, go ahead, and continue attending her classes as long as you don't get brainwashed by her."

"Haha... I won't. You're my best friend. Ms. Lane is just a brilliant woman. Anyhow, there are many people like her and they are all wonder women. If she's like what you've described, I'll switch from a die-hard fan to a hater. After all, I trust you."

"Thank you."

The two of them gave each other a tight hug. At that moment, Wrenna's world brightened up again. Apart from the goodness of Damian, the world is wonderful too.

That day, Wrenna was in an extremely good mood. She treated all of her dorm mates to a sumptuous meal.

There was a sparkle in Dora's eyes. As a foodie, she looked forward to tasting an array of delicious food with Wrenna. She especially loved a treat to the restaurant at the luxurious hotel, which the girls could never afford.

"Wren, I want to marry you. Really... I must marry you," Dora expressed her adoration while digging in.

Wrenna laughed boisterously. "I'm straight. Okay? Don't you know that?"

"Oh, it's fine. I'll just love you discreetly."

The group of friends chortled at that remark.

“I think what you love is the mouth-watering food that I’m treating you, right?” Wrenna shot a glance at Dora.

The next moment, she raised her hand to call for a waiter. She wanted to add more dishes so that Dora can stuff herself to her heart’s content.

As she scanned around for the waiter, she saw two familiar figures. It was Stella and Damian.

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 447

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 447 He Is My Dream Man

Wrenna stopped speaking abruptly and narrowed her eyes. Her expression turned stiff, and she looked hurt.

Xandra noticed straight away that something was wrong and followed Wrenna’s gaze. However, the two people had gone in, so she did not see anything.

“What’s wrong? What did you see?” Xandra asked.

Wrenna shook her head.

At the same time, the waiter came to them.

“May I help you with anything?” the waiter asked. However, Wrenna remained in a daze. The waiter had to repeat his question two more times before she snapped out of it.

“Oh... Nothing. It’s fine...” Wrenna answered.

Then, she stood up suddenly and said, “Excuse me. I’m going to the restroom.”

Dora was busy eating. She looked up from her food in surprise and saw Wrenna rushing away. “I don’t think the restroom is that way.”

Even Linda suspected that something was wrong and glanced at Xandra. Xandra seemed to be pondering something before she stood up and said, “I’ll go and check on her.”

Meanwhile, Wrenna rushed in the direction that Stella and Damian went. However, she did not know which private lounge they entered.

Therefore she stood in the lobby and gave Damian a call.

“Hello.” Damian’s voice soon sounded on the phone.

“Damian, have you finished work?” Wrenna asked.

Damian was silent for a moment before answering calmly, “Not yet, but I’ll be finishing soon. Did you have fun with your classmates?”

Before this, Wrenna told Damian that she reconciled with Dora. Therefore, she was going out for dinner with them and might not be home tonight.

That was why Damian asked her that question.

On the other hand, Wrenna found that she could not speak upon hearing his answer.

She coughed quickly to clear her throat. “Ahem... Yes, we are having fun. Damian, don’t overwork yourself and remember to rest. You should go home soon. I might go back suddenly to check on you, haha...”

Her laughter sounded so fake.

However, Damian replied calmly, “All right, I’ll be going back soon. If you’re coming home, let me know. I’ll go pick you up.”

“Oh, I’m only joking with you. I’m not going home tonight and will be staying in the hostel to chat with my roommates. That’s all for now. Please remember to head home early,” Wrenna replied.

After hanging up, she stood on her spot and looked at the private lounge door but did not go in.

When she turned around, she saw Xandra standing nearby.

Wrenna forced herself to smile and say, “What brings you here? I seem to have lost my way and can’t find the restroom.”

Xandra held her hand and asked, “What did you see? Is someone you know here?”

Wrenna shook her head and said, “No, I was mistaken. Let’s go and continue our dinner.”

It seemed that she did not want to talk about it, so they returned to their seat.

Now, Wrenna lost her cheerfulness from before. She ate quietly and listened to her friends chatting.

Even the most unobservant people could see that there was something wrong with her.

While Wrenna was in a daze, Dora and the others exchanged glances.

“Wren, let’s go. We will go to karaoke and have fun. I haven’t sung for a long time…”
Dora urged.

“Oh, sure, let’s go.” Wrenna went along with their plans and did not object. Then, she got up to foot the bill.

As they were leaving, Wrenna looked at the private lounge again with a troubled expression.

At the karaoke, Wrenna grabbed the microphone kept singing. It was as if she was stuck in her world as she sang song after song alone. She did not even notice that her voice turned hoarse.

“Xandra, what’s wrong with her? Wasn’t she fine when we started dinner? What happened?” Dora asked.

“Yes, she left suddenly during dinner and became like this when she returned. Did something happen to her?” Linda added.

Xandra shook her head and replied, “I don’t know. But I think there’s only one person who can cause her to react this way. There’s no one else.”

“That’s right. Did Mr. Quigley mistreat Wren? Or did that woman cause her trouble again?” Dora asked.

These were only their suspicions. Since Wrenna would not say anything, there was no way for them to know for sure.

By late night, Wrenna had lost her voice, and there were many wine bottles in the private lounge.

Judging from the scene, it was apparent that Wrenna drank to drown her sorrow.

Her friends decided not to return to school and stayed to accompany Wrenna.

They remained in the private lounge with her for the whole night. At dawn, before the sun rose, Xandra woke up everyone and hailed a cab to send them to school.

Meanwhile, Wrenna remained asleep through it all. Her friends had to carry her upstairs. Then, they washed up and headed off to classes or rest.

Wrenna finally woke up at noon and smelled food in the air.

Dora saw that she was awake and said hurriedly, "Wren, I brought lunch for you, so get up and eat quickly. You have a class in the afternoon. Didn't you say that you have to attend that class? Luckily you don't have classes this morning."

Wrenna rubbed her head. It felt heavy and painful. She sat in a daze for a moment before getting up to wash up and have lunch.

Dora looked at her and felt that she had calmed down after last night. Therefore, she asked tentatively, "Wren, did something happen last night?"

Wrenna smiled and said, "Nothing happened. I just haven't indulged myself for a long time and went overboard."

It was obvious that she did not want to talk about it.

Thus, Dora did not ask further. She could not help but sigh as she saw that Wrenna was not her usual self.

If Damian was the reason behind Wrenna's sadness, Dora wondered if Wrenna had made the right choice in marrying him.

Although Wrenna married the man she loved, she seemed less happy than before.

"Wren, no matter what happened, we are your friends, and we hope for you to be happy," Dora said.

Wrenna was stunned for a moment before she relaxed and smiled.

"I'm happy, Dora. It's true. You don't have to worry about me. Even though I seem unhappy sometimes, it's only temporary. I'm now quite happy. After all, my dream came true," Wrenna replied.

Damian was Wrenna's dream man.

"All right," Dora answered.

That night, Wrenna returned to Jackdaws Mansion.

"Mrs. Quigley, Mr. Quigley just called and said that he will be back late tonight. Would you like to have dinner first?" Cora asked. She had just finished cooking dinner.

Wrenna hesitated for a moment before asking, "Did Damian not come home for dinner yesterday?"

"Yes, Mr. Quigley had to work late, so he came home later than usual," Cora answered.

"I understand. Cora, I'm not hungry. I won't be having dinner yet," Wrenna said.

Cora seemed a little disappointed as Wrenna headed upstairs.

Wrenna changed her clothes and sat on the balcony in a daze. A moment later, she got up and went to her small study. She needed to do something to distract herself.

Therefore, Wrenna worked on her comic and only looked up from it when Damian returned home.

It was half past eleven at night.

She looked out from her window and saw that Damian's car had arrived. Then, she stood up and rushed out of the study to head downstairs.

The moment Damian entered the house, Wrenna threw herself into his embrace and hugged him tightly. "Damian, you're back."

Damian was a little surprised. He pulled away from her gently to look at her.

He glanced down at her and saw that her hair was disheveled. She had run to him barefooted and wore only her pajamas. It made her seem thin and pitiful.

His eyes were filled with affection as he looked at her.

This affection came from deep within his heart.

His heart became a little flustered, but he calmed it quickly. "Silly girl, why didn't you wear shoes?"

He immediately carried her up in his arms and walked upstairs.

Meanwhile, Wrenna's heart was beating wildly, and her cheeks were flushed. She could not resist wrapping her arms around his neck and pressing her face against his chest, wanting to get even closer to him.

It will be great if we can be close like this forever.

Damian placed her on the bed and found her shoes. He chuckled at seeing her flushed cheeks and patted her head. "I'm going to take a bath. You should rest first."

Wrenna nodded obediently. After Damian went into the bathroom, Wrenna got out of bed and continued working on her comic on the computer.

After Damian came out of the bathroom, Wrenna asked him to hug her again. As she lay in Damian's arms on the bed, she thought that nothing else mattered.

Damian is a good man. As long as I can hug him to sleep at night, I'm more than happy.

Wrenna smiled in Damian's embrace.

Damian looked at Wrenna in his arms and asked, "What are you smiling about?"

Wrenna looked up with a dazzling smile and kissed Damian on his lips. "I'm happy."

Damian was surprised and patted her head. "Let's sleep. Good night."

"Yes, good night, Damian," Wrenna replied.

Tonight, Wrenna recovered to her usual self.

She realized that she should not let a minor incident cause her to lose confidence in her new marriage.

Perhaps Damian and Stella met over some matter. There might also be other people with them that day. After all, they were schoolmates and friends. I have to stop overthinking it. However, he married me because Clarissa was pleased with me, even though he still loves Stella. Furthermore, we never have the intimate relationship expected of a married couple.

Thinking of these, Wrenna realized that she would only experience more sadness. However, she realized that what mattered the most was that she married Damian and became Mrs. Quigley.

She dreamed of marrying Damian since she was a young girl. The fact that it came true was enough to dispel most of her sadness.

Therefore, she was quite happy.

The following morning, Wrenna woke up early to make breakfast. She once said that she wanted to be a good wife. However, she delayed putting it into action.

After making a sumptuous breakfast, she watched Damian finish them before walking him to the door. She hoped to start her morning like this every day.

After that, Wrenna packed her things and went to school.

It would be a holiday in a few days. Wrenna could not focus in class as she was busy thinking about what she wanted to do with Damian.

Hopefully, she could spend time alone with him. She could not resist smiling to herself as she thought of that.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 448

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 448 A Loving Couple

Before the holiday, Wrenna asked Clarissa for her opinion.

Now, it seemed like the whole family knew about Wrenna's plan to spend the holiday alone with Damian.

It turned out that after Wrenna spoke to Clarissa, Clarissa informed everyone in the family and forbade them from disturbing Damian and Wrenna during the holiday.

Therefore, Henry and Yaala decided not to invite Damian and Wrenna over for dinner.

Clarissa also decided not to inform them of her plan to have a family gathering during the holidays.

Furthermore, she eagerly gave Wrenna more suggestions.

She suggested that Wrenna and Damian should go to the beach. Then, Wrenna could wear a bikini and show him her alluring figure. It was clear why Clarissa proposed that, and she hoped it would bring the couple closer.

Therefore, Wrenna booked two flight tickets to a city by the sea.

As it was quite warm during the holiday, she could wear thinner clothes and a swimsuit to entice Damian.

Therefore, during breakfast the day before the holiday, Wrenna asked with a smile, "Damian, it's a holiday tomorrow. Why don't we go on a trip?"

Damian was surprised for a moment and asked, "Is that so?"

Then, he smiled and said, "I didn't realize that it's a holiday soon again. There are quite a lot of holidays on the first half of the year."

"Are you busy?" Wrenna asked nervously. She was afraid that Damian would refuse.

"It's all right. I can adjust my schedule, so let's go tomorrow. Have you figured out where you want to go?" Damian replied.

Wrenna answered excitedly, "I've decided where we should go and arranged the flight tickets and accommodation. You don't have to do anything. I'll pack our bags tonight, and we can leave early tomorrow morning."

Damian nodded in agreement.

Thus, Wrenna began to look forward to the holiday.

When Damian arrived at the company, he asked Johannes to adjust his schedule for the trip.

It was not an issue at all.

As long as there was no emergency, like what happened previously during his honeymoon, Johannes could adjust the schedule to give Damian time to go on a trip.

Before he left work, Damian received a call from Burnham. "Damian, let's drive to the beach together. The holiday has begun, so let's go there to relax. Furthermore, Colton opened a new hotel there, and I heard that it's quite good. So, let's stay there."

"It's all right. You go ahead. I've made plans with Wren to go somewhere else," Damian replied.

"You can ask Wrenna to join us too," Burnham suggested.

"No, it's alright," Damian said.

Burnham shook his head after Damian hung up. Beside him, Stella put down her coffee cup and smiled bitterly. "I've told you. He's probably angry with you because of me."

Burnham frowned unhappily and said, "How can he abandon his friends now that he has a wife. I think this had nothing to do with you. Damian's an idiot. Just like you said, he married Wrenna because his mother likes her. He's such a mommy's boy."

Stella shook her head. "You know when his mother was against his relationship with me, he gave me up. That was why I went overseas."

"That's right. It's not your fault. If Damian didn't give up on you, you wouldn't have gone overseas. That b*stard..." Burnham said.

"That's enough. Let's not talk about it anymore. It's my fault for not having a good family background and failing to please his mother," Stella said.

Burnham shook his head and said, "No, Stella, don't belittle yourself. Although you were not born in a rich family, you're now rich in your own right. Don't worry. There are better men out there. It doesn't matter that Damian's mother doesn't like you. You've made a name for yourself."

Stella smiled but did not say anything. She knew he was saying it to make her happy.

“By the way, Damian’s mother will be having a charity dinner for her charity foundation soon. You should attend with me, not for Damian’s sake but to regain your dignity. After all, you’re a different person now,” Burnham suggested.

Stella was a little stunned. “I don’t think that’s necessary. However, my company attends it almost every year. Perhaps I can attend it on behalf of my company.”

“Then you should go. For the sake of your dignity, you must go,” Burnham said.

Stella pondered about it and quickly switched the topic of their conversation. “Let’s talk about it some other time. Tomorrow’s holiday. Why don’t we go somewhere.”

“Sounds good. I’ll call Colton, and we can go together,” Burnham said.

“Let’s go to Ocean City,” Stella said without hesitation.

“Why?” Burnham was stunned for a moment. He looked at Stella’s determined expression and sighed. “Stella, you’re so stubborn.”

Stella replied with a smile, “You’re right!”

Wrenna woke up early, made breakfast, and packed their luggage before waking Damian up. As he ate breakfast, she called to confirm their flight and accommodation.

Once everything was ready, Damian and Wrenna headed to the airport.

Wrenna planned and arranged everything for this trip by herself. She bought the flight tickets, booked their accommodation, and drafted an itinerary. Moreover, she researched the places to visit and the food to try. She prepared everything carefully.

This trip was different from previous trips. Previously, when Wrenna and Damian went on a trip, someone would chauffeur them around and arrange everything for them.

Therefore, Wrenna enjoyed arranging for their trip. She felt excited whenever she thought of traveling with Damian.

It was this excitement that drove her on.

Furthermore, she always wanted to have an ordinary married life with Damian.

Thus, she did not mind working hard. It was only through hard work that one could experience the bliss of ordinary married life.

“Damian, quick, we need to bring our luggage to the security checkpoint...” Wrenna guided Damian every step of the way. They went through the security checkpoint to the

boarding area. Then, they boarded their flight and sat in the economy class. There were many people around them.

Wrenna was smiling happily. After sitting down and putting on the safety belt, she noticed that Damian's knees touched the seat in front of him.

She could not help chuckling at the sight. "Damian, please bear with it. It's only a two-hour flight. For the return flight, I've bought first-class seats, so we can have a good rest on the way back."

She interlinked her fingers with his and looked at him with a smile.

Damian smiled and said, "All right, I understand. I'll go along with whatever you planned."

Wrenna smiled brightly as Damian's words filled her heart with warmth.

Is this how it feels to be married?

A woman beside them looked at them and asked with a smile, "Are both of you university students? Which university are you attending? Are you going to Ocean City for a holiday?"

"Erm, yes. We're on our honeymoon," Wrenna answered.

"Oh, you're married?" The woman was surprised.

Wrenna showed the woman the ring on her finger and said, "Yes, we have been married for some time."

"Wow, you got married so young. That sounds romantic! Congratulations. I hope you will have a child soon," the woman said.

Wrenna blushed shyly. She turned to look at Damian and saw that he was smiling. As their eyes met, they did seem like a loving young couple.

Wrenna held Damian's hand throughout the flight and did not let go. She spoke softly to him about many things. Furthermore, she seemed excited, like a child going on her first trip.

After getting off the plane, they changed into thinner clothes.

It was a set of matching couple outfits that Wrenna prepared.

They wore white t-shirts with a large red heart in the middle and denim shorts. Both of them looked like youthful students in love. Then, they hailed a cab to go to the hotel.

After checking into their room, Wrenna and Damian stood before the bathroom mirror. She could not help laughing at the sight of them standing together dressed in matching clothes.

Damian patted her head and asked with a smile, "Silly girl, why are you laughing? Is this so funny to you?"

Wrenna shook her head and said, "I laugh because I'm happy. that's all."

They rested in the hotel for a few hours in the afternoon. Then, they went to the beach beside the hotel in the evening.

There were many tourists out and about at this time too.

The tourists wore bikinis and swimsuits and were out to have fun at the beach.

Wrenna had changed into her bikini and wore a thin scarf over it. One could still see her nice bikini-clad figure through the scarf.

Meanwhile, Damian wore a pair of broad shorts revealing his well-shaped upper body with its eight-pack.

Furthermore, he had a handsome face. Wrenna noticed that too many women were staring at him.

It made her a little unhappy, so she turned back, retrieved Damian's t-shirt from the hotel, and gave it to him. "You shouldn't expose your body. Everyone's looking at you."

Damian was amused by her jealousy.

He wore the t-shirt without protest and lay under the beach umbrella. That made Wrenna happy.

After lying for a while, Wrenna suddenly had an idea. "Damian, can you help me to apply sunscreen?"

She immediately took off her scarf, revealing her perfect figure.

She lay on the chair with a smile and displayed her charming figure for Damian to see.

Damian was a little stunned by her request. His pupils dilated as he looked at her smooth and fair skin.

"Damian?" Wrenna's heartbeat quickened as Damian kept staring at her figure. She wondered if he desired her.

Suddenly, Damian snapped out of his daze and smiled. He took the sunscreen from her and glared sternly at the men who looked over curiously.

Then, he came to her side and squeezed the sunscreen onto his palm. He rubbed his hands before touching Wrenna's back and shoulders.

It felt as if the contact sent electrical impulses straight into his heart.

Damian's fingers shook slightly, and his body heated up rapidly. He could not stop the heat from rushing to that one part of his body.

Damian's reaction was so sudden and quick that he could not understand what was happening to him.

Meanwhile, Wrenna also had an intense reaction to his touch.

It felt different from when she hugged Damian to sleep at night. As Damian's hands touched her bare skin, her body grew hot. Her heart was beating fast as if it would burst out of her chest. She began to tremble.

Wrenna was embarrassed and afraid that Damian would notice her reaction.

Therefore, she quickly turned around, grabbed a towel from the side, and wrapped it around her body. Then, she said with a blush, "Damian, I'm going to the restroom."

After that, she hurried away and did not notice Damian's unusual reaction.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 449

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 449 You Still Care About Me

Wrenna dashed into the changing room and hid in there. She placed her hand on her chest, but her heart would not stop beating like crazy. The heat within her refused to subside for a long time.

That was so exhilarating!

All Wrenna could hear was her own heartbeats.

After a long while, a sweet smile broke out on her face.

That was the first time something like that had happened, and it was a little too exciting for her. She was so freaked out that she could not carry on.

But I came all the way here just for this, didn't I?

Wrenna told herself not to give up so easily. She must accomplish her goal during the next few days.

Looking into the mirror, she clenched her fists and cheered for herself, "Way to go, Wrenna! You can't back out now. For the sake of your own happiness, you must forge ahead! Wrenna, don't you want to get intimate with Damian? Don't waste any more time. Just do it!"

It was only half an hour later when Wrenna went back.

By then, Damian was with a number of people.

Both Burnham and Stella had located Damian, but Colton was not with them.

I can't believe these two are so brainless and come all the way to gatecrash our holiday.

"Damian, the last time we went traveling was during our school days. So many years have passed since then. How I miss those carefree days."

While he was talking, Burnham kept his eyes on the bikini-clad girls all the way and reluctantly retracted his gaze eventually.

Seeing Damian's icy face, he could not help but complain, "What's wrong with you? We just happened to bump into you. We didn't follow you here. There's no need to show your long face. That's so ungentlemanly of you. Even if you can't be lovers with her, just be friends then. Even friends won't be as aloof as you are."

Stella gave a self-deprecating smile.

"Damian, don't worry. You have already warned me the last time. I'm not that stupid. Can't we just be friends?"

Damian smiled at her icily and said nothing.

Stella's heart sank. It was as if Damian knew what she was thinking.

He made her feel scared and uneasy. At the same time, she could not resist his deadly charms. Once again, she yearned to be close to him.

At times, Stella felt that Damian's aloofness toward her signified his unwillingness to let her go.

That meant that she still stood a chance.

In order to neutralize the awkward atmosphere, Burnham started chatting about their earlier years.

He spoke of the happier times that Damian and Stella shared during their school days.

“Back then, the two of you sneaked around and even booked a room, didn’t you? Damian, both Colton and I were betting if you lost your virginity that night. Hahaha!”

Burnham’s laughter stopped abruptly when he saw Wrenna walking toward them.

She did not look pleased. In hindsight, Burnham realized that his topic of conversation was rather inappropriate.

His initial intention was to cheer everyone up, but it made the situation even more uncomfortable.

Furthermore, he had no idea if Wrenna had heard any of it.

“Hey, Wren is here! Tsk, you’re all grown up now...”

He cracked another lame joke of his, and it was not even funny at all.

Damian immediately picked up a towel and covered Wrenna’s gorgeous body.

As for Wrenna, she flashed a smile at Damian and gave him an intimate embrace.

“Damian, shall we go for a swim? But, I’m a little afraid. Can you come with me, please?”

Annoyed and jealous, Wrenna completely ignored Burnham and Stella.

She remembered how nasty Stella was when she laid eyes on her.

In the past when she was younger, she used to envy Stella when she saw her dating Damian. In spite of that, she used to be quite fond of Stella and thought that she was a very nice person.

Little did Wrenna realize that she would become such a horrible person.

Wrenna could be a brat as well. Other than Damian, she treated everyone else as she pleased.

Damian made no comment regarding Wrenna’s behavior. On the contrary, he smiled and caressed her head.

“Fine, I’ll go with you.”

The couple got up and went toward the deep end. Burnham and Stella, who were left behind, felt helpless and sad respectively.

“Burnham, shall we take a dip too?” suggested Stella.

She had a sexy swimsuit on as well, and it showcased her good figure.

Burnham smiled and said, “Sure. Let’s go.”

Since they had come all the way to the beach and were surrounded by a bevy of beautiful girls, Burnham thought it would be a waste to lose this opportunity.

After all, his body was still in good shape, and he might be able to hook up with a gorgeous babe.

With his attention on the attractive girls, he swam toward their direction and did not pay much attention to Stella.

As for Stella, she started to tremble as she got deeper into the sea.

She was frightened but felt that it was necessary.

When she saw Wrenna and Damian having fun in the sea, she gritted her teeth and carried on walking toward the deep end of the sea.

“Ahh! Help!”

“Someone is drowning!”

At the sound of the cries, both Wrenna and Damian turned quickly to take a look.

In the deep end of the sea, they could see someone struggling in the water, and there was no one around.

It looked like the person was drowning.

Before Wrenna could say anything, Damian had already begun to swim toward the drowning person.

Wrenna clenched her fists and called out, “Damian!” However, he did not hear her.

Soon, he reached Stella and dragged her onto the shore.

Damian laid her down and performed a CPR on her.

After which, Stella threw up. When she saw Damian, she burst into tears and hugged him so tightly like a couple who was very much in love.

The onlookers were relieved.

“Damian, I’m so scared…”

Damian wanted to push Stella away, but she refused to let go. Her trembling body seemed to remind him of something, and he allowed her to hold onto him without any further resistance.

It was only after a long time before Damian pushed her away.

He got up and sneered, “You can’t swim. Yet, you risked your life. Stella, you’re a fool.”

Stella, with her red eyes, smiled at Damian and said, “Yes, I’m a fool. I’m stupid enough to gamble my life on you. I wanted to see if I still mean something to you. Looks like you still care about me.”

There was pride, arrogance, and affection in her smile.

Damian’s expression turned cold. He looked away at the crowd, the sea, and the beach chairs, but he could not see Wrenna anywhere.

His heart sank and immediately set off to find her.

This time around, Stella did not stop him.

She knew he still cared about her, and that was enough for her. Stella smiled smugly and caressed her lips.

On the other hand, Wrenna had already returned to their room.

After hunting high and low for Wrenna and calling her on the phone umpteen times, Damian finally returned to their room. When he saw her clothes and heard the water running on in the bathroom, he heaved a sigh of relief.

The moment Wrenna got out of the bathroom, Damian went into a rage.

“Wrenna, why didn’t you tell me you came back to the room? Do you know how worried I was?”

Wrenna looked slightly baffled and smiled lightly. “Damian, what’s wrong with you? I came back for a shower and a change of clothes. Once I’m done, I plan to leave you a message to inform you. I didn’t expect you to come back on your own. What happened? Why are you in such a foul mood?”

Damian also felt that he was overreacting, and he calmed himself down.

With a gentle smile, Wrenna asked, "Damian, who was the drowning victim just now? I saw many people crowding around. Is the person okay?"

Damian blinked and answered, "She's fine. It was just a tourist."

"Oh."

Wrenna turned around to change her clothes.

"Damian, I'm a little tired from the swim. Shall we order room service for dinner instead?"

"That's fine by me. I'll get them to send the food."

"I'm just going to take a nap. Please wake me up when dinner arrives."

Wrenna got onto the bed as she was speaking. Everything seemed calm and normal.

Relieved, Damian left the room and did some work.

All the while, Wrenna buried herself under the blanket and did not leave the room.

Not long after, there was a slight movement under the blanket and a suppressed sob could be heard. It ended as quickly as it started.

When their dinner arrived, Damian called out to wake Wrenna up, but after a few times, there was no response from her so he left her alone.

Just then, there was a knock on the door. Damian opened up to find Stella standing outside in a tight dress.

She exuded the charm of a mature woman.

"Damian, Burnham is waiting for us in the bar. Let's go and have a drink."

Damian turned down her invitation.

"If you are worried that Wrenna would be unhappy, then invite her along as well. We are just friends meeting up. I'm not worried if Ms. Jackson comes along."

She was about to enter the room to invite Wrenna herself.

Damian pushed her out of the room, and he went out as well.

Outside along the corridor, Stella smirked.

“Damian, it’s only one drink. Are you afraid you will spill the truth after drinking?”

“Stella, I’ve told you before. Things between us are over.”

“I’ve also said this before. I will never give up. Damian, you know my character well, and you understand me, don’t you?”

She would not stop until she got what she wanted.

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 450

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 450 Do Not Treat Me Like Your Sister

Wrenna’s eyes reddened as she sat up in bed while hugging her blanket.

She had no intention to find out what Damian and Stella were talking about outside the room. All she did was gaze out of the window.

The sky was enveloped in darkness as the sun went down. Wrenna’s mind still drew a blank.

Damian, who only came into the room after some time, was surprised to see Wrenna in a daze. “Hey, when did you wake up?”

Wrenna turned around and looked in Damian’s direction. “Where have you been?”

“I went to the bar downstairs to have a drink with Burnham,” Damian replied.

“Oh. I’m hungry. Do you have anything that I can eat?” she asked.

Damian grinned and walked up to her. “Of course. The meal I ordered earlier has turned cold. I’ll make another order for you. You’ve had such a long nap. Can you still sleep tonight?”

With a pair of trembling hands, Wrenna immediately grabbed the corner of Damian’s shirt and then wrapped her hands around his waist.

She rubbed her head against his chest for a while but instantly stopped what she was doing.

Damian gently patted her head as he did not notice what was wrong with her. “You must be famished. I’ll make an order right now. Go and freshen up first, okay?”

When Damian was about to leave, Wrenna clung even more tightly to his waist.

“What’s wrong?” Damian asked.

Wrenna kept mum for a while before releasing Damian. She pressed her lips and answered, “I’m fine. I just feel a little sluggish, that’s all.”

Damian responded with a smile before turning around and walking out of the room.

The room service had arrived just when Wrenna stepped out of the room. She then sat down and enjoyed her meal quietly.

Perhaps she was still in a daze, she was not as hyped as she was during the day.

Damian lifted his head, took a glance at Wrenna, and smiled before continuing his work on the computer.

After Wrenna finished her meal, she sat beside Damian and leaned against him.

After taking a sniff of Damian, she joked, “The unpleasant smell from the bar reminds me of women’s fragrance.”

Damian froze for a bit and looked at her. In response, Wrenna scrunched her nose on purpose and asked, “Did someone flirt with you?”

Damian responded with an awkward laugh. “Don’t overthink. Perhaps someone just brushed against my body accidentally.”

“I believe you and I’m sure you remember that you’re a married man,” Wrenna teased.

She then stood up, opened the door to the pool, and stood under the moonlight. When a gentle breeze swept over her body, she took a deep breath and tried to relax.

Don’t overthink, Wrenna. Don’t. You’re used to waiting for him anyway, aren’t you?

But somehow, she felt she was gradually losing her patience.

Why do I behave like this? Why am I suppressing my emotions? I feel like I’m not who I am anymore.

It’s time for me to pull myself together. I should remain quiet and stay obedient like how I used to be. I’m sure I’ll win Damian’s heart someday.

Wrenna gazed into the night sky and grinned.

She regained her composure, returned to the room, put on a cheerful smile. "Damian! Shall we take a stroll on the beach?"

"Now?" Damian raised his brows and looked at Wrenna, who nodded steadily.

He responded with a grin and agreed. "All right. Let's go then."

The moment he stood up after putting away his laptop, Wrenna stepped forth, held his hand, and walked out of the room together.

The weather was rather pleasant, even though it was getting late. That was why there were still people walking along the beach.

Like a teenager who did not have a care in the world, Wrenna hopped along the beach. Once in a while, she would turn around to look at Damian and smile at him. "Damian, are you happy?"

Damian put his hands in his pockets and walked casually. "Yeah."

She responded, "Me too. I'm happy because I'm with you."

Damian did not say anything after that.

"I like you very much, Damian," Wrenna confessed all of a sudden.

Upon hearing that, Damian froze for a moment.

Wrenna was not embarrassed at all. It was not her first time expressing her feelings for Damian anyway. "Do you remember I told you I like you very much?"

Of course, Damian remembered. Wrenna confessed her feelings for him right after Stella left for overseas after they broke up.

At that time, Wrenna was still very young. Damian remembered she said she would love him and would do everything to cheer him up. He was very touched by her confession.

Damian nodded and replied, "Yeah, I remember."

"Since then, I've fallen deeply in love with you," she continued.

Words stuck in Damian's throat for a bit before he responded, "Thanks?"

Wrenna looked at him and stuck out her tongue. "Can't you tell me you like me too?"

"Okay. I like you too." Damian gave her an awkward smile.

Deep in Wrenna's heart, she knew Damian was not in love with her, but she was still thrilled to hear him say that.

She walked up to him and wrapped her hands around his waist. She looked up and gazed into his eyes. "Can you repeat what you've just said?"

Damian said, "Okay... I like you too..."

"Say it again."

"I like you..."

"Again."

Damian burst into laughter. "I like you. You happy?"

Wrenna embraced him even more tightly. She shut her eyes and imagined how much Damian liked her.

While Wrenna was still enjoying the moment on the beach, she overheard a moaning sound from a distance. Damian's body instantly went stiff.

Wrenna leaned forward and tried to trace the source of the sound. "What sound is that?"

That sound...

Oh, dear Lord! The moment Wrenna figured out what the noise was all about, her face blushed instantly.

Despite feeling a little awkward, she was eager to know what was going on in that hidden corner.

Instead of leaving, Wrenna, who was still hugging Damian, remained static as the moaning became more intense.

Damian, who came around after zoning out for a few seconds, grabbed Wrenna's hand and tried to pull her away.

Wrenna trotted to him from behind and returned to the hotel.

In a calm voice, Damian said, "Get some rest."

Wrenna gave Damian a puzzled look after glancing at his crotch. But before she could take a closer look, Damian immediately covered it with his hands.

“What are you looking at? Take a bath and turn in early. I’m going for a swim.” Damian placed his palms on the back of her head and shoved her into the room.

He was gone by the time she turned around to look at him.

Wrenna walked to the window and leaned against the frame. She could not keep her eyes away from Damian’s sculpted body and agile movements.

Just when she was about to express how in awe she was with his body, she immediately covered her mouth with her hands.

Wrenna was pleased that she got to admire his body all by herself now, though she missed it during the day.

She could not help but allow her imagination to run wild, especially right after the incident by the beach.

After swimming several laps, Damian took a break by resting his arms on the edge of the pool.

He was taken aback when he saw Wrenna staring at him with a pair of sparkly eyes.

After letting out a sigh, he got out of the pool and returned to the bathroom. Wrenna followed right behind, but he stopped her from entering.

That frustrated her a little, but upon hearing the shower sound from the bathroom, she started giggling like a fool.

By the time Damian came out of the bathroom while drying his hair with a towel, Wrenna had already put on a sexy black chiffon nightgown, leaning sideways on the bed.

The fabric of the nightgown was so thin that Damian could clearly see the shape of her body. Wrenna kept her eyes shut, but she failed to stop her eyelashes from fluttering.

Damian was stunned by the pose she struck and had no idea what he should do.

Wrenna, who had waited for Damian to make the first move, opened her eyes to take a peep at him.

Suddenly, she felt someone had covered her body with a thin blanket.

Wrenna looked straight into Damian’s eyes. Come on! Not again? All her anxiousness instantly vanished into thin air.

She kept looking at Damian and wanted to hear what he had to say.

Damian grinned and said, "You're just a young girl."

For the very first time, he addressed the matter head-on. He sat by the bed and held her dainty hands. "You're still very young, Wren. You're even younger than Leia. Let's wait till you finish college first, okay?"

Is that what he really thought, or was he using that as an excuse?

A line formed between Wrenna's brows, and she gazed into his eyes. "But I'm not a child anymore. Can you please don't treat me like a child?"

"I treat you as my wife," Damian said.

"So..." Before Wrenna could finish her sentence, Damian received a call that interrupted the conversation.

Damian patted the back of her hand and went out to answer the phone. "Yes, Johannes?"

Wrenna instantly lost the courage she had mustered up for the act.

Feeling defeated, she could only take it out on the pillow.

By the time Damian returned to the room, Wrenna had fallen asleep.

She had tossed her blanket aside, and her nightgown had rolled up her waist, revealing her nether regions.

Damian resisted the temptation. He walked up to her, tidied her nightgown, and covered her with the blanket. He then leaned forward and kissed her forehead.

Instead of going to bed, Damian poured himself a glass of wine. He sat beside the pool and went deep in thought.

Wrenna's words kept lingering in his mind.

Don't treat me like a child anymore. I like you very much, Damian!

Damian could not help but let out a self-deprecating smile. I'm developing an interest in a girl whom I've always viewed as my younger sister? How odd can this be?

He began to wonder if it was time for him to reevaluate his relationship with Wrenna.