

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

Chapter 496

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 496

After dinner, the men sat together to drink tea as they played chess and chatted, while the women gathered together. They laughed from time to time, obviously much more excited than the men.

That night, Leia was the subject of the conversation. However, with her strong ability to keep silent, the crowd couldn't do much about it.

Moreover, there was no gossip about Leia. The only things she did with her life were read and conduct her experiments. There was no need even to ask if any boys were interested in her. There definitely were, but Leia probably didn't notice.

As for Wrenna, everyone had to show her some respect.

After all, one could tell what Damian was thinking, but no one would want to help him out.

Damian occasionally swept his gaze across the crowd. Seeing him like that, Henry couldn't contain his anger.

"Damian, come here. I just remember there's a bottle of wine at my house. Drive there and pick it up. It's for your dad. Hurry!"

Henry made up an excuse to send Damian away.

Everyone could guess Henry's intention.

Meanwhile, Damian couldn't refuse. However, just as he stood up, Ellie pulled him back.

"Why must Damian make a trip there? Why don't you get someone who's already at home to bring it over?"

"There's no one at home."

"There's no one and yet Damian has to go?"

“I’ll give him the keys!”

“That’s not appropriate. Why don’t Wrenna and Damian go together?”

“No!”

Henry would never allow that.

“Hmph! Forget it. Don’t get the wine, then. B*stard, how arrogant can you be?”

Since Henry had said so, there was no way for Damian to refuse his request. After all, Henry was definitely going to become his father-in-law one day.

He then got up and went to get the car to drive to the Jackson residence.

However, Wrenna suddenly piped up, “Damian drank just now. He can’t drink and drive.”

“Oh right. Then why don’t you go instead, Wrenna? Let Damian rest.”

As long as the two of them are separated, it’s fine.

“No. I feel uneasy letting Wrenna go alone. I’ll accompany her,” Damian responded.

As he spoke, he held Wrenna’s hand and walked out. Henry shot them a hateful glance and wanted to stop them. However, someone else proceeded to stop the man from doing so.

As Damian’s father, Matthew would undoubtedly offer his help when it was called for.

“All right, Henry! That’s enough!”

As Matthew was the most influential figure there, his words came across like a warning.

Henry snorted, dissatisfied. He got up and sat next to Yaala, needing her comfort.

In front of so many people, Yaala decided not to shame her husband by chasing him away. Instead, she continued talking about stuff she was interested in, paying no attention to Wrenna and Damian.

Meanwhile, Wrenna and Damian had arrived at the courtyard, ready to drive back to the Jackson residence.

“What wine? I don’t remember Dad mentioning it,” Wrenna mumbled.

They got in the car, with Damian sitting in the passenger seat. He smiled. “Henry was probably just saying that to get me to leave.”

Wrenna pursed her lips. She didn’t ask why her father wanted him to leave.

Nonetheless, Damian was disappointed by that.

Had she asked, he would definitely say that it was because he had eyes for her.

However, Wrenna didn’t ask in the end. He didn’t know if she already knew the answer. She had been behaving like that recently, looking as if she was ready to suffocate Damian.

It was the saddest situation to be in when one was expecting the other party to ask something so they could say what they wished to say, but the other party didn’t continue the conversation in the way one wanted to.

Damian smiled helplessly. He considered it to be Wrenna’s punishment for him.

After a short silence between them, Wrenna shifted her focus and concentrated on driving.

Just then, Damian’s phone rang. It was a call from Burnham.

“Damian, join me for a drink?”

It was already very late. If Burnham was asking him to drink, something must have happened.

“No, I’m busy.”

“Please, Damian. I’m devastated right now. Have a drink or two with me! When you complained to me about not being able to be with Wrenna, I set aside what I was doing to drink your sorrows away with you! Did you forget that?”

Damian's mouth twitched. He reduced the volume on his phone, afraid that Wrenna would hear.

"Tomorrow night."

As soon as his words fell, he didn't wait for Burnham's reply and ended the call.

As Wrenna was focused on driving, Damian took the initiative to explain, "It was Burnham. He needed some emotional support and asked me if I wanted to drink with him. I'm not going. I drank quite a bit already anyway."

"Oh. Are Burnham and Stella doing all right?"

She hadn't heard about Stella in a while and had no idea how she was doing.

"No. It has nothing to do with Stella. Burnham saw her true colors very early on, and they had split," Damian hurriedly explained. He couldn't make it seem as if he and Stella were involved.

Burnham can't be associated with Stella. If I make him seem like he was, that'll imply I'm associated with her!

Wrenna replied softly, "Oh."

What's that "oh" supposed to mean?

Damian was conflicted. He wanted to continue explaining, but he was scared to create more trouble. Yet, if he didn't explain, he was afraid that Wrenna would overthink it.

He debated with himself for a long time.

Eventually, he decided to explain. He noted that no matter what, he couldn't afford to let Wrenna think that he had any relations with other women.

Clarissa had taught him that women hated that the most.

"Wrenna, there's nothing going on between Stella and me. Burnham had exposed her a long time ago and also cut contact with her. Occasionally Burnham, Colton, and I will go out for drinks, but we're not associated with Stella in one way or another. Recently, because of a piece of land owned by

the company, I met Stella once, but I didn't say a word to her. So don't overthink or misunderstand."

Wrenna chuckled after hearing his words.

"Damian, what's there to overthink? I won't misunderstand either."

She then clarified, "No matter how capable a woman like Stella is, I don't believe you all, who have seen what she's truly like, would continue to be associated with her. I would be underestimating you if I did, right? Don't worry, Damian. I won't overthink it."

Damian smiled and heaved a sigh of relief. However, he was a little disappointed.

These days, he couldn't help but feel that Wrenna had changed a lot.

That also meant that her feelings for him, in the beginning, were gone. They had changed along with her character.

When they reached the Jackson residence, the housekeepers greeted them.

They had prepared the wine and were waiting for them.

Not long after, they returned to Zen Highlands. Henry couldn't help but speak his mind. "Why were you two gone for so long?"

Wrenna replied helplessly, "Dad, I drove at sixty. If you do the math, we took as little time as we needed, okay?"

Henry was trying to stir the pot.

Everyone could tell what he was doing.

"All right. We've eaten and gifted the wine. Since there's nothing more, we'll take our leave."

Seeing how Henry was adamant about leaving in a hurry, everyone could only go along with him.

Once Henry and his family left, everyone spoke their minds.

“Damian! It can’t go on like this! Let’s put aside Wrenna for now. It seems like your greatest obstacle is Henry! As long as Henry disagrees with you, you can’t remarry Wrenna. Don’t you have a strategy to deal with your future father-in-law?”

Ellie nagged at Damian to the point the latter felt his head throbbing.

“On top of that, Henry went through many obstacles while courting his wife for so many years in the past. You’re probably going to suffer worse than he did.”

Suddenly, Leia suggested a quick solution, “Shotgun marriage.”

Upon hearing that, Clarissa couldn’t help but spit out her tea.

She reprimanded her daughter with a frown, “Leia, talk less, will you? That’s a stupid idea! Do you really think Wrenna should go through something like a shotgun marriage?”

Leia fell silent at that, looking as if she didn’t dare to continue speaking.

Clarissa hurriedly addressed Damian with a warning glance. “Damian, you cannot do something like that, do you hear me? Although you’re my son, I feel for Wrenna. You’ve already put her through so much. Hence, you can’t come up with bad ideas as such. You have to be open and proper about your relationship. Otherwise, don’t even think about being with her. You wouldn’t be deserving of her.”

Damian smiled wryly. “Mom, I won’t do that to Wren. I also can’t bring myself to do that.”

“Hmph! If that were the case, then you wouldn’t have divorced her. Seeing how it is, if you weren’t my son, I would have beaten you up! You only know how to treasure someone when they’re gone. Men are such idiots!”

As her words fell, all the men at the venue felt like they were being scolded collectively.

However, all of them remained silent, not daring to refute her. Since Damian was the cause of the scolding, they would settle their grievances with him in the future.

At the end of the year, Wrenna rushed to finish drawing a new comic before New Year's Eve. After handing in the draft, she could finally relax for the holidays.

For that upcoming New Year, Henry suggested that they spend it at Yaala's family home, to which she agreed.

Not only could that suggestion pander to his wife, but it would also allow them to partake in the countryside festivities. Furthermore, they could separate Wrenna and Damian. At the very least, Henry wouldn't have to see Damian in their house. The very thought of that was enough to set Henry in a good mood.

They had made the preparations early. Once Yaala agreed, Henry packed their suitcases, ready to fly there.

Wrenna didn't have time to let anyone know beforehand about her family's plan. She was in her mother's family home listening to the firecrackers go off when she received a call from Damian. Only then did she tell him where she was.

"We're at Granny's house. Sorry. I forgot to inform all of you. I'll be back after a few days."

At that time, Damian was standing outside the Jackson residence in a daze.

"Damian, Happy New Year! Wishing you good health and all the best in life!"

Damian chuckled. "Why don't you wish for my dreams to come true? Wrenna?"