

When Love Is a Lie (Whitney and Damian)

Chapter 16

Chapter 16 Show Some Respect

"What are you doing? Whitney asked warily.

The house was dark, and they were al

Memories of that embarrassing night suddenly flashed through her mind, sending a shiver down her spine and covering her in goosebumps.

Noticing her tense and panded stance, Noel couldn't help but find it amusing. Hesticupped off his jacket and began bosetting his the. "What do you think I want to do??"

Whitney took a step back, and Noel immediately stepped forward toward her.

The faint light from her phone shone on Noel's face, sharpening his already defined features and rasting shadows that deepened the intensity of his eyes.

Without his glosses, those eyes looked even more profound, A hint of a smile played on his lips, aching a dangerous allurg

shecouldn't tear hun gaze away from

The sudden sound of Whitney hitting the dresser snapped her back to reality. She shouted sternly. "Tisaïd it was a misunderstanding Ist time I'm not that kind of person, Norli Show some respect!" Noel didn'Lrespond but reached out his hand

Just as Whitney was about to seteam, has hand brushed past her to grab a small toolbox from the dresser

"What are you walling for? Turn on the flashlight Noel said, then pot the toolbox on the ground and opened it

It turned out he just wanted to help her fix the wiring, but wearing a suit made it inconvenient

Whitney blushed and tumbled to turn on the flashlight on her phone

The Lout of the apartment units was similar, so Noel quickly found the electrical panel and used the tools to start checking

Whitney wasn't tall enough and had to stand on tiptoe to give him more light

A few minutes later, Noel's voice broke the silence. "Try the lights,"

Whitney hurried over to the light switch by the door. As she flipped, the room lit up one by one, she checked the other lights, and each one worked perfectly.

"I didn't know you could fix things like this," Whitney said, genuinely astonished.

After all, Noel was the eldest grandson of the prestigious Howard family and the son of the deputy mayor—a man with a revered status and an air of noble temperament. Who would have thought he'd roll up his sleeves for something as mundane as a wiring repair? "Back when I studied abroad, I had to rely on myself in everything," he said as he placed the tools back in the box. Fixing wiring was nothing compared to patching up a leaking

The brightened room brought out the cozy details of her place. It was neat, thoughtfully decorated, and had touches of practicality interwoven with style

"You've done a great job renovating this place," Noel commented.

Whitney beamed, a touch of pride in her expression designed in herself. She tried to make the most of the space, so added some of her creativity according to the characteristics of the house."

He turned his head and saw her confident and charming smile. So, you're not entirely satisfied with the layout?"

Whitney pointed to the hallway from the entryway to the dining area. "It's a bit long. Since it's part of the traffic flow, can't put anything there. It feels like wasted space"

Noel considered her words and nodded. "You're right. But given the plot and area constraints, this design maximizes the space's potential. Keep your feedback in mind." Whitney was stunned: "Walt, you designed this apartment building?"

She suddenly recalled that Noel was the chief designer at Seabourke Architectural Institute, the very firm behind any of the city's iconic landmarks and skyscrapers. She remembered reading about Noel back in college. Many of the buildings he designed had won awards both domestically and internationally.

"Designing buildings isn't a solo endeavor," Noel said. "Every project is the result of teamwork. Recognition may come, but the effort is shared."

Whitney nodded, understanding the unsung contributions of many behind the scenes. Unlike those who claimed all the credit, Noel's humility earned her respect. Noel suddenly changed the subject. "Are you content being a secretary?"

The question caught her off guard, and her smile faded. "There's nothing wrong with being a secretary

She also wanted to pursue her dream job, but now was not the time to do whatever she wanted.

"You're good at convincing yourself. A secretary's role does suit you," Noel said lightly, his tone wasn't as gentle as before.

Whitney looked up and felt that his words were a bit harsh.

Why did he think he could judge her career?

She also put on a cold face. "Even a job serving others isn't something

Canyona çarılı. It's getting late. Thank you for fixing the wiring, but I'd like to rest now."

Noel's lips pressed into a thin line. He grabbed his jacket and left without another word.

The more Whitney thought about it, the angrier she became. Why couldn't he speak nicely?

Whitney put the tools back in its place and suddenly realized something was off. How did he know that she didn't like being a secretary and precluded architectural design? The next morning, Whitney was just finishing up her morning routine when the doorbell rang. She rushed to open it and found Damian standing there with a lunch box in hand.

"Thought you breakfast," Damian said.

In the past, she had been the one making breakfast. Now, Dan seemed determined to convince her to move back in the villa.

"Come in," Whitney said, stepping aside.

Just as the words left her mouth, she noticed the door across the hall swing open. Noah stepped out.

When Love Is a Lie (Whitney and Damian)

Chapter 17

Chapter 17 Did They Talk to Each Other Before

Damian's eyes widened in surprise. "Noel, you live here too?"

Noel responded with a simple nod "Yeah"

"What a coincidence. You're right across from Whitney?"!

The deputy mayor, Beckham, was known for his modest lifestyle. He owned only an old two-story house where Noel lived with him and Madelyn, Damian hadn't expected Noel to have an apartment here.

Noel didn't say anything, his expression remaining indifferent.

Seeing Noel glance at the lunch box in his hand, Damian said, "Noel, if you haven't had breakfast, why don't you join us?"

"Noel's probably busy with work. We shouldn't hold him up," Whitney interjected hastily, then immediately regretted it.

Her words came out too suddenly, almost like she was implying there was something between them.

The memory of last night still lingered, making her want to avoid any further interaction with Noel.

"You two go ahead. I have a meeting in the morning," Noel said coldly. He didn't spare Whitney a glance as he stepped into the elevator.

Damian placed the lunch box on the dining table. How did you know Noel was busy today?

Whitney's heart skipped a beat, regret washing over her. "Just a guess. He's the chief designer at Seabourke Architectural Institute, being busy is probably the norm." Damian placed a bowl of oatmeal in front of her, studying the brief flicker of unease in her eyes.

Could they have talked to each other before?

Remembered Noel saying at the last family dinner that he didn't know Whitney.

Suppressing his doubts, Damian smiled as usual. These are all your favorites. I'll bring you breakfast every day from now on.

"You're busy enough as it is. You don't have to go out of your way. Besides, I don't need this every morning," Whitney said indifferently, taking a bite of the oatmeal.

The subtle shift in her demeanor pricked at

Damian. She no longer looked at him with the same warmth as before. He wanted her forgiveness, but not at the cost of such coldness. "But I miss the breakfasts you used to make. If you really care that I'm busy, why don't you move back to the villa?" Damian

reached for he "It's time we head out," Whitney said, pulling her hand back discreetly and carrying the lunch box to the kitchen to wash it.

The neurology expert Damian had arranged was already

at the hospital. As soon as they arrived, William Morris began examining Margaret.

Whitney sat on a bench in the hallway, hoping for good news. She tried not to expect too much, knowing that greater hope often led to deeper disappointment.

"Don't worry. Professor Morris is an authority in this field. He definitely has a solution," Damian reassured her, holding her hand.

Seeing that she didn't pull her hand away, the smile on his lips grew wider.

The door to the examination room opened, and Whitney immediately got up. "Professor Morris, how is my mother? can she

keep?

"I've reviewed her case. Madam Colin's brain damage from the car accident is severe, which is why she's in a vegetative state. The current treatment is appropriate and the best

Whitney's eyes darkened with disappointment. She knew that if her mother's condition were easily treatable, she would have woken up long ago

"So, there's nothing else that can be done?" Damian asked.

William thought for a moment. "There may be a new drug that could help. However."

"What drug?" Whitney's eyes lit up with a spark of hope.

"There's an experimental medication being developed overseas specifically for long-term comatose patients. If Madam Colin could get on it, it might make a difference. However, it's newly developed and in limited supply, so the price will be very expensive." Whitney's excitement was palpable. "That doesn't matter. If you can help us get it, we'll pay whatever it costs."

William nodded. "I have some connections with the company's director. Although only a few doses have been developed, I'll see if I can secure one."

This news was undoubtedly great news for Whitney. After 20 years, there was finally a real chance her mother could wake up.

"Whatever the cost, I'll cover," Damian said.

Whitney shook her head "She's my mother. I'll pay for it."

"We're getting married next month. As her son-in-law, it's my responsibility to take care of her. I cover the cost no matter how much it is," Damian said. Then, he sighed and added, "But if you don't want to, I won't force you" Whitney didn't want to waste another moment. She wanted to go home right away and share the good news with her father.

Damian also had a meeting to attend, so he left the hospital as well.

Around the corner, Rachel walked out with a sour expression.

She had come to the hospital for her pre-employment check-up and had seen Damian and Whitney together. So, she followed them and overheard their conversation

The word "son in Law" stung deeply

Whitney didn't want to just be Damian's secret lover. She couldn't stand the thought of Whitney marrying him.

Her hands clenched into fists, the innocent expression on her face now darkening with anger..

When Love Is a Lie (Whitney and Damian)

Chapter 18

Chapter 18 Could I lie You

Stella had just come down the stairs when she saw Whitney entering the house. Her face fell instantly. "What are you doing back here?"

She glanced at the door and frowned. "You came back alone again?"

There was no one on the first floor. Stella's disdain for Whitney was even more unscrupulous. She also didn't hide her disappointment that Damian hadn't come.

Whitney smirked coldly. "This is my home too. Do I need your permission to come back? She paused, then mocked Stella, "If you want to see Damian so badly, I can arrange for you two to meet" Stella's expression darkened with anger. "Don't get too cocky. You and Damian aren't married yet. Anything could happen. You might not even make it into the Howard family

not remains to be seen, but you definitely won't have a chance"

"Whether I'll marry

Whimey didn't bother to talk to her anymore and went upstairs.

Not a chance to marry Damian? The words echoed in Stella's head, stoking her anger to a boiling point

Seeing Whimey harrying upstairs as she had something urgent to do, Stella quelly followed her

In the study, Whitney incommind everything Williams had said at the hospital, her voice trembling with excitement as she repeated it

"Dad, Mom finally has a chance. She might wake up soon..." Whitney's eyes welled with tears. She had longed for this moment her entire life, and now, it was within reach.

"It's good that your mom can wake up." Westley patted her on the shoulder and then asked, "How are things with Damian?"

Hearing this, Whitney felt a bit displeased at a time like this, shouldn't her father be concerned about her mother's recovery? Why was he asking about Damiani?.

"We've already made up. You don't need to worry" Although she felt displeased, she still answered truthdully.

Westley's expression softened. That's good to hear, just don't act out. Even if you argue, never mention breaking up only hurts feelings, understand?" Hung Did they even have any feelings left to hurt? Damian was so cautious and tried to please her in every way. She didn't know if he was sincerely repenting or if it was for some niher reason.

"Since you're back, let's have dinner at home. Don't forget to Invite Damian to join us, Westley said.

Whitney collected her thoughts. "He said he has an important meeting today, so let's not disturb him " Hearing footsteps, Stella quickly returned to her room.

She had just heard Whitney say that she and Damien had made up How could they be back together?

Whitney had said she wanted to break off the engagement last time. Clearly, she was just trying to provoke her

Seething Stella grabbed a pillow from the couch and lung to the ground in frustration. "Whimney, I won't let you marry Damian!"

She pulled out her phone, her fingers moving swiftly over the screen as a cold smile played on her lips.

Whitney had already discussed with Westley that no matter how much the medicine cost, they would pay for it. Now, they were just waiting for news from Willam. Thinking about this, Whimey's appetite improved a int she belt that the food in the company cafeteria tasted better than ever. Of course, Howard Group's cafeteria was actually quite good.

"Whitorty, do you mind if there? Rachel asked, standing there with her tray.

Without waiting for Whitney's response, she sat down across from her.

The cafeterias had plenty of empty seats, so it was clear she was here to cause trouble.

"If I say I mind, will you get lost?" Whitney retorted with an ley expression.

"I know you won't mind," Rachel said in a low voice, with a hint of mockery. "After all, you're good at enduring things"

Whitney's grip tightened on her fork and spoon, her gaze turning cold.

"Rachel, Ms. Spencer, can we sit with you? Two employees from the architectural design department also came over

Rachel smiled and replied, "of course."

After sirring down, one of them asked Rachel in a low voice, "I heard you were personally crusted by Mr. Howard, flache, do you know Mr. Howsed?

Before Rachel could respond, the other chimed in, "They say Mr. Howard is geming married next month, but no one's seen his fiancée. The woman's so mysterious. Rachel, emald it be you

Damian had arranged for Whitney to join Howard Group, but she had gone through the formal hiring process. After three years as his secretary, no one knew her true identity or her relationship with Damian Now, Whitney waited to see how Rachel would respond..

When Love Is a Lie (Whitney and Damian)

Chapter 19

Chapter 19 Forbidden Love

Hachel could only dream of being Damian's Dancée. She wanted to admit it in trent of everyone, but Damian would never allow it. He didn't like her disobedience.

He had only agreed to let her work at Howard Group after she threw a fitaten he left to celebrate Whitney's birthday. However, he had wamed her to keep their relationship a

secret Glancing at Whaney, Rachel noticed the mocking smile on her face. It irritated her to no end.

What was so special about her that she could marry Damian?

"Don't make random guesses. It wouldn't be good if Mr. Howard found out."

Although it seemed to be a denial, Rachel's cheeks flushed with just enough shyness to suggest there was truth to the rumor.

The two colleagues exchanged knowing looks. "Understood. We won't say a word. Ms. Yanes, you'll look out for us, right?"

Whitney laughed. She didn't expect Rachel to be so bold as to let people misunderstand. Wasn't she afraid that Damian would hear about it?

However, Damian probably wouldn't mind. He seemed to care more about Rachel than her.

"Ms. Spencer, what's so funny?" one of the employees asked, noticing the smile playing on Whitney's lips.

Whitney met Rachel's tense gaze. "Oh, nothing, I just remembered a movie I saw recently. There was an actress in it with excellent acting skills." "What movie? Was it good?"

"Very. It was a movie about a girl having an affair with her uncle, who already had a fiancé."

The employee's eyes widened, intrigued. "What then?"

Whitney glanced at Rachel, who seemed to have turned pale with concealed fury.

"Idiot!" I know, I didn't finish it! She turned to Rachel and asked, "Are you alright, Ms. Yanes? You seem unwell."

The attention shifted back to Rachel.

"I'm fine," Rachel replied, taking a sip of her juice to steady herself.

"Ms. Yanes, your earrings are lovely," one colleague said enviously.

Only then did Whitney notice the earrings Rachel was wearing. They were identical to the ones Damian gave her on her birthday.

Ashley feeling suddenly sink in her heart.

So, while asking for forgiveness, Damian had given her the same gift he had given to Rachel

Seeing Whitney's expression change, Rachel was smug. She touched her wings and said, "My boyfriend got these for me at an auction in Mosley. There's another pair just like this one, but smaller. Tasked him to give that pair to the maid at home." A maid? Well, wasn't someone who served others a maid?

"Your boyfriend must really cherish you. And you're so generous giving such expensive earrings to a maid. I wish I worked for your family," one of the employees said, clearly envious.

Rachel's vanity was satisfied, and her mood improved.

Mr. Howard. Whitney suddenly stood up and looked at Damian standing nearby.

The two employees and Rachel also turned their heads to see Damian. They immediately stood up.

They didn't know if Damian had heard what they had just said. The two employees exchanged glances and hurriedly greeted him before rushing away.

"Aren't we supposed to have lunch together? Why are you in the cafeteria? Damian walked up to Whitney with a gentle smile and didn't

He had messaged Whitney before lunch, inviting her out. But she chose to stay, not wanting her colleagues to see them together.

glance at Rachel.

"I think the food in the cafeteria is pretty good. Eating out would just make you spend more money, especially since you just bought two identical pairs of expensive earrings," Whitney said, picking up her tray "I'm done. Enjoy your meal" Whitney walked past Damian without looking back

As Whitney's figure disappeared into the distance, Damian's expression grew darker.

Rachel sensed his displeasure and said cautiously, "Damian, I didn't mean to."

"Come with me." Damian shot Rachel a cold glance, then left the cafeteria.

It was lunch break, and there was no one in the stairwell. Damian pulled Rachel in after him.

"Why did you wear these earrings?"

Rachel was cornered by Damian, Fear and grievance were evident in her eyes as she looked into the anger in his.

You gave them in ane, Can't I wear them? Her voor trembled as she spoke.

"Who told you to wear them in the company? Don't you know they're the same as hers?" Dunian almost growled. Rachel Leyes reddened as tears welled up

I wore them because your them to me, and like them forgot she had the same pair," she said, breaking into sobs.

Damian's anger ebbed as lie watched her cry. He wiped away her tears and said softly, "I told you to endure. Everything I'm doing is for our future.

Rachel looked up at him and asked, "Why do you have to marry her?"

When Love Is a Lie (Whitney and Damian)

Chapter 20

dan's expression visibly darkened.

won'task anymore. Please don't be angry," Rachel said as she threw herself into his arms, hugging him rightly.

imian caressed her head. "I remember you liked that necklace last time. I'll take you to buy it in a couple of days." chel looked up at him, her eyes filled with gratitude. "I just glanced at it a few times. Damian, you're so good to me."

ith that, she wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed her lips to his

Le desire inside Damian fared instantly, and he kissed her back feel the spun Rachel around and pinned her against the wall.

le next second, the stairwell became filled with the sound of their heavy breathing.

hitney was sartin through the online meeting records from the past six months

stthen, Sophie walked up to her and knocked on her disk "Mr. Howard wants you tobring the contract for the last project to his office." Knight, I got it"

hitney found the contract and headed to the CDC's office.

1. fr. Howard, this is the project contract you wanted," she said in a business-like tone. She put down the contract and turned to leave

Damian glanced at her, then casually flipped through the contract before putting it back down

"Don't you want to hear my explanation?" he asked in a low voice.

Whitney kept her eyes downcast and said coldly, "If there's nothing else, I'll be leaving now."

Whitney turned to leave, Damian quickly stood up, walked around the desk, and grabbed her arm

Outside the glass windows, everyone was busy with their work and oblivious to the scene in the office. But if anyone looked up, they would see Damian holding Whitney's arm. In the past, she wanted the whole world to know that she was Damian's Dance Now, she wished she had no relationship with him at all

Whitney immediately shook his hand off. "Mr. Howard, it's working hours. Please don't touch me."

"Unless you let me explain, I won't just stop at this," Damian said, staring at her intently,

Whitney pressed her lips together and turned back to face him

"Yes, I bought Rachel those earrings, but that was Grandpa's request. He didn't want her to feel neglected, so whoever bought gifts had to get one for her well Whitney remained silent.

Damian continued, "Your earrings, although smaller, have better cutting and craftsmanship than hers, Especially chose them for you, Whitney..."

When she said her boyfriend gave her those earrings, Whitney interrupted coldly.

Damian chuckled. "She's talking nonsense. Do you really believe her? But I'm glad "

Whitney looked up at him

"You're jealous," he said.

"I'm not jealous," Whitney said with a hint of annoyance "I just want you to know that I'm not that easy to fool"

"I know," Damian said with a smile. "If you say you're not jealous, then you're not. Don't listen to her nonsense or get worked up about it. Try to understand my difficulties. I'll do whatever you want H

www of helplessness swept over Whitney. It was as if she were talking to wall.

ie knew that arguing further would lead nowhere Damian always had reasons that left her without a counterargument

rofessor Morris has already gone to Feriden, so we should have news about the medication soon" Damian raised his hand to smooth the crease between her brows

ie news did as her frustration. After awhile, she said, "Thank you."

Tomise me that you won't be angry anymore."

judden kiss landed on her forehead, Whitney was startled and stepped back, then quickly gland wetside

lo one noticed," Damian teaved her. "Even if they did, we're getting married soon. Sooner or later, they'know you're my wife.

vitney listened to his words, but instead of feeling reassured, a swirl of conflicting motions filled her heart

pet back to work now," Whitney sand, then hurriedly left.

mian watched her return to her desk before going back behind his own desk.

er work, Whitney returned to Canka Heights.

Im a distance, she saw Noel approaching in the framed glasses, bong khaki bench coat, and slightly raised collar acentuated his tall figure.

Γ

remembered that she had stopped him faoin joining them for breakfast last time and realized she had been out of line, especially after he had helped her fix the wiring in her She shouldn't have treated him like th

Inking of this, Whitney took the initiative to greet him.

tbefore she could speak, Noel walked right past her without a glance, as it she were invisible

Chapter 20 You're Jealous

Whitney sighed inwardly. She had really offended him.

Just then, her phone rang. She saw that it was Yvette calling, so she picked up.

"Whitney, if you're free tomorrow, come with me to Duffle Jewelry Store

"Sore, just sent a necklace there for maintenance a couple of days ago. I need to pick it up anyway."

They agreed on a time and ended the call.

The next day, Yvette came to pick up Whitney.

After parking in front of the jewelry store, Yvette locked the car and said, "It's Mr. York's birthday. She likes emeralds. You'll have to help me pick something nice."

"Of course. Trust my taste, Whitey replied.

With that, they walked into the jewelry store

Whitney had just informed the sales associate that she was there to collect her necklace when she heard Yvette gasp in surprise.

"Whimney, look!"