

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

Chapter 494

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Things had gotten increasingly intimate amongst the duo in the kitchen.

Wrenna felt her body temperature rising when she sensed the man's fingers around her waist and her injured finger.

On the contrary, the man carried himself as if it wasn't a big deal. He continued rinsing her finger with the running tap.

Unable to stop her heart from racing, Wrenna knew she had to stay away from him to stop herself from passing out in front of him.

Therefore, she tried retaliating against the man to shrug him off, stammering her next best course of action, "D-Damian, that's enough! I-I'll go get a plaster!"

Instead of getting in her way, he suggested with a gentle smile, "I'll go get it! Just wait for me in the living room!"

Once he made himself clear, he rushed out of the kitchen without a second thought.

Heaving a long sigh of relief, Wrenna started reflecting upon her actions and thought she might've overreacted.

She almost made a clown out of herself as Damian remained calm and collected throughout the session since her injury was the only thing he cared about.

Once she returned to her senses, she reprimanded herself for being silly.

However, she was unaware that the fleeing man was merely a few feet away from her, trying to calm his racing heart as well.

A few minutes later, he returned with a first-aid kit and cleaned her wound before applying the plaster.

When Wrenna brought herself up from the couch, Damian stopped her from returning to the kitchen. He said, "Just leave the rest to me and take it easy for the time being until you're feeling well again."

"You?"

It was never Wrenna's intention to make fun of Damian, but she had never seen him cooking anything when they were still engaged.

As confusion was written all over her face, Damian couldn't stop himself from bursting into laughter.

He ran his fingers through her hair and assured her, "I can't make any superb dishes, but I can at least make us a meal. Just have faith in me and leave the rest to me. Go get yourself some snack and catch the shows on the television or something."

In spite of the man reassuring her more than once, the doubtful Wrenna asked, "Damian, why don't you forget about it and go get us something to eat from a nearby eatery?"

Damian was slightly irked by Wrenna's suggestion. Determined to prove her wrong, he dismissed her suggestion and marched into the kitchen.

Wrenna's lips started twitching against her will. She thought of finishing the snacks they bought to stop herself from starving.

She was afraid that he would blow up the kitchen as he continued wreaking havoc without others' supervision.

In an attempt to divert her attention, she reached for her phone and continued chomping down the snacks.

It took Damian an hour and a half to get everything ready from scratch using the ingredients Wrenna had prepared beforehand.

He was no longer the proud and arrogant man he was an hour and a half ago, but he had no intention to show his vulnerable side in front of her.

Instead, he forced a smile and asked Wrenna to join him at the dining table. "Wrenna, come and join me!"

Wrenna's eyes widened in disbelief when she caught a glimpse of the so-called dishes Damian had made them. She thought none of those were edible because of how they looked.

Err... why are the chicken wings black and what's with the fried egg...

"I might have slightly over seasoned the dishes, but these don't taste half bad at all! Hurry up and give it a try!"

"O-Okay..."

Unwilling to hurt the man's dignity, she took a seat and started savoring the dishes he made them.

She was astonished since those turned out to be edible in spite of the horrifying look. In an attempt to motivate the man, she started complimenting him.

"These taste just fine, Damian! I'm sure you're going to improve in no time if you keep practicing and working on your culinary skills!"

Damian shook his head and announced, "Thanks for your kind words, but I'll leave the rest to you and count on you to prepare our meals in the future."

"Maybe next week. I am actually alright as it is nothing serious."

"I can't possibly allow you to cook when you're injured, can I? If Mom were to find out, she's going to nag on me again!"

Wrenna giggled in front of him as she started imagining Clarissa picking on Damian.

She thought of cleaning the table once they were done with their meal, but Damian stopped her.

When she sneaked her way into the kitchen and saw the mess, she rolled her eyes in silence, wondering if he had gone through a tedious battle in the kitchen.

Damian had no intention to clean up the mess. In other words, Cora would have to deal with the mess the moment she was back with the rest.

After a short nap in the afternoon, Damian kept Wrenna company and engaged himself in a conversation with her until evening.

Wrenna was about to leave once they finished the takeout Damian bought them from their favorite eatery.

It was then Damian suggested, "Why don't you stay for the night? I'll drop you off at the university on my way to my office to save you the hassle of traveling here and there in the middle of the night!"

"What do you mean it's a hassle when all I have to do is hail a cab to the lecture hall in the morning?"

Damian wasn't surprised by her answer since he was certain she would turn him down. In the end, he brought her back to the campus.

Her friends had long returned to their dormitory when she made it back. They were occupied with all sorts of things to get themselves ready for the new week ahead.

Wrenna let out a long sigh after she took a seat.

Her friends gathered around and asked, "What's wrong, Wren? Is something bothering you?"

"Nah, I'm just kinda exhausted after having a day out."

"What have you been up to throughout the day?"

Wrenna brought herself up from her seat and said, "It's nothing much. I'll go ahead and take a shower."

Unaware of the things going on, her confused friends exchanged glances in an attempt to figure out the truth.

Meanwhile, Wrenna tried to get herself ready for the upcoming lessons throughout the week once she returned from her shower.

In spite of having her books with her, she couldn't even focus since her mind was all over the place.

“Wren, things turned out just fine for me after we went for a short getaway together! One of them likes Xandra and Linda enjoys herself too! You’re the only one left amongst us!”

“Wonderful! All of you need to keep it up and get yourself a better half soon!”

“What about you?”

“Me? I’ll just forget about it until I’m done with my studies!”

“How’s thing going on for you and Damian?”

Shrugging her shoulders nonchalantly, she asked in return, “What do you think? He’s just a brother of mine! Things will never work out between us!”

Out of nowhere, Dora said, “Well, life is full of surprises and miracles! You’ll never know if he’s the one!”

Wrenna put her books aside and rebuked, “I’m pretty sure he’s not the one since I’m the only one who’s head over heels in love with him! Alright, it’s time to call it a day since I have a lecture early in the morning tomorrow!”

The moment she tucked herself in, her friends started being mindful of their volumes and actions since they were afraid of rousing her from sleep.

Things gradually returned to the semblance of normality on Monday in spite of the ‘interesting’ weekend Wrenna had.

Nevertheless, she knew she couldn’t afford to waste her energy and time on things apart from her studies.

The things she had on her schedule managed to divert her attention from everything else. Most of the time, she was occupied with all the lectures and assignments.

Have I really spent most of my time waiting for Damian back in the day? What have I done to kill my time? Well, it doesn’t really matter! It’s time to let bygones be bygones and move on with life!

Wrenna shook her head and thought it wouldn’t be wise to waste her time thinking of the past.

Soon, Damian brought something up and asked Wrenna to join him when it was almost the weekend.

Although she wasn't sure of the things he had in mind, she agreed to join him since she had nothing else on her schedule.

The routine lasted for almost half a year—she spent almost every weekend with Damian. On top of that, he would get in touch with her through calls during weekdays. Occasionally, he would pay her a visit in person at the campus.

Wrenna thought it was great to have him around to keep her company throughout the weekend after spending a fruitful but hectic week at the campus.

Although Henry had gotten in their way more than once, Wrenna thought it wasn't a big deal and found her life with Damian interesting.

It was almost time for winter break. Apart from showing up for additional lectures, she spent most of her time at home.

Holding her favorite plushy in her arms, she started sketching the plots she had in mind amidst the heavy snow outside.

Wrenna started sketching once again since the publishing firm had been persuading her. It turned out the first draft she submitted was well received by the audience. Thus, she was requested to continue with her submission.

It took the editor a long time to convince her to continue with the submission. She wasn't required to adhere to any deadlines since the editor was aware Wrenna had all sorts of things on her schedule.

Therefore, her mission for winter break was to complete the draft for final submission.

Her family members had different things on their respective plates since it was the time of the year again. With that being said, Wrenna didn't feel lonely at all.

When she received another call from Damian, it was already late in the evening. She wasn't particularly shocked by his call and engaged in a conversation with him as usual.

“Damian, you need to take good care of yourself. Otherwise, Aunt Clarissa is going to be worried if you tire yourself out during this festive season.”

“What about you? Aren’t you worried about me?”

As intimate as the question might sound, Wrenna played pretend as if she wasn’t aware of the meaning behind the double innuendo.

“Of course! I mean, you’re my brother! I need to take care of you on behalf of Leia as well. She has just gotten in touch with me and informed me she’ll be back soon. I’ll make a trip to the airport to pick her up. Are you free to go with me?”

Damian, who was on the other end of the call, secretly let out a long sigh of despair since Wrenna brought up something else to divert his attention again when he had never once stopped expressing the sort of affection he had for her through his actions.

Unfortunately, she had never once responded to his cues. He couldn’t help but wonder if she couldn’t tell he had a thing for her or if it was an attempt of hers to play dumb.