

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

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Clarissa snapped out of her daze of being caught in Matthew's good looks and tried as best as she could to face it indifferently.

She raised an eyebrow. She thought he would get down on his knees directly as she confronted him.

Apparently, the man was still taking his time to delay his punishment, or perhaps he was just putting on an act.

Matthew's lips curled slightly as he stood there for a while. This woman sure is composed.

She's just staring at me in silence.

It was a little awkward for him, but on the veneer, he was able to keep his deep smile.

"Clare, here's the washboard I asked Mrs. Lawson to buy promptly today.

Is it to your

satisfaction? I've pondered about it, and I think that you like your keyboard very much. So, if I

messed up and damaged your keyboard, you'd surely be more pissed.

Hence, I resorted to

the washboard instead. At least this won't be easily damaged."

Clarissa laughed sardonically. "I think the keyboard is a better idea because it's not that

hard. You won't hurt your knees that way. Why don't you change to kneeling on the

keyboard? I've used it for so many years, and I don't like it that much anymore. I can buy a

new one if it's damaged."

"No, no, Clare. I think it's better with the washboard."

"Really? Isn't it because you're scared that you have to type out the letters 'I'm sorry' with the keyboard while kneeling?"

"Of course not," was Matthew's reply, but the truth was exactly what Clarissa had said.

Matthew had looked it up on the internet, and he was astonished by the results he found.

Those bizarre punishments were beyond him, especially kneeling on the keyboard because

one had to also type 'I'm sorry' with their knees on it apart from just kneeling. And if there

was any mistake made, one had to start all over again. Not to mention there were also other

even crazier ideas including kneeling on a durian...

In comparison, the one with the washboard seemed to be the best among them all.

This was the first time the mighty Matthew had to do such a thing, and he had no intention

to try those bizarre ideas at all. He opted for the more conventional and moderate one—the

washboard. After all, it was him who proposed it. Hence, he had to bring himself to it

regardless of the circumstances.

Clarissa smiled, but the smile faded from her face immediately. "Get going then!"

That might be the only instance that he got to see such rapid change of expression in his

life.

Matthew finally gave her a helpless smile. Fine, looks like idle chatter isn't effective in

changing this woman's mind.

All right. Let's not waste more time. A true gentleman must be resilient.

If other men can do

this to cheer their wives up, why can't I do the same?

With that thought in mind, he tried to relax both his knees and knelt down on the washboard.

Seeing as such, Clarissa sat up in an upright posture all of a sudden. She didn't expect that

Matthew would be willing to do that in actuality, hence, she was flabbergasted.

Feeling a little perplexed, she mumbled, "I can't believe you're actually down for it."

Matthew chuckled softly. "I walk the talk."

Clarissa pouted. "Who asked you to bring up the subject about the kneeling on the

washboard, anyway?”

“I was only trying to cool you down, Clare. Are you still mad about it?”

Clarissa pursed and snorted. In fact, she wasn't angry anymore. Seeing that Matthew was

willing to go to such lengths, she was no longer pissed.

“It wasn't because I couldn't accept your suggestion, It's just that I have my own preference

as well. Besides, I'm a little conservative myself, so I won't really wear anything that's too

revealing. It's your overly autocratic attitude that made me unhappy.”

Matthew replied with a gentle tone, “I know, and that's why I'm apologizing to you.”

Two-way communication and understanding were keys to resolving conflicts. The trick

between the two of them was mutual understanding and compromise.

Hence, instances of

serious dispute were rare. What happened that day was one of the very few times when

their conflict dragged on for a relatively extended span.

In the past, Clarissa used to think that it was hard for them to be really mad at each other

and quarrel.

“All right, I'm not angry anymore, but you should at least ask for my opinion in the future.

You can't be so domineering...”

“Sure, Clare. I'll listen to you. Can I get up first? It's really painful...”

“Pfft...”

Clarissa burst out laughing and reached out to pull her husband up.

Matthew got up and

looked at the washboard, thinking how ingenious Mrs. Lawson was.

Clarissa seemed to be able to guess what Matthew was thinking, as she, too, was looking at

the washboard which was carved out of wood and brand new. The grooves on top were all

hard and tapered.

“Hahaha... Did Mrs. Lawson purchase this for you? Why didn't she just buy those plastic

ones? She's an honest woman, all right. This really hurts, doesn't it?”

Clarissa felt bad about it, and she led Matthew to sit down on the bed, checking his knees.

As soon as she saw the groove marks on them, she relented instantly and was distressed.

She couldn't help rubbing against his knees tenderly and didn't even dare to exert more strength.

"I'm sorry. Do you feel uncomfortable? I didn't know it would be so serious. Look at you.

You're usually full of ideas and tricks; why didn't you think of a way to gloss over it?"

As with Matthew, the irritation on his knees was only momentary, but he certainly savored

the moment of being caressed by his precious wife.

Not to mention he had an even greater relish when he saw the distressed expression on her

face. Even though he no longer felt the pain, it was necessary for him to show his

faithfulness.

"How can I employ tricks or ruse in my apology to you? My affection and love for you are

sincere, hence, my actions should be just the same."

Clarissa pouted as she lowered her head and blew on his knees. Her breath brushed against

his knees and over his thighs. In a flash, Matthew's body went stiff. He had never felt such a

sensation before, and his reactions came in no time.

Before Clarissa could react, Matthew had already pinned her down in bed.

"Clare, it hurts..."

Clarissa frowned at that. "Do you want to apply some medication on it? Let me go and get

it—"

"It hurts here—" Matthew wriggled suggestively.

For a moment, Clarissa's countenance changed, and there was a faint dash of scarlet on her

face. Looking into Matthew's eyes with a deep glowing ardent glint, she wanted to resist, but

as she thought about the kneeling punishment that the man bore just a little while ago, she caved in.

Nevertheless, she uttered deliberately, "Really? Then why are you still pressing against them if it hurts? Let's just sleep; it'll be fine as soon as you fall asleep." Matthew went silent. They looked at each other. Clarissa was still unyielding whereas Matthew couldn't hold it anymore. Without further ado, as he could also notice the frisky glow in her eyes and refused to just watch her foolishly, he set off doing what he felt like to do.

Immediately, his lips brushed against hers. In that instance, the discomfort on his knees could no longer be felt, and he stopped trying to gain pity altogether... Very soon, his irritation was soothed, and his thirst satisfied... Clarissa was sitting under the sun, enjoying her basking. In the distance, Damian was running wildly in the yard. The big toy car gifted to him by Jeremy was actually a real car that could be driven. Nevertheless, the little boy wasn't allowed to drive yet, so he cried woefully. Seeing as such, Clarissa compromised and bought him another simpler ride-on toy car. It became his favorite toy lately. He always rode in his toy car and pretended to be a grown-up in the yard. He even asked Mrs. Lawson and the others to act as the pedestrians or traffic police. The little boy had a lot of fun role-playing. Clarissa was scrolling the screen of her phone. Her family of three did attract a lot of public attention the night before. Fortunately, no photos were circulated. Because of that, the netizens urged her to post photos of her family, and there were even invitations that called for her and Matthew to join some parenting reality shows.

Clarissa rejected them one by one. What a surprise! Nevertheless, these pieces of news concerning her also brought some negative side impacts. For instance, Hilary contacted her again recently and even made Jonathan the intermediary to invite Clarissa and her small family over for dinner with the Garretts. However, even as Hilary and Jonathan expressed it as having dinner together “as a family,” Clarissa still turned them down mercilessly. Apart from that, Gloria also called her several times and asked her to save Mimi, but she was disregarded by Clarissa altogether. It irked her to think about all these troubles, and there seemed to be no end to them. For that reason, Clarissa planned to take her son to relax at the hot springs for a few days.

She invited Ellie, who responded by saying that she definitely had spare time to join them. As for Matthew, he would never let his wife and son go out on their own anymore. Hence, all three members of the family would go together. Somehow, her plan had been spread, and she had no idea how, but Yarick, Jeremy, together with their dates, and even Henry had brought Yaala along as they took the flight to Jeradus. Truth be told, when Clarissa mentioned going to the hot springs, what she meant was going on a road trip to the nearest hot springs city, spent a night over there, and returned home the next day. That would save them the trouble of delays in their work, too. However, she forgot how wealthy her husband was, and how all his friends were also affluent. Hence, owing to her suggestion of relaxing at the hot springs, they ended up flying to their neighboring country, Jeradus. Their lifestyles made her feel as though she could just

fly to Epea in the future when she wanted to buy handbags and then just fly back after her shopping spree, or fly to Erihal when she felt like feeding the pigeons. And if she ever felt like having some international cuisine, she could just set off going abroad and return after her meal.

Even though all these were a little too extravagant for her, the few men around her did think and even behave in such a manner.

“Clarissa, since we’ve already come on a trip, why don’t we fly to Archulea after going to the spa? The weather over there is hot, so how about taking a sunbath there before going back to D City?”

Clarissa was rendered speechless. It was just as she had expected. She stared at Matthew while he looked at her in a very composed manner as he replied,

“Just go if you want. Is there any problem with that?”

“No, absolutely not.”

I’d look like a country bumpkin if I answer yes.

“Haha... Well, I just think it’s better to return home after the spa. I’m a homebody.”

“Oh, come on, Matt and Damian are all here. That’s where home is, isn’t it? Jeremy, don’t you think I sound artsy? You know, when I said ‘that’s where home is?’”

Yarick was complacent with his sudden realization while Jeremy chose to ignore him.

Yarick turned and took a look at Henry, who was busy trying to please Yaala who just gave him a poker face in return.

He was bored and seeing as such, his partner immediately showered him with flattery and admiration. Hence, the two of them began flirting intimately with one another.

Clarissa felt helpless. Why are these people coming together with us? She just wanted a road trip to the hot springs.

“Mommy, what’s wrong?”

Damian looked at his mother and reached out his puny hand to touch her face that didn't seem to look well.

Clarissa forced a smile and replied, "There's nothing wrong with me. I just really feel like driving."

"Driving?"

Yarick had a sharp hearing. He put on an evil grin at that. "Clarissa, when we get off this

plane, you can drive in whatever way you like. You can even drive Matt wild... Hahaha..."

Clarissa was utterly at a loss for words.

Can I hurl Yarick off the plane right now?

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Yarick thought he had said something smart, so he laughed heartily after he finished.

In response, Clarissa simply kept quiet.

Sitting beside her, Damian suddenly clapped his little hands excitedly, "Mommy, I want to drive, too..."

The group burst out laughing when they heard this.

How Clarissa wished she could get rid of the snickering bunch. Facing her innocent son, she

forced herself to smile. "Damian, you're still young and you won't be able to get a driver's

license until you're eighteen years old. Didn't I tell you? You have to wait until you're a

grown-up before you can really drive."

She was rather embarrassed by these people and thinking the word "driving" made her feel

really awkward.

Nonetheless, Clarissa acted normally. She replied accordingly to Damian's understanding

lest the boy gets his view warped by the raunchy group.

Damian was not appeased. "But when will I grow up?"

"Very soon. If you sleep well and eat properly, you will grow up quickly, alright?"

“Alright...”

Clarissa wiped away the imaginary sweat from her brow and as she looked up, she found

herself looking directly into Matthew’s dark, thoughtful eyes.

She frowned, feeling puzzled.

Matthew whispered, “After we touch down, you can drive whichever way you wish, I’ll

definitely play along.”

A few snickers and snorts sounded out at that.

Evidently, in this huge cabin with so few of them, Matthew’s soft whisper was not soft

enough because the rowdy bunch behind had heard him.

They laughed aloud without any modesty as if urging the couple on.

Clarissa rolled her eyes at Matthew, feeling shame and resentment as she blushed and

gritted her teeth to admonish him.

“You want to kneel on the washboard again, don’t you?”

Matthew smiled innocently before turning his eyes back on the computer. He continued

working as if he had not said anything at all.

Clarissa was so embarrassed that she was fidgeting in her seat as they laughed at her

openly.

In the end, she decided to go to the bathroom to get away from it for a while.

Somebody said something and she heard everybody laugh again.

She waited for a while in the bathroom to calm herself down before coming out to find

everyone looking at her as if she was some noble heroine.

What came next was everyone giving her the thumbs up. With the corners of her lips

twitching, Clarissa looked at Matthew in puzzlement only to see the man himself was

looking rather glum.

What on earth happened?

After getting off the plane, Clarissa learned from Yaala that they had heard something about

a washboard remark and how Damian had innocently told them that there was a new washboard at home. Obviously, everyone knew that washboards were no longer used to wash clothes. Instead, these days, washboards were used for men to kneel on as punishment. As such, it was quite obvious that Matthew had been punished. This was precisely the reason why they gave Clarissa the thumbs up earlier to express their “respect” for her. “Haha... Clarissa, you’re awesome. I’ve decided that you’re my idol from now onwards.”

Clarissa gave a dry chuckle before turning around to look at Matthew, whose expression had darkened even further. This is bad... He just lost his pride and dignity. Will he strangle me when we get home? Yaala probably saw through Clarissa’s worry, for she quickly gave her a thumbs up, saying, “Clarissa, fear not! If Mr. Tyson dares to do anything, just make him kneel on the washboard till it breaks.” Clarissa was rendered speechless. She doubt she would have the guts to do so. Besides, she loved the man too much to do that. When the group arrived at the hotel, Matthew passed his son to Ellie before scooping Clarissa into his arms and going into his room amidst the laughter and cheering of their friends. No matter how Clarissa struggled or begged for mercy, no one came to her rescue. In the end, after the plane ride, she had to go for another ride... She went for a few rides. On their first day in Jeradus, Clarissa’s activities were all done in bed.

She never even got to use the hot springs that were built into each room.

The following days, Clarissa got her wish of soaking herself in the hot springs after missing out the first day. However, her experience at the hot springs was one that would sear into her mind for the rest of her life, causing her knees to go weak whenever she saw places that had some relation to hot springs such as bathtubs and pools.

"I will never soak in a hot spring ever again!"

"Yes, you will."

Clarissa was laying by the side of the pool as she complained weakly but Matthew paid her no mind, dragging her into his arms and refused to let her leave the pool.

"Let's make a visit to the hot springs more often in the future."

"Hah! I refuse. Over my dead body."

Matthew chuckled. "Hmm... but I did go over your body and multiple times at that..."

"Ahh..."

Clarissa could not help but yelp even though she no longer had the strength nor stamina to do so. Nonetheless, she felt the need to show her defiance, her unwillingness, and her refusal.

However, her protests went unheeded.

In all the time that Clarissa was in Jeradus, she did not have the opportunity to admire the scenery, experience the snow, taste any delicacies nor go shopping anywhere.

Instead, she spent her time in the hotel, or to be precise, in bed in the room. It was frustrating.

Fortunately, Matthew was not totally inhuman, or else, she would have to punish him again by making him kneel on the washboard.

After changing, Clarissa went out to meet her son, whom she had not seen for a "long" time.

The mother-son pair hugged each other, displaying a dramatic and touching scene of reunion.

“Mommy, I missed you so, so much.

“Damian, I missed you, too. Daddy is so mean. He wouldn’t let me see you. I missed you so much that I could not eat nor sleep.”

“Hehe... Mrs. Tyson, are you sure it wasn’t because of Matt that you could not eat or sleep?”

Clarrisa had the urge to stuff Yarick’s mouth with something for his cheeky words.

Those around them were snickering as she gave Yarick a venomous glare before picking up her son and turning to leave, ignoring their teasing.

“Damian, I’m taking you out to eat some yummy food. I’ve heard there are all types of nice food here...”

“Yeah, Mommy, Ms. Ellie brought me there. There are so many different types. There’s fish...”

Damian seemed to have been everywhere. He told Clarissa what he had enjoyed and what food he had eaten. The boy’s words almost brought his mother to tears, for she wanted to eat those, too.

Behind them, Matthew was being teased by his group of buddies.

“Matt, soaking too much in the hot springs will wrinkle your skin... haha...” Jeremy’s words were still rather reserved.

“Matt, going on a ride for too much will sap your body of vitality... haha...”

Yarick thought he was being funny but Matthew glared at him and retorted, “Yarick, the same goes for you since too many women will sap you dry...”

Yarick was dumbfounded.

He swiped at the imaginary tears at the corner of his eyes upon his buddy’s caustic remark.

Matthew quickly caught up with his wife and son to carry out normal family activities while

his group of buddies kept laughing hysterically.
Time passed quickly.
After soaking in the hot springs for a few days, they decided to leave even though they had not eaten nor gone sightseeing much.
Now that it was nearing the end of the year, Matthew was constantly busy to the point that even when he was on vacation, his phone would ring incessantly.
Clarissa wanted him to return home on his own and she would continue to have fun with her son but he was not willing to.

The reason was that wherever she went, men would try to chat her up. Even when Matthew went to make a call or visit the bathroom, some men would take the opportunity to flirt with her.

The men were all enamored by Clarissa and when she brought Damian along, even young ladies and elderly women would show their liking for the little boy. She's already garnered so much attention in Jeradus. If she was in a romantic country like Ferropene, she'll definitely get taken away by some amorous male. With that thought in mind, Matthew decided that he could not leave his wife on her own in some foreign country. As for Clarissa, she obediently followed him home, feeling sorry for him because of his hectic work schedule.

The moment they alighted from the plane, the smog of D City engulfed them. Clarissa was helpless while Damian winced unhappily.

"Mommy, let's go and visit great-grandma!"

The expression on the boy's face showed that he disliked this city. Even though his father was here and there were more toys for him to play with, he still did not like it.

Clarissa turned around and looked at Matthew. "Shall I take him directly to W City?"

There was no need for them to go home as they could just take another flight.

Matthew scoffed and hugged his wife. Then, looking at his son in his arms, he said, "I'll get someone to take you to W City to visit great-grandma. Can you go alone?"

Damian was rendered speechless.

Clarissa rolled her eyes. "Matthew, how can you bully a child? Don't you feel shameful?"

"But he's the one that said he wanted to visit great-grandma."

Damian reacted immediately, "I want to be with Mommy. Mommy... I don't want to be away from you..."

The boy proceeded to act out a dramatic and touching scene that he had watched before from a drama.

Clarissa giggled as she pulled her son from Matthew's arms. "Alright, Daddy was only joking with you. He's a meanie. So let's ignore him."

Damian held his mother tightly and said innocently, "Daddy, Mommy has been playing with you for the past few days, so you can't fight with me for her now."

Snickers and giggles could be heard from the passers-by at the airport. Not only were they not ashamed for eavesdropping, but they were even laughing outrightly at the family of three, amused by the lovely couple and their adorable son.

Noticing that their conversation was heard, Clarissa had the urge to bury herself in the ground.

Exasperated, she passed her son to Matthew, lowered her head, and put on her hat. Then, she walked forward quickly, pretending she did not know the father and son pair at all.

Damian looked at his father, dumbfounded, while Matthew put on a wide toothy smile.

"Damian, if need be, feel free to borrow my washboard."

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Damian did not like the weather in D City but after a heavy snowfall, he was able to make a snowman outdoors which compensated for his initial dislike. As for Clarissa, she never liked doing activities in the cold snowy weather. However, any adult watching a heavy snowfall would revert back to being a child. As such, she helped her son build the snowman.

Yet, when the snowman did not meet Damian's expectations, his mood dampened and he felt upset.

The boy whined, "Mommy, the snowman is so ugly. I don't want it..."

Clarissa was helpless. "Damian, this is the best I could do..."

Still pouting, Damian could not bring himself to accept that the big, ugly, and shapeless snowman was his.

Left with no option, Damian started sobbing and crying.

Clarissa was at the end of her wits and all she could do was to text Matthew for help.

At that moment, Matthew was in a meeting. After receiving the message, he smiled when he

saw the picture of the ugly snowman in the yard sent by Clarissa.

The text read: Help. Damian thinks the snowman I made is ugly. What should I do? Give me some guidance.

Building a snowman was not something that Matthew had done before and thus, he had no idea how to go about it.

In the conference room, the executives were silent for a moment, waiting for instructions

from the president. In the end, what they got were not instructions, but instead, a question from him.

"Can anyone give me the fastest way to build a beautiful snowman?"

Everyone was dumbfounded before turning to look out the window, gazing at the snow that was still falling heavily outside.

Is the president trying to imply something? Is he trying to use a snowman as a metaphor for our work?

Yes, that is likely the case. Although making a snowman is something only a child would do, from the planning till the implementation, it requires both actions and also aesthetics. From

the birth of an idea to carrying it out, it must be a combination of actions and thoughts. Is

the president hinting to us that we're only using our brains without practical action?

"President, I used to help my children make them. According to my experience, although making a snowman seems simple, it does require coordination. If you're not careful, the snowman might turn out different than what you expected. So, for starters... Secondly...

What needs to be noted is... Finally..."

Matthew listened and nodded thoughtfully, looking as if he was satisfied with the suggestions.

"President, I do agree with what he said, but I have a second feasible plan. I think..."

What came next was several people giving their own opinions or affirming what had been said. Of course, those who had actually built a snowman when they were young had the most say.

These suggestions were all recorded by Matthew using his mobile phone.

After Clarissa

received the information, she listened to how these elites talked about making a snowman

through sophisticated planning, and she had mixed feelings about it.

Clarissa tried to put the ideas of these elites into practice. She felt that since these

instructions on ways to build a snowman were from talented individuals of Tyson

Corporation, it must be effective.

Hence, she trusted their methods.
Following the ideas and instructions step by step, Clarissa started making the snowman seriously and carefully, hoping to make up for the failed previous attempt.
Damian stood aside, full of expectation as he watched his mother trying to create a snowman that would hopefully be an adorable one that he had seen before in pictures.
Half an hour passed.
Which soon turned into an hour.
“It can’t be! I’m doing exactly as they instructed. Why do I keep failing...”

Damian was wrapped tightly in a down jacket as he stood in front of the second snowman that his mother had made. His small face had a serious expression. If one looked closely, one could even see the unhappiness and disappointment on the little boy’s face.
Clarissa stood nearby with an awkward smile on her face.
“Damian, I feel that there must be something I missed. Maybe I should just start from scratch again...”
Damian put his small hands in his pockets. After Clarissa finished speaking, he looked up at her, then sighed. He turned around and said as he walked away, “Forget it, Mommy, you’ve done your best.”
Clarissa was at a loss for words.
Is Damian looking down on me?
Feeling helpless and with the urge to cry, Clarissa threw down the shovel and followed her son into the house dejectedly. After changing into a fresh set of clothes, the mother-son pair were seated together on the soft rug. As Clarissa watched her son putting together a jigsaw puzzle seriously, she felt like she was a real failure.
My IQ is low and I can’t even put what I’ve learned into practice. Now, I can’t make my son

proud anymore. I wonder what's going to happen once this little guy grows up and gets smarter...

Clarissa could foresee that her son would grow up to be a genius in the future, and he would despise her even more. When that happens, I'll become the dumbest of the family and both he and his father would definitely oppress me...

Thinking about that scenario sent a chill down Clarissa's spine.

Quickly, Clarissa gave Matthew a call.

Before Matthew could say anything, Clarissa blurted out, "Matthew, in your eyes, I'm the smartest woman ever, right? In the future, you must never criticize me for being stupid, okay?"

Matthew's voice was low and he sounded strained when he said, "Clare, I'm on the way to the hospital."

Clarissa was shocked and she sprang up immediately, scaring Damian.

"What happened? Are you hurt? What's the matter with you..."

"It's not me, it's George. He fell..."

Clarissa fell silent, for she realized how dangerous it could be for an elderly man to fall.

Her tone was calm when she said, "I got it. Hurry up and go, then."

She did not say anything to console Matthew as no one knew what the outcome would be.

After hanging up, Clarissa sat down. Her son was looking at her with concern in his eyes.

"Mommy, what happened?"

Clarissa gave Damian's plump little hands a squeeze, shook her head and replied, "Nothing.

It's fine."

"Alright."

Clarissa was silent for a while before saying, "Actually, it's about your daddy's father, your

Grandpa. He fell and Daddy has gone to the hospital to see him."

"Grandpa?"

Damian knew words like Grandpa and Grandma. He also knew that Grandpa was his daddy's father.

However, to him, his grandpa was simply a man who was a bit older, that was all.

He was not at the age where he could understand his father's concern.

He blinked and

asked, "Is Grandpa going to receive injections? It will be painful, right?"

"That's right. That's why, you need to remember that on a snowy day, you can't run too fast

or you'll fall, okay? And if you fall, it will be painful for you when you have to go to the

hospital for injections..."

The moment he heard about injections, Damian was so frightened that he clutched Clarissa

tightly.

"Mommy, I'm a good boy and I won't fall. You, too, Mommy, be a good girl and don't fall, okay?"

Clarissa was amused by her son's worried tone.

"Alright, I'll be good."

However, this incident reminded Clarissa that Catherine was getting on in age as well and

she had to instruct the elder woman and Jenny to be extra careful. After all, the possibility

of falling down at such an age was a serious matter.

Hurriedly, Clarissa called Catherine but she did not mention George falling down. Instead,

she said she saw a news article which reminded her to call.

Catherine told Clarissa not to worry as the weather was cold and she hardly went outside.

Hence, nothing could happen since she stayed home most of the time.

Damian took over the phone soon and he spoke quite a lot. The little boy instructed

Catherine to be good and told her excitedly that he went abroad on a holiday with his

parents, soaking in a hot spring pool and eating yummy food.

When night fell, Matthew still wasn't home. It wasn't until Clarissa took Damian for dinner that she received a call from him. "I won't be home tonight. George has broken several bones and he can't move. I want to stay in the hospital and watch over him." Although there were many caregivers in the hospital, Matthew still felt that, as a son, it was his responsibility to care for his father. Clarissa expressed that she understood in response.

The next morning, shortly after Clarissa arose, she received a call from Matthew. He sounded more cheerful than the day before, which was an indication that George's condition must have improved. However, Matthew had a request. "Clare, George wants to see Damian." Clarissa fell silent. Matthew knew that this request was a difficult one for her. "He can only see him, nothing more. After that, I'll bring our son home so that I could change before going to work." Matthew promised her that Damian would visit George and that would be all. Nothing else would happen. "Alright..." Clarissa agreed. After hanging up, she explained to Damian that he was going to visit his grandpa later and that he must behave well. On the way, Clarissa gave many instructions to her son. Damian did not understand why his mother was speaking much more than usual and he could not fathom what the instructions were for. However, Clarissa understood that the reason why she was acting out of character was that she was anxious and nervous. When the car was parked, Clarissa called Matthew from the car. "Come and get him. We're in the car park."

Before long, Matthew came and Clarissa let Damian get off the car. She smiled and said,
“Go ahead. I’ll wait for you here.”
“Mommy, aren’t you coming with us?”
Clarissa felt her heart clench. “No, I’m not going. I’ll wait here for you and Daddy. Remember what I said. Be good and do not disturb Grandpa, okay? If you do well, I’ll give you a prize when we get home.”

“Okay... Daddy, let’s go, then.”
Damian was looking forward to doing well so that he could go home and get his present from his mother.
He had no idea of the struggle she was going through at the moment. Matthew looked at Clarissa reassuringly and smiled. Then, he picked up Damian and walked into the hospital.
Clarissa watched as her son’s figure moved further and further away. Suddenly, she felt frightened.

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 344

Matthew and Damian had just walked in the door when Clarissa felt her heart clench.
She quickly got out of the car and ran toward them. “Wait...”
Having heard her, Matthew stopped in his tracks and turned around, only to see an ashen-faced Clarissa approaching them.
A glint flashed across his dark eyes as he wondered about her intentions. Damian, on the other hand, was laughing and pouting. “Mommy, what’s wrong? Do you want to go up with us?”
Not wanting to worry her son, Clarissa forced a smile on her face.
“No, no. I just want to...”
Clarissa struggled to get the words out as she continued to gaze at Damian, reluctant to let him go.

Damian looked on in confusion, not knowing why his mother was behaving so oddly. Feeling the weight of Matthew's intense stare on her, Clarissa gritted her teeth and said, "Don't forget that I'll be waiting for you here. Behave yourself when you're upstairs, okay?"

"I know, Mommy. I'm very well-behaved..."

Clarissa's constant reminders had annoyed Damian as he quickly patted Matthew's

shoulders and whined, "Daddy, let's go. Hurry..."

Matthew stayed in his spot and took a long, hard look at Clarissa. The insecure one has

finally spoken up, huh?

"Damian is my son, Clare. You should trust me."

Clarissa smiled patronizingly at Matthew before making her way back to the parking lot, not

wanting to say anything more.

Matthew's gaze darkened as he silently watched her leave, a flurry of thoughts running through his head.

"Daddy? Can we go now?" Damian once again whined.

Finally brought out of his daze, Matthew carried his son into the elevator and made their

way up.

Margaret had been at the VIP ward area since morning, watching the caretaker get on with

the daily tasks with George. Despite not showing it, the truth was that she hadn't been

happy at all.

She had been moping around ever since she knew how badly George wanted to see

Clarissa's kid.

However, George couldn't be bothered with her feelings or her opinions.

He was finally

meeting his grandson, and that made him giddy with anticipation.

"Why aren't they here yet? Matthias, give Matthew a call, will you?

Didn't he go downstairs to

fetch the child? Why is it taking so long?"

Matthias sighed and looked helplessly at his father. "Dad, it hasn't even been five minutes.

Why are you so anxious? After all, the kid is still small. I'm sure extra effort is needed to make sure he stays warm. You know what? I bet they're already in the elevator."

The words had only just left Matthias' mouth when Matthew walked into the ward with Damian in his arms.

The fair-skinned Damian was bundled up tightly in a black cap and thick down jacket.

Despite that, it still couldn't hide his bright, lively eyes as they darted around the crowded ward. Not at all fazed by the strangers, Damian stared in wide-eyed curiosity before finally breaking into an adorable smile.

He might not know anyone in the ward, but his smile was all it took to break the ice.

"Damian, this is Grandpa, Grandma, your Uncle Matthias, and Aunt Yuliana..."

"Hello Grandpa, Grandma! Hello Uncle Matthias, Aunt Yuliana!" Damian greeted cheerily.

Pleased with how friendly his grandson was, George tried to sit up as his caregiver adjusted his bed. Matthew had also noticed his father's eagerness and sat Damian down beside him.

Since one of his arms was fractured, George used the other good arm to stroke Damian's head, feeling a wave of intense happiness wash over him as he did.

"Good, good. Hello to you too, Damian..."

Not bad, not bad at all. What a bright-eyed and handsome boy. He certainly lives up to being a Tyson!

Feeling choked up, George didn't know what to say other than praise Damian for being a good boy.

Damian continued to smile and scrutinize his grandfather. He hadn't interacted much with

older people, which made George all the more fascinating to him. Damian couldn't help but giggle as he stared at his grandfather's white hair and long, white beard, wondering what it'd be like to touch it.

Despite it being their first meeting, Matthias burst into laughter upon realizing how curious Damian was.

"Matthew, your son has truly gotten the best of both worlds from you and Clarissa. I'm sure he'll grow up to be a handsome lad that all the ladies want to fawn over."

Even Yuliana, who used to dislike Clarissa, felt herself falling for how adorable Damian was.

Margaret, however, was less than thrilled. "Damian? The more you say it, the more it sounds like Demon. Why would anyone pick a name like that? It's such a pity the child has to have such a mother, it's..."

"Shut up!" George interrupted before Margaret could spew any nastier comments. "I think

Damian is a wonderful name, and I love him dearly."

Children were usually more sensitive by nature, which was why Damian hadn't spoken to

Margaret since the initial greeting. Now that she had shown her true colors, Damian started

to feel a little scared as he looked helplessly at George and Matthew.

George seemed to have noticed his grandson's unease and immediately comforted him.

"I like you and your name very much, Damian. Now, don't be afraid. Tell me, what do you like?"

As Damian's grandfather, and with it being their first meeting, there was no way George

would skimp out on gifts for his darling grandson.

He had already set aside assets and properties for Damian, but nothing would beat gifting

the child with toys he liked.

“Grandpa! I like Grandpa the most!”

Damian’s reply had surprised and tickled George so much that he burst out laughing.

Even Matthias was taken aback and quipped, “Wow, what a sweet-talker.

Hey Matthew, did

you teach him this?”

“It’s hereditary,” Matthew replied with a smirk, a hint of arrogance in his voice.

“What? From you? If it were your genes at work, he’d be cold as ice now.

I reckon it’s from

Clarissa...”

The fact that Damian had such an uncanny ability to make George happy made Matthew

beam with pride.

Indeed, most of the credit should go to Clarissa for having brought

Damian up so well. If it

weren’t for her, Damian wouldn’t be the sweet and polite boy he was.

Feeling ignored and neglected, Margaret silently fumed. However, no

matter how angry she

was, she still didn’t dare to lash out in front of George.

While everyone was laughing and happily chatting away, Margaret

turned to Matthew. “Your

father’s in the hospital, yet that woman hasn’t come to visit. Where are

her manners?”

Matthew instantly retorted coldly, “She isn’t related to the Tysons, so

why should she visit?”

“What? Aren’t you two married? How can you say she isn’t related?”

“So what? She married me, not the Tysons. And you’re aware of the vow

she made three

years ago, aren’t you?”

“Then she shouldn’t even have married you! You...”

“Enough!” George once again raised his voice. “Do you not want me to

be happy?”

“Dad, calm down. You’re scaring the kid.”

Damian stared wide-eyed at the adults around him before reaching out

to Matthew for

comfort.

Matthew picked his son up and placed him on a chair before bundling him back up in his down jacket. "Dad, why don't you take a rest. I'll take Damian home first."

"What? So soon?" George cried out anxiously. "Don't go yet. Why don't you leave the kid here to play for a while more? When he's tired, I'll get someone to send him back."

"No, Dad. You're still recovering and need all the rest you can get. Being around people he's unfamiliar with might make him upset, and he can be quite a lot to deal with when he throws a tantrum. I'll bring him here to visit more often, okay?"

As disappointed as he was, George knew Matthew was right. After a long, hard look at Damian, he finally let out a deep sigh.

"Fine, bring him here more often in the future. When I get discharged, we'll have him home for dinner. By the way, I've prepared a gift for him. Matthias, pass it to Matthew."

After accepting the document that Matthias handed over and having Damian say his goodbyes, Matthew promptly left the ward with Damian in tow.

Back in the ward, George moped in silence for a while before turning to Margaret. "Why don't you head home first? I don't need you here."

"Are you blaming me, George? Have you seen Matthew's attitude toward me? He did it intentionally to rile me up. And for what? Did I say anything wrong? I'm talking about the present, not the past. Clarissa's the one who's being petty," Margaret whined.

"Petty? After what you did in the past, you're blaming her for being petty? You know what, let's not argue. I don't want to hear any more of it. If you want to drive me to my grave sooner, then just do it."

Margaret was rendered speechless and aggrieved at how no one in the family seemed to understand her.

Not wanting to stay a minute longer, Margaret left in a huff with Yuliana. Downstairs in the parking lot, the longer the wait was, the more Clarissa dreaded it. She

tried to stop herself from thinking of the worst and distracted herself with funny videos on

her phone. However, no matter what she did, nothing could calm her racing heart down.

If they dare snatch my son away, I'm going to fight it out with them!

"Mommy, Mommy! I'm back!"

The sudden opening of the car door, followed by her son's familiar voice, jolted Clarissa out

from her daydream. As soon as she saw Damian, she scooped him up in a tight hug while

tears streamed down her face.

"Mommy, Mommy, it hurts..."

Damian's painful yelp brought Clarissa out of her senses, and it was only then that she

realized how tightly she had been squeezing her son. Still refusing to let him go, Clarissa

relaxed her grasp on Damian and littered kisses all over his face.

"Oh, my darling. It's only been a while, but I've missed you so much. Did you miss me too?"

Blissfully unaware of the emotional rollercoaster his mother had just been on, Damian

merely grinned and asked, "Mommy, what are you going to reward me with?"

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 345

Clarissa burst into laughter at her son's outrageous reply. She knew how much Damian

loved his toys and food, so naturally, he'd want those as rewards too.

Now that her mood was significantly better, Clarissa was ready to spoil her son with

whatever he wanted.

"Darling, what reward would you like? Tell me, and I'll get it for you."

“Really? I want a box of chocolates! And the railway set you didn’t buy the last time. And, and, I also want to eat...”

“Okay, okay. You can eat a little, but not too much. Haven’t I already bought you the railway set?”

“But I like the big one, Mommy. The set you bought was small,” Damian whined.

“Very well then, we’ll get the big railway set and one box of chocolates. You can only have one chocolate a day, but since you’ve been so good today, I’ll let you have two. And, you have to brush your teeth after eating. If you don’t, I’ll take back all your rewards. Deal?”

Damian truly disliked brushing his teeth, but for the sake of toys and chocolates, he reluctantly nodded his head.

“Okay, deal. You have to keep your promise, Mommy.”

“Of course! But you have too as well, darling.”

Clarissa and Damian were so engrossed in their conversation that they seemed to be living in their own world. Even though Matthew was seated right beside them, Clarissa never once acknowledged his presence.

The mother and son just enjoyed their time together as Clarissa cuddled and played with Damian the entire ride home.

Once they were back at Zen Highlands, Clarissa ordered the railway set for Damian under his watchful eye. She had stashed away a box of chocolates previously, so all she had to do was pretend to find it in the fridge before surprising Damian with it. As expected, Damian was so happy he couldn’t keep his hands off of it.

As she watched her son smile from ear to ear, Clarissa felt her heart burst with an incredible amount of love and happiness.

And at that moment, that heart had space for only Damian and no one else.

Matthew silently made his way upstairs to pack and change into a new set of clothes before

coming back down. When he saw how Clarissa still had her undivided attention on Damian,

a cold glint flashed across his darkened gaze.

Without a word, he turned and left Zen Highlands.

Later that night, when Clarissa was playing with Damian, Julia received a call from Matthew.

“Mrs. Tyson, Mr. Tyson said he won’t be coming home for dinner tonight.”

Clarissa was shocked but still gave a nod of acknowledgment. Yet, she couldn’t shake off

that feeling of unease.

She didn’t mind that Matthew wouldn’t be home for dinner, but it was odd that he would

inform Julia instead of herself.

Clarissa even checked her phone to ensure that it was working, and yet, there were no texts

from Matthew.

Is he doing this on purpose?

Or am I overthinking it?

“Mommy, I’m hungry,” Damian suddenly piped up.

“Let’s go eat then. Your father’s not coming home for dinner, so we can eat his share and not

keep any for him.”

Ever the obedient boy, Damian frowned slightly and replied, “Mommy, Daddy will be hungry

when he comes home. Can we leave some food for him?”

“Haha, as you wish, my darling. When your father’s home, don’t forget to let him know how

much you love him.”

Damian chuckled in delight before running off to the dining table, excited to tuck into his

food.

When Clarissa woke up in the morning, Matthew’s side of the bed was cold to the touch.

With a sinking heart, she changed her clothes and made her way downstairs.

“Mrs. Lawson, did Matthew come back last night?”

“Yes, Mrs. Tyson. But it was late when he came back. He left very early this morning too.”

Afraid that Clarissa might get overly worried, Julia immediately added, “Maybe work has gotten busy? I hear it’s common for companies to be busier than usual around the end of the year.”

Clarissa smiled and nodded. “I guess so.”

For the rest of the day, Clarissa didn’t see Matthew at all until late at night.

On the first day, Clarissa convinced herself it was just her overthinking things. On the

second day, Clarissa thought that work had indeed gotten busier.

However, when the behavior continued to the third day, Clarissa knew in her heart that she

could no longer lie to herself with excuses.

Is Matthew giving me the cold shoulder? For what reason, though?

Clarissa frowned as she tried to recall what she might have done to upset Matthew.

Is it because I made him kneel on the washboard? But that can’t be, as I remember him

being quite happy then.

Or is it because I protested about his lack of restraint in bed and refused to be intimate with

him?

But that’s also impossible as he always gets what he wants. My rejections in bed are always

futile against him, so why would he ignore me over that?

Just then, something else clicked in Clarissa’s mind. Could it be the hospital visit? Is he mad

at me for being rude because I didn’t visit his father?

Yes. That’s very likely the reason.

Clarissa had never thought that she was in the wrong for not visiting George. If she had, the

hospital visit might have turned chaotic, with the Tysons feeling extremely uncomfortable in her presence.

Everything that she had done was in the best interests of the Tysons, so why couldn't

Matthew appreciate that?

That night, Clarissa forced herself to stay awake with coffee so she could wait for Matthew

to get home. Even if he insisted on giving her cold shoulder, she was determined to know

the reason for it.

In the end, Matthew never returned home.

Understandably, Clarissa seethed with rage. She could put up with him wanting a quarrel or

giving her the cold shoulder but spending the night outside was unacceptable.

It was a way more serious problem than anyone could imagine, one that could bring about

terrible consequences. All it took was one wrong step to have a third party take advantage

of the situation, thereby leading to broken relationships and families.

With those concerns in

mind, Clarissa knew it was all the more imperative that she dealt with the matter.

Fueled by coffee and rage, sleep was an impossible task now. Thus,

Clarissa decided to call

Matthew instead.

As soon as Matthew picked up the call, Clarissa felt a fresh swell of rage rise in her.

"Matthew Tyson, I don't care where you are. I want you home right now!

If you fail to do so,

I'll never forgive you!"

Before he could reply, Clarissa had hung up the phone as she shook with fury.

The only thing Clarissa could be thankful for was that Damian was still fast asleep.

Otherwise, her demeanor would have undoubtedly scared the daylights out of him.

Half an hour later, Matthew was finally back at Zen Highlands. An irate Clarissa had been waiting for him on the couch, staring angrily with big, bloodshot eyes. With brows slightly furrowed, Matthew walked into the living room and removed his jacket, “What’s wrong?” he calmly asked, although deep down, he felt apprehensive. Clarissa scoffed. “You dare ask me that? You stayed out all night without an explanation, Matthew. You tell me what’s wrong.” “I was at the hospital the whole night, keeping my father company.” Even though her anger was gradually subsiding, Clarissa pressed on, “That’s not the point. The point is why you haven’t told me anything. For the past few days, you never once

informed me if you’d be working or going to the hospital. Are you intentionally avoiding me, or do you not want to come home?” Matthew looked haggard as he massaged his temples, “I’ve informed Julia.” “Oh? Is Julia your wife then?” Judging by how overbearing Clarissa was, Matthew knew she was fuming. Yet he couldn’t help but be amused at how she got riled up only after three long days. “Why? Did Julia not inform you?” “Why does it matter if she informed me or not? And what’s with that icy gaze of yours? Just say it if you’re sick of me! I’ll leave immediately with Damian and never bother you again.” I can’t live like this anymore. Even though Clarissa didn’t say it out loud, that was what had been weighing on her mind. She never understood why married couples loved throwing that sentence around, but now she finally realized how impactful those few words could be. I can’t live like this anymore.

Still feeling the anger thrumming in her veins, Clarissa glared at Matthew, ready to up and

leave with Damian if he were to so much as nod his head.

However, Matthew never did. His unwavering dark eyes seemed to pierce Clarissa's soul, making her feel somewhat nervous.

"What are you looking at?" Clarissa barked. "If you have something to say, say it. Don't try to act mysterious with me."

Matthew sat up and leaned forward with his elbows resting on his knees, closing the distance between them.

With such a compelling presence, Clarissa couldn't help but lean back. There was a glint in Matthew's eyes as he said, "Clare, have you still not realized why I'm angry?"

"What? Why are you angry? Is it because I didn't visit your father? But you know I can't go! If I did, it'd..."

"No! It's not that."

Matthew's expression darkened even more, annoyed that Clarissa had answered wrongly.

Clarissa's heart skipped a beat as she felt a mix of embarrassment and rage wash over her.

"Okay, so I got it wrong. Do you have to scare me like that? Are you trying to scare me to death and ask for a divorce?"

Matthew flinched at her words and replied sternly, "Clare, don't be unreasonable."

"How dare you even suggest that! Matthew, you were the one who scared me, so I..."

Before Clarissa could finish yelling, Matthew had shut her up with his hand on her mouth while hugging her tightly.

"Clare, calm down!"

Clarissa made a few muffled sounds as she offered a doe-eyed stare, looking so pitiful and sad.

Alas, Matthew didn't go soft on her. "That day at the hospital, how did you treat me?"

How did I treat him? I didn't treat him badly in any way!

Still unable to talk, Clarissa blinked innocently.

"All you cared about was Damian. Not only did you not care about my feelings, but you also didn't trust me. No matter how much I reassured you that I'd bring Damian home safe and sound, you didn't believe me at all. Did you think I'd let them take Damian away too?"

Clarissa tried to protest, but again, her sounds were all muffled.

When did I not care about him?

Frustrated, Clarissa shot back with a glare.

Relentless, Matthew continued, "You didn't? Are you sure you didn't?"

After much thought, Clarissa decided that it didn't matter what she felt about it. She'd stick

to her guns and deny it till the end.

With that, she glowered back at Matthew, expressing her firm resolve.

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Matthew laughed out loud at the sight of Clarissa being so bold and stubborn.

She knows I'm right, yet she can still lie through her teeth with such resolve?

Matthew suddenly removed his hand from Clarissa's mouth and flicked her forehead,

causing her to flinch in pain and glare angrily at him.

Unfazed by her reaction, Matthew chuckled softly. After what Clarissa had put him through,

he could no longer keep his stern expression.

"You little rascal."

Clarissa frowned and retorted, "Who are you calling a rascal? Just so we're clear, you're the

rascal here! Falsely accusing me and being so overly dramatic about it..."

Matthew leaned back into the couch and relaxed his body, watching Clarissa shamelessly

denying everything.

"All right, I can't out-talk you."

He might have many tricks up his sleeves, but even he knew he was no match to Clarissa's ability to twist the facts.

"Of course you can't," Clarissa replied smugly.

As soon as the words left her mouth, Clarissa realized she had made a mistake and quickly corrected herself. "No, it's not that you can't. You were unreasonable in the first place, so

you were never going to be able to reason with me."

Matthew cocked his brows and smirked. "Okay. So? What's the difference?"

"Of course there is! And things weren't what you made them out to be. Think about it. Can

you blame me for caring about Damian, given the situation at the hospital? I admit I was

afraid before you went in, but surely you can understand why I feel that way? You know the

kind of attitude your family has toward me. But after you promised me that Damian would

be safe, I let you take him, didn't I? That was me trusting you. And that was a decision I did

not, and still do not, regret. When you came back, I was so proud of Damian that I got a little

more enthusiastic and rewarded him. After that, you changed to go to work, that's all

normal, isn't it?"

"Normal? Ever since we left the hospital, till we got home and I changed to leave for work,

have you ever looked at me?"

"Of course--"

"No!"

Clarissa was about to rebuke when she realized she was no longer that confident of herself.

Matthew's right. I don't think I paid any attention or even looked at him.

I don't even know

what time he left.

"Okay... But I was busy playing with our son, wasn't I?" Clarissa retorted, this time a lot softer

and with a twinge of guilt.

“Oh yes... You sure were busy. If you carry on like that, I don't think you'd need me anymore.”

“Haha... How can that be? I can't have kids without you, can I?”

“Ah, right. I'm still useful for the time being because we want a daughter.

After our second

child, I can be tossed away like trash,” Matthew replied flatly.

Clarissa grinned sheepishly and shook her head. “No, no. That won't be possible...”

Matthew remained quiet as he lazily crossed his legs. Despite looking so casual, Clarissa

couldn't help but feel the weight of his sharp, imposing stare. She was tongue-tied and

fidged around in her seat, overwhelmed by the awkward tension in the air.

It wasn't long before she came up with an excuse. “Hubby, I think I hear Damian calling me. I

should leave...”

“Weren't we discussing the problem of me spending the night outside?”

Clarissa instantly stopped in her tracks and turned around, her once guilt-ridden face now

stern and angry.

“Right! It's problematic that you're spending the night outside. I know you were at the

hospital, but the point is, you failed to inform me about it. Are you going to make this a

habit? So if you ever end up sleeping in another woman's bed, you won't have to inform me

either?”

It was now Matthew's turn to be rendered speechless while Clarissa stood with her arms

akimbo, ready to fight any battle.

Her stance reminded Matthew of a shrew who was about to exchange blows with anyone

who dared cross her path. The only thing missing, however, was a look of menace.

Then again, Clarissa could never pull off such a look. Instead, her feistiness and

domineering arrogance were what Matthew found especially attractive. "It's not that I didn't want to tell you, but you were in the wrong first." "What? We're back to that, aren't we? So what you're saying is, you're staying outside to spite me?"

A smile played on Matthew's lips. "Really?"

"Why are you directing that at me? I should be the one asking you!" Clarissa pouted, indignant at having been slighted. She hadn't even censured Matthew, yet he kept turning the tables to blame her instead, Matthew reached out his hand, but Clarissa stood her ground, refusing to go near him.

"Clare, I've been sleeping at the hospital these few days."

"It's too late to say that now."

"And I'd never, in my whole life, sleep in another woman's bed."

Clarissa continued to pout as she silently fumed. Is he trying to explain himself now?

Who will emerge the victor in this fight, though? Him? Or me?

Seeing as how she refused to move, Matthew walked toward her and pulled her into an

embrace. With his hand on her waist, he drew her in even closer and rubbed his nose against her face.

"So, Clare, are you going to stay angry? Or shall we make up?"

Clarissa pushed his face away and asked, "Are there conditions?"

Matthew chuckled as he pinched her chin teasingly. "I know our son's more important than

me right now, but Clare, I'm still your husband. You should at least split your time between

us, say, fifty-fifty?"

"Fifty-fifty?"

Matthew smirked playfully. "What's wrong? You find that too little?"

"Damn you..." Clarissa mumbled in displeasure. "You're always threatening me. If you do this

again, I won't even give you ten percent of my time."

Instead of getting riled up, Matthew kissed Clarissa on the corner of her lips.

In a somewhat threatening manner, he suggested, "Fine. Let's start from zero. I'll slowly accumulate from there."

"What? How are you going to do that?"

Clarissa was still trying to figure it out when Matthew suddenly lifted her over his shoulders.

"Matthew, what are you doing? Let me down now!"

Matthew patted her butt and broke into a wicked grin. "I have to accumulate credit for myself, don't I? So I shall do it slowly, every night..."

"No! No!"

Clarissa's protests were futile as Matthew carried her into the bedroom to pleasure her most intimately.

True to his words, he did everything to curry favor with her, slowly but surely.

The next day, Clarissa was still sleeping like a log when she got woken up by Matthew

pinching her nose. She glared at him with bloodshot eyes as though she was about to kill him.

Unbothered, Matthew laughed and pinched her flushed cheeks lovingly.

"I'm going to work."

"Get lost, why are you telling me that? I want to sleep."

"I thought you wanted me to inform you?"

"Go, go, go! Get lost!"

Seeing Clarissa blow her top only made Matthew laugh even more cheerfully. After giving

her a kiss, he finally turned and left for work.

It was a lovely afternoon when Clarissa decided to bask in the sun with Damian. Sat in the

rocking chair, it was so comfortable that it didn't take long for them to fall asleep. Clarissa,

however, felt herself constantly drifting in and out of it.

The past few days had been torturous for her as Matthew kept using the excuse of getting

back into her good books to be intimate with her. Consecutive nights of passionate

lovmaking had left Clarissa feeling spent.

Matthew Tyson, you sex-crazed lunatic!

Before Clarissa could continue cussing at Matthew, Damian suddenly twitched in her arms.

Patting him on his back, she slowly opened her eyes and gazed at the yard.

The truth was, Clarissa had recently done some self-reflection and realized that she hadn't

handled things well with Matthew at the hospital.

It wasn't that she didn't trust Matthew, but at that moment, she wasn't thinking about him at

all. The only people she had on her mind were her son and the rest of the Tysons.

After all, Clarissa knew that if she were to go up against the Tysons, she'd be making life

difficult for Matthew.

She didn't want to make things difficult for Matthew, but neither did she want the Tysons to

snatch her son away. All she could do was rely on herself to fight back as much as possible.

Besides, she was fiercely independent in all aspects of her life.

Having endured various hardships from a young age, Clarissa had gotten used to taking

matters into her own hands. It was only after meeting Matthew that she learned to depend

on him. But even so, she still found it difficult at times.

And then, she became a mother and realized what people said about not underestimating

the strength of mothers was true. They were ready to do anything for their children to

ensure their well-being, even if it meant going up against the whole world. Clarissa knew

that she alone had the strength and courage to protect Damian, which was why Matthew's

presence no longer mattered as much to her.

I suppose I have indeed neglected Matthew a little.

With that thought, Clarissa picked up her phone and sent a text to Matthew: I'm sorry for

what I've put you through. I've learned my lesson too. Hubby, I promise to give you and Damian equal amounts of attention each, deal?

Hopefully, with her text, Matthew no longer had to accumulate more credit with her at night.

Matthew's reply came only a while later: I see our night activities have paid off well. But if

that's the case, shouldn't I get seventy percent for my excellent performance?

The corners of Clarissa's lips twitched as she fired back her reply: Don't push your luck!

Matthew: Are you sure we can't increase it to seventy percent?

Clarissa: Fifty is more than enough. Any more, and I'll leave with Damian and leave you with nothing.

Matthew: Clare, do you love me or not?

Clarissa chuckled out loud at Matthew's latest text, wondering why he sounded so naive and resentful.

In the end, she decided to go with a cheeky response: Mr. Tyson, if you behave yourself, I'll

love you more. Be good!

Matthew laughed and shook his head as he read her reply. Is she coaxing me as she would with Damian?

However, Matthew did know that in Clarissa's eyes, Damian was the most important person in her life.

Even with just Damian, he had barely gotten half of Clarissa's attention.

What would it be like

if they had even more children in the future?

The more Matthew thought about it, the more he regretted having agreed to a second child.

Is it too late to go back on my word?

If fertilized eggs could talk, the one inside Clarissa would be giving him an unequivocal yes.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 347

When Clarissa brought Damian to the hospital, she encountered Sandra who was there to

visit George on Jacque's behalf.

Thus, she greeted Sandra with a nod and a smile instead of making her way back to the car

as she thought it would be rude to leave.

Truth be told, Clarissa thought Sandra was a friendly woman. She wasn't particularly against

the idea of having Sandra around.

Instead of returning the favor and responding with a nod, Sandra initiated a conversation

and greeted Clarissa, "Mrs. Tyson, it's nice to see you again."

Sandra behaved as if she wanted to establish some sort of relationship with Clarissa and

took Clarissa by surprise.

Nonetheless, Clarissa did a great job keeping her emotions to herself and greeted Sandra

with a smile, "Hello, Mrs. Wynter."

"What a pleasant surprise to run into you here! Speaking of which, allow me to express my

utmost apology on behalf of my sister-in-law and her husband for the incident that has

occurred. They can't really behave themselves. Please don't take them seriously."

Once again, Sandra's statements took Clarissa by surprise as she didn't bring up the reason

Clarissa hadn't made her way upstairs to visit George.

On top of that, she showed no signs of siding with the Smallwoods and expressed her

irritation over their attitudes.

In other words, Sandra had indicated she felt bad on Clarissa's behalf.

Clarissa got

increasingly confused as they were, by no means, acquainted with one another.

Sandra responded with a smile as if she had figured out the things Clarissa had in mind. She

wasn't particularly bothered by Clarissa's response. Instead, she broke the silence, explaining herself in a gentle tone, "I think it has something to do with you being an amiable young woman. On top of that, my sister-in-law and her husband were the ones at fault." Clarissa smiled in return. As she couldn't think of anything else to keep the conversation going on, she asserted, "Thank you so much for your kind words." At the end of the day, we're not really closely acquainted with one another. It's going to take more than a positive remark from her for us to establish a genuine friendship.

Sandra noticed Clarissa wasn't in a hurry to leave. Thus, she carried on with the conversation and asked, "Mrs. Tyson, do you mind if I address you by your first name?"

"Sure."

"Speaking of which, I think the fact you resemble my mother-in-law a lot in terms of look is the reason I find you amiable. On the other hand, my sister-in-law, who's supposed to be her biological daughter, barely resembles her. If others aren't aware of the truth, they're going to misperceive you're a member of the family." Sandra chuckled after she finished her sentence.

Meanwhile, the joke took Clarissa by surprise. She responded with a sheepish grin and wondered if Sandra had figured out anything.

Unable to figure out the things Sandra was up to, Clarissa knew she couldn't afford to let her guard down.

Confused by Clarissa's odd response, Sandra asked, "Why? What's wrong, Clarissa? Is there anything on my face?"

Clarissa shook her head and answered, "I-It's nothing, Mrs. Wynter! I'm so sorry, but I have to leave as there's something I need to tend to!"

Immediately after she bade farewell to Sandra, Clarissa strode her way to the parking lot as though she couldn't wait to flee the scene.

Staring at the fleeing Clarissa, Sandra had her fair share of doubts, but she paid no heed to it and departed as well.

Sandra saw her son the moment she returned to the Wynters' place.

Jackson was the

person in charge of a multimedia company. He had established the company with a few of

his friends when he was still in his freshman years.

"Mom, aren't you working today?"

Jackson placed his phone aside and started serving his mother an orange.

Sandra shook her head and said, "I encountered Matthew's wife when I dropped by the

hospital to visit Mr. Tyson. We caught up for a short while."

"Are you talking about the screenwriter who has made it to the headlines? She's the talk of

the town and the person Matthew cares about the most. I have once seen her photos in

Damon's album."

"I'm aware she's a friend of Damon as he once approached me to do him a favor for her sake."

Sandra told her son everything she had in mind. She would share the things she had to keep

from her husband with her son.

Her son would side with her while her husband would side with her mother-in-law for most

of the time.

Meanwhile, Jackson burst into laughter when he heard the things his mother shared with

him.

His mother asked, "What's so funny?"

"Don't you think it's interesting? It feels like she's related to the Wynters or something! What

if Mrs. Tyson is the illegitimate child of the family or something?"

Sandra nudged her son and responded with a sheepish grin. “What sort of nonsense are you talking about?”

Jackson couldn't stop laughing as he had fun making fun of the adults of the family.

“What's the matter? It's not like Grandma's going to find out we're talking behind her!”

Sandra shook her head and warned her son to mind his manners, “No! You need to learn to respect your grandmother and others in general! Stop making fun of them!”

Halfway through her speech, her eyes widened in disbelief as she recalled something out of the blue.

“Mom? You're not taking it seriously, aren't you? I'm just trying to pull your leg! Those are the typical plot twists of fictional soap operas! There's no way she's a member of the family!”

Sandra brushed her son off with a smile and asserted, “Well, I think you're right.”

I hope he's right!

As she continued losing herself in the train of thoughts, Jackson brought himself up and made his way back to his room.

All of a sudden, Sandra recalled something and started searching high and low for her mother-in-law's photo again.

She continued losing herself in the process of thoughts after she saw the photos.

When Jacque showed up, he asked, “What's wrong? Is something bothering you?”

She finally returned to her senses when she noticed her husband had been nudging her.

“H-Huh? C-Come again?”

“Why are you spacing out in the middle of the day?”

“O-Oh! I-It's nothing!”

Sandra refused to share the things she had in mind with her husband. In the evening, she

asked her husband, who was still in the middle of work, after tucking herself in bed, “Don’t you think Matthew’s wife, Clarissa, resembles Mom?”

A few seconds after Jacque gave it a thought, he answered, “She does seem like the young version of Mom.”

“Is it possible she’s a member of the family?”

Jacque shook his head and asked, “What sort of joke is that? She’s originally from W City, and for the record, none of us is from W City.”

“Well, I guess you’re right!”

Sandra thought she had been driven away by Jackson’s joke. At the end of the day, it wouldn’t be much of a surprise to run into a person or two who resembled one another.

...

Meanwhile, Clarissa’s mind was all over the place after the conversation she had with Sandra in the hospital.

After she brought her son back with her, she told him to keep himself entertained and returned to Matthew’s side immediately.

She repeated the content of the conversation she had with Sandra and asked, “Has Mrs.

Wynter figured out something? Why has she mentioned that I resemble Hannah? Is she trying to lure me out of hiding?”

Matthew couldn’t resist the urge to pinch his wife’s cheeks when he caught a glimpse of her scrunched-up face.

“Are you concerned?”

“Of course!”

“You need to take it easy because it doesn’t really matter if they have figured it out or not when you’re not the one at fault. Clare, they’re the ones who are supposed to be afraid.”

Arching her brows with her head tilted, she looked at the man next to her and exclaimed,

“Hey, that actually makes sense!”

A few seconds later, she added with her lips pursed, “No! I want to keep them in the dark! I

don’t want to be affiliated with the Wynters!”

“Nobody asked you to!”

Matthew teased Clarissa and held her firmly in between his arms. He kissed her on the

forehead and assured her, “You need to take it easy since there’s nothing else you can do as

of now. I think Mrs. Wynter has brought it up merely because you resemble her

mother-in-law a lot. They won’t get to force you into submission against your will.”

Clarissa rolled her eyes and rebuked, “Stop making it sound as if it’s not a big deal when

you’re not in my shoes! You’ll never get it! Urgh! It’s so irritating!”

Matthew stopped Clarissa from complaining with an amorous kiss. The session lasted for a

few minutes until she regained her composure and returned to her calm and collected self.

However, when he caught a glimpse of her glistening pair of eyes, he couldn’t suppress the urge to kiss her again.

On the other hand, once Clarissa was set free, she reached over and stopped Matthew from

kissing her. “That’s enough!”

Matthew cast an affectionate gaze at her and denoted, “You need to stop overthinking

things for now and give yourself a break.”

“What else am I supposed to do?”

“We’ll continue with the session we have started!”

Once Clarissa figured out the things he had brought up, she turned him down and yelled,

“Stay away from me!”

Matthew asked with an aggrieved look, “What are we supposed to do with Damian’s younger sibling?”

“W-We need to take it easy instead of rushing things through! Have you consumed anything weird over the past few days? Can’t you keep your lust in check?”

Unsure of the things to talk about, the man leaned over and licked her ears. As a result, Clarissa felt her temperature rising. She flushed and shot daggers at Matthew. However, Matthew refused to set her free and burst into laughter in return. Damian was clueless about the things his parents had been talking about, but he thought they were in the middle of something fun. He catapulted himself in their direction and lay in between his parents. “Daddy, Mommy, what are you guys talking about? You’re not supposed to leave me out!”

Clarissa was embarrassed by their son’s question. She stuttered, “I-It’s nothing.”

Unable to have his queries resolved, Damian turned around and looked at his father in an attempt to get to the bottom of the things his parents had brought up. Matthew had never once turned down their son. Thus, he asserted, “We’re talking about a scientific experiment that involves two adults.”

Seconds after Clarissa heard Matthew, she flushed again.

On the other hand, Damian couldn’t fathom the sort of experiment Matthew had brought up.

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter
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He’s trying to pull the leg of our young and innocent son again! Ugh! I can’t think of science the same anymore in the future!

She glared at Matthew in the eyes and shrugged him off with all her might. Immediately after she broke free, she brought their son away from Matthew and made something up to explain the nonsense Matthew had mentioned.

Staring at the mother and son duo’s backs, Matthew wondered if he had misrepresented the

fact when reproduction was, at its core, a scientific process.
The offspring at the end of the session is Damian's younger sibling!

Matthew started caressing his chin with a vicious grin as if he was up to no good.

It was about time for bed, but Damian showed no signs of falling asleep at all. Instead, he was overly hyped for no apparent reason.

Tossing and turning on the bed, Damian asked, "Mommy, have you played with Grandpa's beard? It's so interesting! He won't stop chuckling whenever I play with it! Can you pretend as if you're Grandpa and allow me to play with your beard?"

The little boy insisted on having his mother join her for a role play.

Clarissa ended up playing along with his son more than once.

All while playing, Clarissa couldn't help but think George seemed to have grown fond of this grandson of his.

She was unsure if she should be glad or not. Needless to say, the fact Damian hadn't brought up Margaret in front of her indicated their relationship remained strained.

Truth be told, Clarissa had never once longed for Margaret to show Damian any mercy. In

fact, she thought it would be better if things remained the same.

Otherwise, Margaret might bring Damian away from her.

"Mom, am I supposed to stay away from Grandma?"

Damian brought up a similar topic the moment Clarissa thought about Margaret.

Clarissa had no intention to drag her innocent son into the feuds of adults. In spite of the conflicts she had with Margaret, she would never talk bad about the Tysons in front of

Damian, let alone ask him to stay away from Margaret.

How am I supposed to answer his query when I'm of the opposite stand? Do I get him to

stay away from Mrs. Tyson or not? I need something to justify myself if I want him to stay away from her, don't I?
Clarissa directed another at Damian in return. "Why don't you tell me if you enjoy being around her or not?"

Her son turned around and leaned on her with his head tilted. Staring at Clarissa in the eyes, he gave the question directed at him a thought. "I don't really enjoy being around Grandma!"
Clarissa smiled and explained, "You need to make up your mind instead of relying on others' opinions. If you enjoy being around her, just spend some time with her. On the contrary, if you don't appreciate her presence, you can always stay away from her. It's always up to you. Never let others get in your way and make the call on your behalf."
Damian couldn't really grasp the concept of Clarissa's orated speech. Nonetheless, he was glad he could finally stay away from Margaret as he had always wanted since Clarissa said it was up to him. It's really irritating whenever Grandma glares at me when I show up in the ward to visit Grandpa! I don't really know if I hate her, but I don't wish to be anywhere near her!
Clarissa had no intention to poke her nose into her son's affair. Nonetheless, she thought she needed to give him a heads-up. Thus, she announced, "Damian, if they don't enjoy your presence, it's okay. You still have me, your father, and Ellie. However, if they wish to bring you away from me, you have to tell me and stop them at all costs. Am I clear?"
After Clarissa brought up a similar topic over and over again, Damian nodded with a serious look, indicating he would keep that in mind.

Damian seemed to be intimidated by the seemingly threatening situation—he wrapped his arms around Clarissa’s neck and refused to let go of her. In order to tuck him in, Clarissa had to read him a few stories. It took her a short while to get him to fall into a deep slumber.

...

Clarissa couldn’t be bothered by the conversation she had with Sandra anymore as she deemed it a waste of her time.

She acquired the aid of a publisher to get a custom-made book ready. It was a unique book detailing the ups and downs she had gone through with Matthew. It turned out it was a gift for Matthew. Although she might publish it in the future, none of those would be the same as the one she had prepared for Matthew. After she retrieved the book, she was thrilled and it was all over her face.

Instead of an ostentatious cover, the book had a relatively simple cover that was pastel

orange. The title of the book was written by hand.

Clarissa & Matthew—the love of my life.

She had included their first name as the title of the book since it was supposed to be about them.

Apart from the simplistic cover and stories of their lives, she included a few of their photos.

Instead of flaunting her talents, she omitted most of the parts that weren’t relevant and

started the book with the beginning of their relationship.

She started reading the book as soon as she retrieved it from the publisher. Throughout the

time she spent as a fellow reader, she couldn’t stop grinning.

Occasionally, her eye would

brim with tears. Once she finished reading the book, she closed it and basked herself in the emotional journey.

When she raised her head and looked at the editor next to her, the editor said, "Clare, the first time I finished reading the book, I couldn't stop myself from reacting in a similar manner. I'm sure you're able to resonate with the incidents better than anyone else. To be honest, I'm not exaggerating when I say this is easily one of my top ten must-read books. Although certain parts were overly lengthy for the readers, those were a huge part of your life. To be precise, those were the things that made the book stand out amongst others. I'm pretty sure the reader is going to enjoy gaining a unique perspective towards Mr. Tyson and your relationship."

Clarissa was honored by the positive remarks from the editor. She had been working with the same editor for a long time, but that editor had rarely complimented her books.

She was surprised the editor had grown fond of such a simple love story when there was nothing special about it.

"You're really flattering me!"

"Speaking of which, is it true you're going to make a film out of it? I'm not trying to be a busybody, but I think a movie requires a well-thought-out plot to garner the attention of the audience. That's just my two cents. If the professionals say it's not a big deal, then, by all means, go ahead and give it a try."

"Actually, I'm not really sure if it's going to turn out just fine at the end of the day. Therefore, everything is still in the initial phase of planning. I'll gather the feedback from the professionals." Clarissa shared her concerns with the editor. There are a lot of things I need to sort out including the capital for production to get everything up and running!

She hadn't handed the book over to Matthew the moment she retrieved the book as it was intended to be a New Year's gift. It wouldn't be much of a surprise should she hand it to him without any special occasion. In the end, she stuffed the custom-made book amongst the pile of books in her study. She felt a sense of relief as she was certain Matthew wouldn't go through the books in her study.

...

Clarissa volunteered most of her time helping out Olive at her foundation. She found the purpose of life and felt great helping others. Unfortunately, she encountered Sandra again when she dropped by the foundation. Clarissa's colleague told her Sandra was a frequent customer that had contributed to the foundation as well. On the other hand, when Sandra saw Clarissa, she was equally surprised. Although they had different concerns in mind, they put on a courteous front and greeted one another since there wasn't any serious conflict amongst them.

They spent most of their time handling their respective assigned tasks. When Sandra headed over to the pantry during lunch break, she encountered Clarissa and initiated another conversation. "Clarissa, I can't believe I get to run into you here of all the places! It might have something to do with the fact you resemble the members of our family, but most of it is because of your personality!" "Mrs. Wynter, you're flattering me." Sandra stopped concealing the fact she had grown fond of Clarissa. She teased, "If you're not married, I'll definitely introduce my son to you!"

“H-Haha—” Clarissa was rendered speechless by Sandra’s suggestion as things would never work out between her and Jackson.

Clarissa thought there was nothing special about their conversation.

However, after she

gave it another thought once she got off work, she noticed Sandra had learned a lot about her.

Sandra had indirectly gotten her hands on the information she needed, including Clarissa’s

hometown, her family condition, and her academic achievement over the years.

Oh, God! She’s amazing! How the heck does she manage to get me to open up to her

without getting on my nerves? I didn’t even notice it was an attempt to deceive me!

As Clarissa found Sandra a formidable woman, she told Matthew everything that had

occurred during her time at the foundation.

“Is this common amongst those from the upper echelon? Do they possess the capability to

let others’ guard down and get others to open up to them?”

Clarissa was in the middle of a self-pampering session. She got increasingly terrified the

more she thought about it, “Oh, God! If she tries to get her hands on the password to my

bank account, am I going to give it to her as well?”

“What?” Matthew asked with his brows furrowed.

“Well, I’m just horrified!”

Matthew took a break from work and turned around to take a peek at the woman who had a

black facial sheet on her face. He poked her cheek and said, “You’re the one who’s

intimidating me with this look of yours.”

“Hello? I’m trying to do you a favor by keeping myself up to societal standards of beauty!”

“You don’t need that because you’re already the apple of my eye.”

“Well, I guess you’re right for once, but that doesn’t change the fact I need to keep myself looking young to charm you. You’re not trying to tell me you have a thing for me without any makeup, aren’t you?”

Unable to suppress his laughter, Matthew burst out laughing and asked, “Hasn’t that always been the case?”

Clarissa showed Matthew her index finger and added, “No! I’m afraid you’re overly naïve for your own good!”

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 349

Clarissa removed the facial sheet and showed Matthew her proud grin while running her fingers across his face in an arrogant manner.

“I guess it’s time to tell you the truth since things have gotten to the point of no return! I had a series of plastic surgery back in the day! That was the reason behind my timeless beauty!

In the middle of the night, I’ll sneak my way to a hidden chamber when you’re in a deep slumber to make sure everything is fine! You have never seen me, and never will you get to see the vulnerable me! Hahaha! As long as you listen to me, I’ll always be the gorgeous wife of yours!”

Clarissa wrapped up her orated speech with a vicious grin and laughter.

On the other hand, Matthew responded to her seemingly hilarious joke with a stern look. He started sizing her up with his brows arched and asked in a callous tone, “If that’s the case, what’s wrong with the things you have here? Has the surgical operation failed or something?”

He started fondling Clarissa’s busty figures with his fingers as he finished his sarcastic remarks.

Clarissa was taken aback by the man's response as it was nothing close to the ones she had in mind.

She then glared at him and asked, "Are you indicating I'm not able to please you with these?"

Startled by the question, Matthew immediately responded with a satisfied beam and

reassured Clarissa, "N-No! I-I think they're of the right sizes!"

She was considered above average after giving birth to Damian. The thing he had brought

up was merely something to pull her leg.

Nonetheless, things had gotten to the point of no return. Clarissa instructed in a callous

tone, "Get out of my sight!"

She shrugged him off and turned around, indicating she was irked for real as he had failed

to play along with her when she did her best to pull off the act.

Has he just indicated I'm not a match for the average women out there? What the heck?

How dare he pick on me when he's aware that's a taboo topic? He needs to be mindful of his

choice of words in the future!

In an attempt to please the infuriated Clarissa, Matthew repeated himself with an aggrieved

look, "Clare, I'm just playing along with you and trying to pull your leg!

You're not supposed

to take that seriously!"

"Ha! Who knows if you're disguising your frustration with an attempt to pull my leg? I can't

figure out if it's just another joke or not!"

"No! I'm just joking!"

"That's enough! The more you try to explain yourself, the more suspicious you seem!"

"No! Allow me to explain my—"

"Nope! If you're trying to explain yourself, it means you're trying to hide something from me!

In other words, you're not going to tell me the truth!"

Matthew was rendered speechless as he couldn't seem to talk any senses into Clarissa. She could easily rebuke his statement and made it sound as though he was the one at fault.

Is this the reason others have always warned men to stop picking on a woman? I guess

she's also a woman who knows her way around the words, huh?

After a few minutes of silence, Matthew thought it wouldn't be wise to stir things up more

than he had. Otherwise, he would get himself into another nasty situation.

In the end, he got out of bed and made his way to the study. Once he returned to the room

after he had everything sorted out, he noticed Clarissa was seated upright on the bed,

staring in the direction of the entrance.

What's going on again? Have I done anything wrong? Have I said anything I'm not supposed

to? Has anything occurred when I'm away?

Clarissa was irked because he left her alone in the middle of the fight when she had been

anticipating him to explain himself.

It was the worst option to leave a woman alone when they were infuriated. There was a

huge tendency they would overthink things. Unfortunately, Matthew thought things were

supposed to work the other way round.

Immediately after he figured out his mistakes, he joined her in bed and tried everything he

could just to please her.

Once they were roused from sleep the next day, Clarissa behaved as though the conflict had

never occurred.

She carried on with the topic and asked, "Why won't Mrs. Wynter stop getting gathering my

information? Has she started to be suspicious?"

Matthew beamed in satisfaction as he was impressed Clarissa could keep a straight face in

spite of the fight they had last night.
“I think that’s most probably the case.”
“Huh? What am I supposed to do? If she’s aware of my identity, she’s definitely going to make a fuss out of it! Worst of all, I might have to deal with those from the Smallwoods!
Hubby, you need to help me!” Clarissa finished her sentence in a coquettish manner.
Matthew couldn’t stand Clarissa’s mellifluous voice. He looked at her in the eyes and announced with a bright grin, “Just ignore them!”
Clarissa turned around and started behaving like Damian. She announced with her arms tucked and her chest held high, “Hey! I’m going to be mad for real!”
Chuckling, Matthew approached her and held her firmly in between his arms. He leaned over and kissed her on the cheek, assuring her in a hushed voice, “You’ll get to live your life as usual! Can they do anything to force you into submission when I’m around? If they try anything silly, I’ll teach them a lesson on your behalf!”
Clarissa was well aware it was one of Matthew’s attempts to flirt with her. She inched away from him as she was afraid of letting loose of herself. She covered her ears and stopped herself from being teased. “You better keep your promise in mind and rush over to my side when I need you!”
“Huh? Can you have a little faith in me?”
“I-I’m just fooling around with you,” Clarissa answered with her lips pursed.
She then leaned over to kiss him. When she tried to inch away after the kiss, he stopped her and returned the favor with an amorous kiss.
Damian, who had just roused from his sleep, made his way down the stairs with the nanny and saw his parents kissing early in the morning. However, he seemed to have gotten used to it.
He yawned and requested, “Mommy, can you get me something to eat?”

Damian's voice snapped Clarissa out of the session. She pushed Matthew away and brought herself up, making her way to the kitchen and disguised her embarrassment with a question. "I'll make you your favorite meal right away!" "Sure, Mommy! Thank you so much! I love you!" What's wrong with my son? Is he trying to assert dominance over me? Is he indicating he's superior to me in the family?

...

Clarissa thought it was too much of a coincidence as she wouldn't stop running into Sandra ever since the conversation at the hospital. She encountered Hannah and Sandra when she was merely on a day out with her son. To make things worse, Sandra insisted on showing Hannah the way over to greet the mother and son duo. Standing next to Hannah, Sandra asked, "Mom, haven't I told you she's the younger version of you? She resembles you so much!" Hannah was taken aback when she saw Clarissa in person. Having a hard time snapping out of bewilderment, she went dead silent for a short while. Startled, Hannah stuttered, "Y-Yes! S-She resembles the young me so much! How is that even possible?" "Well, I think fate must have brought us together! On the day I saw her, something about her made me feel at ease!" "Indeed, she's quite a gorgeous woman!" "Mom, are you trying to compliment yourself in disguise?" Hannah ended up chuckling when she thought she would despise the woman who had hit on the man who was supposed to be his grandson-in-law. To her surprise, she had grown fond of Clarissa and started feeling guilty for being skeptical in the first place.

Soon, the session was brought to a halt by a bored Damian. He nudged Clarissa and told her he wanted to leave. Clarissa was glad Damian had done her a huge favor and bought him a lot of sweets on their way back.

On the other hand, Hannah lost herself in a train of thoughts after Clarissa departed with Damian.

“Mom, are you going to believe me yet? She’s not as vicious as Kayla and Shermaine have proclaimed! You need to keep the judgmental side of yours to yourself until you meet her in

person to verify if they have been telling you the truth!”

Sandra couldn’t stop herself from being sarcastic when she recalled Hannah had been pretty judgmental in the first place.

Most of the time, she was the filial daughter-in-law of the Wynters, but she was just another woman at the end of the day. She couldn’t forget the loss the Wynters had sustained due to Hannah’s rash decision.

Hannah’s frustration was written all over her face, but for once, she went dead silent instead of picking on her daughter-in-law.

“Speaking of which, Clarissa shares the exact same birthdate as Shermaine! It’s such a great coincidence!”

Hannah was unable to contain her astonishment to herself anymore. She asked open-mouthed, “Are you serious?”

“Of course! I can’t help but wonder if they had been given birth at the same hospital! Where

has Kayla given birth to Shermaine back in the day? They once ventured out of D City, hadn’t they? Could they have made their way to W City?”

“Sandra, what exactly are you trying to tell me?”

Smiling, Sandra answered with an innocent front, “What do you mean, Mom? I’m just

curious! Is there anything wrong?”

Hannah stared at her daughter-in-law in the eyes and kept the rest of her concerns to herself.

With that being said, Hannah soon summoned Kayla to meet her at the Wynters' place.

Sandra happened to be around. Whenever Kayla showed up, she would bring up the miseries she had gone through in life and tell others her daughter was innocent.

Hannah wasn't particularly irked for the first few times. However, they couldn't stand it

anymore after listening to the same thing over and over again. Kayla wouldn't stop sharing

the unfortunate series of events in her life with others.

Irritated, Hannah bellowed, “Can you stop weeping just for once? I know you're having it

tough, but don't you think that's too much? I can literally repeat the things you have told me

over and over again! Don't you have anything happy to share?”

Kayla was at a loss for words as her mother had yelled at her in the face for the first time in

forever.

“W-What sort of happy things am I supposed to share with you?”

“Can't you think of something that brings joy to your life? What about the time you left D City

when you were pregnant? Weren't you glad you had given birth to Shermaine?”

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 350

As soon as Kayla recalled the time she spent with Shermaine, she was on cloud nine as her

gorgeous daughter was the apple of her eyes.

Although Shermaine had been thrown behind bars, Kayla deemed her daughter innocent.

Hannah's question worked like a charm and stopped Kayla from sharing the unfortunate life

of hers with others.

Kayla then recalled the blissful moment she spent with her husband after she found out she was pregnant with their daughter.

“Shermaine stood out amongst her peers ever since the day she was born! She had fair skin and thick bushes of hair! She’s definitely a blessing from heaven!” Hannah asked, “Where have you given birth to Shermaine? I mean, you have traveled to a lot of places with James back in the day, haven’t you?” “H-Huh?”

Kayla couldn’t recall the details. She answered, “I can’t recall as it doesn’t really matter! What matters the most is Shermaine will always be a citizen of D City! We moved to D City as soon as Shermaine was born! In fact, James was in the prime of his career after Shermaine joined us! We thought she was our lucky star! She’s definitely the reason behind James’ success over the years!” Hannah asked with a frown, “Are you telling me you can’t even recall your daughter’s birth? Have you no shame as a mother?” Actually, Hannah was about to reprimand Kayla for not disciplining Shermaine. In fact, she thought Kayla should be held liable for Shermaine’s misery. It doesn’t really help to spoil a child! It was the same for me! I shouldn’t have spoiled this daughter of mine! She’s still a naïve middle-aged woman; no thanks to me and my negligence! Apart from picking on others for defying her daughter and making a fuss out of something trivial, she’s not capable of anything else! She needs to learn the proper way to behave herself! Sighing, Hannah secretly reprimanded herself for not carrying out the role of a mother which then led to her daughter’s messed-up life and character.

“Does it really matter?” Kayla looked at her mother with her lips pursed as if she was an aggrieved little girl when she caught Hannah sighing. Sandra, who was there since the moment the conversation began, couldn’t stand the woman in her mid-fifties behaving as if she was a girl in the elementary school anymore.

“Are you telling me it’s not crucial? As a mother, can’t you even recall the detail the day your daughter is born?” Hannah thought it was a mother’s duty to keep those details in mind even though she had brought those up for a hidden agenda of hers. On top of that, Hannah had a bad feeling about the things awaiting the family as Kayla couldn’t even answer her queries. More often than not, she would choose to have faith in her gut feelings just her instincts rarely failed her over the years. What’s with this sense of insecurity I’m feeling? Has Kayla given birth to fraternal twins? Confused, Hannah asked, “Are you sure Shermaine’s your only daughter? Would there be a chance of you giving birth to twins?” Instead of them bringing up someone else’s child. Hannah secretly hoped Clarissa was the missing twin. Unsure of the thing Hannah had in mind, Kayla asserted while shaking her head, “Mom, neither James nor our family has any twins. When I was at the hospital for my pregnancy check-up, the doctor mentioned nothing about me conceiving twins either. What makes you think Shermaine has a twin sibling?” “Well, I’m just wondering if it’s possible.” “Are you serious? Speaking of which, I think I have given birth to Shermaine in W City! I

encountered a woman who was pregnant with twins back then. That country bumpkin told me she would name her twins after the famous landscapes in town.” Kayla shared the trivial incident with her face scrunched up in disgust. She wasn’t aware Hannah and Sandra’s expression had changed the moment they heard her. Sandra was baffled as she recalled the things her son once brought up in front of her. She couldn’t help but wonder if her son’s hypothesis was possible. Truth be told, she had never once appreciated Shermaine’s presence.

If it’s possible, I hope Clarissa is her niece instead. At the very least, I’m no longer the aunt of a convict! It’s great if Jacque’s able to establish some sort of relationship with Matthew! On the other hand, Hannah was confused. However, she thought Sandra’s speculation was nothing more than an exaggeration. If Clarissa isn’t Kayla’s twin daughter, why has she been given birth in the same city as Shermaine? Why does she resemble me so much in terms of look? Does that mean we’re destined to cross paths in life? “Mom, is something bothering you? Oh! I have a favor to ask from you! It’s almost New Year! Can you get your friends or Jacque to do me a favor and bring Shermaine back for New Year? Just a week will do! She had acquired the approval to return home, but someone got in her way again! It doesn’t matter how much it’s going to cost as long as she’s able to return to us! Mom, Sandra, please! Shermaine is just an innocent girl! You’re not going to leave her alone, aren’t you?” Kayla’s shamelessness was the thing that had never failed to get on Sandra’s nerves. Is she aware she’s the one who’s trying to ask for a favor from us? How dare she get full of

herself and act all arrogant in front of us? One may consider her naïve, but that's just a

euphemism when she's nothing more than a fool!

Sandra got up from her seat and walked away, pretending she hadn't heard Kayla's request.

"Mom, I just recall I have to tend to something! Why don't you guys enjoy the evening

without me? Kayla, feel free to stay for dinner if you feel like it! Just make yourself

comfortable"!

As soon as Sandra made herself clear, she walked away, leaving an irritated Kayla behind

with Hannah.

What the heck does she mean by make myself comfortable when this is my home?

Unable to suppress her wrath, Kayla complained, "Mom, what's wrong with Sandra? Why has

she left when I'm just asking Jacque to do me a favor? Is she trying to sever ties with me?

Shermaine is their niece as well! "

Hannah was equally irked by her daughter-in-law's response, but she thought it wouldn't be

wise to side with her daughter anymore.

After all, Kayla was the one at fault. Sandra was right when she told Kayla to make herself

comfortable as Kayla was no longer an intermediate member of the Wynters.

"How dare you pick on her when you can't even be mindful of your choice of words? Has

Jacque ever turned you down? You're the one who can't even bring up your request in a

polite manner! Have you ever expressed your gratitude for the favor he has done you? Stop

making it sound as though he's obliged to help you! Jacque is your brother, but he's also

Sandra's husband!"

"What do you mean he's Sandra's husband? No one can possibly change the fact that

Jacque is my brother!”

“Shut up! When will you ever learn to behave yourself and stop letting me down? Jacque isn’t obliged to do any of your biddings! He has offended the Tysons in order to help Shermaine! No longer is the family on good terms with the Tysons because of you! Just stay out of his way and stop causing him more trouble than you already have! If you can’t behave yourself, stop showing up in front of us in the future! We have been doing just fine without you over the years!”

Hannah was on the verge of letting loose of herself. Thus, she stopped holding back and warned Kayla to mind her behaviors.

As a result, Kayla, who was intimidated by her mother’s harsh remarks, burst into tears as she always had again.

In spite of the conflict they had, Kayla spent the evening at the Wynters’ place until Jacque returned home from work. She behaved as though nothing had occurred in the afternoon and brought up the request in front of Jacque. Instead of a request, it was more of a demand. She asked her brother to bail her daughter out of the jail just for a few days during New Year’s holidays.

Sandra stopped holding back against Kayla and sneered when she heard their conversation.

However, Kayla couldn’t be bothered at all. She went on and added, “Jacque, you’re the only one I can rely on! Haven’t you promised to take care of me? You’re not allowed to go back against your promise!”

Jacque’s frustration was written all over his face. He took a peek at his wife and his mother’s expression and noticed they seemed to be against the idea.

In the end, he answered in a callous tone, “Kayla, I’m not sure if it’s possible, but I’ll try my best.”

“Jacque, what do you mean you’re not sure if it’s possible? Isn’t it a piece of cake to get someone bailed out of jail? How is it different for Shermaine’s case?”

“A piece of cake? Why don’t you go ahead and give it a try if you think it’s a piece of cake?”

“Isn’t that the case? What about the ones who made it out of jail after being convicted and thrown behind bars?”

Hannah couldn’t stand her daughter anymore. She bellowed, “Urgh! Shut up! Jacque has promised to do you a favor, but there’s a limit to the things he’s capable of! He’s merely

trying to do you a favor because you’re his sister! You need to stop pushing your luck and appreciate his effort!”

Kayla was about to say something to defend herself, but Hannah shot daggers at her and warned her daughter to mind her words.

Once they had their meals, James showed up and brought Kayla back with him. Finally, the Wynters was able to have a moment of peace.

When Sandra returned to their room, she found out Jacque was in the middle of a call with

others to pull the strings required to get Shermaine out of the jail.

She sneered and sighed after Jacque wrapped up the conversation with the person on the other end of the call.

“Jacque, your future was at stake because of your beloved sister, yet she hadn’t stopped

taking you for granted! Instead, she won’t stop complaining! If I’m your sister, I’ll definitely take advantage of you in a similar manner!”

“Can you just give me a break?”

“Have I misrepresented the facts? Those were merely the tip of an iceberg! If I tell all of you

the things I have in mind, your foolish sister may—”

“Sandra!”

Sandra added with a scowl, “I hope you’re not going to regret the decision you have made

for the sake of your foolish sister! We can’t even be certain if it’s your biological niece we’re talking about!”

“What do you mean?”

Jacque turned around and had his eyes glued to his wife who was on the bed.

Meanwhile, Sandra retrieved the book on the nightstand and started reading while

answering nonchalantly, “I’m just kidding.”

You’re just kidding? Are you supposed to make fun of your niece when she’s currently

behind the bars?