

## **You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow**

### **Chapter 259 - 260**

Clarissa could barely hold herself back when she heard Damian's sweet words.

While she hugged and kissed him, she praised, "Whose darling are you? Why are you so

good at making others happy?"

"Of course I'm from the Quigleys! I'm your darling, Mommy."

When Damian broke out into a grin, he looked exactly like Clarissa when she smiled.

Seeing how affectionate the mother and son pair were, Catherine could not help but laugh

and chide, "That's enough. You've just returned, so there's still so much filth clinging to you.

Change your clothes, quickly. Otherwise, you'll make our darling Damian Quigley dirty and

spread germs to him."

The corners of Clarissa's lips twitched at that. Sometimes, Catherine would call Damian via

his real name. Clarissa was not bothered, for she meant it as a term of endearment.

Sometimes, the little boy was not that thoughtful. He was adorable when he spoke sweetly.

However, whenever he acted fiercely, Clarissa wished for nothing more than to shove him

back into her womb.

In her fury, she would tend to call him by his full name. As time passed, Catherine picked it

up.

Clarissa changed out of her clothes and washed up before returning.

Then, she started

cuddling with her dear son affectionately.

At that moment, Clarissa was still patient enough to play with him.

However, when it was time to eat, Damian was not so adorable anymore.

"I won't eat!"

The little kid kept playing with the toy car Ryler had given him earlier, refusing to eat.

Clarissa had been suppressing her anger as she did not want to be furious at him. Yet, within three days, he had been spoilt by Catherine. Extremely restless, he only wanted to play with his toys. It had been a tough feat to convince him to eat. However, after he took a few mouthfuls, he stood up again, sat onto his twist car, and zoomed around the house.

He did not even notice that his mother's temper was already reaching its limit.

With the veins on her forehead throbbing, Clarissa slammed Damian's bowl on the table and

ordered in a deep voice, "Damian!"

Damian was so excited and engrossed with what he was doing that he did not hear her.

"Damian Quigley!"

When he heard his full name, he immediately froze.

Every time his mother said his full name, it meant that she was truly furious.

The young boy probably had a lot of past experiences where he had been taught a stern

lesson. Hence, he immediately abandoned his twist car, ran over, and climbed onto his

designated seat. Then, he grabbed his bowl and started shoving mouthfuls of food into his mouth.

As he ate, he raised his head carefully. When he noticed Clarissa's grim expression and

silence, a wave of fear washed through him.

Catherine teased with a smile, "See, your mother's angry because you refused to eat obediently."

On the other hand, Clarissa ignored her son's innocent gaze. She remained silent as she ate her own food.

However, Damian knew how to appease his mother.

After looking at her for a long while and not seeing her smile, he suddenly blurted in the

middle of eating, “Mommy, the food you cooked tastes really amazing!”

“I didn’t cook it. The maid cooked it.”

Clarissa could see right through his flattery.

“Even if you didn’t cook it, I still feel extremely happy because you are eating with me!”

“Pfft!”

Clarissa could not help but burst out laughing. When she glanced at him and noticed his

appeasing smile, she remarked, “I wonder who you take after.”

Catherine piped up, “Who else? You were even more eloquent than him when you were younger.”

Damian chimed in, “I take after Mommy!”

Clarissa would never admit that she used to act so gratuitously.

She only managed to coax Damian to sleep late at night. She stood up afterward and

headed to the courtyard. With a thick coat wrapped around her, she chatted with Matthew.

The house they were living in was a small villa where Clarissa had moved into. As she had a

child, they required a larger space. If they lived in an apartment, Damian would definitely

kick up a ruckus and annoy their neighbors. Since she had enough money, she bought a

small villa and moved without alerting the Lesters.

When Clarissa mentioned to Matthew how obsequiously Damian acted, she lamented, “That

little boy is such a sweet-talker! Sometimes, it’s really amusing when he acts so

appeasingly. I don’t know who he takes after.”

Matthew immediately pointed out, “You, of course. Don’t you know that you look exactly like

him when you’re trying to flatter me?”

“No way!”

Clarissa denied it immediately. She would never admit to that.

Matthew chuckled. Fine, I'll let her deny it. I can already imagine how Damian looks like when he smiles. The way his eyes crinkle definitely resembles Clarissa's. When Damian was born, he looked identical to her. It's as if he's only her child. I'm completely out of the picture.

Luckily, his face shape is starting to resemble mine.

Clarissa chatted with Matthew till midnight before she hung up and returned to the house.

To her surprise, Catherine was still in the kitchen. It seemed like she was drinking a glass of water.

Clarissa smiled awkwardly. "Why aren't you asleep yet, Grandma?"

"Well, I haven't been sleeping much recently. That same question applies to you too. It's winter, and the weather outside's so cold! You must have a hot bath before sleeping, okay?"

"I know. I'll do it now."

Clarissa stuck out her tongue secretly and went upstairs.

On the other hand, Catherine shook her head and sat in the living room for a while before returning to her room.

Actually, she knew Clarissa was still in contact with Matthew. She was merely turning a blind eye to it temporarily.

Clarissa had not cut off ties with Matthew over the past three years.

Catherine had also sent her on a couple of blind dates, but Clarissa had probably only agreed to go just to appease her.

Catherine had not given up yet. However, when she saw how Clarissa had been contacting

Matthew secretly, she was helpless to intervene either.

Recently, she always had an urge to ponder over things when it was late at night.

If I'm gone, what'll happen to Clare and Damian?

Of course, I'm not talking about their material needs. If they don't have a man in the family,

I'll still be worried.

She let out a sigh at that thought.

When Clarissa returned to W City late, she promised to bring Damian out to play, hoping to make up for her being late.

Hence, she brought him to the children's amusement park the next day.

Luckily, it wasn't a weekend, so there were not a lot of children and parents in the

amusement park. When Clarissa watched her son change into a firefighter costume, he

seemed like the most handsome and cutest child. She wanted to snap some photos of him,

but he had already followed the staff and other children into the amusement park to play.

She sat with a few other parents outside, but they were still unacquainted with each other.

Hence, she sent some pictures of Damian to Matthew.

He did not reply, probably because he was busy. Clarissa was not bothered by it either. She

kept craning her neck to peer inside, keeping her gaze fixed on her dashing son. No matter

how she looked at him, he was always so adorable and handsome to her.

A talkative parent was sitting next to her. Initially, she asked a few simple questions and

Clarissa could still continue the conversation.

However, the more they chatted, the more Clarissa disliked her. That mother continuously

talked about the house her family lived in, the car they bought, their family trips overseas,

and the things she splurged her money on. She even complained about her husband, saying

that he only knew how to earn money, yet in her lamentations, there was a noticeable hint of pride.

At the start, Clarissa could still respond to her words with a smile.

However, as the

conversation progressed, her patience ran out. She lowered her head and stared at her

phone. Seeing how Matthew had not replied to her message yet, she started to feel displeased. I'm going to remember this, Matthew. Just like that, she suffered from the mother's toxicity for almost two hours. Damian had finally finished all the games by then, so she quickly brought him out and planned to find a place to eat.

However, the moment she left, she bumped into that boastful mother again. This time, there was a man beside her. He was probably her husband. Although Clarissa pretended not to see her, the chatty woman rushed over after spotting her.

"It's you, Ms. Quigley? Your husband isn't here to pick you up? Are you the only one bringing your son around? Oh my... You're so pretty. Doesn't your husband dote on you? Women shouldn't just take care of their skin. More importantly, women should train their husbands well. The only thing about my husband that displeases me is that he only knows how to earn money. Other than that, I'm pretty satisfied with him. I just called him, and he immediately came over to pick us up. No matter where he is, he..."

The mother continued on and on. Hugging Damian, Clarissa felt like she was on the verge of snapping.

"Oh! Daddy!"

Damian suddenly cried out as he extended his arms out.

Everyone glanced over in that direction when they heard Damian. Beside a black Bentley stood an aloof man with an extraordinary aura.

"Daddy! Daddy!"

Matthew was pleasantly surprised by Damian's affectionate calls.

Although he rarely saw

him, the little boy had never welcomed him so warmly before.

Yet, he was calling out to him so excitedly and happily.

Naturally, despite those doubts, Matthew walked over and took Damian from Clarissa's arms into his. The little boy did not struggle at all and seemed to accept it willingly.

When Matthew glanced at Clarissa, a look of affection crossed his face.

"Are you done? Do you want to have a meal?"

Clarissa instantly agreed and left with Matthew.

Meanwhile, the couple behind them was still stunned by their attractiveness and classy

demeanor. They watched as Clarissa and her son entered the car and zoomed away.

The moment they entered the car, Damian struggled to break free from Matthew's arms and

extended his hands toward Clarissa.

"I want Mommy!"

Clarissa smiled. "I thought you wanted your dad earlier?"

"I just want Mommy!"

Damian was very insistent, but Matthew refused to release him. No matter how hard the boy

struggled, he could not free himself at all. His face flushed red because of how much

strength he was exerting. Despite the boy's squirming, Matthew smiled as he watched his

son struggle unhappily.

"Damian Tyson, Mommy's tired. Can you bear to let her carry you?"

"Hmph! My name's not Damian Tyson. I'm Damian Quigley!"

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Although Damian was just an adorable little child, he was probably more mature and

intelligent than his peers.

Although Matthew was oblivious to why he called him so affectionately earlier, Clarissa

understood.

He must have noticed that his mother was unhappy. Even if he did not understand what the

woman was talking about, he was sensitive enough to realize it.

Earlier, he refused to acknowledge Matthew when he called him Damian Tyson. He probably did not understand what last names signified, but since he was used to being called Damian Quigley, he had to rebuke Matthew's words.

The young boy gazed at Clarissa pitifully, his eyes filled with indignance. He pouted, looking like he was on the verge of crying.

Unable to bear it anymore, she stretched out her arms and took him back into her arms.

When she carried him, he immediately broke out into a smile. Hugging her neck cutely, he

declared, "Mommy, I only like you and no one else!"

Matthew, who had just been referred to as "no one else," frowned.

When he saw Damian

acting cutely in Clarissa's arms, he did not find him adorable at all.

Instead, he clenched his

jaw in frustration.

"Speak properly. Why are you acting cutely despite being a boy?"

While Clarissa hugged Damian, he made a face at Matthew. Then, he burrowed deeper into

her embrace and said cutely, "Mommy, I'm your dearest darling!"

Clarissa suppressed her laughter, patted his back, and replied, "Of course you are! I love you

the most, my darling..."

Matthew's face fell, and he seemed to want to say something, but

Clarissa shot a warning

glance at him.

At the sight of her glaring eyes, Matthew held himself back and

remained silent.

After Clarissa coaxed Damian, she tried asking, "Damian, why did you call for Daddy just

now, but you don't want him now? Aren't you happy Daddy's here?"

Snuggling in Clarissa's embrace, Damian rubbed his head against her and stayed silent for a

while.

As she waited patiently for his answer, she exchanged glances with

Matthew silently. Finally,

Damian spoke. Although his voice was muffled, she could understand him.

“Mommy, you don’t like her. Her son also kept talking about how amazing his daddy is, how

he brought him out to play and bought a lot of toys...”

Even though the mother was bragging outside, I didn’t expect her son to be doing the same thing inside.

No wonder they are mother and son.

Matthew frowned and looked at Clarissa in confusion.

She merely described what had happened earlier before reassuring Damian, “He bragged

about his father to you, right? But what’s there to show off? Your daddy’s taller, more

handsome, and richer than his! He bought more gifts for you too!”

Damian moved his butt slightly, looking like he was starting to be a little convinced.

Clarissa smiled and lifted his head. “Look, you actually like Daddy, right?

He bought you so

many more toys! Doesn’t he make you proud?”

Damian’s resolve was starting to waver after hearing what his mother said. He cast a glance

at Matthew but averted his gaze quickly before staring back at him for a while.

Matthew smiled slightly upon noticing the boy’s antics.

Meanwhile, Clarissa tried to send Damian back to Matthew’s embrace.

This time, he did not

resist and ended up in his father’s arms.

Although he was hugging Damian unfamiliarly, Matthew laughed. Unlike his frosty tone

earlier, his voice was much gentler when he said, “I’ll teach anyone who bullies you a lesson,

okay?”

Damian nodded. “I don’t like Jackie. He’s really mean. He keeps stealing my toys and

insulting Mommy...”

Matthew raised his eyebrows while Clarissa explained, “Jackie’s a kid in our neighborhood.

He's two years older than Damian. As he's been spoiled, he has a really arrogant personality."

Matthew snorted coldly. "Spoiled? It's his parent's fault. Damian, I'll teach Jackie a lesson."

Actually, Jackie's parents were quite decent. However, his grandmother would bump into them occasionally and gossip about how Clarissa had a child before marriage behind their back.

They lived in a high-class neighborhood, so the residents were quite civilized. Yet, they would sometimes come across a few people like Jackie's grandmother. Clarissa could not

be bothered to deal with them. As she did not know them and barely met them, she deigned to be petty with them. However, whenever she bumped into Jackie's grandmother outside the house, she would deliberately smile at her provocatively. Clarissa wanted to see how frustrated the old woman could get when she was helpless to act on her displeasure.

"That's enough. What are you talking about? Jackie's parents are decent people. We live in the same neighborhood, so let's not sour our relationships with others. They're just so busy with their business that they neglected their child's education."

A cold glint appeared in Matthew's eyes. "They neglected their child because they are busy.

Only incapable people would use work as an excuse. Am I right, Damian?"

The young boy raised his head. "What does 'incapable people' mean?" Matthew stroked his head and explained, "It refers to people who don't have the ability to protect their family or work."

Damian immediately puffed up his chest. "When I grow up, I'll protect Mommy,

Great-grandma, and work well!"

"Pfft!"

Clarissa burst out laughing at his statement. Damian's determined look made him seem like a real man.

Matthew was quite pleased with this.

"You're amazing, Damian! You're my dearest son!"

Damien blushed in embarrassment upon being praised. His eyes crinkled, and a small grin

spread across his cheeks, making him look utterly adorable.

Even though Matthew was not as affectionate toward Damian as Clarissa was, his heart

melted into a puddle when he saw the little boy's smile.

He hugged Damian tightly, kissed his forehead gently, and smiled.

The car stopped outside the Prime Hotel, the most famous hotel in W City. Other than the

hotel suites, the restaurant was also nationally renowned.

Just like its name, the food was of prime quality.

Matthew walked into the hotel, carrying Damian in one arm and holding Clarissa's hand with

his other. The family of three was so good-looking that they immediately became the focus

of everyone else's attention.

Despite being so exceptional, no one could recognize which family they belonged to.

W City was unlike D City. Here, Clarissa felt much more at ease.

They did not enter a private lounge as Damian loved to look around.

Furthermore, the private

lounge was a little stuffy. Hence, they preferred dining outside where they could admire the

scenery as they ate their meal.

Damian sat down on a child's booster seat and was provided a set of cutlery that was

specifically for children. It featured adorable cartoon characters and bright colors. He stared

at it excitedly for a while before glancing at the people around him.

Damian was not easily intimidated by new surroundings or situations. He especially liked

observing good-looking people, regardless of whether they were male or female. He had a

pair of large eyes, and whenever he saw someone, he would break out into a large smile.

Any stranger would love such an adorable child like him.

While Clarissa chatted with Matthew, Damian was busy smiling at the people around him.

He looked exceptionally cute as he greeted almost everyone who looked his way.

“Hello, sir! Hello, ma’am! Hello, everyone!”

He greeted all the diners in his vicinity. Everyone took an instant liking to this adorable and handsome child.

Sitting at the side, Clarissa felt exasperated and embarrassed. Doesn’t he ever feel shy?

She shot an apologetic smile at the couple nearest to them.

“Damian, they are eating. Let’s not disturb them, okay?”

“Okay!”

After speaking, Damian smiled at the people around him again.

As his mother, Clarissa quickly apologized on his behalf. “I’m sorry for disturbing you.”

However, the couple was not bothered at all. The woman whispered to her, “Your son is so cute!”

Before Clarissa could reply, Damian was already flattering her.

“You’re so pretty!”

“Pfft...”

When the man sitting opposite the woman heard what Damian said, he could not help but laugh.

“Are you teasing my wife?”

Damian stared at him with his eyes wide open, not understanding what he meant.

On the other hand, Clarissa felt extremely embarrassed.

Laughing, the woman rebuked, “What are you talking about? Isn’t he speaking the truth?”

“Yes, yes. Of course!”

The couple looked at each other and exchanged affectionate smiles before returning to their food.

Clarissa whispered to Matthew, "Did you see that? Were you so good at flattery when you were younger?"

The man raised his eyebrows at her question. As he wiped Damian's mouth, he said,

"Everyone says the son takes after his mother."

Those words needed no other explanations.

Clarissa snorted. "I wasn't like that when I was a child. He definitely resembles you."

"Fine, he resembles me."

Whenever couples talked about who their child resembled, the conversation always ended up like this.

Naturally, the child's bad aspects resembled the other party, while the good aspects resembled their own.

However, Matthew conceded willingly. What else could I have done? It is whatever she says it is.

They were about to leave once they were done with dinner when they bumped into the couple, who dined near them earlier, in the car park.

The woman seemed to like Damian a lot. She walked over and chatted with him briefly before leaving.

The couple only started talking in the car after Clarissa and her family had left.

"That family looks quite familiar."

The man smiled. "I didn't recall who they are initially. I only remembered when I looked at my phone just now. He's Matthew Tyson, the president of Tyson Corporation."

"Huh? That was him?"

"Yeah, I didn't expect that we'll bump into him in this small city. He even has a wife! Tsk, who would've imagined it? Should I sell this major piece of news to the newspaper? I'd earn loads if I did that!"

At that, the woman laughed and chided, "That's enough! Stop fooling around. Are you sure she's his wife?"

"Of course! Didn't you notice their wedding rings?"

"They kept this whole thing lowkey. It doesn't necessarily mean they're married if they have

matching rings. Men like to act differently in public and in private, right? It's such a pity that

a beautiful woman like her and an adorable boy like him cannot be revealed to the public. No

good man exists in this world..."

"Don't associate me with them, darling. I'm a good man. Don't be angry! Also, I think Mr.

Tyson probably isn't that kind of man. Forget it! Let's stop talking about them. We'll return to

D City tonight. We've had enough fun, so let's get back to work."

The woman snorted, her silence indicating her agreement with her husband's remark.