

Read Novel You'll Fall For Me, Today Or Tomorrow

Chapter 476

Chapter 476 Gifting A Castle

His family members gave him countless suggestions on ways to celebrate Wrenna's birthday. But, he knew that those ideas wouldn't be able to catch her off guard, for she definitely knew a celebration was impending.

Hence, Damian ditched all of Clarissa's recommendations and opted to celebrate in a straightforward manner. First, he woke up at the crack of dawn to use the hotel's kitchen and prepared a simple plate of breakfast for her.

When Wrenna woke up, the plate of breakfast greeted her by her bedside. She had yet to wash up, but the first thing she saw upon opening her eyes was a dashing Damian with the plate of breakfast in his hands.

An affectionate smile was plastered on Damian's face as he eagerly awaited her reaction. However, she didn't know what to say to him. She dared not imagine the unkempt state she was in having just woken up from bed.

All she could do was repeatedly tell herself that it was alright. "Happy birthday, Wren." She forced a smile and muttered, "Thank you, Damian. You made this yourself?"

"Yeah. Have it while it's still warm." She smiled sheepishly. "Can I go to the washroom first?"

"Huh? Oh. I- I'm sorry, Wren." Damian was in a state of nerves. It was his first time preparing breakfast for someone, so it was normal for there to be hiccups.

Earlier, he already messed up multiple times in the kitchen. Out of desperation, he hurriedly brought his best endeavor to Wrenna just in case the food was no longer fresh. In a moment of frenzy, he totally forgot that Wrenna had just woken up and hadn't had time to wash up.

After Wrenna went to the washroom, Damian anxiously stared at the plate of food.

Luckily, Wrenna speedily exited the bathroom looking all invigorated. Her hair was tucked behind her ears, revealing her gorgeous face that glowed with the morning sun.

Damian's heart skipped a beat when she flashed him an alluring smile.

"Thank you, Damian."

Wrenna took the plate of food from his hands and finished it all right in front of him.

“Hmm, tastes good.”

Relief washed over Damian.

The corners of his lips curled upwards at her compliment. Then, he reached out to set the plate aside.

“Go and get ready for the day. We’re going out later.”

Wrenna tilted her head to look at him. With a smirk on her face, she teased, “Did you plan everything? Don’t tell me we’re going to your campus again.”

Damian laughed at her remarks.

Is that disdain in her tone? I mean, we didn’t exactly do anything interesting the past few days.

He raised his hand and reached out to fondle her head. “No, we’re never doing that again. Is that okay with you?”

“Hehe... I didn’t say I don’t like it. I’m just kidding.”

While Wrenna went to get ready, Damian went to make necessary arrangements for the upcoming surprises.

The weather outside was rather clear, as though it was to complement what Damian had scheduled for the day. Even though it wasn’t bright and sunny, white, fluffy clouds drifted across the sky, putting the couple in a good mood.

Instead of an ordinary sedan, a prince’s carriage was waiting for them the instant they stepped out of the hotel.

There was even a man donning a palace guard uniform at the front of the carriage driving.

A glint of delight flashed across Wrenna’s eyes. That came as a pleasant surprise.

Damian further amused her by depicting the role of a gentleman. “My Princess, your carriage awaits.”

Wrenna was secretly glad she chose to wear a skirt.

With a sweet smile, she bobbed a curtsy to him and boarded the carriage.

Inside the carriage, her eyes met Damian’s.

Suddenly, Damian's face broke into a grin.

"Damian, this is Mommy's suggestion, isn't it?"

He gave her a questioning gaze. "Why can't it be mine?"

"Is it really you?"

"Fine. It wasn't me. You seem to love this. I guess Mommy's still the best at figuring out what girls are fond of. I initially thought this was bizarre, but thankfully I didn't do away with it."

"Tsk. Damian, you're way too honest."

Damian gave her a toothy grin, adoration was evident in his eyes.

"As long as you're happy, Wren."

She delightfully nodded. "I am! I'm very happy. Where are we going next?"

Damian shook his head. "I'm going to keep mum to maintain the element of surprise. Just wait and see. We'll be arriving soon."

Unfortunately, a horse-drawn carriage like theirs was certainly no match for cars, so the journey took longer than expected. Nonetheless, Wrenna was all fired up and consistently badgered him with questions.

"Are horse carriages even allowed in the city?"

"Where are they from?"

"Have you ever made the breakfast I had before?"

Damian candidly answered all of Wrenna's queries. He even told her about his several failed attempts that morning.

No details were spared in all his responses. That was how honest they were with each other.

There was no need for any secrets in their relationship.

A long while later, the carriage finally came to a stop.

Damian hopped off the carriage first before he carefully helped her off the carriage.

Wrenna looked up to see a vast castle standing before her.

Wow. What a historical monument...

Wrenna chuckled and said, "So, Damian. Do you plan to act out a scene as a prince?"

"Why not? My Princess."

As she continued to giggle, she gazed at the chiseled features that adorned his attractive countenance. He truly did resemble a prince. In her life, he played the role of a prince who she spent her whole life pining for.

That moment was symbolic of a happy ending after years and years of yearning.

Her heart thumped wildly against her chest. It brought her back to the moment she realized she was deeply in love with Damian.

As her heartbeat accelerated, Wrenna shyly turned away to avoid looking at Damian. She was well aware of how she looked as her cheeks began to redden.

She tore away from his scrutiny and turned to look at the castle.

"Damian, where is this?" Wrenna attempted to change the topic.

"It's a castle I bought for you. There's no name yet. I just bought it not too long ago. It's also newly restored, so there are still some flaws in the furnishing. Wren, if you have any suggestions, feel free to name them. As long as you like it, we can revamp the place according to your preferences. Maybe you can also give her a name."

A castle?

Wrenna was reminded of the time her mother told her about Matthew giving Clarissa an island.

Are the men in their family accustomed to bestowing others with properties?

However, she shook her head.

"Damian, I can't accept this. It's too expensive and..."

She certainly could not accept the gift.

However, she found herself unable to complete her sentence.

Damian shot her a look of confusion. Then, he held her hand and said with a smile, "There's no need to be cordial. We're married now. What's mine is also yours. Come, let's go in and take a look. The place is a little dilapidated, but we'll certainly furnish it soon. We'll stay here for the night. Whenever we come to Erihal in the future, we can

stay in the castle. When you were younger, I remember you saying that every girl dreams of becoming a princess. So, I hope you like the gift.”

Wrenna went in with Damian. Upon arriving, she noticed that there were already a butler and a few housemaids in the castle.

The butler led them on a tour around the castle.

The interior was not as sophisticated as expected, but there was an air of elegance it exuded. Many of the original designs and their intricate details were kept intact. Moreover, the castle was truly massive.

Wrenna felt like she was on an excursion in a manor. From the inside of the castle, she couldn't even see the perimeters of the humongous garden. In the garden, there was a small lake, a good deal of trees in various shapes and sizes, as well as an abundance of flora species.

When she entered the master bedroom, she instantly felt like she was royalty.

She strolled over to the bed and sat down, doing a once-over of the room. Then, she got up and walked to the window, taking in the magnificent view of the yard from her room.

It was the season where flowers came into full blossom. Whoever stayed there would be sure to live a blissful life.

Damian hugged her from behind and rested his chin on the top of her head. His deep voice was warm as he asked, “Do you like it?”

Wrenna replied, “Yes. I love it.”

With her assurance, Damian felt that everything he had done was all worth it.

A moment of silence ensued. Just then, Wrenna opened her mouth to speak. “Damian, I-”

“Mr. and Mrs. Quigley...”

Just as she was about to say something, a few knocks on the door interrupted the moment.

Damian released her and turned to open the door. Their conversation was not heard, but Damian stepped out after that. He looked as though he was intentionally avoiding Wrenna.

Her heart sank. She walked to the side and sat down, still deep in thought.

Soon after, Damian returned and brought Wrenna for a walk. He wanted to seek her opinion on how they should design the place. Everything could be built according to Wrenna's liking.

After a sumptuous lunch, Wrenna took a quick nap before Damian whisked her off again.

They set off to purchase some souvenirs for the family. It seemed as though those were the only plans they had for the day.

Wrenna thought that the day had mostly concluded. With such a lavish gift, she dare not ask for more.

As dusk approached, they drove back to the castle. In the darkness, the brightly-lit castle emanated a sense of comfort.

Damian hurriedly rushed Wrenna upstairs to take a bath.

After she was done, she came out to a room with no one. All there was beside the bed was a box with delicate wrapping and a card sandwiched in between.

Please put this on.

It was Damian's handwriting.

Wrenna raised a brow and opened the box. Inside was a wine-red evening dress that looked exquisite.

She lifted the dress and put it on. Next to it was a pair of high heels in the exact same shade of red.

Then, she put on some light makeup and transformed into a ravishing beauty. After she was done, she opened the door and headed out.

She followed the path towards the flight of stairs. When she reached the top of the stairs, she could see the entire ballroom beneath her, gleaming with lights and looking like a real prince's ball.

However, there was no one else at this ball. Just her, and Damian the prince anticipating her arrival patiently.

His head was angled upwards to her while he beamed at her. His hand was extended, an invitation for her to join him.

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Chapter 477 Let Us Get A Divorce

Music filled the ballroom with lights dazzling the room. In a prince's banquet, the prince and his princess were all that was needed. Wrenna was held by Damian, following his steps and waltzing along with the music.

Wrenna didn't expect Damian to actually prepare a ball. But there were not many people. She raised her head toward Damian, who was in a black suit. The formal wear made him look even more dazzling than a prince.

He had a charming demeanor that attracted ladies. If there were ladies attending the ball tonight, many would fall in love with him at first sight. Wrenna fell into silence. Damian couldn't help but whisper, afraid that she didn't like it. "Wren, do you like it?"

Wrenna broke into a bright smile immediately, "Yes, I like it, Your Highness."

It's rare for Wrenna to be playful, so Damian smiled along. "It's my honor to be able to please Princess Wren." With that, they exchanged a smile and relaxed with the music. Following Damian's steps, they swayed along naturally.

Of course, they weren't going to dance for the whole night. When the music stopped, Damian held Wrenna's hand and walked toward the restaurant. It was a candle-lit dinner, with lavish delicacies.

Under the flickering light, their gaze in each other's eyes seemed to be in a haze. There were constant ripples lingering in the depths of their hearts.

Wrenna was almost lost in them. She quickly lowered her head. But when she continued eating, the food felt tasteless. Her heart was in a mess, she fell into a dilemma, and she didn't know if she should continue this. Damian noticed her anxiousness and was genuinely concerned. "Wren, is the food not to your liking?"

"No, no." Wrenna curved her lips into a smile. "It's great. I'm just missing home." Damian smiled in adoration. "Silly girl. We will be heading home tomorrow."

Wrenna nodded in response and continue eating. Damian was trying his best to have a conversation with Wrenna. Even trivial things or memories of the past could work.

If this were the past, he might have thought such topics were boring, but Clarissa enlightened him.

Actually, between couples, there were not so many mushy things to talk about. They were usually just casual topics such as what you ate or drank, or if you're happy or not.

And Damian slowly understood the meaning of behind making small talks. During his conversation with Wrenna, it didn't feel awkward to talk about trivial things. If not, there would only be silence between them.

It's necessary to take a walk after a meal. Wrenna did not say much, but she was trying to form her words in her heart. "Wren, it's getting late. Shall we go back to the room to rest? We still have to catch the plane tomorrow."

Wrenna swallowed the words that she was about to say. Heading upstairs, she was planning to do the packing when Damian stopped her. "No hurry. I can do it. You can just sit here and enjoy the night view. Actually, the night view here is fantastic."

Damian's action seemed contradicting. It was much better to enjoy the night view in the yard just now. Wrenna noticed something was off, but Damian smiled and held her hand, then looked outside while standing by the window.

"Wren, can you accompany me just for a while, please?"

Wrenna agreed. She stood beside Damian with their fingers intertwined, looking at the night sky. Actually, the sky was really dark and she didn't know what to look at.

Suddenly, fireworks exploded in the night sky. The gorgeous fireworks exploded in different colors and shapes, taking one's breath away with its beauty.

Wrenna's lips parted in amazement and the beautiful fireworks reflected in her eyes.

Damian finally chuckled and got closer to her, pulling her into an embrace with a smile.

"Happy birthday, Wren."

This was the finale.

Wrenna tilted her head and looked at Damian as she was startled. The dazzling lights outside shone on his handsome face.

And his face was full of smiles.

"Damian..."

Damian smiled. His hands held her cheeks as he lowered his head and planted a kiss on her forehead.

"I see fondness and surprise in your eyes, am I right?"

“Yes.”

“That’s great.”

Damian smiled while looking at Wrenna. The fireworks outside exploded with a bang. And Wrenna’s heart seemed to have jumped with the sound as well.

He looked at Wrenna’s small face in his palms in a daze.

And she looked back at him naively.

Damian bent his head again and moved closer to her lips. The distance between the two was getting closer and closer. Finally, their lips touched, slowly and softly, longing for each other.

At first, it was light touches. But Damian seemed to be dissatisfied with only such touches and tried to initiate something more.

It was like a spark of light and blazing fire, making Wrenna defenseless. Her body was heating up, the sound of their breathing got heavier and echoed in her ears, along with the sound of their rapid heartbeats.

Who knew how they ended up on the bed, with their bodies entwined, and clothes scattered on the floor.

Wrenna was dumbfounded, not sure what was happening.

But Damian didn’t stop.

Suddenly, the last explosion of the fireworks jolted Wrenna back to her senses.

She pushed Damian all of a sudden and pulled the blankets to cover herself.

As for Damian, he finally snapped out of it, and he felt a pang of guilt.

Looking at Wrenna, who seemed scared, he comforted, “Sorry Wren, I was being too impulsive. But don’t worry, I told you I will wait until your graduation. Don’t be afraid...”

Wrenna remained her head low as thoughts flooded her mind.

Damian thought she was shy.

He smiled lightly and calmed himself before standing up. “I’ll go take a shower.”

Before entering the bathroom, he ruffled Wrenna’s head and chuckled.

Not long after, Damian came out of the shower but Wrenna was already dressed.

She stood beside the window. The fireworks had already stopped moments ago.

In the vast darkness, it was impossible to tell that the sky was once so gorgeous.

Damian walked over, wanting to embrace Wrenna. But she turned over and looked at him instead.

Her gaze were full of uncertainties that Damian couldn't read.

It was not shyness nor fondness, Damian immediately noticed something was off.

He thought he had scared Wrenna for being too rash.

"Wren, are you scared? Sorry I-"

"Damian."

Wrenna cut Damian's apology with a cold and emotionless voice.

"Damian, let's get a divorce."

.....

Wrenna and Damian walked out of the airport together. The chauffeur and Johannes came to fetch them.

Wrenna went to the chauffeur's car in silence, while Damian went to Johannes's car.

Johannes was confused. When Mr. Quigley left, he prepared so many surprises. Yet, they looked so distant from each other after they were back.

Even Wrenna, who was always passionate and loving toward Damian, became indifferent. Something was definitely off.

But Damian didn't speak a word and headed off to the office straight away.

Although there are plenty of official matters to be dealt with in the company, I believe they are not urgent.

Johannes looked at Damian, who looked cold and unwelcoming. A stiff tension that had not been felt in a long time had approached the Tyson Corporation.

Not only Damian, but every staff including Johannes also seemed to have fallen into an ice age, trembling all over. From now on, they were going to live their life on the edge.

Meanwhile, Wrenna had returned home but didn't stay for long. She packed her stuff, planning to go to school. But the dormitory was not open since it was the holidays. So she changed her tracks and went to Hailey's place.

Hailey was surprised at Wrenna's arrival. But she didn't ask much before welcoming Wrenna and taking her to a meal. After returning, both of them sat on the sofa with their legs crossed. They sat on each side of the sofa, with cans of beer that they brought from outside.

With a beer in their hands, one was in deep thoughts, and the other one was silent.

Hailey didn't ask but Wrenna spoke up.

"Hailey, I brought up the divorce with Damian."

Hailey was surprised but was quickly calmed.

"I don't want to stay like this anymore. I knew that Damian would never fall in love with me, yet I was still stubborn about keeping this marriage. If it was in the past, I might have thought nothing of it. As long as I love him, I could always chase after him. But people change, and I have changed too. I think I can't continue or maintain it anymore. Haha...wait for him to fall in love with me? As time passed, I got tired too. Anyways, perseverance was never a trait of mine. Loving Damian was the only thing I held on to. I've held onto this for too long, I can't go on anymore."

Hailey nodded in agreement. "Yeah, get a divorce. then"

Wrenna continued rambling, "Let me think. I used to think having something I can't have was the best feeling. I used to love him, obsessed with him, and that felt blissful. But after knowing him more and marrying him, my patience wore off slowly. 'Absence makes the heart grow fond', but there was no 'absence' between us anymore, and I could see things clearly now. Damian doesn't love me, and he never will. Who says love will come with time? That's probably bullsh*t. Of course, he might love someone else, but that won't be me.

"I've come to my senses, I realized that now. Why should I waste my life holding on to a man who would never fall in love with me?"

"Hahaha...Hailey, I suddenly feel that I might be a scum? I used to say I would never get a divorce until Damian falls in love with me. But I have only been married for less than half a year, and I'm going to back down. Tell me, am I the bad guy here? Being impatient and not fulfilling my promise..."

Hailey shook her head in disagreement. "No, you've just become wiser."

"Really?"

Wrenna smiled lightly, as tears rolled down with the smile.

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Chapter 478

Chapter 478 Brother And Sister

Wrenna was waiting inside the Civil Affairs Bureau. In the past, she had always associated this place with happiness. Waiting was always part of the beautiful process. Yet, this time around, she was there for a divorce.

The last time they were there to get their marriage certificate, she had also waited for quite a while. At that time, Damian was equally busy at work, but it was fine with her. In fact, she was so preoccupied with excitement.

Right now, she was still waiting. Suddenly, someone sat down beside her. It was Damian. After having not seen him for a week, he was as handsome and charming as ever. However, he seemed even colder toward her.

"Sorry to keep you waiting." Wrenna smiled briefly and said, "It's fine. I just got here too." It was true that she had not waited that long. This was probably the shortest wait so far. Wrenna found that amusing.

It's only when we are getting a divorce that I no longer have to wait anymore. "Let's go over then."

There were not as many people getting divorced as those who were getting married. It was a pity for such a good-looking couple to be going through a divorce. As Wrenna got up, Damian reached out and pulled her hand. She turned back to look at him. His dark eyes caused a jolt in her heart.

Without waiting for him to speak, she said, "Damian, when we first got married, you did agree that if I ever want a divorce, you will grant me one."

Just like that, Damian kept quiet. In the end, he released her hand and walked ahead of her in silence. Nothing he had to say would change her mind. Since Wrenna was the one who asked for the divorce, then she must have thought it through.

Damian was well aware that it was his fault for not being a good husband to her. He had always feared that he would disappoint her.

Yet, in the end, he did exactly that.

Perhaps she had come to the realization that I am not her true love. Maybe she has found someone she truly loves. It could be that tutor whom she spends so much time with, or it could be one of her schoolmates.

Either way, all I am to her is a boring and frigid man who is only interested in work.

With the divorce papers in hand, both Wrenna and Damian walked out of the Civil Affairs Bureau together.

Standing outside, Wrenna felt as if a huge weight was lifted off her shoulders.

She smiled gently at her ex-husband.

“Damian, are you angry?”

He was taken aback. Looking at her, he knew he was to be blamed and felt angry, lost, and guilty.

However, nothing of those feelings mattered when he saw her smile.

Wrenna was still a young girl. Even though they were no longer husband and wife, he would still take care of her like how a brother would for a sister.

Damian felt guilty for his frosty behavior earlier on.

Out of the blue, he embraced Wrenna.

Her body tensed up for a moment before she relaxed.

“Damian, now that I won’t be causing any trouble in your life, I hope you will be able to find someone whom you love, who loves you very much. I wish you all the best.”

Damian smiled and let go of her. He rubbed her head and messed up her hair.

“Don’t you worry about me. In the future, when you have a boyfriend, I will have to check on him as a brother. Got it?”

Wrenna pouted. “We’ll see. I’m going back to school first. I think we should find a suitable time and inform our parents together.”

Damian nodded. “Leave that to me.”

It is my fault anyway.

After parting ways and getting into the car, Wrenna’s smile was gone.

Instead, tears kept flowing down uncontrollably.

As for Damian, it was the same. His smile had disappeared.

When he got into the car, there was an uneasy feeling. Johannes did not dare to say anything.

I just saw the both of you smiling at each other and talking about being brother and sister. But after you have gone on your separate ways, you act as if you are in hell? What's going on?

Mr. Quigley's mood has changed so quickly.

Damian arranged for their parents to meet and announced the news.

He had initially expected a barrage of rage and condemnation.

To his surprise, both older women were very calm. One looked aloof, and the other sighed with resignation.

There was not much response from Yaala. "All right. Thanks for informing us."

As for Clarissa, she threw an accusatory glance at her own son and turned to look at Wrenna. She said nothing but sighed.

"Fine then. I knew this was coming. My son is not a very likable person. Wren, it's all right. You are still our daughter. In fact, since you were young, I have always wanted you to be our goddaughter. Later on, the idea that you might become our daughter-in-law made us change our minds. But it's all good now. There's nothing to worry about anymore. We will be your godparents from now on."

As for Henry, he was a little furious, but since his wife seemed to take it quite well, he suppressed his rage and refrained from saying anything.

Most importantly, his precious little girl was his once again.

Henry could not wait to take his daughter home immediately.

"Wren, come, let's go home. I have told you before. It is not a good idea to marry at such a young age. You haven't even finished your degree yet."

Henry was already nagging at Wrenna and dragging her away at the same time.

Matthew, on the other hand, was the calmest of the lot.

He did not utter a single word.

However, Damian looked a little depressed.

Somewhere in his heart, he had hoped that their parents would kick up a fuss so that he could patch things up with Wren.

Then again, he knew that was a preposterous notion.

After their parents knew about their divorce, they were all fussing over Wrenna. Nobody gave a damn about Damian. It was as if he did not exist.

Clarissa told Wrenna that she would prepare a delicious lunch for her. At lunchtime, she noticed Damian was still around.

“What are you still doing here? Why aren’t you at work? We did not prepare your lunch!”

“Mom, today’s a weekend. It’s my rest day.”

“Forget it! Julia, just make something light for Damian. Let him eat fast and get out of here. The more I look at him, the more upset I become. Aren’t you always busy? You never seem to be around during the weekends. Hurry up and get to the office. In fact, you can go anywhere you want. I don’t wish to see you for the time being.”

After such harsh “abuse” by his own mother, Damian glanced at Wrenna, but there was no reaction from her at all.

There was nothing Damian could do. “Forget it, Mrs. Lawson. I will eat out.”

Just like that, Damian had to work even when he did not want to. When he returned to the company on the weekends, all of his employees had no choice but to put in extra hours as well.

They were even more frustrated than before.

Wrenna also informed her friends about her divorce.

The vacation was not over yet, and everyone was lazing around at home. They were all chatting in the group chat when Wrenna broke the news.

Her friends went into a complete uproar before they eventually accepted the information and calmed down.

“Wren, now that you are divorced, then don’t transfer to another major. Back then, you were planning to do this for Damian, but there’s no need for that now, isn’t it? It would be very tiring!”

Wrenna disagreed.

"I want to see this to the end. It's just a matter of two years. I want to see if I can complete something without giving up halfway."

"What? See it to the end? Are you trying to make life difficult for yourself?"

"I suppose so."

Even Wrenna could not explain why she wanted to carry on with the transfer.

All she knew was that she could never ever be that lazy and indifferent person again.

Xandra sent a message too.

"I support Wren's decision. Right now, she is no longer doing things that others want her to do. Since this is what she wants, then she should go ahead and do it."

Now that Wrenna was thinking for herself, Xandra was more supportive than before.

Wrenna smiled. "Thank you, Xandra."

"Wren, there's no need to be so formal among friends. When school starts again, let's go out and have some fun. This time around, please don't come out with a sulky face. Now that you are single again, you should be happy. Understand?"

"Was I unhappy in the past?"

Dora asked: "What do you think?"

"All right. It's my bad. I will change and be better in the future."

"That's more like it. Oh yes. By the way, I've fallen in love with this cutie. He's so handsome. Wren, do you know anyone in showbiz? This guy is part of a new band. If you have any connection, go take a look. He's so drop-dead gorgeous. Who knows? You might end up falling in love with him."

"What cutie?"

"Look at the photo..."

Oh really? Let me see how handsome he really is.

In the end, their focus turned to the latest eye candy in showbiz news. No matter what, Wrenna was still a young lady and she was still herself after the divorce.

Both Damian and Wrenna had no intention to keep their divorce a secret.

Those who were keen to know would eventually find out.

Stella was one of those people.

“Divorced? They actually got a divorce?”

At first, Stella was in shock, but soon after, she burst out into laughter. She seemed pleased and happy about it.

“Ah hahaha! They are finally divorced. Wrenna, it serves you right!”

She was so thrilled by the news that she had forgotten about Burnham who was next to her.

When Stella finally realized it, her smile was replaced by tears all of a sudden.

Her erratic behavior made her look pitiful, but at the same time, it seemed that she had ulterior motives as well.

Burnham noticed the dramatic change in her and said nothing.

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Chapter 479 Displeased With the Divorce

After Wrenna left her tuition class, her tutor looked as if he had something to say, but stopped himself from doing so. Wrenna looked up and met his gaze. “Damian?”

Damian was standing beside his car as he flashed a charming smile at her. Wrenna quickly trotted over. As it was a warm day, the sun was shining on her face so she frowned, squinting.

Damian immediately reached out and put his hand on her forehead, shielding her from the sun. “Has class ended? Do you want to get in the car first if there’s nothing else?”

“Sure.” When Wrenna got into the air-conditioned car, a sense of comfort washed over her. After settling down, she asked curiously, “Damian, why are you here?”

“Oh, I have some free time today, so I thought of taking you for dinner.” “Huh?” Wrenna was rather surprised at that answer.

Damian chuckled as he touched her forehead gently and said, “Why are you looking at me like that? What’s wrong? You don’t want to have dinner with me?”

“No, it’s not that...”

Meanwhile, Damian started driving while he explained, “My mom is going to nag at me if I go home, but I’ll also feel lonely if I eat alone. Colton and the rest are not free as well. So, I have decided to grant you, my dear sister, my company, since I know you’ll probably be free.”

Damian was already starting to address Wrenna as his “sister”, as his parents were now her godparents. “If you already have an appointment, I can send you there. Don’t worry about me.”

Wrenna immediately replied, “Nope, I’m free.” Damian turned to look at her, giving her a smile. Wrenna instinctively nodded and said, “OK, let’s go!”

As such, the two of them headed to a restaurant. Instead of dining in a private room, they sat at a table in the main dining area. They had chosen to eat at a hotpot restaurant.

Even though it was a warm, sunny day, the hotpot restaurant was bustling with diners who were engaged in lively discussions among themselves. Wrenna was surprised that Damian would choose to eat at that restaurant.

The look of doubt on her face was so obvious that Damian could not help laughing out loud after both of them sat down. “Wren, can you not look at me like that? Is it really that weird that I feel like eating hotpot?”

Wrenna felt slightly embarrassed that Damian had seen through her. “I don’t mean that. It’s just that, don’t you find it too noisy eating here at a Chanaen restaurant?”

Damian shook his head and replied, “Nope, I like the atmosphere.”

Wrenna kept quiet after that. Anyway, she also had a craving for hotpot recently. In fact, just earlier in the afternoon, she had mentioned it to her friend and shared a picture of hotpot on her social media. She did not expect that she would be having it for dinner on that very same day.

There was simply a magical allure to hotpot that was difficult to describe. Without further ado, Wrenna started digging in.

As Damian had a low tolerance for spice, the two of them ordered a hotpot with a double soup base. Wrenna was only eating from the spicy soup base as she enjoyed the thrill of eating spicy food—the spicier, the better.

Looking at how much she was enjoying her food, Damian was also tempted to try the spicy soup base. “Oh my God...” he exclaimed as he took a sip of the spicy soup.

Damian did not bother to pretend not to be affected by the spice as he continued to inhale through his mouth. Even though it was obviously too spicy for him, he couldn't seem to stop eating.

Feeling amused, Wrenna said, "Damian, don't force yourself to eat it if you don't like spicy food."

"Nope, it's delicious, I like it a lot..."

It was not that he could not take spicy food, but he just did not like it due to him being image conscious. He felt that eating spicy food would not make him look presentable.

However, he was feeling great at that moment. Seeing how much Damian was enjoying his food, Wrenna started eating as well. The hotpot dinner ended up being a very satisfying meal for both of them.

After leaving the restaurant, Wrenna noticed that the top few buttons of Damian's shirt were undone and his sleeves were rolled up as well. There were even a few oil stains on his shirt from the meal earlier on.

His hair was messy and the way he looked right then was completely different from the well-groomed professional image which he normally had. The man was even exuding a subtle yet sensuous wildness.

When Damian turned to look at her, Wrenna immediately retracted her gaze. "Damian, shall we head back now?"

"Sure." With that, Damian drove Wrenna home but did not leave immediately after seeing her enter the house. He sniffed at his sleeve and could clearly smell traces of hotpot. The man let out a chuckle and shook his head before driving off.

When Wrenna entered the door, she saw Henry behaving intimately with his wife. When he heard footsteps, he simply looked up and asked his daughter, "Wren, who sent you back?"

As it was obvious that they had seen the car, the purpose of him asking the question was merely to confirm. "It was Damian."

"Did you guys have dinner together? Why are you still having dinner together even though you have already divorced?"

To Henry, it was unnecessary for them to keep in touch after the divorce. Yaala hit Henry lightly and chided, "Why are you asking so much? Did you forget that they are siblings now? Why can't she have dinner with her brother? Wren, hurry up and get changed. You reek of hotpot."

Wrenna smiled awkwardly and replied, "OK, I shan't interrupt your lovey-dovey time with each other then."

After Wrenna was out of sight, Henry hugged Yaala and complained, "He's not even her real brother, they are just god siblings. If she continues hanging out with him, how do you expect her to find another man? What if she's not able to get over Damian?"

Yaala sneered and replied, "Anyway, they are already divorced. If she can't find a man herself, we can find one for her. She'll have no choice but to listen to us. When that day comes, Damian might even have to help out at her wedding!"

Henry suddenly felt a chill run down his spine when he heard what his wife said and couldn't help but ask in an impish manner, "Honey, don't you think that sounds a little strange?"

"You're so stupid." Yaala rolled her eyes at Henry before going upstairs.

Henry followed behind and said with an ingratiating smile, "Hehe... Honey, I know I'm stupid as compared to you. Haha... But Honey, can you explain to me what you mean by that? Do you really think it's appropriate for Damian to help out at Wren's wedding in the future?"

However, Yaala did not answer Henry, leaving him to rack his brains.

Meanwhile, Damian did not go home immediately after dinner.

He drove to the private club instead, and headed to the usual private lounge where he and his friends gathered.

A while later, Colton had also arrived, with Burnham following behind him.

Burnham seemed a little awkward to see Damian, but Damian merely shot a glance at him and did not say anything.

After the three of them sat down and started drinking, the tension in the air dissipated as the men started chatting freely with each other.

Burnham seemed to be in anguish.

"Damian, I was in the wrong last time. Are we still friends?"

"What mistake did you make?" Damian replied coldly.

"I... I am not a good judge of character..."

Colton let out a cold snort and said, "Aren't you and the woman still pretty close lately?"

"No, that's not it. I... I know what kind of person she is. Perhaps, I refused to believe it last time, but now, I've finally realized how greedy she is and I've also been used by her. Even though she's still my girlfriend officially, she's been hooking up with other guys. The only reason why I haven't exposed her is to see what else she has up her sleeve. F*ck..."

Burnham could not help but curse. It seemed like he was really enraged at the thought of that.

Meanwhile, the other two men merely sneered and did not reply.

Although Burnham knew that they were probably mocking him, he didn't seem to be bothered. It was a fact that he had been made use of by Stella and he deserved it. As such, he only had himself to blame.

After a few more drinks, Burnham started blurting out everything Stella had done, including how she had put on an act and made use of him.

He could not be bothered about being judged and embarrassing himself as his two friends were already aware of the kind of woman Stella was.

"F*ck, I knew about her past, but I dismissed it as her being young and ignorant. Besides, she was also not well-to-do then. However, now that I give her everything she wants, including a house and a car, and satisfy all her material needs, she even went overboard by using my money to hook up with another man... She still thinks that I don't know about it. I was the one who introduced that man to her, does she really think I wouldn't know? Does she really see me as a fool? That greedy woman..."

Even though Colton already knew that Stella wasn't a good person, he was still shocked after hearing what Burnham said.

He did not expect Stella to go to such an extent.

It seemed like they had underestimated the extent of that woman's greed and shamelessness.

As for Damian, he remained indifferent and did not speak. He did not even appear to be shocked, as if he wasn't listening to Burnham at all.

"Damian, what are you thinking about?"

Burnham looked over as well, but Damian merely shook his head. He took a puff at his cigarette and remained silent.

Feeling guilty, Burnham said, “Damian, did you and Wren end up in divorce because of that woman as well? I’m so sorry, if I had known earlier, I wouldn’t have let her create trouble for Wren. It’s all my fault...”

“That’s enough. Stop with the nonsense.”

Damian was not interested in listening to Burnham repenting.

He was, in fact, thinking of something else.

Colton frowned and asked, “What was the reason for your divorce? It can’t be because of Stella. Damian, was it your idea?”

Damian’s expression darkened slightly and replied after a brief pause, “Wren was the one who wanted it.”

“Why?”

Burnham was perplexed. “Didn’t she say that she would never divorce? Women are so fickle!”

After Damian shot a sharp glance at Burnham, he immediately changed his words. “That wasn’t what I meant! It’s just that it doesn’t really make sense to me. Is there some misunderstanding between you and Wren? If that’s the case, you should explain to her...”

“It’s not that.”

Even Damian himself was not exactly sure why they had ended up in divorce.

He too remembered Wrenna saying they would be together forever and would never separate. She had also proclaimed her undying love for him. As such, it was strange that the woman had given up on their marriage barely six months into it.

Damian wanted to know the reason more than anyone else.

In fact, he was extremely displeased that Wrenna had requested a divorce.

If it was in the past, Damian would have been cool even if Wrenna refused to get married or were to bring up a divorce. However, in the present situation, he had an inexplicable feeling of uneasiness in his heart.

Read Novel You’ll Fall For Me, Today Or Tomorrow Chapter 480

Chapter 480 You Look Beautiful When You Smile

As Damian was still pondering over the reason, Burnham suddenly said, "Damian, maybe it's not a bad thing that you two divorced, since you don't have feelings for Wrenna anyway. This might be better for both of you."

Damian froze at that comment and his face fell slightly. Colton managed to pick up that subtle change in his friend's expression and frowned.

"Damian, do you really not have any feelings for Wrenna?" he asked. However, Damian did not give them an answer. Not long after, he left the club. After the man left, Burnham, who was still there and confused, asked, "What's going on with him?"

Colton appeared to be in deep thought for a few seconds but did not reply, thinking how a few mistakes would have a great impact on one's life.

He shook his head and sighed as he was reminded of his own circumstances. Forget it, I should just stop thinking and continue drinking.

Meanwhile, when his chauffeur was about to drive off, Damian suddenly instructed him not to drive home. "Mr. Quigley, where would you like to head to?"

After a long pause, Damian finally muttered, "The Jackson family." "Pardon?"

The chauffeur didn't hear clearly as Damian's voice was too soft. However, Damian had already changed his mind. "Forget it, let's just go home." "Understood, Mr. Quigley."

Soon after, Damian arrived back at the Jackdaws Mansion and was greeted with a sense of tranquility. Julia, who came out to take a look, was dismissed by Damian.

After Damian headed upstairs to his room, he sat down at the edge of his bed. When he looked up, he saw his wedding picture, which was still hung on the wall, and froze.

In the picture, Wrenna was dressed in her wedding gown. Judging from the smile on her face and the way she looked at him, it was obvious how much she adored him.

Suddenly, Damian remembered that on the day when they took their wedding photos, Wrenna and the photography team had to wait a few hours for him to arrive. He also remembered feeling very bad about it.

Because of Damian's tight schedule, they took fewer photos than they had originally planned to. In the end, they had only taken a handful.

Also, Damian had not agreed to any overseas shoots or fanciful shoots, and Wrenna went along with his wishes. He remembered his mom telling him that wedding photos meant a lot to a woman.

She had even given him various ideas for the photoshoot, but Damian had rejected all of them. On one hand, he found it troublesome. On the other hand, he did not like taking photos. Besides, he did not really have time for that as well. Meanwhile, Wrenna did not seem to have any complaints about that. Even after waiting for him for a long time, she still wore a smile on her face.

Suddenly, Damian could feel his heart drop. Immediately, he stood up and searched for their wedding photos.

The photos were only enough to fill one album and it looked pathetic.

A sense of guilt washed over him as he realized what a jerk he was, to have let the daughter of the Jackson family marry him with only a few miserable wedding photos.

Damian let out a bitter laugh and put away the photos, before heading to the bathroom.

Meanwhile, Wrenna had spent her entire holidays attending tuition classes.

However, she also took some time off to rest.

During that period, Yaala and Clarissa had taken Wrenna along with them on their overseas trip, where they ate and shopped a lot.

Throughout the entire trip, not only did Wrenna manage to witness how loving her parents and her ex-in-laws, who were now also her godparents, were, she was also impressed by how crazy women could get during shopping trips.

It was difficult for Wrenna to get accustomed to that intensity as she had not gone shopping with her mom in years.

The two ladies were even competing for products with the rest of the shoppers in the duty free shop, citing the reason that anything that posed a challenge to obtain gave one more satisfaction.

Hearing that, Wrenna tried hard not to roll her eyes.

While she helped to carry the women's bags, all the two men were doing was to agree with their wives' purchases, giving only flattering comments.

Obviously, that made Yaala and Clarissa very happy.

"Hey, Clare, what do you think of this bag?" Yaala asked as she slung a small, black bag across her shoulders to show Clarissa how it looked on her.

"Hmm, I think it's just alright," Clarissa replied with a slight crease between her brows, but she shook her head moments later.

A sales assistant noticed the woman shaking her head and frowned, with a strange look in her eyes.

However, the two women did not notice the sales assistant, who was called over by another shopper shortly after.

“Hi, that bag... Try... I want...”

It was a middle-aged lady who spoke loudly in broken English. However, it was obvious that the sales assistant did not have much patience for her. Pretending not to hear her request, the sales assistant continued to serve the local customer whom she was serving earlier on.

Clarissa noticed the middle-aged lady who was struggling to express herself and decided to help her by translating her request.

However, the sales assistant seemed even more annoyed and replied in a hostile manner, “I’m sorry, you can’t try this. If you like it, you can just make a purchase.”

Clarissa cocked her brow when she heard that. Yaala, who was just beside her, overheard their conversation as well.

The two women glanced at the sales assistant, who could not be bothered with them. Just then, the middle-aged lady seemed to have realized the situation. A blush of embarrassment spread across her cheeks and she suddenly started yelling at the sales assistant.

“What do you mean by that? Are you looking down on me? Isn’t this just a bag? You don’t think I can afford it? I’m going to buy all the bags in your shop...”

The booming voice of the middle-aged lady attracted the attention of many other tourists, who did not seem very happy with the lady making a scene in the shop.

However, that lady was oblivious to her surroundings and carried on, “This shop assistant looks down on us. I only wanted to try that bag, but she rejected my request. In fact, right from the start, her attitude was already very bad... That lady over there can testify to that...”

The other tourists in the shop had mixed reactions towards what that woman said while the woman felt increasingly awkward.

The sales advisor did not respond to the lady’s accusations at all, but merely got the security guard to chase the woman out of the shop. Meanwhile, some of the other shoppers had taken out their phones and were taking videos.

Just when the majority of the crowd were convinced that it was the woman who was behaving in an uncivilized manner. In the meantime, Clarissa could no longer stand watching from the side, stepped in.

She grabbed the woman's arm and stopped the security guard from chasing her out of the shop. At the same time, she started explaining the actual situation to the others.

Good-looking people usually had the advantage of being more persuasive. After listening to Clarissa's explanation, most of the other tourists could feel their anger brewing. After all, that woman was their fellow countryman, and they were upset that she was being discriminated against. Many of them requested to speak to the store manager, and even the senior management.

Soon, the situation turned chaotic.

Shortly after, the store manager appeared and spoke politely to the shoppers, asking them to calm down. However, the manager was obviously on the sales assistant's side and did not address the unfair treatment given to the middle-aged lady.

That provoked the other tourists more and the situation became even more chaotic.

That was the first time Wrenna had encountered such a situation and she found it rather interesting. She also knew that with the two men around, no one would dare to take advantage of them.

However, she could not help feeling angry at the situation.

She had watched the entire drama unfold and was extremely displeased with how the major international brand had handled the situation. Not only did they take a tough stance and were only concerned with keeping the peace, but they also did not even bother to offer an apology.

Clarissa and Yaala did not react much when they were in the shop, but after they left the shop, the two women exchanged glances and sneered, before taking out their phones simultaneously.

That was the good thing about having mobile data while traveling. One never knew when it would come in handy.

Yaala, a well-known award-winning actress, and Clarissa, a famous screenwriter in the country, who was also Mrs. Tyson, both posted their thoughts on the incident on their social media accounts.

In less than half an hour, their social media accounts were already exploding with comments.

Everyone in the country, as well as some others who lived overseas, started talking about what a bully that shop was. Naturally, things did not spell good for the shop.

What mattered more was not the reputation of that small shop, but rather, the brand image of the self-proclaimed well-known international brand. When news traveled to the senior management, they knew that they were in trouble and the damage suffered by their brand might even be irreversible.

Even though they regretted not handling the matter with care when they had the chance to, it was too late for regrets.

In an attempt to make amends, the senior management approached Yaala and Clarissa, the ones who made the trending posts, and it was only then that they realized how influential they were.

Furthermore, Matthew was even acquainted with the big boss of the brand. In fact, the boss had contacted Matthew in the first instance, but Matthew kept beating around the bush and did not give him a direct answer as to whether they were willing to settle the matter peacefully.

After the call ended, Clarissa, who had been chuckling at the side while listening to the man's conversation, pounced on Matthew and gave him a few kisses.

"Hubby, you sounded so cool on the phone!"

Glancing at her coldly, the man replied, "You mean I'm usually not cool?"

"That's not what I meant of course. My hubby is the coolest! You have been cool since the day you were born and you'll always be the coolest man in my eyes..."

What a smooth talker!

Matthew let out a cold snort before pinching the woman's chin gently and kissing her on her lips.

However, Clarissa pushed him away after a while and said, "I'm tired. I'm gonna shower. Oh right, can you help to pack the stuff we bought today? Those boxes take up too much space. We should take the items out and dispose of the boxes. But some are gifts, so don't unwrap those..."

After Clarissa gave her instructions, she went into the bathroom.

Meanwhile, Matthew remained seated on the spot. He was just feeling horny before Clarissa stopped his advancements. Now she was even asking him to pack their luggage?

How could he, the president of the Tyson Corporation, be ordered to do such things?

She's asking me to unwrap her purchases?

Matthew's expression hardened as he let out a snort. One moment later, he stood up and removed his clothes while entering the bathroom.

Just then, Clarissa's screams could be heard from the bathroom. She tried resisting but ended up giving in, and her screams gradually turned into moaning sounds...

When Clarissa came out of the bathroom, she fell asleep on the bed immediately.

As for Matthew, after putting on his pajamas, he headed to the living room of their presidential suite and started unwrapping the boxes and packing their luggage.

On the plane back home, an attractive young man who was seated next to Wrenna kept talking to her and was obviously hitting on her.

However, Wrenna did not reciprocate his interest and merely responded half-heartedly.

When she looked up, she saw Clarissa leaning on Matthew's shoulder, while Matthew had his arms around Clarissa, gazing at her affectionately.

Meanwhile, beside the couple were her parents. Her dad was smiling and flattering her mom. From what Wrenna remembered, her dad had always acted in such a manner around her mom, and she used to think that her dad was really useless. However, after she grew up, she knew that that was his way of loving his wife.

After all, everyone had different methods when expressing love.

Love came in different forms.

However, if there was no love, no matter how hard one tried to pretend, things would never work.

Love was also not the same as habit.

As if something just struck her, Wrenna suddenly smiled.

The young man beside her had his eyes lit up as he commented, "Miss, you look beautiful when you smile."

Wrenna's smile broadened when she heard that. Tilting her head, she looked towards the young man and replied, "Really? You have good taste."