

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

## Chapter 481

### Chapter 481 A Long Talk On The Phone

After getting off the plane, the handsome guy was still trying to strike up a conversation with Wrenna. "Hey, sweetheart. Where do you live? Want to come with me? I can take you home..."

Wrenna shook her head. "I live with my parents." The guy looked around her, and he was met with an interrogative gaze from Henry and the rest. Instantly, he smiled wryly and dropped the topic. Deep down, he felt such a pity not being able to get in touch further with Wrenna.

Upon leaving the airport and getting into the car, Henry queried, "Did you like the guy just now? He's quite good-looking, though seemed a little childish."

Wrenna burst into laughter while shaking her head. "Dad, what are you thinking? He's not my type. Moreover, he's still in high school!" "Age isn't a problem. It's just that guys at that age are very playful."

Seeing that his daughter was not offended by the remark, Henry decided to go more in-depth. "What I intended to say is that you're still very young. Don't rush into a relationship, and don't you think about getting married again. After all, you've entered into a marriage once. I bet you're not that curious about this aspect now. So, there's no need to be anxious about these things, right? It's not too late to wait till you're thirty."

Yaala rolled her eyes at Henry. "Thirty?"

Henry gave her a fawning smile. "Oh well, whatever age you say, Honey. However, not too early please. I'll miss my girl dearly."

Selfishly, Henry did not want Wrenna to get married too early. He already had a taste of it once when he was forced to honor what Yaala had promised the Tysons.

At that time, he consoled himself that it was not a bad thing for Wrenna to marry into the Tyson family, who was a family friend. However, since the couple was now divorced, Henry wanted to keep his daughter with him as long as possible.

Yaala responded, "I don't have an opinion on that. It's her own decision to make when she's ready." "Honey, you're always right. Take it easy, Wren," Henry uttered. However, he had made up his mind to have another chat with Wrenna and advise her accordingly.

Actually, Wrenna had no intention to consider starting a new relationship or walking into marriage within the next few years. Meanwhile, Clarissa and Matthew were back. They invited Damian over for a meal at Zen Highlands.

Initially, Clarissa refused to meet her son because he divorced Wrenna. She now had a slight change of heart after being away for such a long time.

"We visited your sister, Leia. She's a sensible girl, and never upsets me." Damian could only let out a thin smile at that comment, which was targeted at him.

"Wren was so thoughtful and sweet throughout the entire trip. Thankfully, I've taken her as my goddaughter. Both you and Leia aren't comparable to her. She's the best. Since I can't have her as my daughter-in-law, the only consolation is to have her as my goddaughter. It turns out to be an even better idea..."

Clarissa continued, "Wren is so gorgeous. There were so many guys trying to hit on her. If I were a man, I'd fall head over heels for her too. During the flight back, there was a young fellow chasing after her. He's a minor. Oh dear, he's a hot and stunning one too..."

Originally, Clarissa wanted to cause Damian some distress with those words. In the end, she got carried away when speaking about the attractive guy. Catching the excitement in her tone, Matthew shot her a sharp gaze.

Immediately, she zipped her mouth tightly shut.

Then, she added, "Don't misinterpret my message. I have to go into details for the sake of our son. You understand my good intentions, right?"

Matthew did not know to laugh or to get angry at her. "A hot and stunning guy? So cute that you want to pinch him?"

"Um... No, it's just a figure of speech. I was exaggerating. Deep down, I can't be bothered about the way he looked," Clarissa explained herself in a solemn manner.

Matthew cackled and dropped the subject.

Judging from her expression, I wonder if she meant what she said."

Damian could not hold back his boisterous laugh.

Mom is undeniably the one who wears the pants in the house. Yet, Dad's occasional stern face does have an effect on her. It's just that he never really settles the score with his beloved.

Damian's guffaw attracted unpleasant attention from his mother.

Oops, I forgot that my existence doesn't hold any importance in this household.

In trepidation, he stopped laughing. After being exasperated by both Matthew and Damian, Clarissa took out her frustration on her son.

"What's so funny, Damian? You should be examining yourself. How could you make a young and lovely girl put up with your awful personality that she asked for a divorce? You're really good for nothing. Do you plan to stay single for the rest of your life? Wren is such an amazing girl, but you didn't treasure her. You might as well go look for that Lane woman and cut off ties with us. I'll just take it that I have one son less..." Clarissa grumbled continuously.

Damian could only stay quiet obediently as he patiently waited for Clarissa to finish venting.

After the meal, Damian scanned through the piles of presents and souvenirs bought by Clarissa and realized that he had none. At that moment, the harsh reality sank in; he truly had no place in the family.

Thereafter, he left Zen Highlands for Jackdaws Mansion.

Returning to his room, he noticed that Wrenna packed up thoroughly, and did not leave a single personal belonging behind.

He was not sure how he actually felt about it at that instant, but waves of dejection gradually crept upon him.

Time flew by during the holidays. Soon, it was time for Wrenna to return to the dorm. She went back a day earlier to spring clean the room.

When Xandra and the other girls arrived at the dorm, they realized that they had missed each other like crazy after being separated for quite a while.

They shared some local delicacies as well as stories that happened during their holidays. Just like that, the girls became even closer with one another.

"I made a new friend on the way back to campus. He's not from our school, but a senior from a neighboring school. I find him quite cute..." Blushing, Dora did not bother to hide her true feelings.

When it was Wrenna's turn to share, she jokingly talked about her how some foreign guys tried to flirt with her.

"What? Why didn't you pick one? It's enchanting to have a long-distance relationship. Moreover, the other party is a hot dude! Do you have any photos?"

Wrenna fished for her phone. "We did take a couple of photos. I didn't say no..."

"Oo-la-la... Show me! Show me!" The three girls gathered around her and started commenting on the guys in each photo.

This one looks dapper. That one has a pair of mesmerizing eyes. This one has a well-toned body...

Dora turned green with envy. "If only I have what it takes, I'd travel internationally and knock myself out meeting different handsome guys. I want a romantic fling too. I'm willing to take the initiative instead of being passive. Well, why not?"

Xandra jeered at her, "We have a lot of foreigners in D City. In fact, we don't lack any attractive men here. Why didn't you do that?"

Dora smiled awkwardly at her. "Hehe... I think it is too embarrassing."

"Isn't it embarrassing too to pick up guys in another country?"

"Yes, it is better to do that overseas."

"Hahahaha..." All of them let out a hearty laugh just like old times.

Later on, when Wrenna's major was brought up, everybody heaved a long sigh.

"Wren, you don't have to change dorm, but are you sure you want to switch your major to economics?"

"Yup, it's confirmed and I'm very sure of it. I still have two more years to go. So, I think it's going to fly past real fast as long as I persist through it."

"Hmm... You're going to work very hard, I presume. I haven't seen you with such grit in the past. Now that you're showing us a different side of you, I can't tell if it's good or bad."

Wrenna said under her breath, "At least there's a beginning and an end. I'm taking responsibility for my actions."

"Huh?" The girls could not hear her clearly.

Wrenna smiled without saying a word.

"Shall we go out to eat now?" They happily decided to go for a meal at a small eatery nearby.

They were in such a good mood that they had a few drinks. A cold beer was not only loved by men during hot summer; women seemed to enjoy them too.

When they returned to the dorm, Wrenna was comparatively soberer than the others. She sat on the chair, feeling a little tipsy and bored.

Meanwhile, Dora plucked up her courage and dialed the number of her newfound handsome friend. She was going to confess her feelings that night.

Wrenna heard Dora's giggles, and it put a sweet smile on her face. Then, she reached out for the water and downed a few glasses.

Right then, her phone rang. Wrenna was taken aback to see the name on the screen. Since the girls were chattering away noisily in the room, she took the call outside.

Finally, she answered the call by the window of the hallway. "Damian?"

"Yup, it's me. Are you asleep?"

"Not yet, not so early. Are you just getting off work?" She heard Johannes' voice in the background.

"Yea, I just finished work and haven't had dinner. I'm quite hungry actually..."

"Oh? You'd better go get something to eat."

Damian replied, "Though I'm hungry, I don't know what to eat. In addition, I don't have much appetite."

"Then, you should just head home and get Cora to make you some sandwiches. Eat something light..." Wrenna gave him a few suggestions and advice.

Damian noted her ideas, "All right, I will. Don't worry, I'll ask Johannes to inform Cora. What about you? What did you have for dinner?"

"I went to an eatery nearby with my friends. We ordered a few simple dishes and had some beer too."

With that, the two of them started a simple conversation. Wrenna tried to wrap things up a few times, but Damian did not seem to have the intention to hang up.

He kept initiating different topics to keep the conversation going. Even after arriving home, he was still chatting with Wrenna while eating.

She was kind of baffled as to what he was trying to do. Yet, she went along with it.

After what seemed like forever, Wrenna went back to the dorm and made a request upon lying down on her bed. “Damian, it’s late. The lights are off now in the dorm. I should go to bed soon.”

“Oh, okay. Rest well then.”

“Goodnight, Damian.”

“Goodnight.”

Finally, he hung up. Wrenna’s phone was heating up due to the few hours of long phone calls. It was definitely her first time doing that.

## **Read Novel You’ll Fall For Me, Today Or Tomorrow**

### **Chapter 482**

#### **Chapter 482 The Joker**

When Wrenna hung up the phone, the girls in her dorm were still wide awake. They knew that Wrenna was on the phone with Damian. However, they were astonished that they spoke for so long!

That’s really weird. These two have never done anything like that before or after getting married. Now that they’re officially divorced, do they have endless topics to talk about now? Obviously, something fishy is going on.

They were waiting patiently to talk about this matter. As soon as she ended the call, Dora popped the question. “Wren, why did you two talk for so long? It’s the direct opposite of when you were in a relationship with him. It’s almost two hours. Aren’t your ears tired? I’m surprised your phone didn’t explode.”

Wrenna fell silent. She was unsure how to respond. “What’s going on, Wren? Haven’t you gotten over Mr. Quigley?”

“I think Damian is the one acting strange here. Wren has always had feelings for him. How could she just erase everything in a flash? The thing is that Damian was the one who called her first and went on talking to her for hours. Don’t you think that it’s weird? Wren, what is he thinking?”

Wrenna was dumbstruck. “I have no idea. Maybe he’s just bored.”

“He called you up because he was bored? Then, who did he call when he felt bored last time? I’ve never seen him being so keen. I’m pretty sure something is off. You’d better beware, Wren.”

“Beware of what?”

“That he wants to make up!”

Wrenna chuckled. “You girls think too much. Damian and I are divorced. I’m not his type. We’re just god siblings. At most, we’re a pair of close god siblings. It’s impossible for us to be together again. Anyhow, once bitten twice shy, so I won’t consider that possibility.”

“If that’s what you’re thinking, I’m relieved. Never look back, Wren. Instead, you should look around for more options on campus. In the near future, I’m certain you’ll find a better man. If nothing works out, I’ll introduce my fellow acquaintance to you. Just make do with it. He’s from my hometown...”

“Shh... Dora, how can one make do when it comes to an important matter like this? You’re overthinking things. I can’t even cope with my studies now, let alone develop a relationship. We shall see once I’ve successfully completed the two-year program and graduate with a degree.”

They pondered for a while.

It’s true. Wrenna is so busy nowadays. She can’t even find time to juggle with her studies.

At first, Wrenna found Damian’s action strange too. However, after talking it out with the girls, she made up her mind to prioritize her studies.

She was not very interested in economics. Therefore, studying the course was quite a challenge for her. In order to graduate, she needed to go the extra mile and put in a lot more effort.

I don’t want to bear the shame of getting my family to support me financially if I fail to graduate.

The following day, Wrenna attended her lecture formally. She met some new coursemates as well as the counselor. Upon learning more about her schedules, she realized that she would not have much free time to socialize. She had set her mind to be utterly focused and serious from the very first lecture. She was so hardworking that her world only revolved around her studies.

With Wrenna turning over a new leaf, her good influence had rubbed off on her friends. Gradually, they also became more enthusiastic in their studies.

Not many of Wrenna’s coursemates were as attentive and hardworking like her.

It had been a while since Stella resigned from her previous company. Recently, she succeeded in becoming the CEO of a particular company.

Apparently, the only reason why the most authoritative director of the said company appointed her as the CEO was because they were having a fling.

Many people within the business world were tacitly aware of the constant rumors involving Stella and Nigel Lourdel, the company director. Burnham hit the ceiling, and he was extremely embarrassed upon knowing Stella cheated on him. Above all, he was really disappointed in her.

He was wrong about Stella. Initially, he justified her actions as being young and ignorant. Later on, he realized that she was just downright greedy and over ambitious.

After getting what she desired, Stella decided to come clean with Burnham. She asked him out for the first time after half a month of not contacting each other.

Burnham suspected that Stella would resort to being frank with him. However, he did not expect it to happen so soon.

When Stella got out of a flashy sports car in her lavish clothing, Burnham knew at once that she was a changed person.

As far as he could recall, Stella was a bubbly and vibrant person in her younger days. Though she always had low self-esteem, she lived with dignity.

As years went by, she became more charming and confident, especially after she returned from abroad.

Burnham started seeing through her layers of disguise and discovered her true colors. Eventually, Burnham realized that there was nothing unique about her when compared with other hypocritical women.

Although she indulged in an extravagant lifestyle, and everything she wore was very costly, she had turned into a despicable person.

"Burnham." Stella strode toward him and took the seat opposite. She looked awful as if she had been suffering from guilt and pain.

Burnham remained unfazed, but let out a wry smile deep down.

He kept quiet, waiting for Stella to speak first.

Moments later, Stella gave him a bitter smile.



“Burnham, as you’ve possibly known, I won’t justify for myself. I’ve tried and worked on our relationship, but I can no longer fool myself. I know that you’re a very good man and that I should love you. But...” Stella shook her head with an anguished look on her face.

“But I have to be true to my feelings. I’m sorry, I...” Tears rolled down her face, painting a picture that she felt so horrible for what she had done to Burnham.

She looked as if she was in great affliction. It was written all over her face that she could not force herself to love a man whom she had no feelings for.

Seeing how she bawled her eyes out, Burnham’s lip twitched. “You don’t love me, do you?”

“I’m sorry. I really am...”

He shook his head and let out a thin smile. “There’s no need for an apology. We can’t force love. So, do you love Nigel Lourdel?”

“I... I’m not sure. I’m so confused. However, he does make me feel happy sometimes.”

“Happy? Do you mean when he bought you the villa? Or when he gifted you that expensive car outside? Or was it when he handpicked you as the CEO of his company?”

Flabbergasted, Stella put on a face to show how hurt she was by his words.

“What are you talking about, Burnham? Is this who I am in your eyes? Am I a person who will discard my dignity for a big house and a car? Are you implying that Mr. Lourdel would simply leave his company in the hands of a woman like me? Is this how you see me?”

Burnham said nothing. Hence, Stella took it as he was ashamed of what he said to her.

Shaking her head, she sobbed. “Burnham, it’s true that I came from a lowly family, and I’ve always lacked money. But, I work hard and put in the effort to get what I want. All that I possess today, I’ve attained it on my own accord. Why did you think of me as a rotten person? Is this how you show love to me?”

Burnham still did not utter a single word.

Upon bombarding him with a series of rhetorical questions, Stella calmed herself down. Then, she continued explaining, “I don’t have my own place despite being the CEO of the company. Thus, Mr. Lourdel allowed me to temporarily stay in his villa. That vehicle is also a company car. In return, I need to work hard and show my capability. I’m not a filthy woman like how you’ve described me. Mr. Lourdel and I are on equal footing. As

for our relationship, it's got nothing to do with my job nor the material things given to me."

Arching his brow, Burnham stated, "I've wronged you."

"We've known each other for years. Don't you know me?"

Of course I do.

"In that case, I congratulate you for becoming a CEO. A bright future awaits you."  
Burnham did not bother to say further.

"Don't tease me. I can't let Mr. Lourdel down. He expects a lot from me. So, I have to weigh each step before making a decision. As for the both of us, Burnham, I hope that we can be good friends despite not able to stay as an item. Everything will just be like how things were when we first met. Can you promise me that?"

"Promise you to still be friends?"

"Yes, just friends."

Smiling, Burnham did not answer. Stella, on the other hand, assumed that he had agreed to her suggestion.

She heaved a sigh of relief.

Well, well, Burnham is still a silly guy. What a softie! He will just believe everything I say as long as I pick the right words and shed some tears.

In actual fact, Burnham's smile was an indication that it had finally struck him and he finally understood why Damian had kept quiet even after seeing Stella's true color. He had never exposed her nor talk bad about her to others.

It's a real treat seeing how she performed various tricks right before my eyes, thinking that she is able to fool all men.

It was at that moment that Burnham made up his mind not to expose Stella.

Let's see how far will she go. Does she think that she can keep me as a guy to fall back on? Or is she planning on an alternative in case her grand plan fails?

Whatever the outcome, Stella had thought too highly of herself when the joke was actually on her.

After being taken advantage of for years, Burnham's only consolation was to watch how Stella made a fool out of herself.

“Sure, we’re still friends. Stella, as your friend, I wish you nothing, but the best. Just make sure that you find your Mr. Right. It doesn’t have to be me in the end because I truly love you.”

Burnham’s acting skills were not too bad either. The way he gazed at her affectionately brought about a sparkle in her eyes.

Smiling smugly, she leaned forward and grabbed his hands. They locked eyes with each other, but both were scheming something in their hearts.

“Oh right, Burnham, we should get together sometimes. Damian and Wrenna are now divorced, so I’m not a threat to their relationship anymore. I do want to patch things up with Damian, not as his lover, but as an old friend.”

## **Read Novel You’ll Fall For Me, Today Or Tomorrow**

### **Chapter 483**

#### **Chapter 483 He Has To Prepare Dowry**

After Stella returned to the country, she approached him, saying they could still be friends even though they were not a couple. Initially, Burnham was unclear of her intention. Now that he was no longer blinded by love, he finally managed to see through her.

That woman was no different than a two-timer. All she wanted was to find herself backups. By flirting with all those men, she could make use of them for her own advantage.

In fact, she had gotten into contact and hooked up with Nigel by using Burnham’s connections. It would bring her more advantage to use Damian’s connections, and it would be all the better if she could get back with him.

Hence, she would not give up on her goal of becoming Damian’s wife, at least not before she found another more powerful and wealthier man.

With a half-smile, Burnham agreed to her request. “Sure. I’ll ask him when I see him. But as you know, Damian and I have not seen each other for quite a while because of our relationship. I’m afraid he’ll be mad at me.”

Hearing that, Stella’s expression stiffened. She then forced a smile and said, “I’m sorry, Burnham. It’s all my fault.” “Never mind. Damian and I are buddies. He won’t be mad at me for long. I’ll try to contact him later,” Burnham said smilingly.

The two had a meal before Stella left. Burnham watched as her luxury car drove off. The warm smile on his face disappeared, replaced by a sarcastic one.

After leaving the restaurant, he gave Damian a call. "Damian, I met Stella just now, and she knew you're divorced. It seems to me that she's still trying to get back with you. You'd better be careful."

Damian frowned and replied coldly, "I got it." After having seen his ruthlessness, it was unlikely that Stella would take the initiative to come and look for him.

Hence, he supposed she only intended to repair their relationship through Burnham. After ending the call, he put Stella at the back of his mind and started thinking about Wrenna, whom he had not met for some time.

That afternoon, he rearranged his schedule with Johannes before heading straight to D University.

Wrenna's class just ended when she received Damian's call. She then followed her classmates to the canteen and was discouraged by the sight of the long queue.

In the end, she quickly left the canteen for the school gate.

Damian was leaning against his car. He looked fresh despite standing under the blistering sun.

Many ladies were tempted to hit on him but were unnerved by his aloofness.

"Damian," Wrenna called out while she trotted toward him.

"I'm standing right here. There's no need to run."

Damian wiped the sweat on her forehead and then helped tidy her hair rather intimately.

Instantly, Wrenna was taken aback at the intimacy.

"Is it your lunch break now? I was meeting a client nearby, so I've decided to come and have lunch with you," Damian said with a smile.

"Oh, sure! So, what do you want to eat?"

"Since you're more familiar with this place, you decide."

Wrenna thought for a while and eventually chose a restaurant nearby the university. After all, she could not really bring him to a small eatery.

At the restaurant, they ordered a pizza and some side dishes.

"Damian, the food here is plain and simple. I'm afraid you won't like them."

Damian let out a chuckle before he explained, "Oh, Wren, I'm not that picky. Sometimes when I'm hungry, I'll grab whatever food as long as it feels my tummy. I can eat whatever you eat."

Wrenna was surprised that he would explain on such a small matter.

"Oh, okay..." She then fell into silence, not knowing what to say.

On the other hand, it seemed like Damian had a lot to say that day. "So, how's school? Can you still catch up?"

"Well, I can still understand since I've been going for tuition. If I study harder, I think I can catch up pretty soon." Mirth appeared in Wrenna's eyes, and she gradually became more talkative. "Although it could be boring sometimes, it gives me a sense of accomplishment. I feel motivated whenever I think of how I'll graduate one day. This is the first time I've ever done something with such determination. If I can really graduate, that means I'm not that stupid after all."

Gazing at the grin on her face, Damian sighed internally. "Wren, you don't need to force yourself."

Since they were divorced, he thought she did not need to force herself to study anymore. After all, she only chose that major because of him.

Although he did not put it bluntly, Wrenna instantly understood what he meant.

She shook her head and chuckled. "Damian, I know what you mean. Indeed, I chose this major because of you and because I wanted to compare myself with Stella, but I've moved on since the day we divorced. Now, I'm studying for myself. After all, I've got to learn to stand on my feet and not to give up easily. Who knows, perhaps I can really graduate without the help from you and my parents."

"All right, then." Damian did not feel relieved at all after hearing her explanation. Instead, it left him feeling deflated.

He felt like his heart was being tied into a knot after knowing that she had gotten over him.

Since their divorce, he was constantly frustrated and depressed.

If this continued, it would not surprise him if he would die of frustration one day.

Soon, Damian decided to change the topic. "I heard from Mom that you seldom contact her lately. She thought you were busy, so she doesn't want to disturb you. You can give her a video call or pay her a visit at Zen Highlands whenever you have the time."

Wrenna nodded. "Well, I was quite busy recently. My class ends early tomorrow, so I'll call Aunt Clarissa tomorrow night. I remember she promised to make me something delicious..."

Once again, Damian was cast down when he heard her calling Aunt Clarissa instead of Mom.

For some reason, it made him feel awful.

"What's wrong? Do you not like the food?" asked Wrenna upon noticing his furrowed brows. She was worried that the food did not suit his taste.

Damian flashed her a smile and denied, "No. The food is great. Let's dig in."

He did not want to occupy her resting time. After the meal, he drove her back to university so she could still have time to take a nap in her hostel.

Wrenna did not think much, for she thought Damian was really meeting his client nearby.

The next day, she promised to visit Clarissa at Zen Highlands.

The two of them caught up with one another while enjoying some yogurt that Charissa made.

Although they were no longer mother-and-daughter in-laws, their relationship somehow got closer. Despite having a generation gap, they could really click with each other.

They even planned to prepare new dishes for dinner together.

At five, Damian suddenly showed up at Zen Highlands.

"Damian? You didn't tell me you would be back today." Clarissa gazed quizzically at her son.

Damian smiled helplessly at his mother. "Mom, couldn't I come back to my home? Cora has returned to her hometown, so I'm here for dinner."

"Can't you go to a restaurant instead? We don't have any food for you. Besides, didn't you always get off work late? Why are you home so early today?"

"Well, I came home directly after meeting a client outside."

"I see..."

Clarissa said nothing but smiled wryly, obviously not convinced.

“Damian, it’s rare that you get off work so early. Don’t worry. We have more than enough food for you,” Wrenna uttered smilingly, for she knew Clarissa was only kidding.

Clarissa rolled her eyes at her son, thinking he was annoying.

I should’ve given birth to all daughters instead of having a son.

“Wren, since you’re my goddaughter, you can just treat Damian like your own brother.”

“All right,” Wrenna readily agreed and flashed Damian a smile.

Damian’s lips twitched, and his chest felt heavy.

“From now on, I’ll treat you as my own daughter. Since Damian is now your brother, he should treat both you and Leia equally by preparing a dowry for you when you remarry.”

Damian clenched his chest that felt all the tighter. Regardless, the two women did not even bother about him.

“Aunt Clarissa, there’s no need…”

“Uh-uh! He’s your brother, of course he needs to contribute the dowry.” Clarissa turned to face her son. “Damian, do you hear me?”

Damian pursed his lips. He would rather he did not hear it.

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### **Chapter 484**

#### **Chapter 484 Love You To The Core**

Thinking of how he suddenly had an additional sister and even had to prepare dowry for her in the future, Damian felt like cursing very badly.

Nonetheless, as the civilized president of Tyson Corporation, he could not bring himself to spit vulgarities in the presence of his family members.

Due to that, he was aggrieved and frustrated, yet he could not explain why he felt this way. Throughout dinner, he listened to Wrenna call him with a gentle voice. “Damian, help me serve the food. Oh yeah, it seems like you’re no longer that busy recently.”

Damian very much wanted to say that one sister was more than enough for him. But Wrenna’s bright smile made him unable to put forth those words. After dinner, Clarissa followed Matthew along for a stroll in the yard while Wrenna and Damian sat in the living room.

The two barely talked to each other as Wrenna had been busy with her phone. Taking a casual glance at Wrenna's phone, Damian could not help but advise, "Wren, don't keep looking at your phone. It's bad for your neck."

Wrenna smiled. "I've only played for a while. Don't worry as I don't spend that much time on my phone." Damian went quiet. Deep down, he was feeling vexed, but he saw no response from Wrenna.

In the end, he still could not hold himself back and broke the silence. "Wren, have you gotten used to school? Are the lessons difficult? Do you have problems following them? Are you getting along well with your teachers and classmates?"

"Hahaha!" Wrenna finally stopped fiddling with her phone and burst into unstoppable laughter. Unsure of the meaning of her action, Damian frowned. "You've already asked me those questions yesterday when we had our meal together. Have you forgotten?"

His lips twitched as he instantly felt awkward. Seeing his expression, Wrenna smiled. "Is it boring? How about we have a chat? What do you want to talk about?"

Damian did not want to engage in any conversation. "Just continue playing with your phone." After a slight hesitation, he stood up and decided to walk away. But before he left, he asked, "Do you need me to send you back to school?"

"Oh... sure. It's time I should leave too. Give me a second; I'll tell Aunt Clarrisa before I leave." However, Damian grabbed her hand and pulled her along toward the outside of the house.

"You don't have to do that. She'll know when she doesn't see you in the house. Besides, there're so many people at home. They'll tell her about it."

Exasperated, Wrenna could only follow along.

After getting in the car, Wrenna fastened her seatbelt. Meanwhile, Damian sat in the driver's seat, seemingly in a trance. He instinctively rubbed his right hand, the hand that he had used to hold Wrenna's hand earlier.

What a soft and smooth hand that is. And it's so tiny in my palm. How cute.

"Damian? Did you forget something?"

Her gentle voice brought Damian back to his senses.

Remaining silent, he started the car engine and drove off.

When Clarissa and Matthew returned home, the two younger ones had already left for a long time.



Clarissa snorted, giving off a look that she had expected for that to happen.

“That rascal. Why is he still so enthusiastic when they’ve already divorced? What was he doing before the divorce then? Wasn’t he busy with work all the time then? I don’t buy that sh\*t!”

Clarissa never believed that Damian got off work earlier by coincidence, nor the excuse of Cora returning home for personal matters either. She clearly knew that was not the case as she had called Cora in the afternoon.

That rascal is obviously doing all that for Wrenna.

Indeed, Clarissa was a mother. As such, she knew her son very well.

Looking at Matthew, she sat beside him and placed her arms on his shoulders, smiling pretentiously.

“Matthew, it’s no wonder why Damian is your son. He’s exactly like the younger you, unwilling to speak his mind and even puts on an act...”

Matthew turned to look at Clarissa.

“Of course he is my son.”

“Pfft! That’s not my main point. Why can’t you two speak whatever you have on your mind? You guys throw the cool front to outsiders, but in fact, you all are really-”

Before she could finish speaking, Matthew suddenly turned his body, causing her to fall into his embrace.

Taking advantage of the situation, Matthew hugged her tightly, lowered his head, pinched her chin, and said in a deep voice, “Clare, do you not like me that way? Do you not like me acting cool?”

Holding back her laughter, Clarissa put on a solemn expression and replied, “Hmph! No, I don’t. It was so hard to read you. Do you remember how I’d always rejected your pursuit?”

“Can’t read me? Or are you just too much in love with me?”

“Definitely not!”

“Haha!” Matthew sneered.

Clarissa pulled Matthew on his ear with force and explained, “Let me repeat. I’m not deep in love with you back then. Do you understand?”

Matthew had a smug look on his face. "What about now?"

Clarissa pursed her lips tight, unwilling to answer his question.

Right then, Matthew suddenly planted a kiss on her lips. "How about this?"

Clarissa's lips quirked a little but did not respond.

Matthew planted yet another kiss.

This time, Clarissa smiled. He immediately followed with another kiss that lasted longer than the previous one.

Unable to suppress her feelings any longer, she burst into a smile, which Matthew quickly sucked up with his kiss. The two were so engrossed in the steamy session that they were reluctant to part.

The maids in the house had wanted to inform them something but instead saw the loving couple kissing. They were, nonetheless, unfazed by the scene because they were too used to their display of affection.

The two continued acting all lovey-dovey for a long time before their lips parted ways.

Smiling, Clarissa pinched Matthew on his ears.

"I love you to the core. Okay?"

He reservedly replied, "Great."

The two exchanged smiles before Clarissa went back to the topic. "What I've said earlier was true, right? He was quite a jerk when he was married to her, but what is he trying to do now? Don't tell me he wants reconciliation when they're divorced now? I'm don't think he looks like he loves Wren at all. If he hurts Wren again, I'll take action before Henry does! I'll cut him off and give birth to another one instead!"

Hearing that, Matthew smiled. "Do you need my help?"

Somehow, those words sounded extremely weird coming out of his mouth.

Clarissa suspiciously glared at Matthew, who lifted his lips into a smirk before prancing onto her and biting her ear. He whispered something into her ear, which garnered her coquettish response, pushing him away, and whined, "Matthew! Stop fooling around!"

And what followed was Matthew getting into action...

He was truly an old man going strong.

.....

Meanwhile, after arriving at Wrenna's school, Damian walked her in.

The path back to the dorm at night was not only quiet but filled with sensual and romantic air too.

Many couples were in the surrounding, holding hands, hugging, and even kissing.

Damian's face turned slightly awkward at that sight.

Are all young people so bold these days?

Being very familiar with such sights in school, Wrenna was rather unbothered by it.

All that was in her mind was the preparations she had to do for classes tomorrow. That was her usual thought process whenever she was in silence.

"Wren?"

Attributing Wrenna's quietness to her being embarrassed as well, Damian decided to change the topic and divert her attention.

He then proceeded to pull her by her hand after seeing that she did not respond. But in reality, Wrenna did not hear him.

She was caught off-guard and turned around to look at him in surprise.

Damian looked at her and wanted to say something, yet swallowed his words back. When he was about to speak again, someone broke the silence.

"Wrenna?" The voice was full of hostility and hatred.

Wrenna was stunned and looked in the direction where the voice sounded. Before she and Damian could react, a tight slap landed on her face.

Slap!

Just as the girl wanted to serve another slap, Damian hastily pushed her away and pulled Wrenna into his embrace to protect her.

"Wren..."

The girl had probably used all the strength she had that not only was Wrenna's cheek in burning pain, there was also a red slap mark on it.

Damian was both furious and heartbroken.

“Wrenna! You shameless woman and a bloody tra\*p!” The girl began yelling and interrogating.

Wrenna looked in the direction of the girl. Though the latter seemed a little familiar to her, she could not immediately tell who she was.

“Who are you?”

After a slight pause, the girl flew into rage again.

“Stop acting in front of me. I’m Jayden’s girlfriend. Hah, no. Thanks to you, I’ve been dumped. Technically, I’m his ex-girlfriend now. Wrenna, what a whore you are! You said you don’t like Jayden, yet you have ruined our relationship! You filthy b\*tch! Oh, you here... I bet you don’t know how cheap Wrenna is, huh? I’ll advise you to come to your senses quickly! She’s a tra\*p, a lowly whore!”

The girl’s high-pitched voice attracted the attention of the people around.

Looking grim, Damian snarled, “Shut up! Wren is my wife, and she has no relationship whatsoever with your boyfriend. If you’re continuing to act this way, I won’t be nice to you even if you’re a student.”

“Wife? Then your wife has cheated-”

“Shut up, Bertilla.”

Appearing out of nowhere, Jayden furiously cut her off. “How many times do you want me to tell you that our breakup has nothing to do with Wrenna? We’re simply incompatible.”

“Incompatible? You’re still so protective of her? Just look at her; she’s a whore. Mister, this is the guy your wife is having an affair with. It’s best if you leave her earlier to avoid getting cheated on again.”

## **Read Novel You’ll Fall For Me, Today Or Tomorrow Chapter 485**

### **Chapter 485 Anger**

As Bertilla was only trying to make things turn uglier, Jayden decisively dragged her away from the scene. Argument and cursing continued even as they strode off far away.

By then, Wrenna's face had swelled up due to the slap. The onlookers were busy whispering amongst themselves while sizing them up. Suppressing his anger, Damian headed out while pulling Wrenna along. "Damian, what are you doing? I have to return to the dorm now."

Nevertheless, he did not answer and only broke his silence when they got back into his car. "Wrenna, is this the reason you wanted a divorce? Even if you wanted to find yourself a man, there's no need to get involved with that dude who doesn't have a clean break with his ex-girlfriend. Did you not think properly? What's good in that kind of man? If I know you'll do this, I won't even agree to a divorce!"

"No, I-" "You don't need to explain to me." Damian was still seething in anger and not in the mood for any explanation. "I'm no longer your husband, so there's no need for you to clarify anything."

Instantly, the atmosphere in the car sank. Wrenna returned to her usual cold and aloof self, while Damian was no better too. "Thank you for sending me back. I'll head back to the dorm now. Goodbye."

Just as Wrenna was about to get off the car, she found the car door locked. Damian started the car engine, and coldly muttered, "Let's go home to treat your face first."

"There's no need for that." He continued driving the car, pretending not to hear what she said. Hence, Wrenna did not insist and turned her head away to look outside. The lights along the streets formed a straight line as the car sped through the roads.

The dark sky outside clearly reflected her expressionless face on the car window. It was remarkable that at that point, she could remain expressionless and emotionless while sitting beside Damian after getting snarled at and misunderstood by him.

Right, there's nothing I need to explain. The gloomy atmosphere in the car remained and went on till they arrived at Jackdaws Mansion. When Cora saw Wrenna following behind Damian into the house, she was astonished. "Mrs. Quigley, you're back?"

"Cora, stop calling me Mrs. Quigley." "Oh... Ms. Jackson, what happened to your face?"

Damian interjected, "Help get her treated." He then headed downstairs upon putting forth his instructions. Left behind, Wrenna smiled awkwardly. "Actually, it's not that serious. Cora, sorry to trouble you."

"No worries, Mrs... Ms. Jackson. Hold on for a while; I'll go make you an ice pack." Cora returned after a short while and attended to Wrenna who sat alone in the living room.

Of course, she did not pry deeper into how the latter got herself injured. She figured that those were privacy matters that she, as a maid, should keep her mouth shut.

All she did was share some stories on how Damian did not return home for meals ever since the divorce, his poor appetite, or how he would keep himself occupied with work till midnight.

Wrenna paid attention throughout but did not give any comments.

Cora was left embarrassed since her words did not seem to waver Wrenna. Instead, it seemed like the latter had seen through her awkwardness.

Moments later, Wrenna peeked at the time and said, "All right. I guess it should be fine now. Cora, I have to leave now while the gates to the dorm are still open. I've booked a taxi, and it's waiting outside now. Thank you for everything."

"Huh? It's so late now. Why don't you stay here and get some rest instead?"

"It's fine. I'm heading back to my dorm."

Wrenna was adamant about it but was stopped by Damian before she walked out of the house.

"Stop right there." He looked down from upstairs in a very stern tone.

"Did you not hear about a lady meeting a sorry fate when taking a cab a few days ago? Wrenna, if you walk out from here today, I'll surely get punished by Henry tomorrow."

Wrenna furrowed her brows. "How about asking the chauffeur to send me back then?"

Unhappy, Damian replied, "He has worked for the whole day, and besides, it's so late now. Do you not feel bad for making him work again instead of letting him rest?"

"You-"

Wrenna had no words to retort him. In fact, she reckoned it was indeed a little terrifying to go home alone at such a late hour.

While she was in a dilemma, Damian put his instructions across.

"Cora, get a room ready for her."

After that, he turned and headed back to his room.

Even Cora was embarrassed at how weird the two were acting and hurriedly left to prepare a room.

Left with no choice, Wrenna could only give in and followed in while texting her roommates to inform them that she was not heading back that night.

Lying on the bed in the guest room, Wrenna had not much issue and fell into a deep sleep very quickly.

On the contrary, Damian was still furious, and couldn't find his way out. His frustration only grew more intense than before.

Insomnia and exasperation gradually took over Damian.

As such, he did not have a good night's sleep. The following morning, he was wide awake early and resorted to doing all sorts of exercises just so that he could vent all his pent-up emotions.

Despite getting himself drenched in sweat, he still could not erase the image of Wrenna being together with other men.

"Argh..." He let out a roar suddenly and smashed the dumbbell in his hand onto the floor, sending the whole house shaking.

Thinking that something had happened, Cora rushed over to find Damian with a grim and menacing look on his face.

"Mr. Quigley, did something happen?"

"No."

Cora had never seen Damian so expressive with his emotions before, let alone seeing him in rage.

Full of fear, she hurriedly retreated.

At the same time, Wrenna came out of her room. Seeing that Cora was like her usual self, she deemed that was the same for Damian.

And so, she did not ask anything more.

Later, Cora was preparing breakfast.

Wrenna, who did not want to face Damian any longer. After freshening herself up, she walked toward the door before saying to Cora, "I'm leaving, Cora. I'll have my breakfast in school. Goodbye."

Upon finishing her words, she trotted out of the house as though she was afraid that someone might chase after her.

Cora turned to look after hearing Wrenna's voice, only to see her hastily rushing out. Damian saw that too, and his gaze instantly darkened.

Back at school, Wrenna headed toward the cafeteria for breakfast before returning to the dorm for a quick revision for classes later that day.

She had intended to do that last night but instead wasted the whole night due to Damian's stubbornness.

Amongst her group of roommates, only Xandra was awake. She was doing some stretching on the balcony when Wrenna returned.

She was immediately bombarded with questions when her other roommates, including Dora, the biggest gossip amongst the group, woke up. "I heard about the drama that happened last night. Wrenna, what exactly happened? Did you get slapped? Are you really with Jayden?"

Wrenna petulantly rolled her eyes at Dora.

"Am I that kind of a person?"

"Hehe... I knew it. But honestly, Bertilla is too much. How can she blame others when she's the one who can't look after her boyfriend? She is so unreasonable!"

"Could it be that Jayden has made use of Wren as an excuse to dump Bertilla? And now Wren gets the blame?"

"Yeah, that's highly possible. What a scumbag."

They were indignant about it, yet Wrenna had already gotten over it.

Seeing that it was almost time, she packed her bag and headed for class. The only thing that could excite her now was learning. She did not want to burden herself with those romantic relationships, and neither would she allow anybody to impede her studies.

After sitting through two lengthy classes in the morning, Wrenna was all worn out as she strolled toward the cafeteria for lunch. However, Jayden turned up at once and sat before her when she was about to start eating.

Even though it was apparent that numerous gazes were shooting on them, Jayden still sat down regardless.

"I'm sorry, Wrenna. I apologize on Bertilla's behalf. I'm sorry I didn't handle things properly and dragged you into this."

Wrenna raised her head and cast a frosty gaze at him.



“Jayden, if you’re indeed apologetic about it, then stop showing up before me. Stop getting me involved between you and your girlfriend, okay? It’s best if you can disappear before my eyes now.”

The murmurs coming from the crowd around them were getting rather unpleasant.

It was so apparent that Wrenna could hear a girl comment, “So it turns out Wrenna is the third party? Oh gosh, how shameless. She said she didn’t like Jayden back then, but now she’s seducing him? How ironic is that.”

“Exactly, can’t believe she’s that kind of a person. And she’s a married lady too. Tsk…”

Jayden’s face immediately grew red after hearing those whispers coming from the crowd. He stood up, but instead of leaving, he suddenly bowed before everyone and apologized to Wrenna profusely.

“I’m sorry, Wrenna. You have nothing to do with this matter, yet I’ve let Bertilla have misunderstandings about you. I’m really sorry. Please relay my apologies to your husband too. I’m very sorry.”

The crowd at the cafeteria was stunned by the sight of Jayden’s apology.

Someone in the crowd immediately captured a video of that scene. Watching Jayden walk off, the opinions amongst the crowd began to change.

So it turns out that Wrenna is innocent. Just look at their interactions. There’s definitely nothing going on between them; otherwise, Jayden wouldn’t apologize either.

The opinions of the onlookers were constantly changing; yet, Wrenna was still as calm and composed as she dug into her food with her head lowered.

By the time she returned to the dorm, her roommates had all heard about the incident.

“Jayden is pretty sincere, huh? At least he has helped you resolve the misunderstandings surrounding you. It seems like he’s not that much of a scum. Perhaps you should even thank him for helping you.”

However, Wrenna argued, “If not for Jayden or Bertilla, people wouldn’t have doubts about me either. And I won’t be embroiled in this mess. So why should I be thankful?”

Dora was stumped and could only smile awkwardly.

“That’s true too. He’s such a jerk.”

Without saying anything further, Wrenna took a nap shortly after. There was nothing, or no one, that could put her in an emotional struggle right now. The Wrenna now was

magnanimous and ungrudging, and she had her mind was only on her studies and nothing else.