

Healing 811

Chapter 811 Go Straight To Damion's Side

Ivy looked at Damion, feeling a bit confused about what he meant. Her first reaction was that Damion had really beautiful hands. She never knew that a man's hands could be so attractive. This made her feel self-conscious about her rough and calloused hands, which she didn't dare to show in front of him.

Seeing Ivy standing there in confusion, Damion felt a bit helpless. He took Ivy's hand and held it in his palm, instantly enveloping her cold hand with warmth. It was then that Ivy realized how nervous she had become since coming to this place.

Feeling even more uneasy now, Ivy felt as if Damion had found out some secret of hers. Meanwhile, Damion hadn't expected Ivy's hand to be so cold either. He gently rubbed it to comfort her.

"Let's go see if there's anything you like," said Damion.

Ivy was led by the hand into the store before realizing what he meant by his words. She stopped walking and looked at him hesitantly before addressing him formally, "Mr. Bishop..."

Before the conversation even began, Ivy noticed Damion furrow his brow, looking unhappy.

Damion spoke up, "You always call me Mr. Bishop. That's strange."

Ivy realized he was right. It was odd. But she didn't know what else to call him.

Should she just use his first name? That seemed even stranger and impolite.

What about Brother Bishop or Uncle Bishop? Those were just as weird.

Damion suggested, "Just call me Damion."

That was what Casey called him anyway, and Ivy was like a little sister to him now too.

Ivy obediently replied with a sweet smile, "Okay, Damion."

His mood lifted at her agreeable response. "Come on," he said. "Let's go turn you into a miracle transformation."

Ivy blinked her eyes and naturally understood the origin of the "Miracle Ivy" joke. However, she never expected that Damion would know about it.

But something was off.

After walking a few steps, Ivy stopped and looked at Damion. "Damion, wait a minute. I haven't finished speaking."

Patently stopping in his tracks, Damion looked at Ivy and said, "Okay, you have two minutes. Say everything you want to say at once."

If she kept dragging on like this, the mall would close.

Ivy said, "Damion, are you trying to buy me something?"

“Hmm?” Damion raised an eyebrow and chuckled. “Is there a problem with that?”

“Damion,” Ivy continued. “Don’t spend too much money on me. I can’t afford it.”

Damion couldn’t help but laugh at what Ivy had just said.

He playfully flicked her forehead with his hand and said, “Who told you to pay me back?”

This time he flicked her harder than usual.

Ivy’s forehead turned red from where he hit her. She looked like an abused animal.

Her clever little brain had been addled by Damion.

Damion chuckled and said, “Don’t be mad at me. I won’t do it again.”

Ivy pouted her lips and looked at Damion, not daring to say anything more.

“Let’s go. The mall is really closing soon,” said Damion.

Ivy obediently followed Damion, letting him lead her wherever he wanted to go. She would follow him anywhere he went.

Damion was very satisfied with Ivy’s obedience. He didn’t waste any time and led the girl inside.

Although Ivy’s attention had been diverted by Damion earlier, she was still a bit stiff and didn’t know where to look with her eyes wandering around aimlessly.

Damion sighed inwardly. This girl was really too tense.

He led Ivy into a store but even he wasn’t comfortable in this situation since he wasn’t good at choosing clothes for girls either.

The salesperson saw them come in and immediately imagined a big drama unfolding before them. The difference between their styles was so great that it made their relationship seem very abnormal especially considering how young Ivy looked compared to Damion who appeared much older than her age group should be hanging out with normally.

Damien looked down at Ivy and said, “Let’s take a look around first and see if there is anything you like.”

In fact, Ivy was already dazzled by everything around her. She had never seen such beautiful clothes before except on her phone screen when browsing online stores. But now, she could see them up close in person for the first time ever!

Now it was up to Ivy to choose, but she had no idea where to start.

Seeing her dilemma, Damion didn’t force her and instead picked out a few outfits according to his own taste.

“Go try them on,” he said.

Ivy obediently went into the dressing room and carefully began trying on the clothes. The first one she tried was a green halter dress with a unique shoulder design that perfectly highlighted her collarbone and shoulders.

As Ivy stepped out of the dressing room, Damion was still picking out clothes for her. A salesperson walked over and glanced up and down at Ivy with a hint of disdain in her eyes.

This girl looked like a poor student who relied on being kept by someone else. She wasn't particularly pretty either, so it was obvious that she must have used some kind of trickery to seduce men. How despicable!

Ivy sensed the salesperson's judgmental gaze upon her and looked back at her. The salesperson quickly put on a professional smile and asked, "Madam, how do you feel about this dress?"

Even though she despised this girl in her heart, she could tell that the man accompanying her today was willing to spend big money on buying clothes for her. It would be unwise not to get along with someone just because of personal feelings towards her.

This little lamb waiting to be slaughtered could potentially help boost her monthly sales performance significantly if handled properly.

However, Ivy didn't give her this opportunity.

She ignored the salesperson and walked straight to Damion's side.

Chapter 812 I Don't Have Anywhere To Use The Money

Damion picked out two more clothes that he thought looked good. As he turned around, he saw the girl pouting and looking at him.

"What's wrong? Don't you like them?" Damion's gaze fell on Ivy.

He hadn't noticed before, but she had been wearing T-shirts all along. Her collarbone was so beautiful.

Ivy stood on her tiptoes and whispered in Damion's ear, "I don't like this store."

Damion frowned slightly when he heard this and guessed what was going on.

He reached up and touched Ivy's head, saying, "Let's see if there is anything you like."

Actually, Ivy quite liked the dress she was wearing. But even so, she didn't want to buy anything from this store anymore.

Seeing her expression, Damion understood what she meant.

"Okay then. You go change your clothes first. We'll go look at other stores," said Damion.

Ivy immediately smiled and ran back to the fitting room.

The salesperson saw this and became nervous. Was that brat up to something?

She couldn't let a big spender slip away!

The salesperson walked over to Damion respectfully and asked, "Sir, do you need any help?"

Damion glanced at the salesperson and her thoughts were written all over her face – it was too obvious what she wanted. He didn't appreciate it one bit.

He naturally didn't have a good expression towards this kind of person.

The sudden drop in air pressure really startled the salesperson, making her hold her breath tightly.

Although she didn't know what the girl said, the salesperson had seen all kinds of people and naturally knew that this little lamb in hand was going to run away.

She dared not say much in front of this man but could only curse that girl in her heart.

She was truly a little vixen, using her coquettish skills to bewitch the man completely.

Ivy quickly changed clothes and ran up to Damion with her face looking up at him. "I'm ready, let's go," she said.

Damion responded with a nod and extended his hand to Ivy.

Although Ivy blushed as he led her along the way before, now she was much calmer.

She put her hand on Damion's hand and said, "Let's go."

The salesperson watched as the two walked away holding hands. She was so angry that it almost killed her but it couldn't affect Ivy anymore.

Right now she felt very happy but couldn't help stealing glances at Damion.

He really treated her too gently and too well. She didn't know how to describe her feelings but at this moment when Ivy held hands with Damion, she thought there might be some other possibilities between them.

Damion took Ivy on a tour of the mall, exploring different styles of clothing from everyday wear to home attire, from pajamas to sportswear. Anything that he thought looked good or that Ivy liked, Damion bought it directly.

Ivy felt both sweet and overwhelmed. No one had ever treated her like this before, leaving her unsure how to face it all. She told herself that she would treat everything as if she had borrowed money from Damion and would pay him back after graduation when she earned some money. She planned to keep track of every penny he spent on her.

However, Ivy didn't tell Damion any of this because she didn't think it would make him happy.

Damion was so engrossed in shopping that they left the mall only when it closed for the night. Fortunately, all the clothes were sent back to their apartment by the building's staff. Otherwise, they wouldn't have been able to carry them all back themselves.

When they arrived home, all their purchases were waiting for them. Seeing everything laid out together made Ivy feel foolish and regretful for letting Damion play his "miracle" game earlier.

Now looking at these clothes made her realize that these were debts she would have to bear alone. Just thinking about it gave Ivy a headache.

Damion didn't know what Ivy was thinking, but said, "I'll help you move them to the closet." After all, the room was for Ivy now, a girl's room. It wouldn't be appropriate for him to just go in.

At first, Ivy didn't understand what Damion meant. It took her a while before she finally got it.

Once again, Damion had shown his gentle side and his meticulous care, which left an indelible impression on her.

Ivy blushed and her eyes sparkled as she looked at Damion and asked him, "Damion, are you this nice to every girl?"

Damion paused as he lifted the bag and turned around to look at Ivy. He instantly understood what she was thinking.

He raised an eyebrow slightly and looked at Ivy with a smile that wasn't really a smile. Instead of answering directly, he said mysteriously, "Why don't you guess?"

Although she didn't want to show it too obviously, Ivy couldn't control herself completely. She pouted and muttered under her breath, "I think so."

Damion chuckled softly and said, "Don't worry about it now. You'll find out later."

With a grumpy tone of voice that couldn't hide her disappointment with his answer, Ivy responded with "Fine then."

Damion curved his lips into a smile as he carried the bag into Ivy's room and placed it in the closet.

"You can organize your own things from here on out. I won't help anymore," Damion said.

Ivy nodded obediently and replied sweetly, "Okay."

"Today, just organize things that you used today. Tomorrow you can do other stuff," Damion continued saying while motioning for her to follow him outside of the room where they could talk privately about something else.

Ivy looked at Damion with suspicion and asked, "What's going on?"

The two of them went back to the living room, where Damion handed Ivy a bank card and said, "The password is 123456. Use it as you need."

Ivy hesitated for a moment before accepting the card.

After a while, Ivy looked up at Damion and asked, "Why are you giving me this bank card?"

Damion replied, "I don't want you to work anymore. You don't have any financial resources right now. If you want to buy something but don't have any money on hand, I can't be with you all the time."

Ivy furrowed her brow and looked at Damion before saying, "But I don't really need money for anything right now."

Damion responded confidently, "You'll find ways to use it."

Chapter 813 She Still Decides Not To Use It

Ivy was still very confused when she heard Damion's confident words. She looked at him with a puzzled expression, like a good baby waiting for his answer.

Damion said, "There are some things in the mall that I couldn't accompany you to buy. You can go buy them yourself later."

Ivy thought for a moment and suddenly realized what it was.

Now Ivy was completely shy.

She didn't even dare to look at Damion. She just wanted to hurry back to her room and didn't know how to face him.

Biting her lip lightly, Ivy said, "Damion, are you treating me like your daughter?"

Damion raised his hand and was about to flick Ivy on the forehead but quickly remembered how she pouted at him in the mall earlier today. He had already flicked her too many times today so he felt sorry for her and decided not to do it this time.

Ivy felt Damion's movement and prepared herself for another hit on the head but didn't feel any pain this time.

She couldn't help but secretly glance at Damion, only seeing his hand raised up without falling down on her head.

Damion noticed Ivy's expression of surprise and found it amusing. His hand did not fall onto Ivy's forehead as expected but instead landed on top of her head where he rubbed it gently before saying, "Take it. Use it all up, then tell me."

Ivy took the bank card from Damion's hand and stared at it for a long time before suddenly looking up at him again, "Damien, are you trying to keep me?"

Damien squinted his eyes then finally flicked Ivy on the forehead again this time much harder than before!

This girl really knew how to shock people!

This one hurt much more than last time!

Damion said, "What's going on in that brain of yours?" If this was what she called being kept, Damion didn't know if he was getting a good deal or if this girl was just too easy to fool.

Ivy's forehead swelled from the hit and she looked at Damion with tears in her eyes. "Damion, if you keep doing this, I won't be able to get into college."

Damion replied, "Then you better be ready for me to settle the score with you later. Let's see how I'll deal with you."

Ivy hesitated and couldn't help but shrink her neck back and move away from him.

Damion chuckled but still spoke seriously. "So what do you want to do? You need to figure it out yourself."

Ivy nodded obediently and quickly changed her attitude.

"I understand now. I will study hard," Ivy said.

Damion was satisfied and said, "Okay then, go rest now."

But Ivy couldn't resist asking one more question before leaving. "Are you staying here tonight?"

It wasn't early anymore and he had stayed over last night because it got too late.

Was history repeating itself today?

Damion smirked at Ivy's question. "Are you scared of me?"

Ivy really didn't know how to answer that question.

Ivy couldn't help but feel confused about the current situation with Damion. Were they living together? It all seemed so strange to her.

"You know, if you don't want me to stay here, I can leave," Damion said.

Ivy was even more unsure of what to do now. She felt like Damion was trying to guilt trip her into letting him stay.

She knew that she might have been a bit unreasonable in wanting the real owner of the house out, especially since it was already kind of him to let her stay there in the first place.

After berating herself for a moment, Ivy finally spoke up. "That's not what I meant. I'm just going back to my room."

With that, she turned and ran back into her room while Damion sighed and thought about their relationship.

He knew he wouldn't do anything to hurt Ivy intentionally but being a man made it easy for girls like Ivy to overthink things. He decided he'd go somewhere else tonight so Ivy could be more comfortable.

Maybe tomorrow they could talk things out properly and figure out where they stood with each other.

After Ivy returned to her room, she closed the door and leaned against it with the bank card in hand, unable to calm down.

The current situation was really strange. She could feel how good Damion was to her, but she couldn't explain why. Why did Damion have to be so good to her? Especially since there wasn't even a hint of ulterior motives in his kindness towards her. On the contrary, it was Ivy who had some twisted thoughts about him.

Ivy was really worried that one day she might give in to those twisted thoughts and do something outrageous like sneaking into Damion's room at night while he slept...

She slapped herself on the forehead suddenly, realizing that she was becoming more and more abnormal.

"If I keep thinking like this, I'll explode right here," Ivy muttered under her breath.

Her gaze fell back onto the bank card in her hand. It felt like a hot potato burning through her fingers. She needed to hide this thing away or else risk losing it altogether.

After scanning around the room for a moment, Ivy finally decided on hiding the bank card inside one of the drawers next to her bed.

Although she still had some money left on herself – only a few hundred dollars – Ivy decided not to use any of Damion’s money if possible.

Chapter 814 Look Pitiful Just By Looking At It

The next day, Ivy was still sleeping when Damion woke her up.

She grumbled as she rolled out of bed, looking like a sleepy little thing that hadn’t fully woken up yet.

Damion chuckled at the tuft of hair sticking up on top of her head and asked, “Why so unhappy?”

Ivy pouted and replied, “I’ve been staying up too late these past few days.”

Damion laughed again and said, “You young people can’t handle it.”

Ivy pouted some more and muttered under her breath, “Well I haven’t stayed up late much before this anyway.”

But he couldn’t really blame her for that.

“Alright then. I’ll let you sleep when we get back. For now though, go freshen up. We’re going out,” Damion said.

Even though Ivy could be a bit stubborn sometimes, she was obedient around Damion.

She went to freshen up and change clothes. She felt a bit more awake after that and didn’t have any lingering bad moods as they sat down at the breakfast table together.

Looking at the food on the table in front of them, Ivy asked what was on her mind, “Did you make all this yourself?”

Damion laughed again and flicked his finger against Ivy’s head playfully before saying teasingly, “Do you think I’m that amazing?”

Ivy tilted her head to one side with a smile on her face as she replied jokingly, “Well, to prevent your ego from getting too big... no comment.”

Damion chuckled lightly before admitting, “Nope! These were delivered by someone else.”

Ivy didn’t know what was wrong with her. When she heard Damion’s words, she actually thought he was just an ordinary person. But as soon as this idea came to mind, Ivy almost choked on her food.

According to what she had seen in TV dramas, it was normal for Damion not to be able to cook. He should be a young master who could get anything he wanted without lifting a finger.

Damion saw Ivy biting her fork and wondered what she was thinking about. He raised his hand and gave her a light tap on the head before saying, “Stop thinking about nonsense and eat your food properly.”

Ivy obediently focused on eating again, showing off how well-behaved and docile she could be.

After breakfast, Damion took Ivy out with him.

Curious now, Ivy asked him where they were going. “To visit an elder,” replied Damion.

Instantly, she sat up straighter in her seat with a nervous expression on her face – meeting elders always made her anxious – Damion turned his head and laughed at the sight of it all. “Why are you so scared?” he teased.

Biting down hard on her lip, Ivy replied softly, “I’m just a little nervous.”

“It’s not like we’re meeting my parents or anything,” said Damion jokingly.

Feeling close to tears now from frustration at how lightly he seemed to take things that worried her so much, Ivy couldn’t understand why everything seemed so easy for him while every little thing felt like such an ordeal for herself!

Damion said, “But you can also think of it as meeting the parents.”

Ivy was speechless.

Although she knew Damion was just teasing her, she really felt like jumping out of the car now.

Damion continued, “Although Camdyn is not my grandfather, he has watched me grow up since I was born. He’s no different from my own grandfather and maybe even cares about me more than my grandfather does.”

After all, Damion didn’t spend much time with his grandfather and didn’t know how he would feel about him.

Ivy didn’t understand all this but Damion’s words made her realize that the person they were going to meet was important to him.

Even though Ivy understood that Damion was joking when he said they were meeting the parents, she still felt like crying.

Her past experiences had taught her to fear meeting elders because she never knew how to handle them properly. She had already imagined a terrible scenario in her head.

Seeing Ivy so nervous made Damion feel helpless. He reached out and held Ivy’s hand saying, “What are you afraid of when I’m here?”

Ivy really wanted to tell Damion that it was because of him that she was scared in the first place. If it weren’t for him, she wouldn’t be so nervous right now.

However, no matter how nervous Ivy felt, some things still needed to be faced head-on. She took a deep breath and told Damion, “Damian, I won’t embarrass you.”

Damion shook his head and chuckled at Ivy’s words, before finally giving her a rough rub on the head.

There was a hint of helplessness in his voice, but if one listened carefully, people could also hear that Damion was feeling pretty good.

Ivy didn’t understand why he was happy, but for her, if Damion was happy, she was happy too.

Her nervousness seemed to have dissipated quite a bit because of Damion.

Only now did Ivy have the chance to think about what exactly was developing in the wrong direction.

Things between her and Damion were getting more and more awkward.

The car quickly drove into the Hayden family's estate.

Looking at the building in front of her, Ivy couldn't help but sigh that there really were barriers between people sometimes. She couldn't even imagine someone living in such a place. But it really existed here.

As soon as she got out of the car, Ivy felt like she couldn't stand steady on her feet anymore. Before she could calm herself down though, she heard an imposing voice say, "Damion is here."

Following where the voice came from with her eyesight, she saw an old man carrying a birdcage walking towards them from outside. It was obvious he had just come back from taking his bird out for some fresh air.

Damion said, "Camdyn, I came over to see you."

Camdyn smiled, "Good timing! I wanted to find you too."

When he heard this, Damion's expression stiffened and he coughed uncomfortably.

If Camdyn specifically wanted to see him, there must be something going on. It was probably about setting him up on a blind date.

Damion suddenly regretted agreeing to come here. He felt like he had walked right into a trap.

Ivy didn't understand what was going on. Damion didn't let her speak so she obediently stood by his side without saying a word.

Camdyn's gaze fell upon Ivy's face and he asked Damion, "Who is this?"

Damion replied, "She's just a little sister named Ivy."

Looking down at Ivy, Damion introduced her to Camdyn, "This is Camdyn."

Ivy politely greeted Camdyn with a sweet voice and an appropriate smile. However, she couldn't hide the fact that her heart was racing with nervousness.

Especially when she met Camdyn's eagle-like eyes head-on. It made her feel even worse. If it weren't for Damion standing next to her, she would have kneeled down in fear in the next second.

Camdyn found it quite interesting watching these two people interact. Suddenly he felt like his reason for calling Damion might not be necessary anymore, which left him feeling disappointed.

However, Camdyn remained kind towards Ivy as he smiled and asked, "How old are you, little girl?"

Ivy answered obediently, "I'm twenty years old."

Camdyn nodded and said, "You look young."

He thought she was a minor. If she wasn't yet eighteen, he would have to talk to Damion about it. He couldn't mess around with kids like that and couldn't do anything indecent.

But since this little girl was already twenty years old, there shouldn't be any problem.

She looked so pitiful with her malnourished appearance like a bean sprout.

Camdyn said, "Come on in."

Chapter 815 Seem To Have Been Thrown Forcefully Into The Air

Camdyn let Damion and Ivy enter the house first, while he went to put the birdcage in the garden house. Ever since Ash and Mikayla gave him a bird, he had fallen in love with raising birds.

During this time, he had received many bird babies. For this reason, he even renovated the previously abandoned garden room specifically for these little birds. Most importantly, he made soundproofing equipment because otherwise the two pregnant women would be disturbed by these little ones.

Aimee didn't say anything about it, but Casey's temper was likely to cause trouble. Camdyn felt that he really worried too much for these younger generations.

As they walked from the garden house into the main house, Camdyn couldn't help but sigh that Damion was truly a capable person.

Originally seeing all of these young ones finding partners one by one except for Damion and Amir who were still single made Camdyn anxious.

He wanted to make sure that his two grandsons-like men wouldn't be left out so he searched for information on several girls, thinking of arranging something for Damion.

However, before Camdyn could even find Damion someone suitable, unexpectedly he brought a girl over himself, which greatly surprised him.

Casey was equally shocked when she came down from upstairs and saw Damion leading a girl inside, which almost caused her to fall down the stairs in fright.

Of course this also startled Damion quite badly as well. He quickly supported Casey saying, "You need to calm down."

Casey's mouth twitched slightly as she said, somewhat exasperatedly, "Well then I guess I'll have to be calm too. Are you sure you're not making things difficult for me?"

Damion remained silent.

How could he forget that Casey was now a top priority protection target of the Hayden family and had already moved back in?

Curiously, Damion asked, "Didn't you move down to the first floor? Why did you come down from upstairs?"

"I went up to get something. What's so strange about that?" Casey replied. "Besides, my uncomfortable period has passed and now I'm just a normal pregnant woman who can do anything."

"Well then, take it easy and don't rush around scaring people," Damion advised.

Upon hearing this, Casey laughed mischievously and said with a hint of meaning in her tone, "Damion, judging by your behavior right now, I think you'll definitely become a slave to your wife in the future. You might even be worse than Patrick."

Damion gave Casey an annoyed look and asked her what nonsense she was talking about.

Casey blinked her eyes at Ivy and asked playfully, "Who is this young girl? Or should I call her sister-in-law?"

Damion felt helpless.

He knew that whenever he was with Casey, there would always be these moments where he was being gossiped about.

Just like his response to Camdyn earlier on, Damion answered, "She's just a little girl."

Casey chuckled softly, "Oh, a little girl... little girl..."

Seeing how amused Casey looked, Damion started feeling a headache coming on.

Sure enough, the next second, he heard Casey humming, "How many girls do you really have..."

Damion was speechless.

Ivy was completely dumbfounded. When she first saw Casey, she thought there might be some kind of romantic relationship between her and Damion, because of how nervous he seemed around her. But as the conversation went on, Ivy realized that something was off.

The woman in front of them was clearly pregnant, and it was obvious that Damion knew her well. His concern for her must have been like that of an older brother for his younger sister.

Even though Ivy didn't think she had any right to feel this way, when Damion rushed over to help the woman just now, a wave of discomfort washed over her.

This emotion weighed heavily on her and made her feel uneasy all over. Even though their subsequent conversation cleared things up for Ivy and showed that she had been mistaken about their relationship, a certain lyric from a song still left a bitter taste in Ivy's mouth.

Ivy wasn't one to hide what was on her mind. Every emotion was showed clearly on her face. At this moment, however, even "mercurial" wouldn't do justice to describe the changes in expression flickering across it.

Casey was such a shrewd person. Naturally she didn't miss the look on Ivy's face. She couldn't help but burst out laughing until tears streamed down from eyes sore with mirth.

Damion's expression finally turned ugly at this point. This little brat never knew how to behave herself since childhood. Now she'd become even more brazen than ever before!

Despite feeling threatened by Damion's gaze towards Casey, however... she paid him no heed whatsoever!

She also had to consider the little thing in her stomach and couldn't laugh too recklessly. But even so, she was laughing so hard that she almost ran out of breath.

Finally, after laughing enough and calming herself down, Casey patted Ivy's shoulder and said, "Don't worry, young girl. He only has me as a sister who's already married with a baby."

Ivy's face turned bright red and she didn't know how to respond.

She opened her mouth but only whispered softly, "I'm not worried."

This made Casey laugh even more until Damion gave her a stern look and she finally toned it down a bit – just a bit.

Fortunately, Camdyn walked in at that moment and said to Casey, "Casey, you're bullying people again."

Casey immediately protested, "How could I? I'm such an adorable sister. How could I bully anyone?"

Damion shook his head helplessly as he looked down at Ivy and said, "Don't be nervous. That's just how she is, always causing trouble. Once you get to know her better, you'll see that she's easy-going."

Ivy nodded but couldn't help thinking about something else.

Had their relationship been misunderstood?

This realization actually made Ivy feel a little happy.

Even though she tried hard not to fantasize about unrealistic things or take advantage of Damion's kindness towards her too much, deep down inside she knew that what she was doing was wrong.

She was being unfair to him – very unfair indeed.

However, she couldn't control her happiness.

This genuine happiness made her feel like she was back in her teenage years, as if she had a sweet secret that couldn't be shared with anyone else. But in reality, everyone already knew about it, even though she thought they didn't.

Despite this, Ivy carefully held onto this secret and guarded it closely. She didn't want to tell anyone but wanted others to know that it was her own secret.

Ivy never expected that the experience she never had during her teenage years would come to her when she was already twenty years old.

But the longer time passed, the more Ivy realized that she wasn't worthy of it. At least not now.

Instantly, some disappointment set in. Ivy couldn't describe how she felt at the moment. It was like someone forcefully threw her up into the air and let her catch a glimpse of beautiful scenery from above before plummeting back down again without getting a chance to savor any of it.

It truly wasn't a good feeling.

Chapter 816 I Didn't Mean To Not Consult With You

"What are you daydreaming about?" Damion's sudden voice snapped Ivy out of her thoughts.

She turned her head and saw Damion's face just inches away from hers.

Instantly, Ivy's cheeks flushed and her breath seemed to stop.

"Grandpa is talking to you," Damion said.

Ivy instantly became nervous, quickly turning her head to look at Camdyn. She spoke like a frightened little animal, "I'm sorry, Grandpa. I was lost in thought."

Camdyn had lived long enough to understand some things. This girl was probably still upset by what Casey had done earlier and was lost in her own emotions.

He gave Casey a sideways glance. This girl didn't know when she could be good.

Casey stuck out her tongue, indicating that she would be a good girl now.

Camdyn ignored Casey and looked at Ivy instead. "Damion said you want to go back to college. Do you have any requirements or ideas?"

Ivy heard this and turned her head towards Damion, finally understanding why he brought her here – he wanted to help with getting into school again.

In an instant, Ivy's eyes turned red with tears of gratitude overflowing from them as she looked deeply touched.

Damion sighed helplessly. It was clear that this girl had misunderstood again.

He said, "Camdyn is asking if you have any ideas or requirements for your studies. Don't hesitate. Tell him everything."

Ivy nodded and replied, "Grandpa, I want to study business at Innisrial University."

Camdyn and Casey both looked towards Damion without leaving a trace.

Staying in Innisrial was a very crucial piece of information. This information was telling them Ivy's thoughts.

Casey winked at Damion, and the meaning couldn't be any clearer.

"Hey, you're quite the ladies' man. You've got that girl all wrapped up," Casey's eyes conveyed this message crystal clear.

Damion was feeling somewhat helpless and gave Casey a glance to make her behave herself. Fortunately, Camdyn was here to keep watch. Even though Casey had countless things she wanted to say, she still had to consider Camdyn and couldn't act too recklessly.

Camdyn cleared his throat and said, "If you want to study business, Capital University is better than Innisrial University. Why not go there?"

Ivy naturally didn't dare speak her true thoughts out loud. Her carefully hidden secret made her want to find a hole in the ground when Camdyn asked about it like this.

Camdyn continued, "Damion says your grades are good and you previously got into a pretty good university. With these conditions, if you only stay in Innisrial for college, even if it's at Innisrial University, it would still be somewhat of a waste."

Ivy didn't immediately express her own thoughts but instead thought carefully about this question. She initially came to Innisrial because it was the farthest city from home that she could afford with what little money she had at that time.

If it were before then, she wouldn't have cared which city she went to or where she lived as long as it was farther away from that place which made her feel fear and disgust.

Before, she was more of someone who didn't understand the world beyond her own. But now, she really liked Innisrial. Because here was Damion. She wanted to stay by his side. Even if there was no other possibility between them, she still wanted to stay by his side.

This idea was actually very selfish and made Ivy hate herself even more. Maybe in the end, Damion will finally hate her and kick her out of his world. Or maybe because he found the girl he loved, Ivy can't bear to watch them fall in love and would choose to leave.

Either way, it will be a big blow for Ivy. She didn't even dare to think about it.

At this moment, Ivy finally had to admit her own feelings. She liked Damion and had fallen in love with him.

Even though she was insignificant and small, she still had to admit that she'd fallen in love with Damion.

Realizing this point suddenly gave Ivy a different perspective on things. Camdyn was right – if there was a chance for her to study somewhere better, why not seize that opportunity?

What a rare opportunity this was.

Perhaps, after four years of college, she could undergo a perfect transformation. At that time, she would no longer be the timid and self-deprecating Ivy that she was now.

Maybe she would have a chance to stand by his side.

Having realized this, Ivy seemed to have made a major decision. She lifted her gaze and looked at Camdyn with determination. "I want to go to Capital University."

As soon as Ivy spoke these words, the entire room fell silent.

Even Casey couldn't help but become serious as she looked back and forth between Ivy and Damion.

This was too strange.

This girl clearly seemed like she wanted nothing more than to be Damion's personal accessory. But now she was so determined about going to Capital that it surprised everyone in the room.

Damion was also shocked and turned his head towards Ivy for the first time. For once, Ivy wasn't looking at him directly. Instead, there was an unprecedented brightness in her eyes.

Damion's gaze softened slightly. He could probably guess what her thoughts were. He had no objections whatsoever but would give Ivy his full support instead.

"Good," said Camdyn. "Since you've made up your mind, then you should work hard."

After a year of preparation, Ivy would be ready to take the college entrance exam again and aim to get into the top university in the country. It wasn't an easy task.

Camdyn didn't think Ivy was all talk and no action. On the contrary, he had high hopes for her.

From her determined eyes, Camdyn could tell that this girl would definitely achieve something great.

Damion had good taste, and Camdyn was pleased about it.

After discussing Ivy's college plans, Camdyn treated them to lunch.

He enjoyed having company more and more these days. Whenever he got the chance, he would invite these young people over to his mansion. Even if it was just for breakfast, he felt happy seeing them all together.

Casey had gotten used to Camdyn's recent love for company. When she heard that Damion and Ivy were having lunch with him, she immediately sent a message in their group chat, inviting everyone over to Hayden's Mansion. She even mentioned how Damion brought a girl along with him.

Now whether they were free or not didn't matter. They all came rushing over to the mansion together.

When Damion saw Casey's message in the group chat, it was already too late for him to object or decline her invitation.

He could only look at Casey speechlessly and express his headache towards her mischievous behavior as always.

Ivy sat obediently by Damion's side throughout this whole ordeal until she noticed him rubbing his forehead anxiously.

"Damion," She asked worriedly "What's wrong?"

"I have a headache." He replied

Ivy thought it might be because she hadn't discussed going Capital with him before telling Camdyn which made Damion unhappy.

She lowered her head apologetically. "Damian, I'm sorry I didn't mean not discussing things with you."

Chapter 817 We're All The Same

Upon hearing this, Damion put away his phone and looked down at Ivy. "There's no problem with you wanting to go to the best university. Don't apologize for it. I'm happy to see you make that choice, understand?" Ivy nodded, but she still lacked confidence.

She didn't know how Damion would view her decision or if he would think she was just using him. Even though they had talked about it before, when a better option came along, she didn't think twice and made the decision without considering his feelings.

Damion could tell what was on Ivy's mind and reached out to rub her head gently. "I'll be happy watching you soar higher and higher. Don't limit yourself." Ivy nodded absentmindedly before suddenly saying, "It's like a kite, isn't it? No matter how high I fly, the string is still in your hands."

Damion chuckled at this unexpected analogy but realized that people usually looked at things from their own perspective first. Most people wanted to be the one holding onto the kite string themselves.

However, from Ivy's expression, he could tell that if he were holding onto that string instead of her doing so herself, then she wouldn't mind at all.

"But," Damion continued seriously, "if you ever want to fly away on your own, then I'll cut the string." This statement left Ivy feeling conflicted as she struggled with mixed emotions towards Damion's generosity which made her feel unhappy rather than pleased about his offer of support for her dreams.

He was able to let her go so easily, which meant one thing: she wasn't important to him. She could leave at any time and he wouldn't try to stop her. Even if she did leave, he wouldn't have any thoughts about it. This was a fatal blow for Ivy. The more she thought about it, the sadder she became.

Ivy tried hard not to show her emotions. It would be too embarrassing for her if she did. "I understand," she said finally, "if that day ever comes, I'll definitely let you know."

Despite Ivy's efforts to suppress her emotions, they were still difficult to conceal. She felt very sad – really very sad – about Damion's words.

Damion's words had hit Ivy hard and made her voice tremble with emotion.

Suddenly standing up from the couch, Ivy said abruptly, "Damion, I need to use the restroom."

Damion frowned but before he could say anything, Casey spoke up from the opposite couch, "It's over there."

Casey pointed in a direction for Ivy and told her where it was so that she could go by herself.

She thanked Casey gratefully as she headed off towards the restroom without looking back once.

Damion's gaze had been fixed on Ivy's back until she closed the door, cutting off his view. He then turned to look at Casey.

"What do you want me to do?" Casey said. "The poor girl is about to cry. Don't you think she deserves a chance to let it out? You're being stingy."

"You know that's not what I meant," Damion replied. "If I don't talk to her and clear things up, she'll be left with these emotions and who knows where her thoughts will lead her."

Casey tossed her phone aside and leaned forward, looking seriously at Damion. "Damion, I'm asking you seriously now: Do you like this girl?"

Damion didn't answer the question.

In fact, he couldn't answer it himself.

He wasn't sure what kind of feelings he had for Ivy.

Was it love?

It didn't really feel like it.

But if he only felt sorry for her, that didn't seem quite right either.

Seeing that Damion was silent, Casey chuckled and said, "Come on, Damion, just admit it. You like this girl."

Damion frowned at Casey's hasty conclusion and couldn't agree with it.

But Casey didn't need his agreement anyway. She continued speaking on her own accord, "Don't tell me your sudden kindness towards this girl is purely altruistic? Although we all know that among our group of friends you're the gentlest one around here, but still...you're not exactly a philanthropist either! So why are you so kind-hearted towards this girl? There must be some ulterior motive behind your actions."

Casey's words left Damion speechless.

He squinted his eyes, feeling an urge to shut Casey's mouth up right now. If she kept talking like this, he might have to face a truth that he couldn't anticipate. Maybe it would be a dirty and shady truth.

Casey noticed Damion's serious expression and didn't hold back. "Damion, have you thought about it? Capital is not an easy place to survive in. The temptations there are much bigger than here. You let this girl out for four years, and if she continues her education for seven or eight years, who knows what could happen? She's only twenty now, young with endless possibilities. Are you willing to wait for her all these years?"

Damion fell silent.

He had never thought about what Casey just said before nor did he ever consider such a situation could happen.

But hearing Casey say it out loud made him realize that he was overly confident before.

The reason why he didn't think too much about the future was when Ivy looked at him with those eyes of hers, she had already laid bare all her emotions in front of him. This made Damion understand how special he was to Ivy.

Because of this realization, Damion didn't need to imagine anything else anymore. He only needed to do what he should do best while letting everything else unfold naturally.

However, things took an unexpected turn now. Something that even Damion couldn't anticipate happened suddenly and caught him off guard.

Even, it can be said that he was caught off guard by the beating.

Casey gave Damion ample time to think before finally saying, "Damion, I've known you since I was born. No one knows you better than me. What I want to tell you is that if you're really sure about her, don't cut ties."

Damion snapped out of his thoughts and looked at Casey. "You're thinking too much. It's not that serious."

But Casey held up a finger and waved it in front of Damion's face. "No, don't be so blindly confident. Birds of a feather flock together and we all have the same attitude towards love. Once we find true love, we go all in and become devoted. Look at my three brothers, Eden and Ben – they were all single for over 20 years until they found their true loves and became doting husbands overnight. So don't think you're exempt from this behavior because we are all cut from the same cloth."

Chapter 818 Let Her Completely Give Up

Damion was truly convinced by Casey's words. Indeed, from the facts presented, Casey was right. Even she herself was in the same situation.

Damion lightly tugged at the corner of his mouth and said, "Looks like you've really grown up and are able to think about things like this."

Casey remained silent.

Why did she feel like Damion was mocking her? Wasn't he basically saying that she had no brains?

Staring angrily at Damion, Casey said, "Don't act all innocent after taking advantage of me. I treat you no differently than my own brothers and that's why I'm telling you these things."

When did Casey ever speak so seriously with someone? If her three brothers found out about this, they would be shocked.

Damion curved his lips into a smile and said, "Okay then, thank you for your advice."

Casey smirked arrogantly and waved her hand saying, "No problem at all. We're family after all. There's no need to be so polite."

It only took three seconds for them to return to their usual selves – with Casey being her usual self-centered self while Damion remained grateful towards her despite it all.

Casey's words had indeed made Damion start thinking deeply about something. Regardless of anything else though, there was one thing that Casey had been right about.

He needed to re-examine his position on Ivy. If he only saw her as a young girl, felt sorry for her, and wanted to help her out, Damion believed that even he couldn't convince himself with this reasoning. Instead, he might have to seriously analyze the extent of his feelings for Ivy.

But there was one thing that Damion was certain of: no matter how he felt about Ivy, what he had to do was make sure she understood that she would have a bright future and that her life choices were hers alone. She didn't need to make any decisions based on him, and all she had to do was follow her heart.

If she decided that being a lazy bum without any goals or aspirations suited her best and just lay in bed every day waiting for death, then Damion could accept it. But from what he knew of Ivy's personality, this wasn't the case.

So instead, he would help open up new opportunities for her so she could boldly explore the world around her. Once Damion realized this point clearly in his mind, all doubts vanished.

“Even if it takes seven or eight years or I cut the kite string,” said Damion confidently, “she’ll always come back to me.”

Casey looked at him incredulously. It was the first time Casey heard such domineering words from him.

Unable to resist herself any longer, Casey gave him a thumbs-up and exclaimed, “Damion! Who knew you were such an alpha male!”

Damion glanced at Casey before standing up and walking towards the bathroom.

The young girl had been inside for quite some time, and without needing to ask, he knew she must be crying in there.

He had to go in and talk to her. Otherwise, her tears would have been shed in vain.

Damion knocked on the bathroom door and asked, “Ivy, are you okay?”

Ivy was indeed crying inside the bathroom. However, she didn’t dare cry too hard for fear of being found out. She looked pitiful with her tear-streaked face.

But it was hard to hide the redness of her eyes after crying for so long. She splashed water on her face repeatedly but couldn’t seem to get rid of it.

When Ivy heard Damion’s voice outside the door, she became even more flustered. She quickly wiped away her tears with a tissue and turned around to open the door.

Damion was standing outside waiting for her. As soon as he opened the door, his worried eyes met hers.

The pent-up frustration that Ivy had suppressed suddenly surged up again when she saw him. Damion noticed how tightly she was clenching her teeth. He let out a sigh before reaching out to grab hold of her wrist saying, “Let’s talk.”

Ivy obediently followed Damion out of the bathroom into another room but before entering it, she hesitated slightly. Damion looked down at Ivy and said, “This is Camdyn’s room where I always sleep whenever I come here.”

Hayden’s Mansion was huge, and Camdyn had given each of the younger generation their own room. Even when other guests came to visit, they wouldn’t be sleeping in these rooms. Now, they had become their exclusive rooms.

Ivy was shocked. Although she didn’t know how many rooms there were in Hayden’s Mansion, she was still scared by this arrangement.

But since it was Damion’s exclusive room, Ivy didn’t feel burdened anymore.

She obediently let Damion pull her into the room. But the next second, she felt a new sense of unease.

Although she had been living with Damion in the same house for two days now, this was someone else's home after all. Even though nothing would happen between them here, Ivy couldn't help but worry about leaving a bad impression on the Haydens.

Damion didn't give Ivy too much time to think about these things. He pulled her over to sit on the bed and then brought a chair over to sit across from her.

Damion looked particularly serious which made Ivy somewhat nervous. She anxiously watched him and tentatively called out his name, "Damion."

Damion said, "Before I didn't understand some things clearly. It's my fault. Now I want you to listen carefully to what I have to say."

Ivy nodded obediently but her heart beat wildly inside her chest. She was very nervous and extremely afraid that if what he said next were something that she did not want to hear, what would she do?

If Damion were to tell her, "Ivy, you shouldn't like me. We're from two different worlds and you don't deserve me," what would she do?

Although Ivy knew that Damion could never say something so cruel, she also knew that she needed to put herself in a certain position and not harbor any unrealistic hopes.

The truth was so cruel, something Ivy had never considered before.

But now it was going to be presented to her in all its bloody reality and Ivy was truly afraid.

Damion said, "Ivy..."

"Damion," Ivy hastily interrupted him. She didn't want him to continue speaking. She looked at him pitifully and said, "Shouldn't we help out with something first? Stay for dinner? It's not good to do nothing."

She awkwardly changed the subject, wanting to avoid a cruel voice.

Damion said, "Let me finish first."

The light in Ivy's eyes quickly dimmed.

She had no choice but to face the facts now.

This was too cruel.

Ivy hung her head low and mumbled, "Go ahead, Damion. I'm listening."

Just let her completely give up.

Chapter 819 Ivy Rushes Towards Damion

Damion looked at Ivy with helplessness before reaching out and hooking her chin, making her look into his eyes.

He said, "Ivy, if I were to say that I don't know what you think of me, then I would be a jerk and doing the most despicable thing."

When she heard this, Ivy's expression became even more tense.

The thing she had been carefully hiding was now being pointed out by Damion so bluntly. Ivy didn't know what to do.

She wanted to cry so badly but it wasn't the time yet. She couldn't cry.

Damion continued speaking, "What I want to tell you is that I welcome your feelings towards me and am happy about them. Do you understand what I mean?"

Ivy nodded but then shook her head again in confusion. She was getting flustered and didn't know how to face Damion after his confession.

Was this Damion confessing his feelings for her? Could she really think like that?

Ivy dared not think any further.

Her eyes were already blurred with tears. She bit her lip, and her entire heart was suspended in a crisis that made her feel as if she had fallen into a huge pit.

Damion continued, "I told you before that if you wanted to fly away, I would cut the kite string and let you fly. That still holds true until what I'm about to say next."

Ivy felt another wave of disappointment wash over her. Her teeth unconsciously bit down on her lip, and she barely held back an emotional breakdown.

Damion felt helpless as he reached out and pinched Ivy's chin. "You have this habit of biting yourself all the time. When are you going to change?"

Ivy sniffled and couldn't bite her lip anymore. Some words just came out without thinking first.

"I'm about to be abandoned anyway, so why bother changing?"

This statement undoubtedly angered Damion.

He raised his hand and flicked Ivy's forehead hard enough for her to yelp in pain.

But Ivy wasn't angry with Damion. Instead, she leaned closer towards him and said, "Go ahead, flick me some more! You won't have any other girls left who will let you do it."

Her words were jealous but also carried an unmistakable sense of despair.

Ivy had already sentenced herself to death row mentally, and believed that whatever Damion was going to say next would only make things worse for them both.

This was all just Ivy getting trapped in a vicious cycle of self-doubt where everything seemed doomed from the start.

Damion felt exasperated yet amused at the same time by Ivy's behavior – this girl never gave him a chance to speak!

Damion, feeling helpless, held Ivy's face in his hands and made her look at him.

This action left Ivy stunned for a moment. She blinked rapidly, and her face almost squished into a bun by Damion's grip.

She didn't need to look in the mirror to know how twisted she looked at that moment.

Ivy wanted to break free from Damion's grasp, because the feeling was just too uncomfortable. However, Damion didn't give her any chance to do so. He applied more pressure as if he were holding Ivy's head in place.

Ivy couldn't move and could only be held obediently by him.

Damion said, "Ivy, this is your last chance. If you want to fly away, I'll give you the opportunity."

Finally snapping out of her emotions and understanding what Damion meant with his words, Ivy stared blankly at him before finally asking, "Where can I fly?"

This sentence was like an oath that conveyed all of Ivy's feelings directly to Damion.

At this point in time, there was no need for any pretense or concealment on Ivy's part since everything had already been exposed.

Damion smiled slightly and said, "Then be with me."

Ivy looked at Damion with great shock as she sank into disbelief.

She should have been overjoyed but she hadn't had time yet.

She stared at Damion, wanting to see something in his eyes, but all she saw were a pair of incredibly serious eyes.

Damion was always gentle and kind-hearted. At this moment, as he looked into Ivy's eyes, there was not only tenderness and seriousness but also an undisguised affection.

Ivy was sure that she wasn't mistaken. It was just hard for her to believe that it could be true. How could this be possible? It couldn't be real.

Ivy had no idea how to convince herself otherwise. She stared at Damion for a long time without knowing how to react.

But Damion didn't rush her or pressure her, he just looked at her with gentleness in his eyes.

Finally, Ivy said, "Can I assume that you're telling me you like me?"

It was hard to believe, but it seemed like it might actually be true. Something that made Ivy both overjoyed and afraid it might not be real after all.

Damion nodded and said, "Yes, you can think of it that way."

His lips curved into a smile so tender it almost hurt Ivy's heart. In an instant, she fell under his spell.

She sniffled for a while before finally asking, "Damion, are you really not just messing with me?"

She couldn't believe it.

Damion replied, "I'm not that bored to bully girls. It's not something I would do."

Ivy immediately felt a bit aggrieved and reached out to hook her arms around Damion's neck. She said, "Can I cry on your shoulder for a while then?"

Damion sighed and released his hands from holding Ivy's face. He pulled her into his embrace and let her lean against his shoulder.

He said, "You can use my shoulder as much as you want but I don't recommend crying."

Ivy sniffled again and tried hard to suppress the tears that were about to burst out of her eyes. But it was futile.

She couldn't control herself and wanted to cry so badly.

With both eyes buried in Damion's shoulder, Ivy said, "But I can't control myself."

Damion patted the back of Ivy's head lightly and said, "Well then I have an idea that might help solve your problem."

Ivy lifted her head from Damion's shoulder in confusion and asked him what he meant by that.

Looking into Ivy's eyes once again with both hands holding onto her face this time around, he leaned forward until his lips met her eyelids softly.

Startled by the sudden kiss on her eyelids, she opened one eye wide in shock but since Damion was still kissing them, she could only open one eye at a time.

After releasing Ivy, Damion saw her maintaining a strange expression. One eye was wide open while the other was tightly shut.

Damion couldn't help but laugh and pinched Ivy's cheek, saying, "Snap out of it."

Ivy obediently came to her senses but stared at Damion for a long time.

Damion said, "You didn't cry. That's useful."

Ivy felt as if she could hear some smugness in Damion's tone. It was like he was telling her that he had complete control over her.

Although this was true, Ivy suddenly had a different idea. She wanted to be bold.

So Ivy's body acted before her brain did. She lifted both hands and held Damion's face just as he had done to hers earlier.

Then the next second, Ivy pounced on Damion and kissed him deeply on the lips.

Chapter 820 Time Seems To Have Come To a Standstill

"Hiss..."

The sound of two gasps filled the room.

Ivy immediately let go and backed away, looking like a guilty girl. Although she was in pain, she didn't dare cover her mouth.

Damion couldn't help but laugh. This girl knew she was kissing him, but anyone who didn't know would think they had some deep grudge against each other for her to bump into his mouth like that.

He licked his lips lightly and tasted blood. He bit down hard on it and swallowed the blood clot before gritting his teeth at Ivy. "Do you hate me so much that you want to break my teeth?"

Ivy hung her head low and dared not look at Damion or speak up. She was almost in tears now.

God knew what stupid thing she had done this time. If there were another chance, she would never be so reckless again.

Her first kiss... she hadn't even tasted it yet before being hit with this intense pain and a bloody taste in her mouth. It was ridiculous!

Ivy didn't know what to do now. If she ever thought back on this, she might want to punch herself.

"I'm sorry..." Ivy finally apologized, hoping to make Damion understand that she didn't mean to do it.

Although Ivy was already disgusted with herself, if the situation were reversed, she would have thought it was intentional.

The metallic taste in Damion's mouth had lessened and the pain had subsided a bit. His voice softened as he reached up to rub Ivy's head. "Look up and let me see your mouth."

If she could cause him to look like this, then there was no way she wasn't hurt too. He needed to check her out just in case.

Ivy didn't really want to lift her head but since it was Damion asking her, she obediently complied.

Damion used his thumb to pull down on Ivy's bottom lip and revealed the inside flesh of her mouth. Sure enough, her lips were even more damaged than his own.

Helpless, Damion asked, "Does it hurt?"

Ivy wrinkled her nose and nodded slightly before saying, "Yes."

Of course it hurt! It felt like death!

But if she was hurting this badly, then one could only imagine how much pain Damion must be in right now. It made Ivy feel angry at herself for causing such a mess.

Looking at the foolish things she did, Damion said, "Remember the pain and see if you dare to do it again next time."

Ivy thought for a moment. If he meant whether she dared to kiss him again next time, then...

"I dare," Ivy said seriously.

Damion couldn't help but laugh at this girl's courage. When did she become so brave?

Thinking that Damion didn't believe her, Ivy repeated herself, "I really do dare."

Damion remained silent.

It seemed that this girl needed more than just a lesson. She needed to learn from experience.

So Damion narrowed his eyes and looked at Ivy's lips.

He hadn't paid much attention before, but now he noticed how pretty they were – their shape and color silently telling him to kiss them.

Damion licked his lips lightly but didn't act on his impulse. Instead, he leaned down and bit onto Ivy's lower lip without mercy or hesitation.

Ivy cried out in pain as he bit down hard on her lip. But in the next second, her cries were silenced by their passionate kiss.

Her eyes widened as an electric current surged through her veins from where their lips met.

Luckily, she was sitting on the bed at this moment. If she had been standing, her legs would have probably given out and collapsed to the ground.

Time seemed to stand still in that moment. It was unclear how long it lasted until Damion finally let go of Ivy.