

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

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Clarissa got up in bed, and she could feel her entire body sore. She couldn't help but mumbled and was a little grumpy about Matthew. It's not necessary to go all out even if he wants a child, isn't it? So, that's what he meant when he asked me to 'hang on' in the beginning?

Clarissa's face flushed red as she snarked about Matthew. Then, she took a few feeble steps and left the room.

It was only after having breakfast that she realized Damian had already left for school.

Being alone does make one feel rather forlorn. Out of the blue, it occurred to her that she had not contacted any of her friends since three years ago. Ellie was occupied with her career and the expansion of her business, and she was getting busier and busier like a career woman. As with the others, they were busy with their respective work and life as well.

In that instance, she yearned to spend her time with a friend, to have fun together, eating and shopping around, only to come to the realization that she was actually leading a relaxed and contented life. The key to that was even though she was the owner of a studio, owing to the capabilities of Yael, she got to enjoy a lot of idle time.

At the thought of that, Clarissa felt that she had to reward Yael and the staff at her studio generously.

"That'll be it," Clarissa made up her mind and went to change immediately, after which she left heading to the studio.

They were having a meeting when Clarissa arrived at the studio. Along with the assortment of scrumptious snacks she brought was the good news that they would have a dinner gathering that evening. Everyone was delighted to hear that.

After the meeting, Clarissa sat in Yael's office with her legs crossed and a wide grin on her face.

Seeing as such, Yael was forthright. "Since you're so free now, let me tell you something."

"What is it?"

Clarissa could feel a dangerous glint from Yael's eyes, so she sat properly in an upright position, and gave her a flattering smile exactly like that of her son, Damian's.

"Yael, what do you want to tell me?"

"It's about time that we upscale our studio, don't you think so?"

"Eh?" Clarissa was taken aback, but under Yael's sharp gaze, she smiled meekly in an

instance. "Well, umm, whatever you say, Yael. If you've decided to expand our business,

sure! I give you the green light. Go ahead."

After all, even though Clarissa was the owner of the studio, Yael was also a partner. Their share was a sixty-forty split.

"If our studio only manages you alone, we aren't able to achieve higher accomplishments.

We can get more authors to sign up with us now so that we'll be able to sustain even if you run out of ideas and brilliance."

Twitching her lips a little, Clarissa responded, "You're right, Yael. We can have more authors."

"Sure, enrolling people is simple, but there's something else. I'm thinking about venturing into investment in films and television production."

Investment in films and television production?

"Yael, do we have the money?"

"Of course we do, if you'd accept a lower earning."

"Haha, alright, I'll do with lower earnings then."

Despite that, Yael disregarded her silly smile and continued, “We can have a fundraiser and attract investors...”

“I don’t know much about this, so it’s entirely up to you.”

“You should come with me to the private equity dinner then... To look for investors.”

“What?”

Clarissa laughed awkwardly, “Umm, actually, can I don’t...”

Before she could finish her sentence, she was cut short by Yael’s gaze.

Clarissa couldn’t help but laugh again as she continued, “Yael, well, you’re getting more

badass by the day. That’s great. You sure have the bearing of a boss right now. With just one

look, you’re compelling enough.”

“Ah, so you’re suggesting that I’m taking over your position?”

“No no no, Yael. How can you not get what I meant? I’m just complimenting you!”

Yael sneered while Clarissa wiped her sweatless forehead. “Haha, Yael, in fact, every

decision concerning the studio has been made by you. I know you’ve been very dedicated all

these years. Why not—”

“That’s enough.”

Yael clearly had zero interest in beating around the bush; she was straightforward.

“You sound like I’m taking advantage of you. Come on, you’re the boss here; don’t behave

like a newbie. I’m in no way exploiting you.”

“Haha... Yael, I was just kidding. Anyway, I meant what I said, because I trust you fully.

Besides, I’m not experienced in this area. If it wasn’t because of you, I don’t think the studio

will be able to attain its magnitude today. Hence, you can proceed with your plan; I’m totally

fine with it.”

“Alright, with your trust, we can carry on. Aside from that, I see that you’re at leisure lately,

huh? So why don't you come to the private equity dinner with me? Also, if you're too free, there're actually a lot of things you can do."

"No no no, I'm not that free as you think. Haha... But regarding the dinner, I think..."

"You have to go!"

Since Yael had said the word, Clarissa could only pout with a reluctant face.

"Oh, right, there are quite a lot of dinner invitations recently. It's almost year-end, and things are piling up. Apart from that, even though we have only a small number of people, the annual dinner has to be held. You haven't joined in these couple of years, but you should be available this year, right? I'll leave it to you then. You can start thinking about how you want it organized."

"What? You're assigning this to me as well?"

Clarissa was a little troubled at the abrupt allocation of tasks, but Yael didn't let her go so easily and continued to bombard her for several hours before eventually releasing her. At last, when she came out of Yael's office, she was completely devoid of vigor, and all the other staff was amused at her dreary look.

Mandy went up to her and started lowly, "Clarissa, Yael's just as savvy as before, isn't she?"

Clarissa nodded.

Seeing as such, Mandy couldn't help laughing. "And she really doesn't give anybody a pass, not even you, our boss."

At that point, Clarissa was rendered speechless.

She gave Mandy a look, and only the two of them knew the implication behind it.

"Oh, yeah, Mandy, what do you normally do during the annual dinners from past years?"

"The annual dinner? We'll have a feast and the company will be giving out bonuses and

whatnot. There's nothing much to it, the reason being that we have only so few people. We can't really organize something grand, right?"

Clarissa looked very disconcerted. "Yael asked me to organize the annual dinner, but I don't know what to do with it."

All of a sudden, Mandy's eyes brightened with fascination and she smiled.

"You have any thoughts? Tell me."

However, Mandy reverted to her usual demeanor in an instance, except there was a notable awkwardness on her face. Hurriedly, she denied, "No, I don't. I don't have any idea."

Frowning, Clarissa pressed, "Just tell me frankly if you have any suggestion."

"No, nothing, really. Haha, I got to continue my work, see you."

Mandy ran away in no time, leaving Clarissa in suspicion. Is it that hard to be honest about her thoughts regarding the annual dinner?

Clarissa didn't pressure her. She then asked a few other staff members about their opinions on the annual dinner.

The staff members gathered around and each gave their suggestions, setting the office abuzz. Indulging in feasts, traveling, or having a lottery draw were some pretty good ideas coming from them.

Meanwhile, a young girl in the office suggested, "Clarissa, we're right in the Tyson

Corporation building, but we can only watch how grandiose and glorious the annual dinner

of Tyson Corporation is every year without an opportunity to join them. How fun it'll be if we're able to attend their annual dinner."

"What are you talking about?"

She was instantly stopped by Mandy. It was only when she saw the rather displeased faces

of a few other staff members did Clarissa realize the reason that Mandy didn't continue

speaking earlier. She could vaguely remember that Mandy used to say something similar to what the young girl had spoken.

The young girl who gave that suggestion was a little nervous at that moment, and it was in hindsight that she suddenly remembered the scandal involving Clarissa and the president of Tyson Corporation back then.

Nevertheless, Clarissa wasn't angry or embarrassed about it like they thought she would be.

Instead, she burst out laughing.

"You want to attend the annual dinner of Tyson Corporation? That's simple. Let's all go

together then. You guys better dress up, and if you see someone you're really into, act fast

and end your single life soon. You might even get to win a huge prize in the lucky draw.

Nonetheless, if you really want to attend their annual dinner, you'll have to at least prepare

some performance, right? I can't help you with that. Y'all have to come up with the

performance yourself. Just don't make our studio look too bad."

"Is this... really okay?"

The way Clarissa smiled seemed like she was totally unaffected by it.

Nodding, she

answered, "Don't worry, it's really fine."

Looking at Clarissa, Mandy said hesitantly, "Clarissa, don't take it seriously. We're not going

to the annual dinner of Tyson Corporation."

Her tone was filled with a little indignation for Clarissa.

Clarissa couldn't help but laugh heartily. It was unknown to them when Yael came out of her

office, but looking at them, she uttered, "Well, don't mind her. If Mandy isn't going, the rest of

us can go ourselves."

"Eh? Wait, no, Yael, but what about Clarissa and... Are we really going?"

"Why not? What are you worried about? Even Clarissa is going. Alright, that's enough. She

doesn't even feel burdened herself; you're worrying for nothing. Now, now, since we're going to attend their annual dinner, then we don't have to prepare our own this time. We'll just leave this matter to Clarissa."

Clarissa comforted Mandy and promised that she'll also be able to attend the dinner with them. Meanwhile, all the other staff who knew what happened before looked at Clarissa with their doubtful faces, but Clarissa didn't explain further. In the afternoon, after having a video call with Damian and making sure that he was safe and sound at home, she was relieved. She had been assigned many tasks by Yael for the entire afternoon.

She regretted coming over to the studio and make known to everyone that she was unoccupied.

If only I had known...

It's too late now.

Clarissa was filled with regret, but all she could do at that point was to commit herself without any complaint.

Clarissa felt as though she was finally liberated when she got off work. I'm really not suited

for a nine to five. For so many years, she had not really got a taste of working a full-time job

like she did that particular day and she had been very slothful. Now that she had

experienced it, she was no longer envious of others.

Shortly after Clarissa arrived home, Matthew came back as well.

Seeing her leaning against the sofa casually, Matthew handed his coat over to the maid and

paced forward. Scooping Clarissa up, he pecked lightly on her face and chuckled softly as

he asked, "What happened? Why do you look so worn out? I thought you should have

recovered after unwinding for the entire day."

Blushing, Clarissa was suddenly reminded about the 'misdemeanor' of Matthew last night. In response, she shot a fiery glare at him and replied, "I went to the studio, and Yael assigned many tasks for me. I'm exhausted, and there are still multiple things coming up in a few days. Sigh... Only now do I understand how lucky I am to have such a capable partner like Yael. Anyway, it's you who introduced Yael to me, so you're still the one I should be most thankful to, right?" Matthew raised an eyebrow while Clarissa kissed him lightly and added, "Thank you, Hubby."

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Clarissa was not a romantic person, but after having a child, she gave more thought to making their lives more enjoyable so that it wouldn't be too monotonous for Damian. For instance, she would put up some beautiful decorations along with other ornaments to create a Christmas vibe at home when Christmas was around the corner. Long before Christmas, she had already purchased a Christmas tree and prepared some gifts to embellish their home so as to enkindle a festive atmosphere. As with the decoration on the Christmas tree, it had been jointly done by Damian and her. Apart from that, she also told him about the origin of Christmas. "Mommy, will Santa Claus hear my wishes? Will he come and give me presents?" Damian was elated looking at the Christmas tree which had been fully decorated. Nevertheless, the one thing he was most concerned with was still Christmas presents. Clarissa laughed at that. "What do you want most, Damian? As long as you say it, Santa would most probably fulfill your wish."

Tilting his head to one side, Damian pondered for a while, looking a little troubled.

“Mommy, will Santa fulfill every wish that I have?”

The expression on Damian’s puny face indicated that what he wanted was not only a single present.

“Damian, even though Santa will bring gifts to children, if they are too greedy, he wouldn’t fulfill each of their wishes. Therefore, you shouldn’t be greedy. Choose only one.”

“Ah, I see!”

The little boy looked rather disappointed. “Mommy, what about this? Santa will bring me one gift, and you’ll fulfill the rest? Is that okay?”

Clarissa couldn’t help bursting into laughter and patted Damian on his head. “Damian, you’re really temperate, aren’t you?”

“Then will Mommy satisfy my wishes?”

“No. Tell me what you want most, and Santa might hear your wish when you say it.”

Pouting, Damian looked a little reluctant as his request was turned down.

“Can I have a houseful of delicious food?”

...

Clarissa was rendered utterly speechless.

In the end, bearing a helpless laugh, she hugged Damian and gave him a kiss on his tender cheek. “You chowhound.”

“Hehe... Mommy, does a chowhound get to try everything delicious? I want to be a chowhound!”

Clarissa couldn’t stop laughing. “Alright, you be a chowhound then.”

Then again, Clarissa really had no idea what to prepare for Damian as his Christmas

present. Do I really get him a houseful of delicious food?

After much thought, Clarissa decided to leave the problem to Matthew.

“Your son has got a sweet tooth, so his top favorite is naturally sweets and something tasty.

The second favorite of his is model cars, with different kinds of vehicles, and nothing else.

So, how do we prepare his gift?"

The houseful of delicious food that he specifically mentioned was the hardest among them to prepare.

Much to Clarissa's surprise, Matthew answered straightforwardly, "That's simple!"

However, he didn't tell Clarissa exactly how he would solve this simple matter.

On the night of Christmas Eve, Damian didn't receive a houseful of delicious food, but he received a scrumptious house made of chocolate that Matthew specially ordered for him. It

was an enormous chocolate house that was filled with an assortment of sweets and

chocolate inside. Matthew even dressed up as Santa Claus and put on Santa's beard to present his gift to Damian.

Needless to say, Clarissa recorded down the moment when Damian got his chocolate house.

It wasn't calculated, nor was it an exaggeration to say that the little boy's response to that

was a full minute of incessant laughter. His pretty big eyes turned into two merry arches from all the laughing.

Clarissa recorded a video, capturing every moment of the memory made as she looked at

how excited he was. In fact, she was somehow able to anticipate Damian's reaction, but it

was out of her expectation that the actual effect would be amplified to such an extent. He

was like a silly little boy, and he laughed so hard he almost ran out of breath.

She saved the video clip as it was too hilarious and she planned to keep herself entertained

with it when she was moody in the future.

Without a doubt, after his intense exhilaration, Damian couldn't wait to make a lunge for the chocolate house, roll inside, and gobble everything up. Nevertheless, before he could throw himself over, Matthew got hold of him and only let him grab a stone from the mountain inside the yard of the chocolate house to have a taste. Finally satisfying his sweet tooth's cravings, Damian felt like he was on cloud nine, swimming in contentment filled with sweetness. Looking at Clarissa, Matthew raised his eyebrows as though he was asking for credits. Look at this gift I prepared. Our little guy likes it so much. Clarissa could only admit defeat. "Damian, do you like it?"

Nom nom...

He couldn't answer because his mouth was filled with chocolate. From the side, Clarissa gave him a timely reminder. "Even though it's a festive season now and there's so much chocolate around here, you can't have too much of that. Damian, I mean it, do you understand?" Though it was quite a downer, Clarissa wouldn't forgo her principles. Damian was too elevated to take in what Clarissa just said and nodded half-heartedly. Seeing as such, Clarissa shot Matthew a look. Matthew had no choice but to follow his wife's instructions and carried Damian away from the chocolate house. Still engrossed in an exuberant state, the little boy laughed gaily, and it was only at that moment that he noticed his father's appearance. "Wow... Santa Daddy? Daddy is so cool!" Damian clapped his hand and cheered for Matthew. Seeing as such, Clarissa also gave Matthew the thumbs up. "Hubby, you're handsome." Clarissa seldom addressed Matthew as 'Hubby'. Hence, much to their surprise, as Clarissa

called out to Matthew in such a way, Damian followed suit. "Hubby, you're so handsome!"

Pfft!

Clarissa dissolved into laughter. "Damian, he's my Hubby, not your Hubby."

No one could be sure if Damian understood it or not. He just offered his silly smile

regardless.

Then, he started with another form of address. "Matthew!"

Hearing his name being called, Matthew laughed as he looked at his son.

"Damian, it's fine that you know my name. I still prefer that you call me Daddy!"

"Daddy, Matthew..."

The little boy did it on purpose and wouldn't stop that as he chuckled. Meanwhile, Clarissa was also giggling as she watched them from the side.

...

The next day, Clarissa and Damian boarded the plane to W City.

When they reached W City, the air felt so fresh and the sky so blue. To Clarissa, the weather

had not felt as good as how it was that day for a long time since. Clarissa really couldn't

understand why so many people were leaving for D City.

Undoubtedly, if it wasn't because Matthew was a citizen of D City, she wouldn't have brought

Damian to stay there.

Arriving home, Damian spent much time circling around his great-grandma, talking to her

about the great big house they were staying in D City with Mommy and Daddy and a lot of

toys. Not only that, but they also went to many places, tried various kinds of delicacies, and

had a lot of fun...

Catherine held her great-grandson dotingly while Clarissa made a call to Matthew.

"Grandma hasn't said anything yet. Damian has been running his mouth without letting

anyone else speak. I have to admit that 'chatterbox' should be added to our son's character tags."

Matthew chuckled over the phone. "Yes, he takes after me."

He has become very experienced by now, hasn't he? Any weakness in Damian's character surely comes from him.

Clarissa got what Matthew meant as well, and she couldn't help but giggle.

"Oh, save that, please. You're so tightlipped and reticent. He can't be getting that from you."

"Oh, then he must have got that from you, Clare."

"Pfft... Alright, stop being funny. When I saw such fine weather in W City after getting off the plane today, I don't feel like going back to D City."

"No, Clare. Why don't we find a city with better air quality to live in? No matter what, don't mention separation."

"... I didn't mention splitting up; you're too sensitive."

"That's fine then. I'm good as long as we're not going separate ways. We'll stay in any place you want to live in."

As long as it was an objective factor that could be solved, Matthew would get to it.

And Clarissa was truly moved by Matthew's compromise.

"I was just saying, and you're taking it so seriously?" Even Clarissa's voice turned gentler.

Laughing, she added, "Ease up and take a load off. I'll come back to D City with Damian after a few days, okay?"

Clarissa was right about Matthew's disconcertment, and with the promise she just made, Matthew finally simmered down.

Otherwise, he would be restless those few days, fretting over when his wife and son would return or if they would ever return to his side.

Ending the call, Clarissa paced back to the living room just to find Damian soundly asleep in

Catherine's arms.

At the sight of that, she hurriedly carried him over and put him to sleep in the bedroom. As

she returned to the living room, Clarissa noticed that Catherine was looking at the photos on

the phone that she had sent to her earlier.

With her glasses on, Catherine saw Clarissa coming over, but none of them said anything.

It was until Catherine took off her glasses and put down her phone that she broke the

silence. "How is Damian coping?"

Clarissa nodded. "Mmm, he's doing quite well. It's a new environment, and he has a better

mood now going to classes and meeting new friends."

"I see. The school in D City certainly has better resources and conditions than those around

here. Have you two discussed Damian's education in the future? Will it be in D City?"

The other person included in the 'you two' mentioned by Catherine was too obvious to need pointing out.

Nevertheless, Clarissa paused for a while before she nodded. "Yes, we have discussed it. D

City has more conducive resources, hence..."

Clarissa was too agitated to continue, but unexpectedly, Catherine didn't show any objection.

She only nodded in response. "Umm, that's not bad..."

And it fell completely silent again.

While Clarissa grew increasingly uneasy in the awkward pause and was about to disclose

the fact that she had already obtained her marriage certificate three years ago, Catherine

turned to her all of a sudden with a piercing glint in her eyes.

Clarissa was forced to swallow the words that were at the tip of her tongue.

Catherine started, "I was too impulsive three years ago indeed, but I have never regretted it.

If it wasn't for Damian, you might have found someone better and led a happier life by now.
But I did ponder about it after that as well and came to the conclusion that it had all been written in the stars. You can't go against destiny, so I'll not comment further. There's only one thing—you vowed before that you'll not get married to a Tyson. Thus, I'm sorry, but you have to put up with this, and it'll also serve as an ordeal to that man. After I die in the future, you can do whatever you want, as the vow will also cease to be binding.

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Clarissa did not expect that Catherine would bring up the matter. She parted her lips in an effort to answer but was stopped by Catherine. "Of course, I don't have too many days left to live. In the future, if you're still determined to be with each other with no regrets, then take my advice—don't be too naive like you used to. You have to look out for yourself, especially now that you have a child; you should strive for him. It's fine to listen to the man's promise, but you should always beware of that family and never back down. Don't give them the impression that you're an easy target just because you have a humble beginning. I want you to hold your head high and remember that you're no less than anyone."

Clarissa knew Catherine's intention well, and tears welled up in her eyes.

"Grandma—"

"Don't cry. There's nothing to cry about. You didn't even shed a tear when you suffered such mortification back then, so why cry over such insignificant matter now? Your tears shouldn't be rolling down for me; it's meant for moments when you're hurt. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Grandma. I know. I know you're doing all of this for me. I'm such a disappointment; I'm

good for nothing..."

Clarissa couldn't hold it any longer, and tears trickled down her face. Her eyes were

reddened, and she regretted shattering Catherine's heart with her resort of being with that

man and causing Catherine to be mortified together with her.

In contrast, Catherine wasn't as worked up as her granddaughter was, probably because she

had made peace with it.

Instead, she laughed lightly and stroke Clarissa's hair as she replied softly,

"Stop beating

yourself up. Now that I think about it, everything in our life is destined,

and all that you've

gone through are ordeals. Your remaining journey will be better as you lived through them.

Besides, you're not to be blamed for it. We're but an ordinary family, but as long as we have

a clear conscience, we won't have to face death with fear and uncertainty. Conversely, for

those prominent and well-off families that have committed nasty doings, they'll also face

the same death and God's judgment as we do. Every one of us will get a square deal before

God. Clare, as long as you and Damian are living a contented life, I'd be glad."

One tended to believe more in destiny as one got older; the same could be said for

Catherine.

She was not afraid of death. For her, it was a natural thing to happen when the time came.

Hence, she was able to come to terms with everything that happened, which was why she

didn't mind too much by then.

"Alright, no more crying."

Catherine comforted Clarissa. "Now, tell me something interesting about Damian. I'm

interested in listening to stories about him now. It's such a downer to see you cry."

Her teasing tone somewhat relinquished the burden within Clarissa. It was then that she started storying Catherine about Damian's life in D City. Catherine wouldn't stop smiling radiantly and complimenting how adorable and bright Damian was as she listened to her. That night, Catherine went to bed earlier than usual, whereas Damian was particularly energetic after taking a nap in the afternoon. Clarissa passed him the tablet to video call with Matthew, giving him the opportunity to showcase his chatterbox skills. As with Clarissa, she sat at the side, reading the drafts of several authors with whom the studio would contract and occasionally joined in their conversations. However, even when she was just listening from the side, she was very amused as Damian never ran out of topic to talk about. Children's minds were full of imaginative and wild ideas, and what astonished Clarissa the most was that Matthew was able to play along with Damian's fanciful ideas, and he could really answer him brilliantly. That was where Matthew's strengths lay.

Compared to him, Clarissa didn't seem clever enough. Back then, Damian's inane questions which startled her made her shudder to think what kind of wilder and even more bizarre questions were ahead of her. But right in that instance, she realized the importance to have an intelligent parent at home. After putting Damian to sleep, at last, Clarissa spoke to Matthew, "It's getting harder and harder to coax him now. I'll be swamped with questions when he refuses to sleep. I'll leave this task of putting him to sleep to you next time!" "Sure, you'll coax our daughter to sleep while I'll take care of our son." Clarissa responded with a chuckle. "A daughter? You wish! And what if we have another

son?"

"It must be a daughter."

Matthew disregarded the other possibility altogether.

"But what if? What if it's a son? Are you going to abandon him?"

"No. It'll be a daughter just as I said."

The conclusion was Matthew would not accept the possibility of having another son at all.

Clarissa could foresee how concerned and perturbed she would be if their second child was indeed a son.

No, that's not how it should be. I must start praying and hypnotizing myself from now on

that if I get pregnant this time, it would surely be a daughter.

It has to be a daughter!

...

During her stay in W City, Clarissa did nothing but laze at home. On the weekend, she

brought Catherine, Jenny, and Damian out for dinner and shopping.

Even though it was winter, the streets were still crowded with people on a weekend evening.

Along with the other three persons, Clarissa first went to the shopping mall to shop for

clothes. She bought some outfits for Catherine and Jenny.

Jenny had been taking care of Catherine as well as housekeeping for them for many years,

and she was just like another family member to them. For this reason, Clarissa was very

grateful to her. Apart from paying her salary, Clarissa would send her gifts occasionally.

Even when Jenny's daughter got into university, she sent her a cash gift.

Jenny was elated as well, and she couldn't stop complimenting Clarissa,

"Clary, I'm so

blessed to have been selected by you to take care of Mrs. Quigley. For so many years now,

my friends who have been working together as housekeepers with me are all envious of my

fluke to have found a good employer, and you and Mrs. Quigley are both so friendly. It's

really fate that has brought us together, and it's really fortunate that we got along so well..."

On that particular day, Gloria also came out shopping for clothes.

Nevertheless, she was

impoverished, so she normally bought her clothes from the wholesale market, and when she

did come to the shopping mall, she would only pick those clothes that came with discounts.

She happened to bump into Clarissa and others, but she didn't dare to approach them.

Nevertheless, she followed them around secretly and watched how generous Clarissa was

spending her money buying clothes for them, including the caregiver.

Seeing as such, Gloria

was infuriated.

"Mom, what are you doing? Just buy it if you like it!" Mimi raised her head, shifted her gaze

from her phone, and gave her mother a look as she said that.

Nevertheless, she wasn't really

paying attention.

Gloria yanked her daughter and spoke in a hushed voice, "Of course I want to buy it, but I

have no money! Look over there. That damned girl Clarissa is buying clothes even for the

caregiver. That's too much."

Only then did Mimi notice Clarissa. She seemed to be talking to the caregiver, Jenny. In that

instant, Catherine sat down with Damian in a corner, and they were blocked from Mimi and

Gloria's sight by the display rack.

Mimi knew at once what her mother meant. Nevertheless, it was her haughtiness three

years ago that had caused Clarissa to miss her chance of getting married to a wealthy man.

After three years, they met again before that, but it was still Mimi who ended up screwed.

No matter how foolish Mimi was, she wouldn't ask for trouble time and again.

She was indeed jealous of Clarissa. Even though she didn't get married to that wealthy man, she's still well off.

Even for this point alone, Mimi had no advantage over her at all.

"Alright, just forget it if we can't afford it. I don't have money anyway. Come on, let's leave.

Don't waste more time here; we should return home."

Mimi yanked Gloria to leave with her, but Gloria seemed reluctant. With her exceedingly

limited patience, Mimi ignored Gloria and left the shopping mall on her own.

Watching as Jenny tried on a few more outfits, Gloria grew increasingly disgruntled.

Eventually, she couldn't stand it anymore and walked over.

"Clary, what a coincidence. I haven't seen you in a long time."

Seeing that it was Gloria, both Clarissa and Jenny pulled a long face.

"Clare, I don't need so many clothes; one piece is enough for me. Let's go."

Jenny wanted to leave with Clarissa after paying for the clothes, but Gloria stood in their

way, looking at Clarissa, and started rather shamelessly, "Clary, you have the money to buy

clothes for a caregiver, but I'm also poor, and I'm your aunt. No matter what, you should be

helping your aunt as well, shouldn't you? Even though it was our fault back then, you're

indeed not worthy of a man from such a prominent family. I'd say that the key reason was

that you were unlucky to be born into such a humble family as ours.

Hence, you shouldn't be

resentful toward me. I wasn't completely at fault, was I?"

Clarissa kept silent, but Jenny couldn't bear to listen to the awful things she said.

Instantly, she pushed Gloria aside. Jenny was quite well-built, and so Gloria stumbled and

almost fell. Then, Jenny took the opportunity to rebuke her.

"Who do you think you are? There's really no end to your greed. You took someone else's

money, turned your back against your own niece, and ruined her relationship, and now what?

You finished spending all that money and now you turn to Clary, begging for money? Since

I'm around tonight, let me tell you what. I'll not let you bully Clary anymore. Try and ask for money again and I'll finish you off."

Jenny's belligerence was very straightforward. That made Gloria so embarrassed that her face flushed red. In addition to that, everyone in the shop was looking at her, and that made her feel mortifying to the bone. Most importantly, she was also afraid that Jenny would really beat her up.

Seeing as such, Gloria left in a hurry. As with Clarissa, she didn't even say a word, and the issue had already been solved by Jenny very simply.

Smiling, she expressed, "Jenny, you're brilliant."

"Don't mention it. You're such a kind soul, Clary. If anyone dares to bully you again, just let me know. I'll help you teach him or her a lesson..."

Meanwhile, Catherine held Damian's hand and walked toward them as the farce ended. She didn't show up earlier because she was afraid that Gloria would take advantage of her to compel Clarissa again. Nevertheless, three years ago, she had already stopped treating Gloria as her daughter.

Catherine acted as though she didn't see what happened with Gloria and didn't say a word about it.

As with Gloria, after she left, someone greeted her.

"Gloria? Where are you going?"

Looking at the woman before her who was dressed in an extravagant manner with golden and silver accessories all over, and even a fur coat, she couldn't remember who she was. Do

I know someone who's so well-off?

The woman smiled and added, "Gloria, don't you remember me? I'm Judy, the nurse working

at People's Hospital last time.”

“Judy?”

Gloria couldn't really remember her, but she seemed to be wealthy and friendly, so she didn't deny it directly.

“It's you, Judy.”

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 294

Why does Judy, a nurse who worked in a public hospital can be so rich now? She looked

filthy rich. Gloria wondered.

Gloria cautiously snooped around, asking about Judy while trying to recall about the latter.

“Gloria, I was the midwife who helped Hilary during her delivery. I was young and naive then.

I remembered you even gave me a present.”

Gloria was able to refresh her memory with Judy's help.

“It was you? Judy the nurse? It has been almost thirty years since we last met. You look

healthy and happy. You must be doing well.”

Judy chuckled, “Just the usual. I remembered you were very concerned for Hilary at her

delivery when she's merely your sister-in-law. Hilary and her child must be treating you well

nowadays.”

Judy knowingly mentioned Hilary's and her child's treatment of Gloria.

She smiled

awkwardly when Gloria's face turned dark.

“They sure do.”

Yet Judy continued, “I saw you in the shop a while ago with a pretty girl beside you. Was that

your niece? But she doesn't seem to treat you very kindly.”

“You saw that? It was nothing. There's just a minor misunderstanding between us.”

Judy sneered, “Misunderstanding? Please don't try to hide it from me. I saw everything

clearly. You and your niece were arguing as though you were enemies instead of family. One glance at your niece, and I could see that she's wealthy. Didn't she know how well you had treated her before? Such an ungrateful girl."

Gloria felt that she had found someone who could understand and empathize with her.

Thus, Gloria confided and complained about how ungrateful Clarissa was.

Judy invited Gloria to a meal at a high-end restaurant to continue their talk. Gloria blurted

almost everything about Clarissa, from the things she was unsatisfied about Clarissa to the reason Clarissa was still not married to a wealthy household.

"So Judy, can you blame me? This is all because Clarissa was unlucky.

The rich looked

down at her because she came from a humble family. How dare she despise us when it

was because of her own unluckiness?"

Judy was immersed in her deep thoughts. Her eyes glinted.

"You're absolutely right, Gloria. It wasn't your fault. You can even say that it is Clarissa's

mother's fault because Clarissa wasn't born with a golden spoon."

"Excellent point, Judy. It was just as you've said."

Gloria wanted to continue the talk, but Judy suddenly rose to her feet.

"Gloria, I'm sorry. I have something urgent, so I have to leave immediately. But please enjoy

your meal. This meal is on me."

Judy picked up her purse and left urgently.

Gloria was nervous initially, but then she sat down and calmly continued her meal when

Judy offered to pay for the meal.

While Judy hailed a taxi and rushed back home.

As soon as she stepped into her house, she could hear her child's wailing.

The child ran

towards her and cried, "Mommy, I want a toy! I want a..."

Judy pushed the child away. "If you want to buy, ask your dad for the money."

The child dashed towards a man staring impatiently at the computer screen displaying a stock chart.

“Why are you asking me? You should be asking your mother for the money.”

Both adults were unwilling to deal with the child patiently.

Judy’s face darkened further, so she instructed the nanny to take the child away.

After a short silence, Judy plopped down on a couch and spaced out.

When she finally turned to see her husband still staring at the darn stock charts, she

impatiently snickered, “All you ever do is stare at that chart for the entire day. You’ve been

investing in the stock market for so many years, and yet, when are you actually going to earn some money?”

“What does a woman know? Don’t get in my way, didn’t you go shopping? What? No more money? Ask from your sponsor. Good timing. I need some money too, so ask for more this time around. I have some inside news that after I buy this, it will rise like a rocket.”

“What sponsor? That woman is going through a difficult time lately, so I can’t request much.

Furthermore, if it weren’t for her uselessness, we wouldn’t have to return to W City to hide.”

“Stop talking!”

A dark expression crossed his face. He threw the mouse onto the floor as he recalled something.

He stood and lighted a cigarette. Then walked over to Judy and took a seat as he scolded,

“That Hilary doesn’t have any money to give us? Then ask her to find a way to. Isn’t her

husband wealthy? If she persists, then we shall expose everything. Let’s see if she’s afraid then.”

“I had thought she wasn’t scared anymore after so many years, but recently I found out that she was terrified.”

“What do you mean?”

Judy gave a knowing smile.

“Guess who I met today?”

“Who? Stop with the games, and tell me already!”

Judy spilled under her husband’s glare. “I met Gloria, Hilary’s

sister-in-law. Of course, that

wasn’t the point. The point is the mother-child previously was actually

Hilary’s daughter,

Clarissa. Now, tell me that wasn’t a coincidence.”

His temper sparked at her words. “This Hilary! Her daughter was the one

affronting us, so is

she being deliberate? Damn it! Was that witch not scared of us exposing

her wrongdoings

from all those years ago?”

“Don’t be angry, and wait for me to finish.”

“What else is there to explain? This Hilary deliberately set us up, didn’t

she?”

“No. There’s another crucial information.”

“What is it?”

Judy whispered, “Today I met Gloria, and guess what she told me. She

said...”

Judy listed out everything that Gloria had told her about Hilary and

Clarissa’s relationship, as

well as how Clarissa nearly married into a wealthy household.

When she finished, the room went silent.

He said after a long silence, “So you’re trying to tell me that Clarissa was

denied marriage

into the wealthy household due to her humble background. And if we

tell Clarissa the truth,

wouldn’t she then be able to marry into the wealthy family?”

“Nope. Clarissa marrying into a wealthy family has nothing to do with us.

She even has a

conflict with us, so why are we helping her? But, what if we tell it to

Hilary? Hilary would be

afraid of us telling Clarissa about it, wouldn’t she? Think about it. If

Clarissa were to know

that she could've married into a rich family but was ruined by her own mother, wouldn't

Hilary be scared of that outcome?"

"You're right! Blackmailing Hilary with this information and she would surely be intimidated by

us threatening to tell her daughter. Moreover, her relationship with Clarissa is terrible at the

moment, so all the more reason for her to be afraid."

"Spot on! It's truly unbelievable that Hilary would have such a successful daughter. What a

waste. If Clarissa isn't Hilary's daughter, she would've lived a better life."

"Exactly! I'm curious about the whereabouts of Hilary's biological daughter. She must be

living well off. We can gain another sum of cash if we can find her."

"That's a great idea!"

They exchanged glances with a smile while plotting underhanded ways to earn more money.

They would be able to make more money to sustain their lavish lifestyle, for they had

someone's Achilles heel on their hands.

"Judy, you're such a great wife. I have excellent taste to have married you all those years

ago. Let's go. We have to rush for D City and meet with Hilary."

"Why the rush?"

Judy stopped him. "I'm not finished yet. Didn't Clarissa had her son with her when we were

being sued back in D City? The man who picked her and her son up from the police station

didn't seem like an average person. But, Gloria said she didn't know her niece had gotten

married and had a son now. I wonder what happened?"

"They're like enemies now, so how could Clarissa have told them? Let's not talk about the

child. We have to find ways to search for Hilary's biological daughter. If that girl had landed

herself in a wealthy family, we could gain far more than imagined."

"You're right!"

...

Clarissa brought her family out for a meal. Jenny had accompanied Catherine back home to rest while Clarissa brought an excited Damian to a kids' club. While Damian was playing, he noticed other kids were able to jump much higher.

"Mommy, Daddy is much taller than that daddy."

Clarissa was taken aback by his comment and glanced at the man he was referring to. The man was slightly tall and lean. The way he was holding his child must have reminded Damian of how Matthew had carried the former on his shoulders back in D City.

Clarissa smiled warmly. He was repelled by Matthew initially, but now, every man reminds him of his father. He must have felt something deeper for his father than he let on.

After all, they were father and son. The paternal love that Damian had lacked was being slowly replenished now. It wasn't too late.

She carried Damian, then landed a kiss on his cheek.

"Are you missing your daddy? We'll be back to D City to see him after a few more days with great-grandma. Let's request him to bring us to someplace fun during the holidays, shall we?"

"Let's do that, Mommy! Daddy must have missed me too, right? So he must have saved a lot of delicious food for me, right?"

Clarissa laughed, "Do all you ever think of is food? I'm going to go buy some pastries for you, okay?"

"Mommy, you're the best! I love you so much!"

Damien's eyes sparkled and spoke more sweetly to her, all for the sake of pastries.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow
Chapter 295

Clarissa was used to traveling back and forth between D City and W City.

It also wasn't Damian's first time. After the pretty flight stewardess had served some deserts to him, he started trailing her everywhere like a little tail. Clarissa didn't want to look at the embarrassing scene of his son flirting, so she hung her head and placed her hand over her forehead, covering her eyes.

"Mommy, are you having a headache? Let me blow on it."

Damian felt worried over his mommy when he turned to check on her and noticed her hand over her forehead.

"Damian, sit properly. I won't feel any more headache if you stopped disturbing the pretty flight stewardess."

"But I like the pretty stewardess."

"Does it mean that she belongs to you if you like her?"

Damian blinked his eyes slowly as he didn't understand Clarissa's words. Clarissa laughed at her son's adorable expression.

She neared Damian and pecked his forehead. "Why are you so cute?"

Damian laughed despite not understanding Clarissa's words.

After the plane landed, Clarissa sat Damian on her luggage and towed it towards the exit.

On the way there, they bumped into a group of excited fans. Damian was curious, so he followed their line of sight with sparkling eyes. He looked adorable, dressed in a black down jacket and kicking his sneakers.

Some passersby who noticed Damian were attracted to his handsome face, especially his bright and big eyes.

However, they were soon distracted by the huge crowd of fans.

"Mommy, who are they waiting for?"

Damian asked curiously.

"It should be a famous celebrity."

"Famous celebrity? Is it Uncle Ryler?"

Clarissa had told him before that Ryler was a celebrity. She had only mentioned it in passing,

so she was surprised that he could remember.

"No, it's not Ryler. It's another celebrity. I don't know who it is too."

“If so, Mommy, can we go nearer and have a look?”

Damian’s puppy-eyed look melted any resolve she had to deny him.

Even though sometimes Clarissa complained about her son, but deep in her heart, she knew

he was charming, adorable, and fashionable.

She didn’t have the heart to reject his small request. “Damian, there’s a lot of people there,

so we’ll only be looking from a distance away. Is that alright?”

“Alright, Mommy.”

At his agreement, Clarissa towed him along with the luggage towards the crowd.

Naturally, she wouldn’t be able to squeeze herself to the front, so she halted at the edge of

the crowd and waited with them.

There were a few young girls who caught a glimpse of Damian. They have stealthily taken

photos of him with their phones. However, Clarissa caught them, so they were slightly

embarrassed and decided to greet Damian.

“You’re so adorable, boy. Miss, is he your son? He is so lovely. Can I take a photo with him?”

Clarissa chuckled, “You can ask him.”

Damian nodded before they even popped the question.

“Sure, pretty lady.”

“Oh my gosh. You’re such a sweet-talker, how cute...”

More and more girls noticed Damian and wanted a photo with him as though he was a

celebrity.

Clarissa was almost squeezed away from Damian. Fortunately, the celebrity had arrived, so

all the fangirls dashed towards the arrival gate. Clarissa swiftly pushed Damian towards the

exit.

Clarissa didn’t inform Matthew about their arrival lest he skipped work and came to pick

them up.

Damian was sleepy upon arriving at the Zen Highlands, so Clarissa promptly put him to

sleep. She took a shower then rested comfortably. However, before long, she received a call from Yael. "You're back? Don't forget about tonight's cocktail party. Dress up prettily, and let's go get some investment." Clarissa was rendered speechless by her comment. Still, Clarissa didn't have the option to reject. Clarissa dressed up prettily as advised before she left for the party. She was dressed in a black dress with an overcoat and a purse. However, Damian was clinging onto her leg, unwilling to let go. "Mommy, don't go," Damian sobbed. Damian was reluctant to let her leave because Matthew wasn't back yet. Clarissa's heart ached at him crying. She wanted to stay with him so badly.

Nevertheless, this was work-related, and she had already promised Yael. So she couldn't go back on her words. She bent down to his eye level and wrapped him tightly with her arms. However, even her incessant kisses on him didn't stop him from crying. Julia helped coax him from the sides but to no avail. At that point, Damian was wailing as though Clarissa was abandoning him. Clarissa couldn't just leave him be, so she coaxed, "Remember the chocolate I bought for you? There is still a piece left. How about I let you have it, but you have to stop crying?" Damian immediately stopped crying at the mention of food. He wiped away the tears on his face and bounced towards Julia, who was holding the chocolate. With a wide smile on his face, he waved at Clarissa. "Mommy, enjoy the party. I'll be good at home." Clarissa had no words for his quick change of attitude at the appearance of food. What a heartless kid!

...

Clarissa got off in front of the hotel's entrance and jogged into the hotel with high heels on

when she felt the cold wind blew onto her neck.

Yael was already waiting for her in the lobby. "What a waste of your good looks. Can't you

act more elegantly? Take off your coat. Here is warm enough."

"No. I'm cold. A girl has to make sure she's warm..."

"Hold up! If you got something to say, say it later. Speak up more later.

Don't be mute. We

need funds."

Clarissa rubbed her ear at Yael's grumbling.

"Alright. I got it."

Clarissa took off her coat and laid it over her arm, showing off her nice figure. Her tall, lean

stature, along with her exquisite face, gained a lot of attention from passersby.

When she joined the cocktail party accompanied by Yael, naturally, she was in the spotlight.

An awkward and nervous smile was plastered on Clarissa's face. It was difficult for her to be

sociable in such an event, even if it was for the sake of funds as advised by Yael. She'd

resolved to be the aide to Yael's lead.

"Ms. Fleming, who is this?"

"She is the manager of our studio, writer, and screenwriter Clarissa Quigley."

"Ms. Quigley, good to see you. I have heard of you being a talented writer, but I didn't expect

you to be so beautiful as well."

Many would assume that talented people, especially women, weren't much of a looker.

Many promoted themselves to be talented and beautiful, but a little makeup could make

anyone look pretty. However, to be exquisitely beautiful, like Clarissa, was rare.

With just her face alone, she could gain a lot of attention.

Yael had the same opinion. It doesn't matter whether they succeed or not. At least, talking to

another person meant an extra opportunity, and it would lead them closer to success.

Clarissa merely stood by the side smiling while Yael was showing her prowess.

Clarissa was so impressed with Yael's social skills that her eyes were sparkling. She didn't notice the men who tried to flirt with her because she was occupied with Yael being in her element.

"Don't just stand there staring at me. Go make yourself useful and search for investors."

"Yael, don't say such things. It's too embarrassing. If somebody heard it, they would misunderstand."

"Let them misunderstand. Look at that man over there, the one in blue among the three men. He's the leader. Take him down, and our funds are secured. Hurry!"

Clarissa resigned at Yael's instruction and braced herself as she approached the trio.

The man in blue had a slightly shorter stature. She felt as though she was intimidating him

with her heels on, which intensified her awkwardness.

She merely smiled, not knowing what to say. However, the three men had initiated a

conversation with her, seeing that she was a beauty.

"Hello there, Miss. You must be Ms. Quigley."

"That's right. Nice to meet all of you. Sorry to disturb, but you are..."

"I'm..."

The trio introduced themselves, and the guy in blue was an investment specialist.

Clarissa was terrible at social events, so she went for it directly. She listed the studio's merit and possible developments.

Her speech became more fluent as she spoke excitedly. When she was listing the merits of her studio, suddenly, a man's voice sounded behind her.

“Ms. Quigley’s studio was right beside my Tyson Corporation. We’re in such close proximity to each other, but why does Ms. Quigley never approach me for investment?”

“ ... ”

Clarissa halted her speech midway. Matthew had walked to her front with a smile that never seemed to have reached his eyes.

“Mr. Tyson.”

“Mr. Tyson, you’re such close neighbors with Ms. Quigley. You must have a better chance at it since you’re close physically.”

“You jests.”

Clarissa smiled awkwardly and looked at Matthew. “Mr. Tyson, if you’re interested, please allow me to introduce my studio.”

“There’re no need.”

“Huh?”

“We can’t be thorough under such circumstances. I think Ms. Quigley could explain them to me privately.”

Privately?

Clarissa raised her brow while Matthew shot her a beaming smile.

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 296

Matthew’s words were way too suggestive.

Upon sensing that he was interested in Clarissa, the three people took their leave to give them some space.

Thus, there were now only Clarissa and Matthew left.

She inched closer and whispered, “Why are you here?”

“Because I’m rich.” He cocked an eyebrow.

What he said made sense. People who came here today were either the rich or the poor.

Clarissa, who was short of money, participated in this event with the sole purpose of finding potential investors for her project. On the other hand, wealthy people like Matthew were

here to use their money to make more money.

She sighed resignedly. "Didn't you say you had work to do?"

He asked a question in return, "Didn't you say you'd be in W City?"

"T-that's because I want to give you a surprise."

"Uh-huh. What a big surprise indeed." His voice was dripping with sarcasm.

"That's enough." She gave him the side-eye before sweeping her gaze across the crowd. "I

need to find investors."

When she was about to leave Matthew behind, he caught her wrist and pulled her into his

embrace, pressing her against himself.

Needless to say, their risqué posture attracted many people's attention, and she could start

hearing people talking about them under their breath.

Shooting daggers at Matthew, she spat through gritted teeth, "Mr.

Tyson, let me go."

"Clare, I've said that I have the money," he insisted.

"But I don't want your money."

I can ask for sponsorship from anyone but him.

Just then, Yael came out of nowhere and replied to Matthew, "We need your money, Mr.

Tyson. We can go into the details at a later date."

He smiled in response. "Okay. I'll let Donnie discuss with you."

The way they talked to each other was rather business-like, and it was as if Yael had not

seen that Clarissa was signaling her for help.

"Yael, you can't do this." Clarissa whimpered.

Upon hearing her voice, Yael turned to her and feigned ignorance. "Oh, Ms. Quigley, I didn't

see you just now. Actually, you can go over the project details with Mr. Tyson first. It'll be

more effective if you're the one who discusses with him. Good luck and have fun!"

With that, she turned on her heel and left with a spring in her step. We finally got something

tonight. I don't know about other investors, but I'm certain that we can get the money from

Mr. Tyson.

She looked like a procuress who walked away after completing the transaction, and Clarissa

was the woman who had been sold to Matthew.

He had his hand at the small of her back, caressing her tenderly. For those who did not

know about their relationship, they probably would have thought that Clarissa was utilizing

her beauty to trick Matthew into investing in her project, and he had clearly fallen into her

trap.

Soon, they left the event, and gossip about their relationship started to spread.

After they got in the car, Clarissa wanted to protest, but he pinched her chin forcefully and

slid his tongue into her mouth, tasting what he had long missed. She let out a muffled noise

in defiance before finally relenting.

After a long time, he finally turned his French kiss into light pecks as his hand stroking her

thigh under her dress.

The smell of alcohol lingered in between the space between them. After he let go of her, she

panted lightly, trying to catch her breath. Staring at her red, moist lips, his eyes darkened

with desire once more as he went in for another long, deep kiss.

A moment later, she clenched her fists and punched his shoulders. "Are you trying to

suffocate me to death so you can take over my studio?"

Although she was complaining, it sounded like a coy whine to him, and even her eyes that

were glaring at him at the moment looked attractive to him. For

Matthew, every part of

Clarissa was flawless and seductive.

In a good mood, he was all smiles even as she continued to grumble about him.

His slender fingers swept across her face as he said huskily, "I'm just trying to show you my love, Clare."

His cheesy words gave her goosebumps, and she even shivered exaggeratedly. "Can you behave?"

He gave her a nonchalant shrug. "I never want to behave when I'm with you."

"Shut up!"

She turned away from him and looked outside the window, but he hugged her from behind and put his chin on her shoulder, his breath fanning her ear. "Okay. I'll behave myself. Don't be mad."

Seeing that she was not giving him any response, he started to 'behave' and asked her a serious question, "Clare, it's been a long time since we last met. Should we have a deeper exploration of each other..."

Before he could finish his question, Clarissa immediately turned around and cupped a hand over his mouth.

Fuming, she shot daggers at him and locked her eyes on his laughing eyes. "Matthew, you're already a father. Can you behave and set a good example for our son?" He blinked his eyes in agreement.

Clarissa snorted and let go of him.

He gave a chuckle. "I didn't say those things in front of him. Those words are sweet nothings between both of us. If I act serious whenever I'm along with you, it'd be quite funny."

"How is it funny?"

"For example, Mrs. Tyson, you're so beautiful, so I want to kiss you, undress you, and put you on the bed. And I..."

"Hold it right there!" She cut him off, and he grinned at her with a gleam in his eyes.

Before long, she started to double up with laughter.

“Clare, don’t you think that it’s hilarious, too?”

“Fine. You’re right.”

With a smile tugging on her lips, she shot him a look, capturing his attention once again.

Just one glance at her melted his heart instantly.

By the time they arrived back at Zen Highlands, Damian had not gone to bed yet. As soon as

he saw them entering the house, he immediately rushed into Matthew’s arms, and he tossed

Damian in the air, causing him to laugh with excitement.

Seeing that the two of them were whispering to each other, Clarissa went back to their room

first to freshen up.

When she came back downstairs, Matthew and Damian were still having their secret

conversation.

As soon as they saw her stepping down the stairs, Damian immediately looked at her

cautiously and curled himself into Matthew’s embrace obediently like a cute little doll.

Clarissa raised her eyebrows in response. “What are you two whispering about?”

Damian rested his head on his father’s shoulder and blinked innocently, his eyes resembled

Clarissa a lot. “It’s a secret, Mommy. We can’t tell you about it.”

“Oh, really? I don’t want to know about it either.” She pretended not to care about what they

had chatted about and went to the kitchen to pour herself a glass of milk and prepare a

bottle of formula milk for her son.

Then, Matthew carried Damian to her side and placed him on the barstool.

Looking at the mother and son drinking milk happily, Matthew felt like having a glass of milk

as well.

However, he never liked the taste of milk, so he rarely drank it.

Therefore, he continued to

stand at the side and watched the heartwarming sight in front of his eyes.

After that, he put Damian to sleep and returned to the master room, only to see Clarissa still using her phone.

Annoyed, he went onto the bed and snatched her phone away. "Stop. It's bad for your eyes."

"It was just for a while." She let out a loud yawn and rolled herself into his warm embrace.

She was sleepy, but she seemed to have something to say.

"I still don't dare to tell Grandma about us getting the marriage certificate already, but I think she doesn't oppose us being together anymore. She's just upset about how your family treated me before. She also asked me not to trust you and have a backup plan in case we don't work out."

He ran his fingers through her hair and kissed her head. "She used to treat me very well, but now she wants you to be wary of me."

She pouted bitterly. "And whose fault was that?"

"Yes, it's my fault and my family's. I'm guilty as charged."

"Good. I know you and the others might think that Grandma is too drastic, but I can't blame her because this is her way of loving me. No matter if it's a good way or a bad way, she acted like that because of me, so I'm willing to take it all in. If it weren't for Grandma back then, I'd have been homeless or dead a long time ago."

"Don't say that." He pinched her delicate chin, upset that she said she would have passed away as a child.

"But it's the truth, Matthew. Even if I don't say it, it won't change the fact that I had a rough childhood. Nevertheless, I know that I'm lucky to have Grandma, my family, and a home to stay. Even though we did not live well, the sense of belonging brought me joy."

Matthew may not understand how she had felt back then, but his heart ached for her.

"I know." He soothed before kissing her forehead as a wave of sorrow swept through him.

"Thanks for your understanding. All of you are my loved ones, so please don't put me in a tight spot and forgive my selfishness. I don't mean to put the situation in a deadlock, but I really don't know what I should do at the moment."

"Shh... Okay, Clare. I understand." He hushed her and comforted her, knowing that she would start tearing up soon. "You don't need to think about what to do, and I don't think keeping our marriage a secret is bad. Anyway, now we're still living together as usual, except that we're more low-key. Besides, I've always been a person who keeps a low profile."

However, it was such a pity that their wedding had not been held since three years ago, but he did not have the heart to say anything now.

Otherwise, it would only make her feel even more uneasy.

It was as if Clarissa knew what he was in his mind as she stopped speaking further on the

matter and pecked him on the lips instead. "Hubby, you're the best."

She finally said some nice words. Matthew chuckled softly before turning over and pinning

her down, whispering huskily in her ear, "Uh-huh. I'm even better at something else."

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 297

Hilary wore a big sun hat with a face mask to hide her appearance as she headed to a private room in a restaurant surreptitiously.

It was only when she entered the room did she reveal herself, and the ones she was meeting were Judy Bates and her husband.

When the couple saw her coming in, they immediately rose to their feet and greeted her warmly, but she was not having any of it.

With her eyes tinged with contempt and disgust, Hilary spat, "Didn't I tell both of you to go back to W City? Who asked you guys to come back here? Both of you had caused enough troubles here!"

However, Judy paid no heed to her threatening voice as she replied with a beaming face,

"Hilary, let bygones be bygones. Besides, we cause no trouble this time."

"No trouble, huh? How about the previous car accident? And your child even beat someone into a coma in school! Did you seriously think those were not big issues?"

Judy's face fell instantly, and she cut to the chase. "These were all in the past, Hilary. It's

almost the end of the year now, and we need some money to go back during the holidays."

"Money? The last time you asked for money was two weeks ago, for goodness' sake! Your

greed really knows no bound. All these years, I've been paying both of you on time every

month, and I even gave you extra whenever you needed some emergency cash. I know I owe

you a favor, but I'm at my limits. From now on, if you two continue to be so greedy, I won't

even give you a penny."

"Hey, Hilary. Many goods are getting more expensive nowadays. Besides, things are

different now. Twenty thousand is not enough for a month."

Hilary eyed her suspiciously. "What do you mean things are different now? What are you

trying to say?"

Judy paused for a while before answering, "Hehe... I saw your daughter when I was in W City

previously. She is gorgeous, Hilary. Even though she is not your biological daughter, she is

as pretty as you. And I even heard that she almost married into an affluent family, but

unfortunately, that family looked down on her because of her background. What a pity.

Hilary, if she weren't born in a poor family, she would have gotten married to that rich guy and enjoy the rest of her life in fortune."

As Judy spoke, her chubby face looked somewhat comical with her exaggerated expression and tone of voice.

On the other hand, Hilary's face turned pale, and she became more horrified as the seconds ticked by.

Seeing the intense fear in her eyes, Judy smirked in satisfaction. "Hilary, don't you think you should give us more from today onwards? Oh, by the way, I know her contact number and her address. From the looks of it, she is doing quite well now. Do you know that she is living in a villa? I was shocked. Tsk tsk. What a good girl she is. If she knows that she is not a child of a poor family, I bet she'll hate..."

"Shut up!" A high-pitched yell cut her off all of a sudden.

Hilary gave Judy a death stare, her body trembling with rage.

Flashing her a triumphant smile, Judy sat down, and her husband, who had been keeping quiet all the while, finally spoke up to Hilary.

"That year, ever since my wife helped you to do that terrible thing, she's been eaten up with guilt and even quit her job as a nurse. All these years, she's been wanting to find your daughter and that family to apologize to them. Luckily, I'm always there to stop her.

Otherwise, she would have revealed the secret to them a long time ago. I know you're struggling to earn money as well, and I'm thankful to you for giving us such a great life. Don't worry, Hilary. We won't sell you out." His voice was dripping with sarcasm.

They're absolutely shameless! Now, they're just putting on a show where they disagreed

with each other. But, ultimately, what they want is to force me to spew out money like an ATM machine. I've been living on a shoestring in recent years. If they continue to blackmail me, I don't think I can tolerate them for long. Hilary heaved a sigh and held up her hand. "Say no more. I know you want more money. How much do you want?" Judy's husband clapped his hands. "Ah, that's the question we've been waiting for, Hilary." "Fifty thousand a month," Judy replied, smiling shamelessly. "No way!" Hilary rejected immediately. Seeing her reaction, Judy laughed mirthlessly and stood up. "Forget about it then. Oh, my guilt is killing me. I need to find Ms. Quigley and tell her the truth."

As Judy turned to leave the room, her husband pretended to pull on her arm to stop her as he knew that Hilary would relent eventually. "Stop right there!" Hilary shouted, exasperated at their attitude. As soon as she said that, Judy turned around with a smile and waited for Hilary to say more. Massaging her temples, Hilary continued, "I'm short of money recently. I can't give fifty thousand. How about thirty-five thousand?" "Forty thousand." "Fine." After that, Judy requested Hilary to do the online transfer on the spot, and their eyes instantly shone with happiness the moment they saw the money in their account. "Hehe. Thank you, Hilary. This large amount of money reduces my guilt," Judy said, placing her hand on her chest dramatically. Scum! Hilary cursed inwardly. Taking a deep breath to calm herself, she then fixed her gaze on their eyes and warned

sternly, "Don't tell anyone about anything. Do you understand me? Otherwise, I'll make both of you disappear from the earth." Truth be told, Judy and her husband were somewhat wary of Hilary. After all, well-off people like her could easily hire thugs to give them a lesson. That was why they did not push her too far in the past few years. After Hilary left, the couple headed straight to the mall to shop until they dropped and went to have a meal.

Judy took a sip of her wine. "Since we can get money from Hilary, do you think we can find her biological daughter and get more money from her? The family that takes her in must have been loaded, too." Her husband wiped off the grease stain on his mouth and replied, "Yes, exactly. If we can find that girl, she'll definitely not want other people to know that she was actually born in a penniless family. It's not that hard to guess her reaction." "By the way, have you gotten any news from the private investigator?" "I'll hear from him soon. I spent so much money on him. If he doesn't give us any useful information, I'll finish him off." "I don't think it's difficult to find out where the girl has gone. Hmm, it'll be quite hard for me to enter the hospital where I used to work. Otherwise, I would have found out the identity of her biological daughter myself and used that money for ourselves." "Don't worry about the money we spend on that private investigator. I'm sure we can get it back from Hilary and her biological daughter. That's why we need to invest our money well. Speaking of which, give me some money to buy stocks. I got some inside information that the stock price will go up..." The couple quarreled over money again. One refused to give money while the other insisted

the stock would rise.

In a high-end restaurant like this, the two rowdies were frowned upon by the other diners.

Thus, the manager had to remind Judy and her husband to keep their voices down.

Fortunately, they had finished their meals, so they left right after that, still arguing as they stepped out of the restaurant.

Meanwhile, a married couple who sat beside their table shook their head in displeasure. It was Sandra and Jacque.

“What’s wrong with these people?” She stared at Judy and her husband until they were out of her sight.

“Don’t mind them. Tactless people like them probably will never know that they’re rude.

Don’t think about them, and start eating,” Jacque replied, waving his hand.

“But I heard them talking about something shady.” She did not dig in as he told her and

continued, “It seems like they’re threatening someone and planning to do the same to her daughter. I’ve only come across this kind of thing in the movies. Does it happens in real life, too?”

He shook his head. “Maybe. Who knows what people can do nowadays?”

Having said that, they did not dwell on it as it was none of their concern. Not long after, Jacque’s phone rang. He furrowed his eyebrows when he saw the caller ID.

Sandra asked, “Is it Kayla? I can answer it for you.”

Then, she took over his phone and answered it. “Hi, Kayla. Oh, Jacque’s gone on a business trip. Yeah, he’s on an important mission so he’s not allowed to bring his phone along with him. Yes, I understand. We can’t give up on Shermaine. She’s our niece after all. As long as

she's behaving well inside there, I'm sure she can be released early even if we don't intervene."

After that, she did not speak for a long while as she continued to listen to Kayla babbling over the phone and rolled her eyes in frustration.

Ten minutes later, after Kayla was finally done with her ramble, Sandra said, "I know.

Jacque's been pretty busy lately, so I'll tell him about this after some time. Oh, I need to go out now. I'll talk to you next time. Bye."

She hung up the call and let out a long sigh. "It's been three years already. Why is she still like that? She's getting even more annoying."

Needless to say, she could only express her frustration in front of her husband. I'd be dead if

I complain to my mother-in-law about her daughter.

Jacque was also fed up with Kayla. "Since Shermaine had done wrong, she should be

punished by the law. She wanted me to do something to release Shermaine out of jail. But

has she ever considered how it would affect my reputation if I get myself involved in this mess? My mother and I have really spoiled her. She's totally irrational and difficult."

"To be frank, I never thought that Shermaine would do such a thing. Is it because she's spoiled by her mother, too?"

"Uh-huh. I don't want to get involved in the mess, but I care about Shermaine as well.

Previously, I had asked about her condition in jail. I heard that she was behaving well there,

so she may be granted an early release for good conduct. However, I'm not sure the exact

date she would be released, so if she asks again next time, just tell her what I say now."

"Okay. I got it."

The day after Clarissa came back, she unexpectedly came across Damian's photos on social media when she was scrolling on her phone. She instantly broke out in cold sweat and dialed Matthew's number immediately. Then, the post and the photos disappeared as quick as a flash. Later in the day, she thought about it for a while and realized that it might not be a big deal after all. It was probably one of the young girls who took pictures with Damian at the airport that uploaded the photos to social media for fun. Besides, only Damian is inside those photos, so other people might think that he is just an ordinary cute child. Now that the photos are all gone, I can finally sit back and relax. However, the girl who posted those photos was baffled. Why is my post deleted? I have to get to the bottom of this!

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 298

Terri had been pursuing celebrities since high school. She would kill to have any form of interaction with her idol—even if it was just a handshake.

Considering she was a university student, she had plenty of time on hand. The chances of bumping into a celebrity were higher in D City. To get close to her favorite idols, she had worked hard to get into a university there. Over the years, Terri had successfully gotten into a few fan clubs, which bumped up her chances of interacting with her idols. She would never miss out on any events posted in the group chat—including reception events at the airport. Skipping classes was nothing to her as long as she could get close to her idols. Despite so, her results were not at all affected by her absence from school. Besides, Terri

came from a well-to-do family. Hence, she had the leisure to go after her idols.

That day, while waiting for her idol's flight to touch down at the airport, she saw a cute little boy.

With an exquisite look, the little boy carried a graceful aura. It suddenly occurred to her that her idol would participate in a reality show soon. The show would film the daily lives of several pairs of celebrity father and son duo. Terri's idol had a role in the show—caretaker of a toddler. I can take a photo with this cutie to show support for my idol's upcoming series!

That night, Terri sent the photo to the fan club's president, suggesting that their idol should pick the little boy for the show. The boy's attractive looks would gain him positive ratings.

Besides, the little boy was no ordinary toddler. He behaved as though he was an adult in the way he spoke. What's more, he even teased Terri. Kids like him are born to be a star.

She posted the photo on Twitter and tagged her idol, hoping to catch his attention. It didn't if she succeeded or not. Even if she had only one percent chance of appearing before her idol's screen, she would give it a try!

Sure enough, he replied to the post and said that he liked the boy. He also said that he would contact the boy's parents, if possible.

Terri was over the moon. However, just as she was thinking about how she could make use of the boy to get closer to her idol, the photo she posted on Twitter had disappeared. She wasn't the only one facing the problem because other people who retweeted due to the boy's cuteness couldn't see the picture as well.

The president of the fan club instantly texted her to ask what happened. However, Terri was

just as confused.

Unwilling to give up, she posted the photo once more, which got censored instantaneously.

The president thought that the little boy must come from an influential family.

Terri couldn't believe that she had taken a picture with someone powerful by coincidence.

The way she saw it, there was nothing special about the boy except for his exquisite looks.

Swiftly, she posted the photo on a forum to see if anyone knew anything about the boy.

Most of the people didn't know who he was. All they said was that he was cute. There were

various comments under her question: This is surreal! He must be an angel.

Some people's comments were more helpful as they guessed that he could be some big shot's son or illegitimate son.

Some even said that he could be a public figure's son. Hence, his identity must be kept confidential.

All in all, the majority of the commenters warned Terri not to circulate the photo anymore.

Otherwise, she might get herself into serious trouble.

Terri recalled when they took the photo, the boy's mother didn't even stop her. If they were

some influential figures, she wouldn't have allowed it.

I don't get it. Who is the boy, really?

While looking for clues, someone commented: The woman in the upper right corner is quite

blurry, but don't you guys think she looks familiar? She seems to be that controversial

screenwriter whose scandalous news is immediately censored even before release. I

believe you guys could guess who she is. What is the relationship between this woman and

the kid? If my guess is correct, then it's no wonder the kid's photo is censored.

Terri's heart thumped upon seeing the comment and she quickly replied: The beautiful

woman is the boy's mother.

She seemed to know who the screenwriter was. The more Terri looked at the picture, the more she found the woman to look familiar.

Many other netizens saw the comment and instantly understood.

Besides trying to keep a low profile, the screenwriter must have someone powerful backing

her up. Netizens had numerous guesses of who the man might be but that wasn't that big of

a news. However, Terri had managed to take a picture of the screenwriter and her son. What

mattered most was that she already had a son and a cute one at that.

The best news they

could get would be the identity of the boy's father.

More comments flooded the post: This is awesome! You just discovered a huge secret by

chance!

I should take a screenshot of this. I'm sure this will be censored soon.

It seems like I discovered something huge. I won't be killed for this, right?

We have to take

screenshots of this. I'd be able to rest in peace if I found out who the father is.

Seeing those comments, Terri quickly took a screenshot of her post as well. What's the use

of this, though?

The whole point of posting this is to get my idol's attention. Now that I can't post it, there's

no point to screenshot either.

Naturally, the righteous Terri wouldn't sell this piece of information to the paparazzi for

money. Sigh, it's a pity I couldn't make use of this photo to approach my idol!

.....

To Clarissa's surprise, Yael was not around when she arrived at the studio.

It was only after Clarissa made a call did she find out that Yael was hospitalized.

Being a tough woman, Yael wouldn't have gone to the hospital if it weren't to the point where she couldn't stand up.

Clarissa instantly rushed to the hospital and found her fast asleep in the ward when she arrived.

One of the nurses informed her that Yael had caught influenza. Her condition was not looking good. Apart from diarrhea, she hadn't been getting enough rest either. She had called for an ambulance herself. By the time the ambulance arrived, she was already unconscious with her wallet and ID in her hands.

Upon hearing that, Clarissa felt sorry for her. The woman's eyes reddened before she burst into tears.

She sat by Yael's bed for a long time. After notifying the people at the studio, she continued to stay with the latter at the hospital.

The nurse told Clarissa that Yael was lucky to have made it to the hospital before it was too late. Tragic cases often happened to individuals who lived alone. Hence, they should check up on her more often.

Clarissa was remorseful. Although the latter enjoyed being a career woman, Clarissa should've been more keen on her senses in taking care of Yael's wellbeing.

Yael's looked fragile in her sleep, lacking vitality. Not long after, Mandy dropped by with a few sets of clean clothes for Yael.

Meanwhile, Yael's phone had been ringing non-stop. Seeing as she might need some time to recuperate, Clarissa answered those calls on her behalf and took over her tasks.

Since Mandy was staying back, Clarissa left for the studio to deal with the tasks. Only then did she realize there was a lot to cope with in the studio.

Apparently, preparing for a publication or selling a movie required more effort than she had expected.

Clarissa busied herself with work the rest of the day. As she was new to the task, there wasn't much decision she could make.

By the time she returned to the hospital at night, Yael had already woken up. Despite still feeling weak, she was concerned about work matters.

Clarissa was deeply ashamed as she shared the issues faced at work.

After giving her

advice, Yael expressed her desire to return to work the next day.

However, Clarissa strongly opposed the idea.

"From now on, I'm going to put you on mandatory holiday. As your boss, I'm ordering you to

only return to work after Valentine's Day. During this time, I will take over all your work.

Except for rest, you don't have to think about anything else."

Yael stared at her and asked, "You won't ruin the studio, right?"

Clarissa's face flushed red as she replied, "No way! I'm a graduate of D University. I'll work

hard and learn. If there's anything that I don't understand, I'll ask you about it. Don't worry

about it. I'm the boss, after all. I won't ruin the studio."

Yael shrugged her shoulders at that. The former ordered her to rest and quickly returned to

the studio to catch up on work.

When Matthew arrived home, his son clung onto his legs pitifully as he cried and

complained that he was an abandoned child.

"Daddy, Mommy doesn't want to play with me."

Feeling shocked, he picked up his son and made his way into the house.

"Mommy's in the study," the little boy revealed.

"Mommy must be working. Let's not disturb her. I'll play with you. She'll come downstairs

once it's dinnertime," Matthew said with a smile.

Damian nodded his head reluctantly and had no choice but to play with his father.

By dinnertime, Julia served all the dishes on the table and went upstairs to get Clarissa. The

latter only came down after a long time and was reading through some documents as she ate.

Damian instantly pointed at her and said, "Look, Daddy. Mommy doesn't love us anymore."

Clarissa was rendered speechless at that. Damian is acting dramatically.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 299

The woman heard her son's remarks but decided to play dumb. I'll see what other funny

ideas you can come up with!

"Mommy, Mommy..."

Clarissa remained silent.

That made the little boy upset, so he pretended to cry.

"Mommy has lost her soul... Mommy has lost her soul!"

Pfft! Clarissa couldn't help but burst into laughter.

His acting was so exaggerated that it became comical.

Clarissa recalled that this was how Damian's grandmother behaved when Damian was

startled by the sound of firecrackers. I can't believe that this little brat actually remembers it

and uses this against me!

She smiled at Damian.

Surprised, Damian's eyes widened as he exclaimed, "You're awake, Mommy?"

"What do you mean I've lost my soul? Where did you learn that? I'm working, so stop

spouting nonsense."

"But Mommy, you ignored me..."

Earlier, Damian went to look for Clarissa to play. However, the latter was too busy to

entertain him.

“I’ll be very busy with work recently. If you want to play, you can look for Mrs. Lawson or Mr.

Nick. Otherwise, you can wait for your Daddy to come home and play with him.”

Damian pouted, looking extremely upset as he hung his head and continued eating.

Clarissa smiled resignedly and turned to Matthew. “Yael is admitted to the hospital.

Perhaps, she has overworked herself. I’ll be putting more of my time in the studio for now.

You’ll have to take care of Damian.”

He nodded and asked, “Should I bring him to my company?”

Clarissa shook her head at his question. “No, he has to go to school in the morning and take

his afternoon nap once he’s home. It’d be tiring for him to travel to your company after that

and return home again.”

“He can take his nap at the company. I know what you’re worried about; no one will see

him.”

Clarissa pondered for a few seconds before replying, “All right.”

While the adults were discussing, Damian looked up and wondered if they were talking

about him.

The woman wasn’t lying when she said that she was busy.

There was a lot of work to be done, so much so that she had to pull an all-nighter.

Luckily, Yael could guide her through the phone. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have been able to

do anything.

After her discussion with the publisher, she returned to the studio and heard the laughter of

a little boy.

Clarissa followed the voice and saw a few of the staff gathered together.

In the middle of

the group, the voice of the little boy came. “Thank you, Ms. Mandy.

You’re a nice person. I

like you.”

“Don’t you like me, Damian?”

“Yes. I like all of you because you’re all pretty and nice to me...”

“Aww, you’re such a darling. Come here, Damian. Let me give you a kiss.”

Clarissa was at a loss for words. This little one came here to flirt.

“What are all of you doing?”

The group was startled by Clarissa’s sudden appearance. Looking excited, Mandy

exclaimed, “Clarissa, look at this cutie. Damian, this is Ms. Clarissa. She’s a beauty. You—”

“Mommy!”

Before she could finish introducing them to each other, the boy hopped off from his seat

and ran towards his mother.

Clarissa instantly bent down and hugged him.

“Why are you here, Darling?”

“Mr. Donnie sent me here. Mommy, I miss you. I love you so much.”

“I love you too. Did you come here with Daddy? What is he doing? Why did he let Mr. Donnie

send you here?”

“Oh, how I miss you so, Mommy...”

He said nothing else besides, “I miss you.”

But Clarissa was suspicious as she stared at the pitiful look he put on.

“Did you do something bad, Darling? Did you get in trouble?”

A wicked smile instantly crept up his face. He grinned from ear to ear, revealing a row of

white teeth.

The corner of her lips twitched, knowing that this brat must have gotten into trouble.

Nonetheless, she said nothing about it and picked him up instead. Only then did she notice

the shocked faces of her colleagues.

“C-Clarissa, t-that’s your son?”

“Who’s the father, Clarissa?”

Mandy knew the answer to it right after she asked. Those questions which had been

bugging her seemed to have their answers.

“I-Is it M-Mr. Tyson?”

Clarissa nodded with a smile. "Why are all of you so shocked? Didn't Donnie say anything when he sent Damian here earlier? You brought him in just like that?" "Mr. Sheldon led Damian out of the elevator when his phone rang. After he saw me, he merely nodded at me and went back upstairs," she said in confusion. "I thought Damian was his son. Anyway, Damian is a sweet talker. We are all smitten with the boy."

That was why no one asked him about his father. Clarissa had returned before they could even ask.

While Damian returned to play with Mandy, Clarissa gave Matthew a call.

On the other side of the phone, his apologetic voice sounded, "Are you back at the studio? Is Damian okay?"

"Yes, he's enjoying himself. Did he get into trouble, though? I asked him about it, but he only smiled in response. You know, the typical reaction he gives when he gets into trouble."

Matthew chuckled at that. "He tore one of my important agreements and doodled on it."

"You should have told him that he shouldn't touch your stuff."

"I assumed my son is obedient. I even told him to do whatever he pleases," he said somewhat self-mockingly.

"Oh, dear!" Clarissa instantly burst into laughter. "Don't you know that your son is best at acting cute? He's as naughty as a little boy can be and knows no boundaries! He is so mischievous that sometimes I wish I could just disown him!"

She didn't pity her husband at all.

Matthew didn't spend a lot of time with Damian. Most of the time, he would let Damian do whatever he wanted. The boy seemed pretty obedient then. However, on second thought, it was probably because Clarissa was on the watch.

But he turned into a brat the moment she let go of him and started to cause trouble.

Matthew was exasperated as he massaged his temples.

“I looked upset earlier; I wonder if I have frightened him. Donnie brought him away because he thought I was angry. I wanted to talk to him, but I was afraid Damian is angry with me.”

“You don’t have to be so anxious. Sometimes, we have to give him a little scare. Just you wait. Once we get home, he’ll come flattering you,” she said with a smile.

“Really?”

“Yes. I’ll let you get back to your work. He can hang out here.”

After hanging up, Clarissa noticed that her son was still busy flirting with her colleagues.

She warned him to be good and went to busy herself with work.

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Matthew finished his work on time and went to pick up his wife and son downstairs.

It was his first time at the place in three years.

Mandy and the others were seniors in the studio. They had seen him previously, so they weren’t shocked to see him. They were happy that Clarissa and Matthew were still together.

However, the newcomers were staring at him. Mr. Tyson, one of the eligible bachelors in D City. Oh, how many women dream of being with him!

Although they worked in the same building, it was rare to catch a glimpse of him, let alone be in such close vicinity.

Mandy and the rest quickly pulled them away, leaving space for the family.

Matthew carried Damian in his arms. True enough, a flattering smile appeared on his face.

“I miss you, Daddy. I love you so much. You’re so handsome. Here, I’ll give you something yummy...”

He was saying all the nice things, hoping that his father wouldn't be angry at him.
In the end, Matthew couldn't pull off his serious look. His cold heart melted at the sight of his cute son.
He kissed Damian and smiled.
"I love you too, Damian. I'm not angry at you, so don't be afraid. I wasn't going to scold you earlier."
"I know, Daddy. You love me the most."
Clarissa leaned against the doorframe as she watched the corny scene unfold before her eyes. Oh, my goosebumps!
"All right, that's enough. Both of you should head home first. I'm heading to Yael's to ask her some questions. Don't wait up and have your dinner first. I'll be late."
Matthew and Damian waved at her in unison.
"Bye, Darling."
"Bye, Mommy."
After they left, the staff ran out, all of their hearts melted from the earlier sight.

"How can they be so gentle, cute, and handsome? Who needs to watch that father and son reality series when we have them! Clarissa, you should suggest Mr. Tyson take part in the show. I can guarantee that both of them will get the highest ratings."
Hearing their suggestions, Clarissa suddenly felt that it would be cute if it were her husband and son.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter
300

After spending a few days managing the company on her own, Clarissa had already gotten the hang of it.
During this time, Matthew and Damian grew increasingly upset. The amount of time Clarissa spent with them grew lesser by the day. Unlike before, she now

had no time to chat with them. Every night, when Matthew wanted to make love, she would look so exhausted that he couldn't bring himself to ask her for it. As for Damian, it was Matthew who played games with him and told him bedtime stories. Hence, a long time had passed since he felt the warm hug of a mother. As such, both father and son were utterly upset. However, Clarissa was oblivious to their frustration. One fine morning, she couldn't find both of them. She was shocked to learn that they had gone on a vacation. Just when Clarissa felt helpless, Mrs. Lawson approached her to deliver the message both the father and son had left. "Mrs. Tyson, Mr. Tyson told you to keep up the good work. When he said it, he was seething through his teeth. In fact, he told me to emphasize the seething part." With a smile, Mrs. Lawson continued, "Mr. Tyson hopes you can be a successful career woman and the breadwinner of the family. Don't worry about both of them. They will learn to live without the love of a wife and that of a mother."

Shaking her head, Clarissa couldn't help but laugh. "What else did he say? Did Damian say anything?"

Mrs. Lawson nodded, "He did. He said if you choose to abandon him, he will try his best not to cry because he still has Daddy. Both of them will live well together and not miss you."

"Pfft—Hahaha!"

Clarissa felt that both father and son deserved an Oscar for their acting. They were very good at being drama queens. In fact, Damian seemed to have inherited the gene from his dad.

Mrs. Lawson couldn't hold back her laughter. "Mrs. Tyson, this must be an act of protest for

your busy schedule.”

“To be honest, I know that I have neglected them. However, it will only be for the year-end period. Once Yael is fully recovered, my schedule will free up. However, I can’t go after them now as I still have a lot to do.”

Naturally, Mrs. Lawson didn’t comment further. As compared to Mr. Tyson, Mrs. Tyson’s busy schedule was nothing. Back when he went on regular business trips, he didn’t have much time for Mrs. Tyson. However, she didn’t have any complaints then!

He is really spoilt.

Mrs. Lawson didn’t expect Matthew so be someone like that.

Not only is he not supportive, but he also acts like a drama queen. How amusing! Despite being married, he still behaves like a child. In fact, it isn’t far-fetched to say that he is not very much different from Damian.

“Mrs. Lawson, I’m going to work now. My guess is they will call you and ask about my reaction to their message. Just tell them that I didn’t react at all and left for work.”

Running away from home by going on a holiday?

Fine! I’ll show you who’s the boss! Leave, and don’t you dare come back.

Mrs. Lawson acknowledged with a smile. After having breakfast, Clarissa left for her studio.

Firstly, she met with the new hires that Yael had signed on and got to know them better.

After that, she attended Ms. Schloss’ charity event. When the busy morning came to an end, she had a simple takeaway for lunch. Before she had time to rest, she met up with Tyson

Media to discuss changes in the script. The preparation was more or less finalized as

filming was anticipated to start after the new year. Therefore, she figured that she would

likely have a shorter break the coming year-end.

All in all, her schedule was packed every day. As the year-end approached, there were many dinners, banquets, and charity events to attend. Even the publisher wanted to organize an annual dinner. Hence, they invited her along with other celebrities. By that time, Clarissa was in awe of Yael. It's amazing how she managed to cope with so much work over the years.

Clarissa was so busy that she didn't have time to contact Matthew. In fact, she had forgotten about them.

As for the father-son duo, their "holiday" actually encompassed staying in a manor in the outskirts of D City.

Matthew did want to take Damian out to enjoy himself. With that, he took the opportunity to Clarissa feel bad.

When they arrived at the manor, Matthew called Mrs. Lawson. After she informed him of

Clarissa's response, Matthew fumed and ended the call abruptly.

Meanwhile, Damian, who was sitting by the side, lifted his head anxiously. "Is Mommy coming to see us now?"

Matthew snorted, "Mommy doesn't care about us anymore."

Damian fell silent. In less than two seconds, tears burst out of his eyes.

Large teardrops fell endlessly onto the ground as he bawled.

As for Matthew, he had never encountered such a situation before.

After all, Damian seldom

cried. Even if he did, Clarissa would be there to calm him down.

Right then, Matthew was at a loss as to what to do. With Damian crying his lungs out,

Matthew could feel the agony of his cries pierce his heart.

He quickly picked Damian up, comforting him gently.

"Damian, don't cry. I didn't mean what I said; I was just joking with you.

Mommy didn't

abandon us. She loves you the most and would definitely not leave you, alright?"

“Boohoo—”

Damian’s bawl immediately changed into sobs. Widening his eyes, the tears that glistened in them made him look especially pitiful.

“Is Mommy coming to play with me then?”

Matthew patted as he reassured, “I’ll play with you first while Mommy will come later. Look,

Damian. There’s a pony here. I’ll take you horse riding. Also, there are many fun things to do and delicious food to try—”

The word “delicious food” caught his attention. Sniffing, he asked, “What’s delicious here?”

Matthew chuckled at his greedy son’s response.

Carrying Damian into the manor with a smile, he asked the manager, “What’s good here?”

The manager suppressed the shock he felt earlier when he heard Matthew addressing

Damian as his son. He replied with a grin, “Mr. Tyson, we have all kinds of fresh vegetables, fish—”

The moment Damian heard him, he looked as if he was about to cry again. The manager

added quickly, “Also, we have desserts, fruits, chocolate—everything that kids love.”

However, those were not their specialty.

Nevertheless, Damian’s face lit up in delight.

“Daddy, I want chocolate and cake. Also, I want—”

The manager nodded at once. “We have everything you want here.”

“Damian, you can have them but not too much. Or else, Mommy will be upset.”

Blinking his eyes, Damian whispered into his ears, “Daddy, Mommy isn’t here. So please

don’t tell Mommy. This will be our little secret.”

What kind of secret is this?

Matthew couldn’t help but laugh. “All right.”

On that day, he couldn’t bring himself to dash Damian’s hopes. Given how adorable he was,

Matthew allowed him to do whatever he wanted.

Damian grinned widely in delight. When the manager saw how lovable he was, he couldn't help but praise him, "Mr. Tyson, your son is just so cute!" Matthew beamed in pride. The manager was amused as he had never seen Matthew react that way before. The fearsome and terrifying Mr. Tyson is no different than a normal man as a father. In fact, he looks hilarious. Carrying Damian, Matthew sat down while the food was being served. Of course, there wasn't a lot as Matthew had discreetly instructed for the desserts to be served sparingly. Swinging his legs in delight, Damian enjoyed the food a lot. After the delicious food comforted his broken heart, he was back to his energetic self. Jumping off the sofa, he ran everywhere and surveyed the surroundings. When he saw someone coming, he would stare curiously at them. After which, he would greet them politely and charm them with his adorable smile. At that moment, there weren't many people at the manor. However, in less than two hours after Matthew brought Damian to the manor, a bunch of sports cars drove at lightning speed from D City to the manor.

The moment the sports cars came to a halt with an ear-piercing screech, one by one, the drivers hurried into the manor anxiously. Given how fast they were running, they caused a commotion and shocked everyone there.

"F*ck! A son!"

"Son!"

"Son?"

The men who entered exclaimed in shock. When Damian heard them, he turned around and looked at the few strangers. He then felt that they were looking at him in a scary manner.

Hence, Damian fled into Matthew's arms at once and hugged his neck tightly, seeking protection.

Stroking his head, Matthew comforted Damian before shooting a glare at the men. "Whose son? Mine! Also, you guys scared him."

The next moment, his expression changed into one with a gentle smile.

"Damian, don't be afraid. These are my friends. Although they may look scary, they're good people. Go ahead and greet them."

Damian greeted obediently, "Hi, everyone!"

All of them gaped in shock. He really is Matthew's son!

Wait, Matthew has a son?

When? How? Where did they find such an adorable child?