

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

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D City finally woke up to a pleasant morning after a few consecutive days of chilliness.

Clarissa woke up and looked out of the window, delighted by what came into view. The

exceptionally clear blue sky indicated that it would be a day of fine weather. It was really a

perfect day to plan for an outing. Almost instantly, she made up her mind to grab the golden

opportunity and take Damian out.

There were many places of interest in D City. Clarissa took some time to browse through the

reviews on recommended destinations online with her phone and shortlisted a few places

that they could visit. After packing some necessary items for their outing, she proceeded to

wake her son up.

People tended to be idle and sleep more during winter. Damian was not an exception. When

Clarissa patted him lightly on the back to wake him up, he turned to his side and mumbled

reluctantly. Even though he looked adorable like a hibernating baby bear, she had to wake

him up from his dreamland.

Clarissa knew the most efficient way to wake her son up. She leaned closer to him and

whispered into his ear, "Darling... sleepyhead, wake up now. Do you want a yummy donut? I

have bought a big one for you."

Miraculously, Damian moved and sat up in an instant. Even though his eyes were still

closed, he started to mumble, "Donut! I want to eat the yummy donut!" Pfft! Clarissa could not help but feel amused and chuckled.

She quickly took out her phone and set it to video mode to capture his funny moment. My

goodness! What a little glutton! He's even licking his lips in his dream!

The next moment,

she burst into laughter.
Upon hearing Clarissa's laughter, Damian finally opened his eyes.
Rubbing his groggy eyes,
his mind was fully occupied by the delicious donut!

"Donut! Donut! I'm coming!" he yelled excitedly and was about to climb out of the bed.

Clarissa immediately put aside her phone and pulled him into her arms.

"You've woken up,
right? Come, let's wash up before you eat your donut."

He turned to wrap his arms around her and called her coquettishly.

Stroking his fine hair

lovingly, her heart was warmed by his sweet voice.

After a quick wash-up, Clarissa and Damian went down for breakfast.

Damian was given a

donut as promised earlier by her. After savoring his favorite donut, he went up again

obediently to brush his teeth and dressed up before they stepped out.

Matthew did not allow Clarissa to bring Damian out just by herself.

Other than the driver, he

advised her to bring along Julia and another nanny who was specially hired to look after

Damian. For Clarissa, he might be a bit overprotective of Damian.

Nevertheless, she could not reject as he insisted to do so in order to secure their safety. As

a loving father, it was just natural for him to cater to his beloved son's wellbeing by all

means. Thus, Clarissa understood that she had no right to go against his will.

Their first destination was the museum in D City. Once they stepped into the museum,

Damian was mesmerized by the massive dinosaur skeleton displayed in the center of the

hall. His eyes glistened with excitement as it was his very first close encounter with the

skeleton of the mysterious prehistoric animal. His curiosity was piqued when he looked at

the ancient artifacts of the prehistoric stone age, and Clarissa briefed him on the history of

human development.

Later, his eyes lit up again when his mother pointed out to him that the world consisted of different regions as shown on a giant globe. It was sort of a unique educational trip which had enlightened Damian and spurred his interest to explore the amazing world.

As a mother, Clarissa wished that her son would gradually grow up and become more mature through self-development. At the same time, she hoped that he would continue to have an ongoing passion for the unlimited exploration and discovery in the world which was full of uncertainties.

At noon, they headed for lunch at a popular restaurant nearby. Clarissa ordered a few types of food as recommended by the waiter. She did not leave out Damian's favorite fried chicken.

Damian applauded the moment his fried chicken was served. He munched the drumstick, licked his thumbs, and kept complimenting, "Mommy, this fried chicken is really finger-lickin' good!" Clarissa shook her head and was speechless at his humorous way of enjoying his fried chicken.

Look at this drama king, who is a typical food lover! He can really exaggerate when it comes to food! He can actually help to advertise for the restaurant! She took the video of Damian enjoying his fried chicken and sent it to Matthew at once. Other than the fried chicken, Damian tried other types of food eagerly as well. After a while, he was already full and let out a burp. While waiting for the others to finish their meal, he took a small piece of brownie and started toying with it. Clarissa knitted her brows and advised him patiently, "Damian, I have told you before that

food is not a toy, right? You're not supposed to waste the brownie by treating it as your toy.

Just finish it first!"

Damian put on a fawning smile and handed Clarissa the small piece of brownie which was already a bit out of shape.

"Mommy, I give it to you!"

"You naughty boy, I won't help you to finish it. Since you're the one who took it, you have to

swallow it. If not, bring this home and you will have it as your dinner tonight!" Clarissa put on

a stern look and warned him.

Upon hearing her words, Damian pouted his lips in displeasure and put the small piece of

brownie directly in her plate. After that, he got off from his dining chair and started to trot

around the dining table.

Ah! The little glutton is done with his meal. It's finally my turn to enjoy my meal now! Since

Julia and the nanny could help to keep an eye on Damian, Clarissa just let him move around

freely. She had not really taken any mouthful of the food as she was busy serving Damian a

while ago. Thus, she quickly grabbed the chance to fill her stomach first.

A while later, Damian started to feel bored in the private room and dashed out. Both Julia

and the nanny ran out hastily to catch up with him. Clarissa glanced at them and continued

eating.

Her phone buzzed abruptly. It was a call from Matthew.

"We're having a meal now, and almost done. We'll be back in a while, so you don't have to

come. Do you want to talk to your mischievous son? He had just run out of the room a while

ago. Don't worry, Mrs. Lawson and the nanny are following him closely.

He won't get lost..."

Matthew was actually thinking of having a video call with Damian. As Damian was not with

her at the moment, he requested, "Since you're already out, just bring him to my office later."

"We're not going," Clarissa blurted out and rejected without hesitation. Sensing that she was a bit blunt by blurting out the words, she explained at once, "We have spent a few hours out today and I'm afraid Damian is tired. He will surely need a nap later.

Apart from that, I'm protecting him from the humiliation that I encountered at then. I'm sure you understand how I feel. I won't let Damian experience the miserable moment that I've gone through. Matthew, I'm serious about it. If the same thing happens to our son, I would surely confront them and fight them to the end!"

There was even an unmissable firmness in Clarissa's tone, which implied that she was serious with her words. As a mother, she would not let anyone inflict any harm on her child.

No doubt Matthew was the love of her life, yet Damian would always be her top priority.

Moreover, he was still young. She would not think twice to sacrifice anything in order to protect him.

Matthew remained silent momentarily and consoled Clarissa, "Clare, I understand how you feel. Don't worry, I will ensure that it won't happen again. I won't let anyone hurt you and our son."

Clarissa held her phone and did not say anything.

Matthew heaved a sigh and added gently, "Alright, you go back for a rest with Damian first.

After you reach home, just give me a call any time before he has his nap."

"Alright, I get it. It's only half-day, yet you are already missing him. If I'm not mistaken, you had never missed me like how you miss him now." There was unmistakable jealousy in her tone.

In an instant, Matthew's low and charismatic chuckle could be heard from the other end of the line. It was as if he was tickling her sensitive ear with a feather. "Clare, it sounds like you're jealous of our son!" "Pfft! Fortunately, our child is a son. If we had a daughter, you would surely forget about me as your mind would be fully occupied by her." "Of course I won't!" He smiled and emphasized, "It doesn't matter if we have a son or daughter. You will be my top priority forever. You're the one who brings them to this world. Anyway, are you willing to have another daughter? If you are willing, I will surely put more effort into achieving it." "It's too early to talk about that now. Damian is still young." Clarissa blushed, but his words seemed to trigger her in a way. If we have another child, I'll really want a girl. Matthew teased her, "Alright, not in a rush. We can put in the effort first and think about it at the same time." "Enough of that. I'm almost done with my lunch and will head home after this. Talk to you again later," she hung up at once. When she was about to get up and look for her son, the nanny rushed into the room and yelled incoherently, "Mrs. Tyson, can you go and have a look..." Before she could finish her words, Clarissa's face turned pale at once. She darted out of the room like a bolt of lightning. The moment she was out of the room, she saw Mrs. Lawson holding Damian in her arms. Nevertheless, Damian looked a little pale and he was staring off into space. Meanwhile, the driver, Nick, was blocking in front of them, as if he was arguing with someone. A middle-aged woman who was dressed in luxury clothes and jewelry was rebuking them with harsh words.

Oblivious to the woman's strident words, Clarissa rushed toward Julia and took Damian from her immediately to check on his condition. "Damian, are you alright?" she asked anxiously. Julia replied at once, "Mrs. Tyson, he's fine. He was just scared." Clarissa was relieved to know that Damian was fine. She embraced him tightly and patted gently on his back to coax him. Her gentleness and comforting words had calm Damian down. After a while, he finally let out of his emotions and burst into tears. Julia's heart ached at the sight of tears that rolled down his cheeks. Clarissa continued to comfort him, "Damian, don't cry. I'm here. Don't be afraid." "Mommy...I'm scared." Damian sobbed. "Damian, don't be afraid. You're a brave boy and there's nothing to be feared of." "Mommy..." Damian was apparently trying his best to take Clarissa's advice. Twitching his lips, he tried to restrain himself from sobbing. The woman was still chiding non-stop after knowing that Clarissa was Damian's mother. Pointing straight at Clarissa, she mocked, "Stop pretending that you don't know anything! Your son is really a troublemaker. It must be due to your negligence in educating him! Just admit that he has no manners! Stop giving excuses by saying that he is still young..." Probably intimidated by Clarissa's nonchalance, she was at least not cussing, although she was still lambasting her. Turning a deaf ear to the woman's criticism, Clarissa coaxed her son in her embrace and asked Julia about what had happened a while ago after Damian ran out of the room. According to Julia, she reminded Damian not to run around or he might knock into the

waiters and caused their inconveniences. On the other hand, Damian was being cooperative by taking her advice. Tucking both his hands into the pockets, he looked around inquisitively

as he walked slowly, not forgetting to greet anyone who walked past him with a smile.

Everyone was impressed by his pair of big round eyes and courtesy. Later, a boy, who was playing with his toy car caught Damian's eye. Since he was a typical car lover, he could not resist shifting his gaze away from the boy's toy car. Thus, he stood aside and drooled over it quietly.

Both Mrs. Lawson and the nanny just stood aside and watched silently. Clarissa had told them that it was fine to let Damian have freedom under normal circumstances unless they spotted anything awry.

Nonetheless, the hot-tempered boy was displeased with Damian for gazing at his toy car.

He glared at Damian and hissed, "What are you looking at? This is my car! If you look at it again, I won't let you off easily!"

Meanwhile, the boy's parents were engaged in their conversation and did not even spare them any glance.

Damian smiled as he told the boy, "Hi, I also have this toy car. I just look at it, and I won't disturb you."

Damian was telling the truth. He owned a lot of toys at home, and he was just merely taking a look at the boy's toy car.

Upon hearing Damian's words, the arrogant boy grimaced and stomped. The next moment, he dashed toward Damian and pushed him hard, causing him to slump on the floor.

Julia moved forward at once to help Damian up with the nanny. She frowned at the boy's

parents and asked in great displeasure, "Have you seen what your son has done? How can

he push someone like that?"

Before the couple could say anything, the boy threw tantrum and

shrieked, "Mommy, Daddy,

they bully me! He wants to snatch my toy car!"

The couple, who were protective of their son, just grimaced and

bombarded them with

harsh words blindly. They were apparently unreasonable parents who

had spoiled their son.

Instead of pacifying their domineering son, they made a big fuss out of such a petty matter.

As a result, Damian was scared stiff because of the sudden commotion.

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Needless to say, the boy was just a chip off the old block. It seemed that he took after his

parents' absurdity by framing Damian for snatching his toy car. In fact, he was the one who

twisted the fact and pushed Damian first.

Under normal circumstances, Clarissa would choose to hold herself back from retaliating

against the others' offensive words. She knew that it was not worth it to waste time arguing

with those who were unreasonable. Hence, she would rather not spoil her mood trying to

talk things out with them.

Nevertheless, she was determined to get the matter resolved because of Damian. She felt

that as a parent, she was responsible to show her child the difference between right and

wrong. Despite being submissive at times, she would never let her son get bullied and

treated unfairly.

In the meantime, the boy's unreasonable parents were still raising their voices at them, as if

their son was really the one being bullied.

Even so, as action speaks louder than words, Clarissa just remained silent and assigned Julia to notify the restaurant manager of the current situation as well as to lodge a police report.

The restaurant manager was actually aware of the dispute and was already on the spot a while ago. He had advised the boy's parents to cool their heads off and lower their volume, but to no avail.

When he overheard that Clarissa intended to look for the restaurant manager, he approached her and said courteously, "Madam, I'm the manager." The restaurant manager had come across customers of all walks of life. Based on his observation, Clarissa was obviously giving off a vibe of demureness and dignity, as compared to the unreasonable couple. Therefore, he was more than willing to cater to her needs.

"Sorry for any inconveniences we have caused. I think it's better for us to just lodge a police report. Would you mind leading us somewhere apart from the chaos here, while waiting for the arrival of the police? And one more thing. Do you have a security camera here?"

"Sure, no problem. This way, please. Besides, we have a security camera in our restaurant.

Madam, don't worry, everything is recorded clearly in the security camera footage," he assured Clarissa.

Clarissa twitched her lips as she nodded in acknowledgment. Patting Damian's back gently, she followed the restaurant manager to another room.

Even so, the boy's parents were not the least bit intimidated by Clarissa's request to lodge a police report. They just shrugged their shoulders indifferently and made their way to another

room as well.

Clarissa gave the restaurant manager a thumbs-up silently as she was satisfied with his

arrangement. Ah! What a relief that he arranges for us to be in two different rooms! At least

my ears are not tortured by the boy's high-pitched screaming now!

"Mrs. Tyson, do you think we need to inform Mr. Tyson about this?"

Nick asked tactfully.

Clarissa pondered for a while and replied casually, "It's alright. Don't inform him first since

he's still at work. Let's see how things go."

Nick nodded and stood aside.

Meanwhile, Damian had slowly calmed down and was back to his old self again. He pouted

his lips and grumbled, "Mommy, the big boy is so fierce!"

Clarissa chuckled, amused by his adorable expression and tone. She sat down and put him

gently on her lap as she said softly, "Yeah, he is very fierce. When you come across the other

big boys like him, don't go near them, understand?"

Damian gazed at Clarissa and nodded obediently. As a compliment on his obedience,

Clarissa planted a few kisses on his head and smiled affectionately at him.

Clarissa's kisses managed to cheer him up again. Right that instant, the gloominess in

Damian's eyes was gone as he smiled at her. He leaned closer and kissed Clarissa on the

lips as well.

After a while, the restaurant manager led two policemen into the room.

Clarissa tried to

make herself clear by emphasizing, "I'll forget about how the boy pushed my son just now

and choose not to take any actions on that. After all, they are just kids.

However, I just can't

bear with his parents for rebuking my son and my family members. Their harshness is really

offensive to me. I'm sorry that I can't give in unless they are willing to apologize to me."

Both the policemen's temples started to throb. Given a choice, they wished to have the dispute settled in peace so things would not be blown out of proportion. Upon hearing Clarissa's words, they nodded and felt that her request was still reasonable.

Next, they entered the other room and tried to convey Clarissa's message to them.

Nevertheless, the couple seemed to be against her request.

Perking up her ears, Clarissa could hear bickering noises from the next room. She pursed

her lips and scoffed silently. Pfft! It seems that the haughty couple won't apologize to us!

"Nick, just go over and tell the policemen not to waste their time advising the adamant couple. Just carry on with legal proceedings."

Nick nodded in acknowledgment and went over to deliver Clarissa's message at once.

Meanwhile, Clarissa lowered her head and told Damian jokingly, "Damian, let's go to the police station!"

Blinking his eyes, Damian asked excitedly, "Mommy, are we going there in a police car? I like police cars!"

Clarissa replied in embarrassment, "No, we are going by ourselves. It's not that nice to be seated in a police car."

Damian asked in disappointment, "Why can't we go by a police car? The policemen can bring us there in their car, right?"

"Only those who have made mistakes will be taken by the policemen in their cars. We can't go in one as we didn't do anything wrong. Damian, did you make any mistakes?"

Damian shook his head and replied instantly, "No, I'm a good boy. I didn't do anything wrong."

“Alright, you’re an obedient boy. So, we are not going there by a police car.” Clarissa smiled in relief.

Damian lunged toward her and wrapped his arms tightly around her as if he was afraid to be taken by the policemen at any moment. Clarissa smiled again and touched lightly on the tip of his tiny nose lovingly.

When Clarissa stepped out of the room with Damian, the boy stepped out of the other room with his parents as well. The moment the boy’s father saw Clarissa, a look of resentment flickered in his eyes. If the policemen did not stop him, he would have dashed toward her and throw punches at her.

“What are you doing? How dare you even think of striking others in front of us! You are not afraid of being charged with another offense?” The man stiffened when one of the policemen glared and bellowed at him.

Even though he did not dare to dash toward Clarissa, he was still rebuking non-stop. He only zipped his mouth reluctantly when one of the policemen shot him a warning glance.

The woman who was dressed in branded clothing sneered, “Huh! You’re just bullying us since we are not from D City, aren’t you? Let me tell you, we happen to know someone from a prominent family in D City. Thus, never look down on us and bully us just because we are not local.”

Clarissa could not resist rolling her eyes at her words. She sounds insolent as if she’s a mafia boss, and D City is her territory!

Without hesitation, both parties were instructed to head for the police station. It seemed to be the only way since they could not reach a settlement. The policemen were speechless as one side was being unreasonable, while the other side insisted to go on with the legal

proceedings. In their opinion, the simple argument could actually be sorted out if either party was willing to bear with it or apologize. Not long after they reached the police station, Matthew also emerged together with Hector.

The moment he knew that both Carissa and Damian were at the police station due to a dispute, he dragged Hector along and sped all the way there. After ensuring that both his wife and son were safe and sound, he heaved a sigh of relief. "Daddy!" Damian's face lit up at Matthew's sudden appearance. He lunged toward him at once and hugged him tightly. Feeling secure in Matthew's embrace, he continued to gaze at the policemen in the police station curiously. Damian's impressive good look and obedience stole the limelight in the police station. All the policemen were happy to see such an adorable child. They huddled over him to pinch him gently and tease him. A few policewomen could not resist Damian's great charm and even share their snacks with him. In return, Damian, who was on cloud nine at the sight of various types of snacks, pleased them with flatteries and charming smiles. My goodness! My son really has amazing socializing skills! I won't be surprised if he's surrounded by girls when he grows up! Hector managed to step in to sort things out for them. After that, both Clarissa and Matthew left the police station without sparing another glance at the couple and their son. In the car, Clarissa turned back to get a glimpse of the police station and burst into laughter. Damian's attention was fully focused on the snacks given by the policewomen a while ago. He was busy munching like a hamster and did not even turn to look at his mother.

“It suddenly crossed my mind that we have gone through this numerous times. Do you still remember how many times you had actually come to fetch me from the police station before this?” Clarissa explained jokingly to Matthew when he glanced at her.

All of a sudden, snippets of how he fetched her from the police station previously flashed across his eyes. He turned to look at Clarissa again with his smiling eyes as if he was trying to stifle a laugh at the moment.

Clarissa twitched her lips and added, “Anyway, I didn’t stir up trouble. I’m always the victim. Don’t look at me like that!”

Matthew only shook his head and chuckled. He was relieved that Damian was not affected by the commotion earlier.

Nonetheless, Clarissa tended to have new discoveries when she was back to Zen

Highlands. Hector gave her a call and described to her how the matter was solved at the police station.

“Madam Bowen appeared unexpectedly and turned out to be that somebody in D City, as mentioned by the boy’s parents. The couple had their noses in the air when she reached the police station just now. Upon leaving the police station, I overheard that they seemed to have dirt on her, yet I have no idea what it’s about. I’ll need an investigation to get a clue.”

Hector was aware of Hilary and Clarissa’s relationship. Hence, he felt that he should update her right away on the matter.

“It’s alright. You don’t need to have a further investigation on that. I’m not keen on knowing about anything related to them. Just bear in mind not to let her find out that it’s me. Don’t let the boy’s parents find out about my relationship with her as well.”

Clarissa's mind drifted into contemplation after hanging up the phone. When she came to herself again and turned, Damian had already dozed off in Matthew's arms. Matthew just stayed still so as not to wake him up. Clarissa chuckled as she walked toward them. "Just send him back to the bedroom. You still need to get back to work." "It's alright. I'm not going back to the office this afternoon." He lowered his head and gazed lovingly at Damian as he stroked his head gently. Clarissa teased him, "I know you are blessed to be a first-time dad at your age, and really love him so much. Take it easy and don't be overprotective of him. No matter how much you love him, you are not supposed to spoil him!" Matthew raised his eyebrows instinctively. The first-time dad at my age? It sounds interesting in a way! My son is indeed an adorable boy. I don't think anyone would have the heart to even raise their voice at him!

Matthew was an assertive man at work, yet he spontaneously switched to a different mode whenever he was at home. No matter how frustrated he was at work, Damian had the amazing power to appease him and melt his heart with his adorable smile. Oh! My Damian is undoubtedly the most adorable kid in the world. Matthew's lips curved into a proud smile as he replied softly, "Clare, I love him so much as he looks a lot like you. He's just like a mini version of you! Don't worry, he would not be spoiled rotten by me. Our Damian is such a bright boy and he takes after us a lot." Clarissa was at a loss for words at his complacency. It seems anything related to Damian appeared to be perfect for him. Fine, I will just play my role as a strict mother, and let him

continue to be a proud first-time dad who loves the apple of his eye dearly.

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With a surly face, Hilary went home. As soon as she sat down, Yvonne stepped out of her bedroom and bawled her out rudely.

"Why are you sitting here like a corpse? What's with that long face? The Garretts feed you and gave you money, you ungrateful piece of junk! Why are you looking at me like that? Cook something for me now!"

However, Hilary didn't have the nerve to retort her.

"But it's only three in the afternoon now. Are you hungry already?" she asked timidly.

"I said I'm hungry. How dare you question me! Hurry up, I want to eat now! Don't you ask for others' help. You have to do it yourself. I want a cake, a steak, and homemade pasta..."

Anyone could tell that Yvonne was picking on Hilary, but none of the maids dared say a word.

Besides, that had been her standing in the family over the past few years. Every day, they despised and hurled insults at her. Sometimes, Zach even hit her when he was in a foul mood. Even so, she still stayed in this family.

The woman didn't have the nerve to utter a word against them, nor did she have the guts to divorce Zach. Only then could she retain her title as Mrs. Garrett. Having seen through her thoughts, the Garretts' behavior worsened and they tortured her even more. Yet, she pulled through the hardship.

Watching Hilary head to the kitchen, Yvonne let out a snicker. She then took the woman's bag beside her, rummaged through it, and poured everything out. There was nothing other than a few cosmetic products.

Tossing the bag aside, the woman lay on the couch and scrolled through her phone.

Yvonne had just returned from a shopping spree overseas a few days ago. She had been in a foul mood, thus venting her bitterness on Hilary. If it wasn't for this woman, I would've been married.

Back then, Yvonne resented Clarissa. However, because of the latter's relationship with

Matthew, Mason was about to tie the knot with her. Much to her surprise, things took a

drastic turn at Clarissa's birthday party. The woman gloated over it when she heard that

Clarissa left D City together with her family. Out of the blue, Mason decided to put the

wedding on hold. After some time, he broke off their engagement.

Yvonne wailed and made a big fuss out of it but to no avail. Half a year later, she finally gave

up and put all the blame on Hilary.

Due to Clarissa and Matthew's breakup, Zach took his rage out on Hilary, hitting and cursing

her.

Up till now, Yvonne couldn't figure out why Hilary supported her daughter's decision to leave

Matthew. When the latter said that Clarissa did it because Matthew was out of her league,

she never believed a word. As a vain and materialistic woman, she must have done it with

an ulterior motive, but they couldn't put their finger on it.

She continued to endure the maltreatment without a whimper, refusing to get a divorce,

while Yvonne had gotten accustomed to torturing her whenever they met.

Scrolling down the screen, she suddenly saw a post about

@clarissa.quigley. It had been a

long while since she checked out this social media account. Never had she thought that

Clarissa would be back in D City. Sitting up, Yvonne read every post, from the time she

showed up at a charity auction to the scandals. Her frequent appearances seemed to have caused quite a stir in showbiz.

Isn't Clarissa going to do something since she's back? I don't believe it.

Three years ago, she

was kicked out and left in dejection. I would be indignant if I were her.

"Pfft!" Yvonne let out a snigger.

Clarissa is still as annoying as before. So what if she's back and her career is thriving? The

Tysons have despised her, and she's involved in countless scandals. Who is going to accept

a woman like her? Yes, I can do nothing to her, but watching her stay alone and miserable

for life pleases me.

When Hilary came out of the kitchen, she announced idly, "Hey, do you know that Clarissa is

back in D City?"

Stunned for a second, the woman put a plate of homemade pasta on the table without a

word.

Yvonne chuckled with glee. "Do you think she's back to take vengeance?"

Hilary shuddered at her question. A few seconds later, she added, "Back then, Shermaine

was imprisoned, and Clarissa's relatives had a hard time. However, as her biological mother,

you caused my Dad's business to go downhill. Yes, you didn't lose a thing.

But do you really

think that Clarissa doesn't hold grudges against you? Tsk, tsk... You ruined your daughter's

life with your own hand. Now that she has made a comeback and is doing well, I wonder if

she will settle scores with you."

Staring at Hilary's ghastly pale face, Yvonne was delighted, laughing out loud. Then, she

tossed the plate of homemade pasta into the trash can.

"What rubbish is this? Cook it again."

With that said, she stood up and headed upstairs. Hilary's fingers quivered as she stood rooted to the spot with a sullen face, at a loss for what to do next. Together with the director and the producer, Clarissa was sifting through the photos and resumes of some actors. They were still in the first round of screening. Leonard and Skyler had been chosen to be the lead actors. Still, the production team was being meticulous in the selection of the supporting actors. Their perfectionism compelled them to pick every actor carefully, including the extras. Unexpectedly, Clarissa spotted Jamie's photo, and it surprised her. She thought Jamie would never show up in public again, because the latter had been blacklisted previously. Though three years had passed, the woman was still working as an actress.

"What's the matter? Ms. Quigley, do you know her?"

Glancing at the director, she shook her head in denial. "No, I don't know her."

"She's a newbie who started off as an extra. Her acting skills are not bad. I think she's a good fit for this role. What do you think, Ms. Quigley? Shall we ask her to come for an audition?"

A smile spread across Clarissa's face. "It's up to you."

She didn't oppress Jamie, but regarded her as a stranger.

It takes much perseverance to start from scratch as an extra. The showbiz is full of twists

and turns. No one can predict what's going to happen next.

Clarissa lingered around for half a day before leaving. The woman had made up her mind

not to attend the audition, so the crew have the final say regarding the roles.

Afterward, she went to see Joshua. The man had finished drawing the pictures for her

children's book. Eagerly, he showed Clarissa his work to boast about his capabilities.

Seeing through his vanity, she showered him with compliments.

“Rissa, do you regret not choosing me?”

Having heard these words from him repeatedly, Clarissa was totally unfazed.

“Joshua, I have an idea, but I’m not sure about it, so I’m asking for your opinion. I’m thinking of collaborating with Ms. Schloss.”

“What? Are you going to marry me? No need to ask my Mom’s permission. I can make decisions on my own.”

Speechless, Clarissa rolled her eyes at him and said directly, “I want to work with her charity to help children. At first, the book was a gift to my son, but compared to my son, I realized that the needy children needed this gift even more. Hence, I discussed with Yael and decided to publish the book, and all the profit will be donated to Ms. Schloss’ foundation. On top of that, all the needy children will get this book for free.”

“This is a great idea! I’m sure Ms. Schloss will be glad to work with you. I’ll tell her about it now. Then, you two can get in touch with each other for further discussions. She’s always keen to do good works.”

Clarissa was thrilled when she got Olive’s contact number. After knowing her idea from Joshua, Olive contacted her personally and thanked her for being so benevolent. She even made an appointment with Clarissa to meet up at the office of her children’s foundation, so they could chew over the idea.

At night, Clarissa was still excited when she told Matthew about it. Not only would she get involved in a charity, but she was going to collaborate with Olive as well. I feel like I’m turning into a saint.

At that thought, she couldn’t help but break into a fit of giggles, leaning against his chest.

Twiddling with his toys, Damian saw his mother's joyful countenance and asked, "Mommy, are you happy?"

Pausing briefly, the woman gazed lovingly at her son. "Yes, Darling, I'm happy."

Damian grinned, revealing his teeth. "Mommy, I'm a little happy too."

"A little happy? Why is it only a little?"

"I have Daddy, Mommy, and a lot of toys. It'll be perfect if I can have one more piece of chocolate."

She was tongue-tied.

Matthew couldn't help but chuckle. Damian can say all kinds of sweet nothings just for food.

In fact, he had already eaten too much chocolate tonight, so Clarissa stopped him. As a

result, the boy was upset for hours, fiddling with his toy with his head lowered. But his parents didn't give a damn.

Knowing his son's character, she was certain that he wouldn't give up easily.

Sure enough, the boy struck up a conversation in an attempt to get more chocolate.

Matthew was impressed by his son's persistence, while Clarissa giggled in amusement, but

she refused to give in the slightest bit.

"Darling, you've had too much, so you can't eat any more chocolate today. Alright, keep your

toys and let Daddy bring you upstairs to get ready to sleep."

Obediently, the man picked Damian up and walked up the stairs.

Behind the father-and-son duo, the woman warned, "Matthew, don't you give him chocolate

in secret, or else I won't let you off the hook."

The two kept quiet with a pang of guilt.

Matthew glanced at his pitiful-looking son, while the latter peeked at his docile father. We're

in the same boat.

Stepping into the bathroom, they whispered to one another.

“Son, there’s nothing I can do. Let’s listen to Mommy, and we’ll be happy too.”

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 287

Soon, Clarissa received the name list of the cast. Glancing through the list, she noticed a majority of experienced actors. The rest were young, budding actors with excellent acting skills.

Jamie’s name was on the list too, though she was only a supporting actress. It was still better than being an extra.

Nevertheless, Clarissa had no comment on this.

Later, the crew started preparing for the shoot, but she didn’t join them.

In the meantime, the

woman had her hands full with the collaboration with Olive.

Arriving at the office of Olive’s children’s foundation, Clarissa met people who were willing to

help needy children with all their heart and soul. Everyone in the office was in full swing.

Standing among them made Clarissa feel ashamed.

I’ve always considered myself a loving and soft-hearted person.

Nonetheless, I’m nowhere near these people.

As she told Olive about her guilt, the latter shook her head in disagreement.

“Clarissa, it’s amazing that you have compassion for the children. In this world, every single

person has their own struggles and hardships. Many are bustling about, yet living a

mediocre life. In my opinion, it’s a blessing and privilege to be able to help others. To be

honest, I didn’t set up this foundation for a noble cause. I did it simply because I lack

nothing. Perhaps some would rebuke me if they heard these words, but that’s the truth.

Therefore, having compassion is good enough.”

Clarissa was blown away. The last time she saw Olive, she discovered that the latter was a gentle and interesting woman.

And that feeling grew stronger when she met the woman again today. Perhaps a noble person like Olive no longer cares about superficial things. I truly admire and envy her. Every now and then, I found myself unable to get rid of my selfishness and hypocrisy still.

"Ms. Schloss, regardless of the reason you started this foundation, you've helped countless people wholeheartedly. That's truly honorable."

"Not really. By the way, I've read your book. It's so impressive and touching that I teared up. I wish we can create for the children the pure and wonderful world presented in your book."

Olive's compliments made Clarissa bashful.

"I was inspired to write this story after becoming a mother myself."

"Yeah, I heard about it from Joshua. It's a shame that he isn't lucky enough to have a wife like you."

"What? Ms. Schloss, he's only joking. Please ignore it," Clarissa explained with embarrassment.

I never thought Ms. Schloss would bring this up.

Olive chuckled at her words. "I'm not joking. Judging from your book and writings, I can tell that you're a kind person with virtues and principles. No man would ever let go of a woman like you. I bet your husband is very proud of you as well."

Clarissa's cheeks turned as red as a tomato. She then said shyly,

"Honestly, I think so too."

The other woman gave her a warm smile. What a lovable woman. It's a pity that she's married. When is my son going to settle down and find a good wife like her?

"Let me show you our workflow so that you know where your money will end up."

“There’s no need for that, Ms. Schloss. I believe in You.”

“Despite the trust between us and the donors, our foundation keeps a detailed record of every donation. Every year, we give every donor a blow-by-blow account of where and how their money has been utilized, as well as the remaining amount, if any. Transparency is our priority. Hence, there’s no need to feel shy. Let’s go. After that, we’ll discuss the giveaway of your books.”

Later, Olive showed her around, explaining the workflow and the operation of the children’s foundation. Each person was playing their role. This wasn’t just a place where they give the needy people a hand, but it was more like a company. Only when it was managed decently, would they be able to extend their helping hands to more people. Otherwise, despite their passion to help others, they might not be able to do so, if the organization was in a mess.

That would be such a waste of their efforts and money.

“Ms. Schloss, are you going to that mountain area recently?”

Shaking her head, Olive replied straight away. “I won’t be going there for now. The New Year is around the corner, so I have a lot on my plate now, because I have to come up with an annual report. Besides, there’ll be quite a number of banquets and annual dinners at year end. This is a golden opportunity to secure more funds for the foundation, as people tend to be more generous at this time. It won’t be as easy to ask for their donation at any other time.”

Clarissa grinned. “Ms. Schloss, how about posting it on my Twitter? Maybe the donations won’t be much, but I believe some people are willing to contribute. What do you think?” she suggested.

“Of course. Thank you, Clarissa”

Since then, Olive was akin to a goddess in Clarissa’s eyes. The woman’s talents and

character set a new benchmark for her, and she was aspired to be as capable as the woman she admired.

At home, the woman could hardly contain her excitement. I have not felt this way for so long.

It was said that when a person found a goal, only then would he be more passionate and

motivated to scale new heights in life. These are the exact emotions that were raging within

Clarissa’s heart now.

Even when she was spending time with her son, the woman was particularly cheerful,

allowing him to have more desserts than usual.

“Mommy, you’re the best. I love you so much!”

While expressing his love, the boy savored every bit of the sweet and creamy taste of his

favorite chocolate as it melted in his mouth.

Leaning close to him, Clarissa wiped the chocolate stain off the corner of his lips. The

mother-and-son duo was on cloud nine, smiling brightly at each other.

Later, she accompanied her son to play with some educational toys.

Soon, the boy brought

her to the yard for a play-fight. If he were a girl, I wouldn’t be as exhausted. She would be

happy with playing house or Barbie dolls.

The woman had stopped exercising a long time ago, so her stamina wasn’t strong enough

for a strenuous play-fight. Once the boy grew older, there was no way she could play this

game with him.

Huffing and puffing, she struck her flag and sat on the grass, playing dead and refusing to

stand up.

Scampering over with his toy gun, he checked on his mother for a moment. "Mommy, let's do it again."

Exasperated, Clarissa said, "Darling, Mommy is dead, so I can't play with you anymore."

"Mommy is so weak."

"I..."

She was at a loss for words.

However, Damian hadn't had enough, so the maid play with him for a while longer until he felt contented.

At night, Clarissa complained to Matthew.

"Our son is too active and energetic. I can't handle it anymore. Please think of a way."

Wrapping his arm around her, he glanced at his son, who was engrossed in his cartoons

with his eyes glued to the TV. The man lowered his hand, giving her a peck on her forehead.

"We can send him to kindergarten."

"Kindergarten? Isn't he too young for that?"

"No, I think he's old enough to attend the classes. He's more mature compared to his peers.

Besides, he can choose the classes based on his preferences and stop attending them

whenever he wants to. Let's find out his interests. Then, we'll bring him to explore different

kindergartens and let him pick the one he likes. I'll get someone to compile the information

of the best kindergartens."

Clarissa gave it some thought and agreed with him.

Initially, she had been stressing over which preschool should he attend next year. Now that

Matthew took it upon himself to help Damian pick his preschool, she had one less thing to

worry about.

Now I know the advantages of having a man. I don't need to worry so much.

Clarissa flashed Matthew a grin. Pouting her lips, she kissed him on the mouth and said

coyly, "Honey, you're so amazing!"

Her sudden enthusiasm overwhelmed the man. His dark eyes flickered, then his gaze

darkened.

Looking down, he leaned his face closer to hers, and the tip of his nose brushed against her

cheek. The man tilted his face slightly, and his warm breath caressed her ear. The woman's

body couldn't help but quiver at the sound of his tantalizing voice.

"Clare, I've always been amazing. Why don't you praise me in the same voice tonight?"

In a second, her cheeks flushed bright red, and her entire body heated up.

Imagining the scene as requested by Matthew, she was overcome with shyness.

The woman shoved Matthew away and turned around. Just when she was trying to regain

her composure, she found her son staring at them with his big, bright eyes.

Clarissa couldn't feel more abashed.

Looking away from her son, she covered her face with her hands and scurried away.

Suddenly, a titter escaped Damian's lips. His eyes curved into crescent shapes.

However, Matthew seemed completely at ease. With his arm folded, he stared at his son's

smiley face and questioned, "Damian, why are you laughing?"

"Daddy, is Mom going to give birth to a baby girl?"

"Do you want a younger sister?" The man raised a brow at him.

Damian hesitated for a moment, shaking his head. "I don't know if it'll be fun to have a

sister."

Does he mean that he only wants a sister if it's going to be fun?

"Of course, it'll be fun. She'll be adorable and pretty too."

"Really? Okay, I want a sister then."

His tone sounded vaguely reluctant.

Nevertheless, Matthew was satisfied with his answer.

“Hold on. Who told you that Mommy is going to give birth to a baby girl?”

Blinking his big eyes innocently, he gave it some thought and answered,

“Uncle Ryler said

that I’ll have a baby sister if you and Mommy kiss.”

The man’s eyes twitched. “Why did he tell you that?”

“Because I told Uncle Ryler that You and Mommy kissed each other, but you didn’t kiss me.”

The man was rendered speechless.

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 288

On the next day, Clarissa dressed Damian up. The boy lifted his head, and his dark, big eyes rolled mischievously.

“Mommy, I’m so handsome.”

“Pfft...”

Clarissa couldn’t stifle a giggle.

Matthew picked his good-looking son up and marched out, and the little boy sweet-talked his father.

“Daddy is a little handsome too.”

“Pfft! Hahaha!”

Trailing behind the two, Clarissa burst into laughter.

After getting into the car, Matthew asked with a smile, “Damian, is Daddy only a little handsome?”

With her head tilted, Clarissa gazed at her adorable son, whose expression seemed innocent yet solemn.

“Yes, Daddy is only a little handsome.”

“Fine, I’m a little handsome, and the same goes for Damian.”

“No, no, no... I’m the most handsome one.”

The boy was more sharp-witted than expected.

Even Clarissa was too embarrassed to glance at him. How could he say it so brazenly and

confidently in front of his Daddy?

In the meantime, Matthew was speechless. What else could I say? I guess it's not a shame to lose to my own son.

"Mommy, where are we going?"

Clarissa tapped his forehead gently. "We're going to a kindergarten. Are you fine with that?"

"Going to a kindergarten? Didn't Mommy say I'll only start schooling next year?"

"We're going to check out a few kindergartens and see if you like any one of them. There're many fun activities there, so you can look around and take some time to get used to it.

You're free to pick the one you like, alright?"

Blinking his eyes, Damian was sunk in thought. He looked charming even when he remained silent.

Caressing his head, she chuckled heartily.

The family then headed to one of the kindergartens. Clarissa didn't know much about it, as

Matthew was the one who came up with the list.

The first kindergarten they came to wasn't an ordinary kindergarten but a top-notch one, and

the school fees made Clarissa's jaw drop.

They communicated with the teachers and found out more about the curriculum and

environment. However, the determining factor wasn't these, but Damian's preference.

The second the teacher held his hand, the extrovert boy followed her without hesitation.

Stepping into a class, he trotted over to the other children, squatted by their sides, and

watched them play.

At the same time, the teacher observed him silently from the sidelines.

After a while, before the child beside him spoke, Damian broke the ice first.

"Can I play with you?"

The child smiled bashfully. "Sure."

Watching from afar, Clarissa chuckled. "It seems like we can leave already."

The teacher replied, "He's proactive and easygoing. After talking to him, I found that his

language skills are better than the children of his age. He's more mature as well. Mr. and

Mrs. Tyson, you did a good job raising him."

Clarissa blushed at the teacher's compliment, yet she felt a little proud of herself.

Matthew didn't take the credit, saying to the teacher, "All thanks to my wife."

"The parents can teach their children by example, even if they say nothing," the teacher

replied tactfully with a smile, praising both of them.

Instead of watching over Damian, the couple went to another area, so they could find out

how the boy would react when he realized that they were gone.

Sitting in the next room, they waited for some time, but Damian didn't look for them.

Clarissa turned to look at Matthew. "Give the little one some friends, toys, and food, and he'll

forget all about us."

This frustrated the woman.

"When I was young, I wasn't as playful and gluttonous as him. With just a little yummy food,

anyone can easily lure him away. What a little glutton. He's not like me at all. How about

you?"

The woman's interest was piqued, trying to know more about Matthew's childhood.

The corner of the man's lips quirked up into a half-smile. In the quiet room, where no one

else was around, the sunlight shone through the window on his face, making his features

look even more chiseled.

His long, slender fingers stroked her cheek. There was a glint of tenderness in his dark eyes.

His voice was mellow and attractive.

“I’m not one too. It must be you, Clare. I bet you looked even prettier when you’re young, just

like a little princess. Am I right?”

“That’s not true at all. I’m not a glutton.”

“How could you be so gorgeous then?”

“My beauty has nothing to do with my diet. I was born stunning,” she disagreed in a

coquettish voice.

Reluctance was written all over her face, while Matthew gazed at her affectionately.

He chuckled softly. “Okay, he takes after me in every aspect.”

“What do you mean by every aspect? He takes after my intelligence and beauty, but he’s a

glutton, a fawner, and a crybaby because of you.”

Clarissa can be unreasonable sometimes. But now I have experience of dealing with this

now. Just go with the flow and agree with her. I can’t afford to disagree with her, or else

she’s going to get mad again.

Letting out a hearty laugh, Matthew nodded in agreement. “Yes, yes, it’s because of me.”

The woman shot daggers at him, but he didn’t refute her.

Amused, Clarissa couldn’t help but broke into a gale of laughter.

Her finger poked his shoulder. Pressing her lips together, she tried to suppress a laugh.

“Yeah, right. No one is going to believe that.”

“I meant it from the bottom of my heart.”

“Hahaha... Okay, okay. The truth is that I was actually quite a glutton when I was young, but I

didn’t get to eat so much delicious food because of my family’s condition.

Fortunately,

Damian is so blessed and can have whatever he wants. The reason I’m strict with him is

that you never say no to him. Grandma dotes on him the most. Ryler pampers him very

much, and the same goes for you. Hence, he won’t listen no matter how strict I am, if you

guys don't work with me. After some time, the smart boy will know who won't reject his

requests and go to the person every time."

In the next second, Matthew's eyes gleamed, and he admitted, "Okay, I gave him a piece of

chocolate secretly this morning. I'm sorry."

Clarissa was only stating the facts. Unexpectedly, the man took the initiative to admit his

fault.

She couldn't help giving him the side-eye.

Matthew laughed. "I promise I'll cooperate with you from now on. I'll never cave in or give

him snacks or toys in secret."

"You've said it yourself. Make sure you keep your words."

"Consider it done."

I guess Matthew is the only president of a company who has problems saying no to his son.

Perhaps he can't bring himself to reject Damian because he's too cute and endearing.

The entire morning passed. The couple left the kindergarten with their son.

Damian was reluctant to leave, saying goodbye grudgingly. Apparently, he was fascinated by

his new friends and the interesting lessons.

After having lunch, Matthew left for work, while Clarissa tucked the boy in for a nap.

In the afternoon, she went to the studio.

"A book signing? Didn't we agree not to show up in public?"

Clarissa had never organized such an event before. Why do they want to organize a book

signing after publishing the collection?

"The publisher suggested that you do it. Besides, you've shown yourself on the Internet, so

you're not as enigmatic as before. Those who attend the event will mostly be the readers.

We can have a small-scale one, so there won't be too much exposure.

Most importantly,

you've been writing for eight years. Think of this as a promotional event."

Eight years aren't that long for me.

"Yael, would you like me to do the book signing?" Clarissa asked.

"Since this is only a request from the publisher, it's entirely up to you."

"Let me think about it."

In fact, Clarissa had considered having a book signing for the sake of those loyal readers.

Nonetheless, she didn't do it because she refused to expose herself.

Therefore, she had been feeling apologetic about that.

Right now, the most important thing was to complete her current work.

Just as she was about to leave the studio, Mandy knocked on her door.

"Clarissa, someone

is here to see you."

"Me?"

She was surprised. Who would come here to look for me?

However, her surprise was short-lived. The second she saw the person, her expression

turned grim, and her gaze became frigid.

Everyone in the studio was astonished as well as Hilary stepped into the studio with

trepidation.

"Clary, can I talk to you for a minute?"

Without hesitation, Clarissa turned around. "Charles, I don't know her.

Please walk her out."

"No, please, Clary. I'm your Mom. You can't treat me this way."

Nervousness washed over Hilary. Hearing her words, Charles dared not chase her out.

The anger within Clarissa grew. "Call the security guard if she refuses to leave."

Seeing her adamant attitude, Charles quickly sent Hilary away, but the latter resisted until

the security guard came over. Only then the woman plodded out of the studio.

Nevertheless, she could always come again, since she already found this place.

Over the past three years, Hilary had never once crossed Clarissa's mind, and she had

regarded the former as a stranger.

Though Clarissa had vowed not to be affected emotionally by the heartless woman, that didn't mean that she wouldn't feel furious when she see her mother again.

No word could describe her resentment. She only wished that the woman would vanish from her world.

Meeting Hilary today troubled her deeply. Arriving home, Clarissa didn't want to spread her negative emotions to her son, so she went upstairs straight away to look for Matthew.

Her unexpected appearance amazed the man.

As soon as she came in, the woman rushed over to him and wrapped her arms tightly

around him. Just when the man was still feeling pleasantly surprised, he noticed that she

was in a grim mood.

Without a word, he cuddled her close and patted her back to comfort her, as though she were a child.

A long while later, in his embrace, Clarissa asked gloomily.

"I really don't get it. Is there any mother who doesn't love her own child? Why is that so?"

After having her own child, she became even more baffled by her mother's behavior.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 289

After becoming a mother, Clarissa wished to commit everything to Damian. Her biggest

hope was that he could grow up happily and peacefully.

Hence, she couldn't understand how Hilary could be so cruel to her own daughter.

Hilary might be stubborn and selfish, but why did she do that to me?

I can understand that Hilary abandoned me back then to be married into a prominent family.

However, why did she break Matthew and me up? Did she do it for her favorite actress,

Shermaine?

On the surface, it was probably the sole reason that Hilary broke them up.

However, Clarissa believed that Hilary certainly had an ulterior motive, for which the latter was willing to sacrifice her own daughter's happiness.

In fact, Clarissa doubted it three years ago. Nonetheless, she didn't have time nor interest to dwell on it back then.

She underestimated Hilary's shamelessness, for she had the cheek to show up three years later.

More importantly, Clarissa couldn't understand why Hilary thought she could be bullied again and again.

"If you don't like to see her, I've many ways to make her and her husband leave D City."

Clarissa looked up and met Matthew's eyes, which were full of affection. Now that a loving husband and a cute child were around her, Clarissa actually didn't care if Hilary showed up anymore.

"It's fine. Even though you definitely can sabotage the Garretts, but this won't do Tyson Corporation any good. I don't want you to be a cruel man. Besides, I still have some doubts."

Matthew took her into his arms and put her on his lap. Then, he leaned in to kiss the corner of her lips and whispered, "What are your doubts? I can help overcome them for you."

Matthew sounded serious and natural.

As such, she couldn't help but chuckle and tug his cheek softly. She felt that Matthew looked better when he smiled.

"What was Hilary's motive?"

Hilary didn't hesitate to sacrifice Clarissa's happiness and dampen her own dream to marry

Clarissa into a prominent family. Besides, she wasn't even perturbed that doing all these

would affect her son, Jonathan. Therefore, Clarissa's biggest doubt was how important the ulterior motive was, so much so that Hilary would make such merciless choices against her.

Also, Clarissa believed that it would deal a huge blow to Hilary once she got to the bottom of it.

She didn't think of herself as a saint, for she couldn't forgive Hilary and had thought about retaliating against Hilary.

Back then, Clarissa had no ability nor time to retaliate. Now that Hilary showed up by herself, Clarissa felt that she had to do something to make up for her psychological trauma in the past.

"Alright, I'll investigate it for you." Matthew kept fiddling with her fingers as he talked.

Since he made the promise, he was determined to fulfill it to make her happy.

On the other hand, Hilary felt irritated after she was chased out. However, she didn't know why she came here to look for Clarissa. Perhaps I'm harboring my last hope?

Although Hilary initially failed to contact Clarissa, she managed to get the address of her studio from someone and came here anyway.

I never thought this brat would hate me and be so cruel to me.

Hilary had been waiting for quite some time in the car, yet no one showed up. As such, her last hope shattered.

She did not return to the Garretts' villa since she left. After all, the villa was like a nightmare, a challenge, and a form of torment to her. Now, even her son refused to come home.

However, Hilary actually couldn't understand why things would turn out this way.

Would I have a wonderful life and be respected by the Garretts if I didn't stop Clarissa in the first place? Alas, my life now is even worse than a maid.

Nonetheless, how could I answer Shermaine if I didn't stop Clarissa? Hilary heaved a sigh. I fulfilled what Shermaine wanted, yet she went to prison in the end. She couldn't help but think that she made the wrong choice thirty years ago. Since Clarissa didn't help her, she had no choice but to return to the Garretts' villa. Yvonne nitpicked about everything as soon as Hilary returned. After dinner was prepared, Yvonne didn't eat any food but went out with her drinking buddies. Also, Zach didn't come home for dinner. Lately, Hilary always found some stuff that belonged to a woman in Zach's clothes. Sometimes, she could even smell the strong fragrance of perfume once he came home. Back then, Zach would try to come up with some excuses to cover it up. Unfortunately, he didn't even care concealing it from her now. Their relationship turned sour because Clarissa was chased out by the Tysons. It was thus the reason that Hilary looked for Clarissa earlier on.

Zach only came home at midnight, yet Hilary dared not complain about it. She didn't even utter a word after he lay on the bed. The next morning, Hilary woke up early to cook breakfast. She finally said something before Zach left. "I knew that Clary is in D City now and went to see her yesterday." Zach finally gazed at Hilary. However, anger and mockery were apparent in his eyes, probably caused by what happened three years ago. "Really? Did you manage to see her then?" Her face instantly turned pale, her lips quivered. "I know she'll blame me. But three years have passed. Regardless of what happened, I'm still her mother."

“Ha!” Zach snickered, gazing at her in disdain.
“I didn’t fulfill my responsibility as a mother, yet she still becomes an outstanding woman.
I’m ashamed of myself. I only knew recently that she came to D City. In the past three years, she received many awards and even attended Olive’s auction charity dinner. She was a well-known figure now, and there are even rumors about her affairs with a few men. Anyway, I think she’ll find her true happiness even without Matthew.”
Clank! Suddenly, Zach flung the cutlery away from his hands and glared at Hilary.
“Since she couldn’t be with the best man ever, the other men are only her second-best options. What on earth is on your mind to claim that Clarissa can find a better man without Matthew? This is ridiculous!”
As Zach lost his appetite, he stood up and left right away.
On the other hand, Hilary was furious. She initially thought that Zach would be interested in talking to her to get some benefits from Clarissa.

Much to her surprise, Zach seemed to be nonchalant about the news. Hilary felt that she overestimated herself and the benefits that Clarissa could deliver to him.
After picking up the kid from kindergarten, Clarissa suddenly recalled that something wasn’t right just now—the teacher called him Damian Tyson when they were leaving kindergarten.
Before Clarissa thought about his name seriously, the teacher had unintentionally pointed out the problem.
Clarissa wanted to discuss it with Matthew as soon as possible. After all, confirming Damian’s last name was important for many things, particularly when he had to attend elementary school.
Also, she believed they had to obtain Margaret’s approval to recognize Damian as a member

of the Tysons.

With that, she would simultaneously reveal to Margaret that she had actually registered for marriage with Matthew. In fact, Margaret wasn't aware of it thus far because they hadn't made it public.

At night, Matthew came home and saw that Clarissa was sitting on the couch, alone and distressed. Meanwhile, once Damian heard the door opened, he stood up and rushed toward Matthew. Matthew picked him up and laughed heartily.

"Daddy, I miss you so much."

Upon hearing Damian's voice, Clarissa lifted her gaze to look at Matthew and pursed her lips.

Matthew kept his guard up once he noticed her unusual facial expression.

Why is Damian so enthusiastic? Hmm, there surely is a motive behind it.

"I miss you too, Damian."

Matthew kissed Damian's cheek and put him down. After that, Damian gazed at him cutely and said, "Daddy, please gift me a chocolate bar since you miss me so much."

The next moment, Matthew and Damian's gazes met as though they were in a standoff.

Clarissa burst into laughter. In fact, she was always amused by the little kid.

Despite the happiness, she still had to prohibit Damian from getting chocolate.

Meanwhile, Matthew replied, "Damian, didn't Mommy give you some chocolate already? You and I have to listen to Mommy, okay?"

Suddenly, Damian's face turned gloomy. He turned around and didn't behave as enthusiastically as before.

"Is he that materialistic?"

After Matthew asked the question, Clarissa nodded smilingly. "He already had some

chocolate after taking a nap in the evening. When I stopped him from eating, he became upset and even tried to play some tricks against me. Well, I almost fell for the tricks.”

Matthew shook his head and chuckled. So, my son has showcased his intellect on this.

A moment later, he sat closer to Clarissa and took her into his arms. After kissing her lips, he asked, “What were you thinking about just now? Are you facing any trouble?”

Matthew didn’t like to see her frowning.

Upon hearing it, Clarissa couldn’t help but heave a sigh.

“It’s about his name!”

“Name?”

Clarissa turned around to look at Damian and said, “Should his full name be Damian Tyson or Damian Quigley? It’ll be important when he has to attend elementary school. Anyway, the bigger problem is how should we tell Grandma. Of course, we can choose to keep it from her. But she was hurt before and it won’t be nice if we keep her in the dark now.”

In short, they had to face Margaret.

At the same time, Clarissa had to confront the question that she avoided lately—her future with Matthew.

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“We can call him Damian Quigley.”

Matthew’s response surprised Clarissa.

Meanwhile, he was smiling and caressing her forehead lovingly.

“You gave birth to Damian and raised him. Although he’s also my son, he means even more to you. Hence, you have the right to decide. Besides, using your surname will make him understand how difficult it is to be a mother.”

There was actually a hidden reason—Matthew was aware that Clarissa was still worried.

Before Clarissa uttered a word, he lowered his gaze and whispered near her ear, "No one can grab the kid from you because he's yours alone."

He had even thought about the future.

Although he definitely wouldn't let it happen, he still wished to assure Clarissa by making the promise.

Meanwhile, Clarissa was moved upon hearing it. Tears welled up in her eyes, yet her lips curled into a smile.

She stretched out her arms to hug Matthew and nuzzled her face against his shoulder.

"Alright, his name will be Damian Quigley. Our next baby will carry your family name."

Matthew let out a chuckle. "It's a deal."

Once she lifted her head, tears rolled down her smiling face.

"Yes, it's decided then. We'll have another baby."

Matthew was a little emotional and speechless. He immediately pinched her chin gently and kissed her passionately.

Immersed in sweetness, they completely forgot that a young boy was still here.

"Daddy, Mommy, I want kisses too."

Damian was a little disgruntled that he was left out. As such, he tried his best to squeeze in, hug, and kiss the both of them. Clarissa was amused by Damian's cute actions.

With that, Damian's full name was confirmed.

Suddenly, as if a thought flashed through her mind, Clarissa gazed at Matthew with worry.

She wasn't sure if the Tyson family would formally recognize Damian as part of their family.

Matthew carried Damian on his lap and played with him using Thomas the Tank Engine.

Sensing her worry, he replied, "Don't worry. We're a family after all."

Clarissa was relieved when Matthew made the promise. However, apart from formal

recognition, the most crucial issue was actually her future with Matthew.

For the very least, Matthew still couldn't bring Damian to see Margaret. As for the promise Clarissa made to Margaret, she thought it was still considered intact.

That was because she had already registered marriage with Matthew before she swore to

Margaret. Moreover, she married Matthew but not the Tysons.

Clarissa couldn't help but heave a sigh as she pondered over it.

Damian lifted his gaze and saw that Clarissa seemed to be distressed.

The next moment, he

put his little hand on hers and said cutely, "Alright, Mommy. I don't want to eat chocolate

anymore. Please don't feel upset."

Clarissa immediately asked in response, "Are you sure you won't eat chocolate from now on?"

Unexpectedly, Damian was smart and didn't fall for it. "Nope, I'll only stop eating chocolate for today."

"I'm sad. Damian, can't you give up on eating chocolate for me? If you agree to it, I'll be happy and won't be upset anymore."

At this moment, Damian began to knit his brows as though he had been put in a difficult position.

A few seconds later, he heaved a sigh like an adult and gave Clarissa a hilarious response.

"What can I do with you?"

Clarissa was stunned at Damian's response. As she turned around to look at Matthew, she realized even he was bewildered.

A few seconds later, they came to their senses and burst into laughter. "Hahahaha..."

Meanwhile, Damian was still frowning as he didn't understand why they laughed. He shook

his head and heaved a sigh again before leaving and playing with his toy alone.

Nonetheless, Clarissa and Matthew laughed even harder at Damian's reaction.

Later, Clarissa carried Damian while she was still giggling. "Damian, my love. Why are you so cute?"

With that, Clarissa kissed his cheek several times.

After several overly passionate kisses, Damian felt that he couldn't take it because his face was already full of saliva. He pursed his lips and gently pushed Clarissa aside.

"Alright, Damian wouldn't eat chocolate anymore. Mommy, please stop kissing me."

Clarissa chortled and said, "Damian, I won't force you into it. You can still eat chocolate but not too much. Also, you must brush your teeth every time after eating chocolate."

Instantly, Damian eyes gleamed with excitement.

"In that case, can I eat chocolate now?"

"No."

Damian added in disappointment, "Mommy, I want to eat an apple."

"No problem. Mommy will cut it for you now."

Clarissa stood up and went into the kitchen to peel an apple for Damian.

However, as soon

as Clarissa left, Damian immediately threw himself into Matthew's arms.

Then, he bent his

fingers into a trumpet and whispered near Matthew's ear, "Daddy, tonight, you can secretly..."

"No way. We've to listen to Mommy."

Damian said dejectedly with his pursed lips, "Daddy is afraid of Mommy!"

Matthew's lips curled into a helpless smile.

It's not a big deal if I'm afraid of my wife, right?

Yet, why do I feel from his words that he's looking down on me?

A moment later, Matthew pinched Damian's cute face gently and explained, "Damian, I'm not

afraid of Mommy but I love her. So, I must listen to Mommy's words. I'm sure you love

Mommy as well, don't you?"

As Damian nodded, he realized that Matthew was still punching his face. As such, he pushed Matthew's hands away and nodded seriously again. "I love Mommy very much."

Meanwhile, Clarissa happened to carry a plate of apple slices out of the kitchen. She was instantly pleased by Damian's sweet confession.

"Damian, I love you too."

Damian flashed her a grin. After standing up from Matthew's lap, he hugged Clarissa

instead and said more pleasant words to her.

Massaging his forehead, Matthew smiled faintly and shook his head.

Well, well, this little boy likes to act cute like Clarissa!

At night, Clarissa left Damian's room only after he fell asleep.

She then returned to the master bedroom and lay on the bed. Shortly afterward, Matthew

came into the room.

She immediately put down her book and threw herself into his arms tightly and smilingly.

Matthew's thin lips quirked. He gently wrapped his hands around hers.

"Before Damian fell asleep, he said he missed Great-grandma. Since the holiday is coming

soon, I wonder if I can bring him back to W City for a few days?"

Once Clarissa suggested it, Matthew unknowingly exerted a slight force with his hands. She

knew that he was a little worried.

"Well, we'll only be there for a few days. Besides, we have to go back for the new year

anyway. Since we can't avoid this forever, I think you should be mentally prepared for it as

early as possible."

Now, it was Matthew's turn to heave a sigh.

"Can't we invite Catherine to our house?"

Clarissa gazed at him innocently, "Do you think it's possible?"

Well, it's impossible. Perhaps Catherine would never want to enter D City again for the rest

of her life.

“In that case, I’ll go to W City. Hopefully, she can accept my presence to celebrate the new year with all of you.”

“Hmm... that’s possible. At that time, we can let Damian act cute and persuade Grandma. I

think she might eventually accept you.”

Nevertheless, they had to work on it slowly and patiently.

“By the way, I’ve to join the shooting of a film soon. So, I think Damian can stay in W City, for

Grandma and Jenny can take care of him there.”

“Just let Damian stay here.”

Matthew hated to part with Damian. Before Clarissa declined his request, he added, “He has

to attend kindergarten, right? Besides, many people can take care of him here, and I’ll spend

time with him every day. I can also bring him to my company. Regardless, I’m really reluctant

to part with him.”

After all, Matthew loved Damian as much as Clarissa.

Clarissa also felt that it was cruel to separate Matthew from his own son.

As such, she

pondered over it and said, “Alright, I agree to it. However, I think you shouldn’t bring him to

the company. I mean, there will be many unwanted troubles once the outsiders know it.”

“It won’t happen. I’ll protect Damian and make sure that no news about him spreads.”

“That’s great then.”

However, a frown was clearly marred on Clarissa’s face. She was still worried and wished to

come up with a win-win solution. Suddenly, Matthew pinned her to the bed.

While she was in a daze, Matthew had begun to kiss her lips gently and put his hand into her

pajamas.

“Wait, I’m still thinking...”

“It’s okay. You should think about another matter now.”

“What is it that I should think about?”

“Giving birth to a sister for Damian.”

As Clarissa came back to her senses, her body instantly became hotter.

Meanwhile,

Matthew leaned in closer and gazed at her gorgeous eyes and blushing cheeks. Matthew

could hardly suppress his desire every time Clarissa looked shy, and his body reacted

immediately.

“Clare, my darling. You promised me that, didn’t you?”

“I didn’t say no...”

“In that case, let’s begin.”

Matthew took off her pajamas and kissed her all over her body. After a while, he asked,

“Clare, do you think we should have a daughter?”

“Mmm... How can I know if we can have a daughter? You should take care of this yourself.”

Gazing at her flushed face, Matthew smiled and continued, “Alright, I’ll work hard myself to

get a daughter. Clare, you’ve to hang on!”

Clarissa was a little shocked, but Matthew immediately kissed her lips before she could

respond. They spent the passionate night together.

Nonetheless, the question about whether Clarrisa could be pregnant and give birth to a

sister for Damian remained uncertain.