

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

### **Chapter 356 - 360**

Clarissa didn't want the Wyncers to reveal the news. However, Damon asked to see her within the next few days.

As Ellie didn't join them, Clarissa knew that Jacque and his wife must have said something to Damon.

Just as expected, Damon's expression was grim when he met her. After a long silence, Clarissa couldn't help but chuckle. "What are you thinking about?"

Clucking his tongue, Damon took a seat before sighing remorsefully. "I was thinking what a close shave it was. Luckily, you didn't accept me. Or else, it would have turned into incest."

"Sheesh, stop with that nonsense."

Damon smiled wryly. "Although we aren't biological siblings, we're still cousins. Hence, I'm no longer in competition to vie for you. Prior to this, I was considering getting together with you after Uncle Matthew pass on with age. Given the age gap, he would likely meet his maker much earlier than us."

Obviously Damon was just joking.

Clarissa shook her head and smiled in resignation. "You had better give up on that idea.

However, I did tell them to keep it under wraps still. Were you the only one they told? Or does the entire Wynter family know?"

If the entire Wynter family knew, it was the equivalent of making it public.

"Don't worry. Only I know about it. Besides, the reason Aunt Sandra told me about it was that she wanted me to talk to you, hoping that they could get to know you better. Anyway, I'm just

passing on her message. She mentioned that she likes you a lot and you're so much more capable than you know who. Hence, she sincerely hopes that you can acknowledge us as your family and not be a stranger. Furthermore, you cannot change the fact that you are related to us by blood."

Damon added, "Obviously, I don't share her sentiments. If I were you, I would feel equally lost. After all, the complexity of this issue goes beyond just a few words. You should do as you see fit. Today, I'm not here to talk you into it. Instead, I just want to spend some time bonding with my cousin."

Staring at Damon, Clarissa pursed her lips into a grin.

All of a sudden, Damon spread out his arms. "How about a hug, dear cousin?"

Clarissa couldn't resist a chuckle. She then hugged Damon before they exchanged smiling glances.

The feelings they previously felt for each other had been nothing more than platonic.

Nevertheless, their friendship and familial affection had survived the trials and tribulations of time.

A while later, the nanny returned with Damian from the washroom.

After being placed in

between both of them, they took turns caring for him.

After the meal, Damon walked them to their car. Before they left, he leaned on the door and

gazed at them. At that moment, Damian excitedly acknowledged Damon as his uncle. Now

that they were related, the child figured he would get more presents by doing so. In fact, he

even sent him a flying kiss.

The next day, the warm scene mysteriously found its way to the internet.

Furthermore, the news was stamped with the word "Exposed". The picture was

accompanied by the description: Wife meets male companion in secret with son who adores the man. Husband at work and oblivious about liaison. The picture was blurry but their silhouettes were clear. Although the exposé didn't say much, the first thing that came to everyone's mind when they saw it was: affair!

In less than half an hour, the news went viral. Some felt that it was just an ordinary meeting between friends. After all, they were sharing a meal in broad daylight. While some others felt that it was unnecessary to bring a child to a meeting with a male friend. The fact that the child was there aroused the suspicion of the public. Some of them even suspected that the child might have belonged to the man given how close they were. Despite how ridiculous the rumors were, the netizens didn't care for the truth. They just loved believing in what they wanted and enjoyed watching the drama unfold. Their comments largely contained the words: affair, illegitimate child, betrayal, prominent family, fortune... However, as it was still early, Clarissa was either not up yet or helping her son brush his teeth. She had no idea she was mercilessly slandered online. Everyone blamed her for betraying Matthew and even having someone else's child. In the future, the child would inherit the Tyson fortune and she would subsequently dump Matthew to be reunited with her lover... Furthermore, it didn't stop there. There would always be an unnamed source divulging insider information. She was being

accused of meeting the man in secret and sleeping with him. The description was so detailed that it sounded as if the person had witnessed the act itself. In the end, Clarissa only found out about it when one of her loyal readers called her after she didn't respond to her messages. When the reader heard Clarissa's silence, her heart sank. "Clarissa, the consensus in the group chat is that we trust you. We know someone is trying to malign you. So, don't be angry. Once we find out who did it, we will make him apologize and suffer the consequences..."

Suppressing her emotions, Clarissa thanked the reader before ending the call. Dumbfounded, she was trembling all over with her phone in her hand. When Damian saw her reaction, he didn't understand what was going on. However, he gave her a hug in his attempt to console her. "Mommy, Mommy, what's wrong? Are you cold? Let me hug you. There, there. It isn't cold anymore..." Only then did Clarissa calm down. Forcing a smile, she hugged her son back. At that moment, Matthew had come upstairs. As Clarissa looked in his direction, Damian saw him too and said, "Daddy, Mommy is cold. Come and help me hug her to keep her warm." Matthew's eyebrows were furrowed as if he already knew what was going on. Walking over, he softened his usually frosty demeanor. He hugged both Clarissa and Damian. "Don't worry. I'll take care of it." Clarissa responded, "Mmm-hmm, I'm not worried." Instead, she was upset. Clarissa grabbed onto Matthew's shirt by the chest and tightened her grip. She didn't understand who could have done such a despicable thing. Matthew patted her on her back to comfort her. When Damian saw what his father did, he

too repeated the gesture.  
“Mommy, don’t be afraid. You still have me...”  
“Pfft...”

When Damian reacted like an adult, Clarissa knew that he was just copying what Matthew did. Nevertheless, his actions had cheered her up. Picking him up, Clarissa gave Damian a peck on his cheeks. “Damian, you’re really amazing. Next time, I will look to you for protection.”

Damian nodded his little head. “Mommy, don’t worry, I’ll protect you. I’m not going to let anyone else hurt you.”

Raising his eyebrows, Matthew was surprised to see that his son was better at consoling Clarissa than he was.

In the eyes of his wife, his words no longer carried as much weight. However, now wasn’t the time to be petty with his son. Standing up, Matthew hurried to deal with the fallout.

When the exposé broke and became one of the top trending topics online, Tyson

Corporation blasted out a legal notice.

The notice was directed at a large group of netizens. All those the perpetuated the rumors and ridiculed Clarissa would be sued.

Just when they were enjoying making snide comments, the nosy netizens suddenly remembered what happened the last time when Clarissa was ridiculed online. Matthew had sent countless legal notices to many of them.

Didn’t it happen just recently?

How did we forget the lengths Matthew was willing to go to just to protect his beloved?

Once the notices were sent out, many of the netizens shirked in cowardice, no longer daring to comment. That was when Clarissa’s supporters began to speak out in her defense.

Firstly, the person who sent the photo would definitely not be able to escape prosecution.

Putting aside the fact that baseless accusations were made, taking photos randomly of Mrs. Tyson was by itself a violation of privacy.

As to whether he was instructed to do so by someone or just wanted to be famous, the truth would be determined in the future.

As for those who lampooned Clarissa despite pretending to be envious of her previously,

they were exposed to be nothing more than being sour grapes.

Nevertheless, it was still uncertain as to whether there were paid trolls controlling the

narrative and fanning the flames of hate towards Clarissa. After all, the whole saga didn't

seem like it was triggered by an innocent photo.

After Matthew had sent the legal notices, all of them fell silent. However, many still

wondered if Clarissa was being set up or Matthew was simply doing it to protect their own

reputation. At the end of the day, everyone had their doubts.

Matthew didn't share the finer details with Clarissa, but there indeed was a plot behind the

saga.

Meanwhile, Yarick and Jeremy were gathered in Matthew's office.

Unable to restrain his

temper, he ranted, "How dare that f\*cker attack you like that? Recently, when I heard

someone make a snarky remark about Damian, I was this close to beating them up.

Matthew, are they trying to ruin your reputation?"

Jeremy remarked coldly, "They have a deeper purpose. Matt, are they targeting Tyson

Corporation?"

Matthew's gaze darkened as he fell into deep thought.

"F\*ck, Tyson Corporation? They should have done it in the open if they had the balls. How

dare they act so insidiously by involving women and children?"

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The business world was no different than war.

Some liked to battle in the open while others preferred to use subterfuge.

The success Matthew achieved in the business world didn't come without a cost. He had offended many along the way and even more wanted to see him and Tyson Corporation destroyed.

After all, he knew that no one was invincible, including him. Although not many people dared to challenge him, there was still a rare few brazen enough to do so. Consequently, he didn't take the matter lightly and assumed that it was just some paparazzo wanting to make a name for himself. He resolved to get to the bottom of who was behind the entire saga.

Looking at Matthew, Jeremy couldn't help but ask, "Matt, who did this?" Matthew didn't reply. However, Yarick sneered instead. "Who else can it be? There was one case a few years ago, another one a few months ago, and even one more recently..."

Yarick mentioned all the business competitors that Matthew had put out of business. All of them wanted revenge.

"Can't those b\*stards accept defeat? They are just full of schemes. Once I find out who it is that slandered Damian, I'll sleep with his wife and make her betray him..."

Jeremy's lips twitched at Yarick's idea of punishment.

Yarick had always behaved that way, shooting off his mouth without a care. Whenever he was worried, he would always react impulsively.

I pray that he finds a smart wife soon that's able to keep him on a leash.

"Yarick, your method of revenge lacks a moral compass."

"F\*ck, who cares about moral compass under such circumstances."

Yarick was upset that his idea was being criticized. In fact, he felt it was a brilliant idea. Isn't causing the man's wife to cheat on him the best form of revenge? At the very least, if he was betrayed by his wife one day, he would kill whoever did it.

However, haha... I can forget about such comparisons. After all, I will never be betrayed by my wife.

Yarick wanted an extremely submissive wife who would acquiesce to everything he wanted.

That way, she wouldn't even have the opportunity to betray him.

And that was how he came to that decision.

Yarick was lost in thought, trying to decide what were the qualities to look for in his future

wife. Little did he know that it was uncertain if everything would go according to his plan.

"Matt, leave this to me, I will kill the b\*stard who did this."

When Yarick volunteered enthusiastically for the task, Jeremy shook his head instead.

"You're not suited to it. It's better I do it."

"What do you mean I'm not suited? Let me tell you, Jeremy, don't underestimate me. I can..."

Before he could finish boasting, Matthew interrupted him with a grave and frosty tone.

"Enough, both of you don't have to do it."

"Alright. We won't get involved."

Nevertheless, Jeremy voiced his opinion. "However, Matt, the holiday season is coming. The

livelier it gets, the more these people would use the occasion to cause trouble."

Matthew grunted in acknowledgment.

There was no need to elaborate as all of them knew what they had to do.

Just when they took their seats after being done with the serious topic, Yarick began to feel

restless.

Adjusting his plump body, he finally voiced what he had wanted to say in a long time.



“Matt, actually, what I wanted to say was...”

Just when he paused, Matthew and Jeremy turned to look at him in unison, making him feel pressured.

“What?”

Despite feeling awkward under their curious gazes, Yarick gritted his teeth and steeled

himself for what he found difficult to convey.

“Matt, I want to go over to your place and taste Clarissa’s cooking.”

Matthew raised his eyebrows as Jeremy snorted in laughter.

Feeling awkward, Yarick explained immediately. “Erm, Matt, I don’t mean anything else. I’m

sure all of you know that I enjoy eating and she does cook really well...”

“Wrong. You also like to fool around with women,” Jeremy added mischievously.

Yarick snapped back at once. “Me? Isn’t that supposed to be you?”

Jeremy let out an innocent laugh. Not wanting to waste any more time with him, Yarick

continued his explanation.

“Matt, I really miss Clarissa’s cooking a lot. Since the holiday season is approaching, why

don’t we have a party by sharing a meal together?”

Evidently, Yarick was just greedy for food.

Meanwhile, Jeremy smirked at his suggestion.

After rolling his eyes at Jeremy, Yarick gave Matthew an ingratiating smile.

“Matt, what do you say? Please spare a thought for my craving, really.

Clarissa doesn’t have

to cook much. Eight... no, six... four, four dishes would do. Hmm, why don’t we have a soup

too, hehe...”

Matthew squinted his eyes at Yarick, causing him to feel embarrassed.

But, for the sake of food, Yarick was willing to endure the pressure and would definitely not

waver.

Just when he broke out in cold sweat, Matthew replied, “I understand.”

What does that mean?

Is it a yes or a no?

“Matt, it that a promise or...”

Jeremy covered Yarick’s mouth at once as he dragged the nitwit out.

“Alright, Matt. You

continue with your work while we take our leave.”

After they left Matthew’s office, Yarick flared his temper at Jeremy.

“Jeremy, that was none of your business. It wasn’t easy for me to gather the courage to

broach the topic with Matt. So why did you drag me out before I got my answer? Do you

realize that you have spoilt my grand plan?”

“Sheesh...”

Jeremy shook his head. “You idiot! If Matt didn’t agree, wouldn’t he have rejected you on the

spot? Don’t you know what he means when he told you he understood?”

“Huh? Does it mean that he agrees? But he hasn’t decided on the time.

What am I going to

do if he ends up forgetting? Shouldn’t he schedule it? That way, no one will forget.”

“Since Clarissa is the one cooking, shouldn’t he check with her first?

Once it’s settled, they

would naturally notify you about it. Yarick, has all your fat gotten into your brain? Why are

you becoming stupider by the day?”

Yarick sneered, “What about you? The only brain you have is down there and you use it only

for philandering.”

Neither of them were willing to give way.

Despite having argued throughout the years, their relationship was as strong as ever.

Snorting at each other, they went their separate ways.

After the shocking events of the morning, Clarissa’s mood improved when she managed to

calm down.

This wasn’t the first time she was faced with cyberbullying. If she was indeed ruined by the

exposé, those anonymous trolls would only gloat at her misery before spewing venom at their next target. They couldn't care less about the lives their malicious words had destroyed.

Therefore, Clarissa realized that there was no point in feeling upset.

After all, it would only serve to delight her enemies.

Karma would punish those despicable trolls one day.

Hence, she spent the entire day playing with Damian and ignored what was going on online.

Other than answering a few calls from her friends, she didn't want to listen to anyone else.

Hilary was one of those whose calls were rejected.

When she saw the news, Hilary's first reaction was to scold her daughter for being careless

to the extent of being caught in the act. It never crossed her mind that Clarissa was

innocent at all.

Given how despicable she was, she assumed Clarissa was equally vile.

Why didn't she be

more careful with her rendezvous? Why didn't she protect her son? If someone finds out

that the child isn't Matthew's, she would lose her shot at the fortune.

Also, she would be

kicked out by Matthew and not get a single penny from the divorce...

Hilary's mind was filled with all sorts of nasty thoughts.

The next thing she considered was how the matter impacted her. If

Clarissa was chased out

by Matthew, she would no longer be of use to Zach. She would then revert to being ridiculed

and treated badly by the Garretts.

She really is the death of me.

Why does that wench need to look for a lover? Why can't she play her role as Mrs. Tyson

obediently? What a shameless and idiotic girl...

When she didn't get a response from Clarissa, Hilary threw her phone aside in frustration.

Fear began to grip her as she grew concerned about her future. Zach would definitely not treat me well anymore while my allowance would also be reduced. Furthermore, there are two bloodsuckers that see me as their golden goose. As for my son, he is now estranged... When she thought about Shermaine, who was still in prison, she wondered why she wasn't released yet despite having the help of such an influential family. None of them are dependable. In fact, they're all useless! Hilary finally realized the sad truth that she had no one to rely on anymore. Consequently, she regretted switching babies then. If she hadn't done so, her biological daughter, Shermaine, would have been the one to marry Matthew and lived the life of a wealthy lady. And she would be the mother-in-law that commanded the respect of others, instead of being beaten up by her husband and ignored by her step-daughter. Now that her son had kept his distance, neither of her daughters was able to help her achieve the glamorous life she wanted. She rued her decision. If only I didn't switch babies. If only... Wallowing in her regret, Hilary was unable to extricate herself from her thoughts.

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Hilary's worries unsettled her to the extent she could hardly do anything in the morning. In other words, she was overwhelmed by fear.

Therefore, unable to suppress her anxiety, she left home in less than an hour to see Shermaine. This was despite the fact that she didn't know which prison her daughter was in.

Ever since Shermaine was sentenced to jail, Hilary never kept in touch with her. From

Hilary's perspective, she had no use for someone in prison, especially one that was reviled

by the public. Given that Shermaine's future was bleak, Hilary didn't intend to acknowledge

her as her daughter anymore.

However, at this point in time, she felt the urge to see Shermaine.

She figured she could still use her contacts to find out where Shermaine was being held.

Unfortunately, Judy wanted to see Hilary the moment she left home.

Having arrived at the agreed venue, Hilary met Judy and her husband.

Both of them were

clad in designer clothing and looked more flamboyant than the rappers on television.

With her eyes flashing with contempt, she hated the sight of them. She sat opposite with her

body facing away and arms folded, clearly expressing her disdain just for being present.

"What do you want? I already paid you this month, so why do you still want to see me?"

Fidgeting the gold ring in her hand, Judy remarked with a smile. "Hilary, the holiday season

is upon us. Given that we don't have any family in D City, it would likely be a quiet affair."

Hilary snapped, "In that case, you should leave D City."

"Haha... that's impossible I'm afraid. We still prefer D City given how vibrant it is. Moreover,

our old home is just too dilapidated now. Anyway, we have made up our minds to spend the

holidays in a hotel and enjoy a scrumptious meal there. Only then, would there be a festive

feeling to it."

"Go ahead and do it then. What has it got anything to do with me?"

"We intend to, but it costs a lot more due to the holidays. Besides, we're a little tight..."

"B\*llshit!"

Hilary sprang to her feet in fury as she dropped all civility.

Despite being a respected lady of a prominent family, the feisty shrew in her would never change.

“You b\*tch... I...”

The way she cursed and swore even put Judy to shame. It was now obvious that Hilary was just faking her dignified demeanor.

Given how snarky Hilary could be, both Judy and her husband watched in shock. They were dumbfounded by Hilary’s tirade. Nevertheless, Judy’s husband was the first to recover his senses.

He retorted, “Hilary, why do you have to be so rude? All we are trying to do is discuss this civilly with you. Are you trying to force our hand with that attitude of yours?”

Hilary was infuriated. “What are you going to do? You were already going to go ahead with it regardless of whether I forced you or not. Both of you are just greedy b\*stards...”

“Shut up!”

Judy joined in the fray, unable to tolerate being berated by Hilary. She was so outraged that she couldn’t resist swearing and raising her hand...

“F\*ck you. You’re the despicable one here to have seduced other men and abandoned your own daughter. No one is more shameless than you...”

Both women got into a full-blown altercation as they yelled and shoved each other.

With her husband’s help, Judy managed to overpower Hilary and pin her against the wall.

When Hilary attempted to scratch Judy’s face in defense, Judy pre-empted her with a forceful slap. As they continued to struggle against each other, the room was thrown into chaos.

However, no one came to check. The room either had good soundproofing, or the staff just

didn't want to get involved.

In the end, Hilary's face was swollen while her hair was in a mess.

Panting vigorously, she

lay on the floor. Meanwhile, Judy and her husband returned to their

seats. They sipped on

their coffee and they stared at how miserable Hilary looked.

Judy sneered, "Hilary, don't take us for granted. Are you trying to deny the debt you owe us?"

Let me remind you, you have to pay us whatever we want and should count yourself lucky

that we have not exposed you. After being friends for so many years, I'm sure you don't want

to destroy the relationship we have, right?"

Hilary wanted to laugh. But the moment she moved her lips, pain

reverberated throughout

her body.

Hissing in pain, she picked herself up but couldn't avoid aggravating her wounds. Judy's

husband didn't show any mercy when he rained his fists down upon

Hilary. Feeling the

excruciating pain, she wondered if any of her vital organs were hurt.

Stroking the wounds on her face, Hilary remained silent. However, she

had seared the

humiliation she felt into her mind and vowed to seek revenge one day.

Dragging herself forward, she took a card out from her bag.

"There's a hundred thousand here."

Judy and her husband's faces lit up as they quickly snatched the card away.

"The password is six zeroes. I presume that's enough?"

Judy let out a greedy grin. "More than enough, hehe... Hilary, we really appreciate this. Since

you're now hurt, you should get some rest. Don't worry, we won't see you until the holiday

season is over."

Hilary didn't respond. Just when she was about to leave, Judy suddenly remarked, "By the

way Hilary, our main reason for inviting you out wasn't to ask you for money. We heard

about what happened to your daughter and wanted to console you.

However, since she has

broken ties with you, it probably has nothing to do with you anymore. Nevertheless, we still

wanted to show our concern. Tsk-tsk, it's such a shame. Despite having married into a wealthy family, she has fallen so far as to mire herself in such dire circumstances."

"That's right. If I knew that I was actually born into a wealthy family, I wouldn't have ended up in such a miserable situation. In fact, I might even have a chance to redeem myself."

Both Judy and her husband made those comments on purpose. However, after pausing

briefly, Hilary stormed off without saying a word.

Baffled, Judy and her husband exchanged glances.

"Hubby, why didn't Hilary respond? Is she worried that we expose her?"

"I don't think so. Did we beat her brains out then?"

"Probably not. Why doesn't it affect her?"

Feeling disappointed, both of them exchanged glances. Sipping their coffee, they struggled to plan their next move.

After leaving the meeting, Hilary went to see the doctor for a check-up.

The doctor told her

that she was fine. Nevertheless, the wounds on her face and bruises on her body made it

look more serious than it actually was.

During the check-up, the doctor was concerned that she was a victim of domestic violence

and even wanted to make a police report on her behalf.

However, Hilary declined his offer and quickly left the hospital. After getting into the car, she

knew that she couldn't go home because she was unable to explain her wounds to Zach.

At the same time, her friend had found out where Shermaine was being held. She was in a

prison in the outskirts of D City.

Without a moment's delay, she hailed a cab and headed over.

After going through the security checks, Hilary finally got to see Shermaine.



She looked pale and had lost weight. When Hilary saw her last three years ago, she was still a famous actress despite having her reputation destroyed. But now, given how haggard she looked, she resembled Hilary more. When Hilary noticed the resemblance, her eyes suddenly burned. She commented in a choking voice. "My dear Shermaine, you... you have had it tough."

However, Shermaine's expression was indifferent. The icy look she gave Hilary was also filled with hatred. Feeling heartbroken, Hilary burst into tears. She sobbed silently as if her tears could convey her remorse.

However, Shermaine didn't even allow her the space to cry. "Are you here just to cry in front of me? If there's nothing else, you should leave."

"No, no..."

Hilary wiped away her tears. "No, Shermaine. I'm here to see you."

"Now you have."

"I... I have let you down for not coming to see you after so many years. I'm really sorry. However, I didn't have a choice..."

"Mmm-hmm. What else?"

Hilary hesitated before she spoke. Shermaine squinted her eyes as if she could read Hilary's mind. Before Hilary said a word, she pre-empted, "We are not related in any way. Hence, it doesn't matter whether you come and see me or not."

"No, No, I really..."

"What happened to your face? Who hit you?"

When Shermaine changed the topic, Hilary touched her cheeks and smiled wryly. "A despicable couple. Those b\*stards..."

Couple?

It dawned upon Shermaine who the couple was.

Her mind flashed with animosity. Not because she felt indignant on Hilary's behalf, but because they had been pressuring her. Shermaine had never been threatened to this extent before. Now that she was in prison, she had no choice but to submit to their every demand. She was also cognizant that Hilary was the source of it all. When Shermaine saw Hilary's wounds, she smirked suddenly. However, she quickly regained her composure as an idea struck her. Right before Hilary spoke, she suddenly asked, "Is Judy one of them?" Hilary's face instantly turned pale as she was overwhelmed by guilt. Shermaine added with a smile, "They came to see me before. Ms. Hilary, do you know what they told me?" "No... it can't be. They took my money and are supposed to keep their mouths shut. Shermaine, both of them are untrustworthy. You can't believe whatever they say." Shermaine smiled as she watched Hilary defend herself.

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Hilary panicked in front of Shermaine's intense gaze. Her pale face only made her guilt more obvious. In the end, she had no idea what she was mumbling. "Shermaine, you... I..." "Ms. Hilary, why are you feeling so nervous? Which part of what they said do you not want me to believe?" Hilary was shocked. "What did they tell you?" "What are they supposed to tell me? Ms. Hilary?" "Nothing. It doesn't matter. But why did they come and see you?" Grinning a moment, Shermaine replied, "Oh, they claimed that they were your friends and came to see me on your behalf. Also, they told me that you were very worried about me and missed me..." Heaving a sigh of relief, Hilary forced an awkward smile.

“That’s right. I asked them to visit you on my behalf... hehe.”  
Shermaine let out an innocent smile. “Ms. Hilary, you seem really busy to not have visited me over the last three years. Are you truly that busy?”  
Hilary grew increasingly awkward.  
“I... I’m sorry.”  
Shermaine shook her head. “You don’t have to apologize. After all, we are not related to each other in any way. Given that you’re almost a stranger to me, I understand why you didn’t come to see me...”  
Hilary’s lips moved but didn’t know what to say.

Despite Hilary’s telling expression, Shermaine didn’t question further, and neither did she express any suspicion.  
Hilary’s behavior alone was more than enough to raise one’s suspicions. Despite her obvious guilt, Shermaine continued to feign ignorance.  
“Ms. Hilary, let’s not talk about this anymore. I’m sure you’re aware that I have limited access to information inside here. Why don’t you share with me the latest news outside?”  
Hilary nodded. “Of course, what would you like to know?”  
Shermaine smiled. “About Clarissa and also Matthew.”  
Hilary was stunned and didn’t know where to start.  
“Don’t worry. I now know where I went wrong and have admitted my utter defeat. I just want to know if they are happy? When my family came to see me, they did update me a little about them. Despite wanting to find out more, I was concerned that I would cause them to worry. Therefore, I have no one else to ask. Since you’re here, I can finally enquire about how they are doing.”  
“Everything was fine before this. Both of them had gotten married a long time ago and even had a son. However, my daughter messed up. This morning, she was exposed for having an

affair. The incident caused the public to doubt that her son belonged to Matthew. I was outraged by it. Why can't she just focus on her life and not get into such trouble? Even if she wanted to have a lover, can't she at least be more careful? I just can't stop worrying about her..."

As Hilary rambled on angrily, she praised Clarissa a little before criticizing and ridiculing her.

However, Shermaine listened with an expressionless face.

She let out a long sigh and remarked, "Life really is unpredictable."

"That's true. Who's to say it isn't?"

Both of them reacted with different expressions.

Due to the limited visiting time, Hilary left in a short while. However, the moment she

stepped out, she realized that she had not achieved what she came to do.

Wasn't I supposed to tell her the truth today?

However, when she saw the look in Shermaine's eyes, she realized that her guilt and fear were holding her back.

What Hilary wasn't aware of was that Shermaine had purposely steered the topic away when she had tried to broach it.

After getting into a taxi, Hilary left the prison.

On the way back to the city, Hilary was surfing on her phone when she suddenly saw the

news about Tyson Corporation attempting to defend Clarissa.

Hilary sat up in shock as she continued to read the latest developments.

After Tyson

Corporation took action, many influential figures came out to defend Clarissa and Matthew.

Furthermore, legal notices were sent en-masse to all those that had spread rumors and

ridiculed Clarissa, shutting them up. Consequently, Hilary was astounded by the response.

She didn't expect Matthew to not only not mind the betrayal, but also defended Clarissa's

honor on her behalf.

Tsk-tsk... Clarissa is really something.

Hilary didn't expect her to have Matthew eating out of her hands.

Holding that thought, Hilary was relieved that she didn't tell Shermaine about the baby

switching incident on impulse.

Therefore, she was still Clarissa's mother and Matthew's mother-in-law.

Hilary figured that if this scandal couldn't even impact Clarissa's

relationship with Matthew,

their marriage could withstand anything.

With that thought in mind, she laughed smugly. Given how capable

Clarissa is, there's no

way I'm going to break ties with her.

Shermaine is nothing compared to her. After all, Clarissa is the one with a bright future.

"Hahaha..."

When Hilary burst into laughter, the driver looked at her curiously via the rear-view mirror.

Is she a lunatic?

However, when Hilary returned to the Garrett residence, she had

forgotten about her wounds

amidst her delight. It only occurred to her the moment she stepped into the house.

Luckily, no one was home. Since her face was hurt, she figured that she could use it to her

advantage.

Hence, she dropped by Clarissa's studio. Although Clarissa wasn't there, her colleagues

would definitely pass on her message.

The next moment, Clarissa received Mandy's call.

"Clarissa, your mom says that she has been beaten by her husband. She had infuriated him

while defending you over the news. She is currently waiting at the café downstairs. She

looks to be badly hurt and is still crying. Given how pitiful she is, aren't you going to see

her?"

Clarissa declined right away. "No, I'm not."

She no longer had a soft spot for Hilary.  
After all, she had seen through Hilary's character. There is no way she would get herself beaten over defending me. She might have been hit by Zach, but it definitely wasn't for my sake.

Unlike last time, Clarissa no longer cared for Hilary. Even if she was beaten to death, Clarissa wouldn't bat an eyelid.  
Her voice was cold as steel. "Mandy, going forward, don't tell me about whatever she says or does. If she wants to see me at the studio, tell everyone to ignore her. However, in the

event she causes a disruption, please feel free to get security to remove her. She is in no

way related to me. Do you understand my position?"

Mandy nodded. Despite her doubts, she still obeyed Clarissa's instructions.

After all, Mandy knew Clarissa's character well. Given that Clarissa had never acted so

heartlessly before, Mandy figured that she must have her reasons.

When Hilary came upstairs again, Mandy and her other colleagues chased her out instead,

sighing in relief when they finally did.

After being kicked out in a humiliating manner, Hilary was outraged and regretted raising

Clarissa as her daughter.

I should have left that wench to die right after switching babies.

She is clearly determined to sever ties with me.

Hilary cursed under her breath as she left.

After ending the call, Clarissa didn't think much of Hilary, who could no longer affect her emotionally.

Unfortunately, someone else who could still do so was about to make Clarissa mad.

During the afternoon, Damian was sent to the hospital to spend some time with George.

When he returned, he behaved as if nothing had happened. It wasn't until Clarissa was about to tuck him in that he began to reveal his thoughts.

"Mommy, I don't like Grandma."

Despite raising her eyebrows, Clarissa wasn't surprised as it wasn't the first time Damian

said such a thing. Hence, she tousled his hair and gave him a peck.

"Mmm-hmm, it's fine if you don't like her. Was she upset when she saw you today?"

Damian buried his head in Clarissa's chest. After rubbing against her briefly, he lifted his gaze to reveal a frown.

"Grandma pulled my hair today."

"Huh?"

Clarissa became anxious at once. "She pulled your hair? Did she hit you? Was it painful? Let

me see if you're hurt anywhere. Tell me exactly what she did to you?"

"No, no, Grandma didn't hit me."

Damian didn't understand why Clarissa reacted in such a dramatic manner. Grabbing onto

his own hair, he explained, "Grandma did this. Ah... I lost three strands of hair. It didn't hurt at all, and she didn't hit me."

Clarissa didn't understand.

However, Damian continued, "Grandma said that only by giving my hair to her, am I Daddy's son."

How is that related?

Clarissa was puzzled. Stroking Damian's head to comfort him, she asked, "Isn't it painful?"

"Mmm-hmm... just a little bit."

When Damian used the words "a little", it clearly meant that it wasn't painful at all.

Clarissa realized that she had been worked up over nothing.

Having calmed down, Clarissa hugged him. Just when she was about to start his bedtime

story, Damian asked again, "Mommy, am I Daddy's son?"

“Hmm? Of course you are! Daddy loves you the most. In fact, you’re his darling son.”

“Hehe...”

Giggling foolishly, Damian remarked, “What Grandma says doesn’t count. She told me that I will only know if I’m Daddy’s son after the doctor has completed his test. But, you have already declared that I am...”

Just as Damian finished, Clarissa’s smile disappeared. As if all her blood had been drained

away, her face turned pale while her body seemed to have lost all heat. It dawned upon her what Margaret was attempting to do.

Unable to suppress her rage, her body began trembling violently.

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter

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Outraged beyond her control, Clarissa took a deep breath but felt even more frustrated instead.

The only reason she didn’t storm out of the room and vent her anger in front of Matthew

was that her son was right in front of her.

“Mommy, are you all right?”

Damian hugged her trembling body suddenly. Climbing on top of her, he gave her a curious look.

Gritting her teeth, Clarissa could only manage a slight grin despite her best efforts to smile.

At the same moment, she turned off the bedside lamp, causing the room to fall into darkness.

She didn’t want Damian to see her awkward smile. After all it was a frightening sight.

“Damian, time to sleep. Good night.”

As if he was sensitive enough to feel how unsettled his mommy was, Damian has no choice



but to close his eyes and try to sleep. It was very much unlike him who would usually demand an hour of her time before he was willing to go to bed. Despite patting Damian on his back rhythmically, Clarissa was unable to calm down. When he finally fell asleep, Clarissa got off his bed in a hurry and rushed out of the room, forgetting her shoes. The moment she closed the door, she stormed into Matthew's study with her eyes spitting fire and blood boiling in her vessels. He would usually be in his study at that hour of the day. Meanwhile, Matthew was in the middle of a teleconference when Clarissa barged in. With a thunderous bang, the door slammed forcefully against the wall as if it had been kicked open. The person who was speaking was stunned. Looking in Matthew's direction, he remarked in resignation, "That's all for today, looks like it's going to be a long night." Many of the attendees didn't get the hint. Nevertheless, Matthew had already turned off his computer. Clarissa allowed Matthew time to wrap up his work. In the midst of waiting, her anger caused her already sparkling eyes to glisten with greater intensity. With a frosty tone, she questioned, "Matthew, did Damian tell you anything when you picked him up from the hospital?" Matthew furrowed his eyebrows slightly and replied, "You already know?" Does this mean he knew all along? Clarissa raised her voice to a shriek. "Did you know all this while? Matthew, why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you stop it? Unless, you doubt Damian's identity too?" "Doubting Damian's identity" was the most civil manner in which Clarissa could phrase what she had wanted to convey.

With her face pale with rage, she felt as if she could hardly breathe. Clasp- ing her fingers tightly, she endured the discomfort in her chest as she stared intently at Matthew, afraid of missing a single response from him. She had hoped that he would play the trusting husband that she always thought him to be and provide her with a proper explanation. Instead, he went along with his family's ridiculous ideas which hurt their innocent son.

"Clare..."

Circling around the table, Matthew walked up to her. He reached out his hands to hold her fists, hoping to ease the tension in them. Lowering his head, he moved closer and attempted to comfort her with a soothing voice.

"Actually, I didn't want to keep it from you. But, I expect that you would react this way... hence..."

Clarissa shoved his arm away with dissatisfaction. "Since you know that I'll react this way, why did you hide it from me still? Do you think I'll never find out? Matthew, let me ask you.

Did you have any part in this?"

The Tysons had many preposterous ideas. However, she didn't think that Matthew would conform with them.

Matthew's expression darkened. "Do you think I'm someone like that?"

Clarissa nodded before taking a deep breath. "Fine. In that case, cancel the test tomorrow. I

don't want anyone to have a copy of the test result."

Matthew felt silent. Sensing his hesitation, Clarissa looked up.

"Do you want to see the result too?"

"It isn't that."

Clarissa's gaze turned icy cold. "Then what are you hesitating for?"

"The results don't mean anything to us. But it will help alleviate their concerns. Furthermore, it will stop all the gossip. This would be good for Damian..."

Lifting her gaze, Clarissa stared daggers at Matthew.  
Just as she glared at him, a smirk suddenly broke out on her face.  
“Matthew, who do you think my son is? Why do we need to care about what others think?  
Also, what good does it do Damian? He is my son, and without a single doubt, yours too. We  
are not obliged to answer all the gossips. They can suspect all they want but that just  
reflects how ridiculous and ugly their hearts can be. Why do we even owe them evidence?  
Don’t you think this is a joke?”  
“Yes, I...”  
“Matthew, I’m disappointed. Truly...”  
Not wanting to say another word, Clarissa turned around and prepared to leave the study  
with a dejected expression. However, Matthew hugged her from behind, unwilling to let go.  
Matthew knew this was going to happen. He had anticipated her anger but not her  
disappointment.  
“Clare, I’m sorry. It’s my mistake. Please forgive me, alright? I understand your situation. It is  
I that have gotten ahead of myself. I...”  
“No, you don’t understand me, Matthew!”  
With a burst of strength, Clarissa freed herself from his arms. Not making eye contact, she  
hung her head and desperately tried to hold back her temper.  
“I don’t want to fight with you nor wallow in my anger. So, let go of me, and allow me some  
space to be alone.”  
As Matthew’s arms were gradually pushed aside, he watched as she left the study. After  
which, silence returned to the room.

After a long while, Matthew sighed deeply. He was cognizant that he had gotten off lightly  
this time. Nonetheless, the days ahead were still going to be tough. After all, Clarissa was stubborn to a fault. Anything that remotely involves Damian would

elicit a disproportionately protective response from her. Shaking his head, Matthew returned to his work. However, there was no way he could concentrate on anything. Nevertheless, he wanted to stay out of Clarissa's way so as to not further infuriate her.

By the time Matthew returned to his bedroom, Clarissa was fast asleep, or at least pretended to be. With her back facing Matthew, her breathing was constant but posture awkwardly stiff, as if she was still filled with tension. After he got on the bed, Matthew reached out his hand to hug her. However, she pushed it away instead.

Just as expected, she was still angry and was just pretending to be asleep. Leaning intimately close to her, he lowered his voice into a gentle yet magnetic tone.

"Clare, it's not good to sleep angry. It's bad for your skin..."

Clarissa sat up and turned on the room lights, revealing her reddened eyes and icy cold expression to Matthew.

"Matthew, I'm really angry and don't want to hear you speak to me in such a tone. Do you think I can easily let this matter slide?"

Sitting up alongside her, Matthew's expression was equally serious.

"Clare, now is obviously a bad time to talk about this. Shall we discuss it tomorrow instead?"

"You were the one who brought it up..."

"Yes, it's my fault. Hence, can we rest now?"

Mired in silence, Clarissa gazed at Matthew with a pained look in her eyes. After that, she shook her head before getting out of bed and putting on a jacket.

"I'm going to check on Damian. You should get some sleep first."

It was obviously an excuse. But, Matthew let it be despite seeing through it.

After all, everything that happened that night was both infuriating and depressing.

Matthew let himself collapse onto his bed. There was no way he could sleep given what was going on.

Throughout the entire night, neither of them got any proper rest.

When they saw each other in the morning, they noticed how lethargic they looked.

However, Clarissa didn't feel like saying anything at all. Damian was still not up yet given

how early it was. Hence, Matthew went out for a jog.

By the time he returned, Clarissa was packing her luggage.

Jolted by what he saw, Matthew hurried over and looked down at her.

"What are you doing?"

Clarissa continued to pack. "Grandma called just now and asked me and Damian to go

home for the holidays."

"Home? Clarissa, this is your home!"

Clarissa didn't respond. Matthew had no idea if she was implicitly agreeing or not.

As Clarissa didn't stop packing, Matthew's gaze darkened.

"Clarissa!" he roared.

However, she pretended not to have heard. In a fit of rage, Matthew stepped up and shoved

the luggage aside, causing its contents to be strewn all over the floor.

At that moment, Clarissa looked up at him and plainly said, "I need to go back and stay with

Grandma. Damian has to come along too."

"Why? Is it because I wasn't firm in blocking their attempt at a DNA test?"

Fine. I'll get

someone to deal with it now. There won't be any test."

Grabbing the phone by the bed, Matthew made a call at once. However, Clarissa didn't care

for what he said. She bent down and continued picking up the clothes that were littered all

over. Holding the phone in his hand, Matthew was outraged when he saw Clarissa packing

still.

Throwing the phone aside, he stormed over, picked up the luggage, and flung it out of the window.

At the same time, he grabbed Clarissa's shoulders in anger. With his teeth clenched, he stared intently at her. Unfortunately, she was not showing any emotion at all.

"What is it that you want?"