

You' ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 261

Then, Matthew took Clarissa and Damian to another place. They ended up buying plenty of toys, filling the car boot to the brim. Some of them were even brought over from D City.

Only when night fell did the man finally drive them home.

Clarissa lingered at the door for a long while before carrying a sleeping Damian into the house.

Surprisingly, Catherine hadn't gone to bed yet. After tucking her son in with Jenny's help, Clarissa returned to the living room and had a glass of milk.

Catherine questioned upon seeing her enter, "Did you have fun? Why did you buy so many toys?"

Chuckling, Clarissa replied, "It's been a long time since I last spent time with Damian, so I figured it was fine to go along with his wishes today."

At that, Catherine nodded in acknowledgment. In reality, both of them knew the truth of the matter, but she didn't mention a single word about Matthew.

"Alright, you must be tired after going out for the entire day, so rest earlier."

Just when Clarissa walked out after taking a shower, her cell phone rang. Going into the study, she closed the door before having a video call with Matthew.

As Matthew gazed at the freshly-showered woman, whose hair was a touch messy and her face flushed, his heart jolted.

Noticing the darkening of his eyes, a fissure of embarrassment crept into Clarissa, and she spoke to divert his attention.

"Say, was it you who arranged for the contract I signed in D City back then?"

However, Matthew's face was a mask of puzzlement. "What contract? Did you sign a contract with Tyson Corporation's media company?"

"Please drop the act. Mr. Yates mentioned it when I had a meal with him back then."

Hearing that, Matthew chuckled. "I did know about that, but I didn't arrange it. Tyson Corporation only makes profitable deals, so they only signed you because you are viewed as profitable. Besides, it's very difficult to get an appointment

with you nowadays. Your popularity has soared. You've now become a renowned screenwriter."

Clarissa tilted her head and smirked proudly. "Of course! If it weren't because of you, I wouldn't have signed with them."

"Then, I've got to thank you, Ms. Quigley."

"You've naturally got to thank me since a script I write will definitely make you a ton of money!"

While that seemed to be the truth, Clarissa didn't dare boast as much to others. She would only say it to Matthew brazenly.

"I'll give you a bonus if I make a ton of money."

"Sure! I'll invest it in my island. The annual maintenance is so costly that I'm about to become a pauper. Say, I haven't even gotten to enjoy the island you gave me, but I'm already investing money in it. What a travesty..." Clarrisa groused.

However, she then remembered that the island had initially been meant for their wedding.

At the thought of that, melancholy flooded her. She didn't dare blather on about the island, so she changed the topic and spoke mostly of Damian.

Although Matthew couldn't be a regular part of their son's life, she always remembered to take photos or videos of their son's growth. She then edited and combined them all to send to him from time to time, for she didn't want him to miss any moment of Damian's life, no matter the happy or sad times.

She had no idea when such days would end, but Catherine's attitude seemed to have eased a lot compared to the previous year. She was no longer as adamant in forbidding her from meeting Matthew. At present, she most likely knew that they were in contact privately, but she merely turned a blind eye to it.

Perhaps Grandma will soon allow Matthew to be part of our lives for Damian's sake, she mused.

Half a month later, Clarissa unexpectedly set out for D City again despite just having returned a while ago.

This time, it was wholly for work reasons.

She was truly reluctant to part with Damian, but she couldn't take him with her. For that reason, she spent the entire day with him before leaving. Early the next morning, she departed at the crack of dawn. She knew her son would probably burst into tears and throw a tantrum when he woke up.

Upon arriving in D City, she was seized by the urge to wrap herself up in a thick quilt. When Mandy picked her up, she demanded, "Why did you ask me to come over when there are no problems with the script? Can't the others in the studio amend it? If they really can't handle it, you could've sent me an email!"

Mandy merely shrugged. "Yael said you've got to accommodate them if they've got any requests since they're paying an exorbitant amount. Besides, it's indeed rather busy now at the end of the year. On top of that, now that you're famous, many people are requesting that you write them a script, so those in the studio are swamped."

Oh, God, that's a lot of excuses! But the bottom line of what she means is that the other party is paying an exorbitant amount...

Clarissa's lips twitched. "Alright, I got it. It's really not easy to make money nowadays!"

All at once, Mandy's expression changed. You're merely writing scripts, so what's so difficult when a single script of yours is selling at a king's ransom now?

Nonetheless, it wasn't all that persuasive.

Clarissa headed to the studio and treated everyone to a meal before checking into the hotel. She took a nap in the afternoon, and no one bothered her at night either, so she had an unusually peaceful day.

The next day, she received a call from the media company, requesting that she go over for a meeting early in the morning. She was to meet the director as well.

It wasn't her first rodeo, so Clarissa merely dolled up for a bit before going to the media company alone.

While the media company under Tyson Corporation was lagging behind its peers in the other industries, it was doing considerably well in the entertainment industry.

Most importantly, the company had the funds to produce top-notch work. As quality triumphed over quantity to them, their reputation had been on the rise throughout the past few years. Many people now had the perception that works produced by Tyson Media were sure to be of top-notch quality, becoming a branding of sorts.

It was the first time Clarissa was collaborating with them. Honestly speaking, she would still proceed with the collaboration even if it weren't Matthew's company.

When she arrived, the receptionist allowed her up upon learning that she had an appointment. She was then led upstairs to a small conference room.

After waiting for a while, the company's representatives arrived. She recognized the company's president and director, followed by the film producer and director...

All of them then exchanged some pleasantries, both parties naturally hoping that the collaboration would go smoothly.

Unexpectedly, someone whispered something into the president's ear while the meeting was underway. His gaze flickering slightly, the president announced with a smile, "It so happens that the big boss made a sudden visit today. When he heard that we're discussing a new script, he expressed his interest to join us."

"Are you referring to Mr. Tyson?" the young director recommended by Justin asked in astonishment.

"Yes, that's right."

Just as his words fell, the general manager walked out. In no time, he then escorted Matthew in.

Matthew sat down, looking cool and indifferent as he placidly murmured, "Carry on."

The general manager nodded with a smile and continued discussing the script, acting as though Matthew was a bystander.

While others in the room were a tad nervous, the manager was still considerably calm. Meanwhile, Clarissa rolled her eyes inwardly.

Nonetheless, business and pleasure were two different things, in which she was exceptionally good at drawing the line. Of course, she was no match for Matthew, the trickster.

"Generally speaking, there are no problems with this script, Ms. Quigley. However, I think the ending needs to be amended. I'm sure you're well aware of the trends now, so it'll be good to have the ending in that fashion..." the producer suggested.

Before Clarissa could reply to that, the director—Maddox Wilson—interjected, "Mr. Jensen, it'll be too mainstream if we really follow the current trends. It'll then lose its meaning. I think Ms. Quigley's ending is very well written..."

Clarissa then indicated the same opinion as Maddox, and they discussed the matter again.

Matthew, on the other hand, took the notebook the general manager handed him. He then glanced through the outline of the script, seeming very much interested in it.

While Clarissa and the managers were in the midst of their discussion, he suddenly chimed in. His voice was clear and cool, yet it seemed threaded with a hint of steel.

“Just go with the script.”

Since the ultimate president himself had spoken, the decision was now set in stone.

“But...”

Matthew then changed his tune, causing everyone present to swing their gazes at him, only to see that he was staring at Clarissa with a darkened gaze.

“I’m very interested in this script, Ms. Quigley. However, there are some parts I don’t quite understand, so I wonder if you’ve got time to answer my queries alone?”

Upon hearing that, shock descended upon everyone in the room. Uh... Why does Mr. Tyson sound as though he’s propositioning her for some reason?

Clarissa, however, merely answered mildly, “I’m sorry, Mr. Tyson, but I believe that the director is also very familiar with the script. Why don’t you have the director explain it to you? I might not be able to spare the time.”

In other words, she rebuffed him right then and there.

At that, Matthew’s face darkened, and he began emanating an oppressive aura. That sudden change in the atmosphere had everyone present gripping the edges of their seats.

Being Justin’s friend, Maddox couldn’t just twiddle his thumbs when Clarissa was put in a difficult position.

Thus, he hurriedly helped her out by interjecting, “I’m indeed much more familiar with the script than Ms. Quigley, Mr. Tyson. I’ve studied it, so I’ll explain it to you if you have any queries. After all, Ms. Quigley still has to go back and amend the script.”

Clarissa instantly nodded in agreement. “That’s right.”

“Amend the script? We are going to follow the original script, so no amendments are necessary. In that case, you now have time, yes?”

It seemed as though Matthew was simply unwilling to relent.

“Although the script doesn’t have to be amended, there are still some minor details to be considered, Mr. Tyson...”

In truth, such an excuse wasn't all that convincing. When Matthew swept his pitch-black eyes over Maddox, the man immediately broke into a cold sweat as apprehension swamped him.

The next moment, Matthew stood up and cast Clarissa a cold look before leaving the conference room.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief when he left. Flashing them a faint smile, Clarissa murmured, "Please excuse me if there's nothing else, gentlemen."

"I'll drive you back, Ms. Quigley," Maddox offered.

However, Clarissa declined and left the media company.

As soon as she left, she phoned Matthew in the car.

The call was promptly answered, upon which she demanded in chagrin, "Was that fun?"

Conversely, the man on the line snorted softly. "Wasn't that fun?"

Hmm? Why does he sound rather peeved now?

Clarissa couldn't figure out why he was pissed off.

"What was the meaning of that?"

"What could it mean? It's a film produced by my company, so can't I have any queries? Or are you so high and mighty now that I can't even have a say in such matters?"

Since he had said as much, Clarissa was dead certain that he was indeed fuming, what with the obvious sarcasm.

However, she wasn't an accommodating person either. "Matthew Tyson, spit it out if you've got something to say. Stop venting your anger on me, for I've got no time to beat around the bush with you."

"Hah! You've got no time to beat around the bush with me, but you had time to attend a blind date, huh?"