

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

### **Chapter 331 - 340**

As Clarissa had mentioned, many people were indeed fond of the persona of a loyal man.

Thus, there were now countless men and women who regarded Matthew as their idol. After all, they yearned to have such a man loving them forevermore in real life.

In fact, Matthew was often brought up by women, especially in comparison with various other men.

When some women met top-notch men on a blind date, they posted it to the Internet and

shared it with others, further highlighting Matthew's goodness.

Conversely, some clamored that women worked themselves to the bone and allowed

themselves to be demeaned, only to end up with their unsightly husbands cheating on them.

Therefore, Matthew again became the yardstick of an ideal man.

And so, the list went on and on.

Likewise, Matthew had also become the model of a perfect man. In every little thing, women

would always lament, "I would give up everything just for Matthew Tyson" or "If my man was

Matthew Tyson, I would put up with anything."

For that reason, when Matthew returned to D City and had a gathering with his best friends,

even they wanted to censure him, not to mention every other man out there.

"That isn't cool of you, Matt. Look, you've made us men look really bad now. Just a few days

ago, my female companion suddenly said that she was very disappointed in me and broke

up with me right away. Matt, never once had a woman ever told me that she was

disappointed in me in all my years and among all the women I've dated," Yarick groused.

It wasn't a joke, for he was really complaining. The look in his eyes as he stared at Matthew was truly a touch chagrined.

Hearing that, Jeremy snorted. "Don't push the blame on Matt. That woman must have been disappointed in you because she was dissatisfied with your skills! Haha..."

"Hah! What about you, Jeremy Smallwood?" Yarick retorted with a sneer. "Who's the one who hooked up with a girl a few days ago only to find out that she only got together with you because she heard that you're acquainted with Matt? Then, she kept pestering you to have a video call with Matt, which made you mad and led to you finally dumping her?"

Jeremy simply smiled after having his embarrassing story brought to the table without feeling too humiliated.

Henry, on the other hand, wore a grim expression and said nothing. At the sight of his grim expression, Yarick couldn't help but gloat at his misfortune.

"Ah, Henry, did Ms. Zaha also complain that you're lagging behind Matt?"

The moment he said those words, Henry's face darkened even further. He shot a cold look at Yarick, only to be greeted by increasingly deliberate laughter.

"Haha... Henry, why don't you call Ms. Zaha over now that Matt is here so that she can have a good look at him! Say, you should really learn from Matt. After all, he has been chaste his entire life. As for you... Well, you can't change your past, so why don't you repent in your next life? For this lifetime, you should just give Ms. Zaha up. Just regard the entire thing as a star-crossed lovers scenario. It's better to let her go earlier so that she can find someone better."

“Zip it, Yarick! No one would take you for a mute even if you were to keep your mouth shut!”

Henry warned coldly.

However, Yarick simply bellowed with laughter in response.

Among everyone there, Justin had always been the relatively calm one, so he truly felt that

they were making a mountain out of a molehill considering the chaotic situation then.

“Is all this fuss really necessary? Matt’s popularity is indeed at an all-time high recently, but

it’ll only persist for a short time. When something new happens after a few days, his

popularity would eventually die down. But speaking of that, he could’ve suppressed the news.”

At that, everyone swung their gazes at Matthew. That’s right! He could’ve suppressed the

news, so why didn’t he do anything?

They eyed him suspiciously, but Matthew remained unfazed. His handsome countenance

was as unruffled as ever, and his jet-black eyes were as profound as always.

To be honest, he knew that he was now very popular, but he had no reason to interfere. In

fact, he had his reasons for leaving things as they were.

Clarrisa had been jealous when his loyal persona became one of the trending searches. She

became a touch more clingy with him, asking him whether he loved her every so often.

And he truly luxuriated in that, loving the fact that she was jealous and possessive over him.

Of course, he wasn’t planning on having her suffer forever. It was just a temporary

phenomenon that he rather enjoyed.

Oh well, I really relish having Clarissa being clingy with me!

This hidden agenda of his was precisely why he didn’t have anyone suppress the news.

At the thought of that, Matthew's thin lips curved slightly, and a hint of a smile seemingly manifested on his face.

"Tsk-tsk. That's a crafty smile there, Matt! I can almost guess your motives now. Haha... You didn't do anything to suppress your popularity because..."

As Jeremy was exceedingly blunt, Matthew immediately put his smile away. Getting to his feet, he walked to the side with his cell phone in hand and gave Clarissa a call.

Meanwhile, the rest of the men snickered.

Nevertheless, all jokes aside, the gathering that day wasn't merely for empty talk.

"Aha, Matthew is actually capitalizing on his popularity to nettle his wife! Well, he has really

changed the landscape of the entertainment industry in the past few days. Here I was,

wondering why he took the time to deal with that Old Codger, and it turns out that old

pervert offended him. Hah! Serves him right for messing with Clarissa! It was a miracle that

Matt didn't have him bumped off," Jeremy remarked.

"Exactly! But it's really a coincidence that someone wanted to expose Old Codger in the first

place. It just so happened that Matt acted first, so the other person followed suit. In the end,

the incident with Clarissa was just the tip of the iceberg."

"In my opinion, even if no one had wanted to make a move against that Old Codger, Matt

wouldn't have spared the guy considering how much he loves Clarissa. But it might not have

been that easy. This time, it was all thanks to Thomas since it looked like his handiwork to

me. That Old Codger must have had designs on his woman as well.

Thomas isn't such a

law-abiding citizen, so he's even more reckless and ruthless compared to us. I think Old

Codger would find death more preferable to experiencing his methods."

At that exact moment, Matthew came back after finishing his phone call. Upon seeing him, Jeremy continued, "Matt, I heard that Old Codger has just been arrested, yet he's already castrated when he hasn't even been sentenced? That's not your handiwork, right? After all, Thomas is the only one who could've done that." Matthew grunted in assent as a vicious look flashed across his eyes. "Yeah, he took care of it personally." The few of them plunged into silence for a moment. Subsequently, Henry murmured, "I've almost forgotten how brutal Thomas was back then after he had been so docile all these years." "Well, summing it up, even heroes have a weakness for the charms of a beautiful woman. That applies to Thomas, and undoubtedly so for Matt." With that, they stopped discussing Thomas, and it all seemed rather secretive. Shortly after, Clarissa arrived with Damian. Shawn came with them as well.

However, he wasn't here to meet his elders or anything of that sort. Instead, it was because of his involvement in the matter. While he couldn't reveal anything to anyone else, he could drop some hints to Matthew and the others. Nonetheless, Clarissa didn't want to hear anything about it, nor would she allow Damian to get wind of anything. Thus, she carried her son over to the side for some fruits. At the same time, she ordered him to sing some nursery rhymes on the screen. Undeniably, the men were truly disciplined to be unbothered by the joyous atmosphere while discussing such a serious subject. As Damian had been looking forward to his parents' return, he was particularly clingy with Clarissa in the past few days.

Even as he was singing nursery rhymes, he insisted on sitting in his mother's lap. Before he had sung a few stanzas, he suddenly blurted, "I love you, Mommy! How blessed am I to have you with me, Mommy..." His corny declarations were audible to every single person in the private lounge, especially since they were magnified with the microphone. All who heard him couldn't help feeling envious and amused. Aw, he's such a sweet-talker! Intending to tease him, Yarick questioned, "Damian, do you love your daddy or mommy more?" Unexpectedly, Damian answered without hesitation, "Mommy!" "Haha... Matt, seems like your standing in your family is rather iffy, huh?" Nonetheless, Matthew merely smiled. The look in his slightly squinted eyes as he gazed at his wife and son was threaded with tenderness. "Let me ask you another question, Damian. Who is more amazing at home? Is it your daddy or mommy?"

Yarick's question was obviously a trick question, but no one interrupted him. Rather, everyone waited quietly for Damian's revelation. But this time, Damian blinked his big eyes cluelessly. Lifting his head, he looked at his mother before shifting his gaze to his father with puzzlement written all over his chubby face. At that, Jeremy purposely interjected, "Tell me the answer, Damian. If you do, I'll give you a big toy, okay?" "Jeremy Smallwood!" Clarissa couldn't help protesting. Despite that, Jeremy merely chuckled. "Don't get so worked up, Clarissa. I was going to give

him a gift anyway. Having not seen the kid for some time, he has grown even more adorable!”

Meanwhile, a bright smile bloomed on Damian’s face at once. “Thank you, Mr. Jeremy! Can you tell me what toy it is?”

Instead of answering at once, he inquired about the toy.

Quirking an eyebrow, Jeremy’s smile turned a tad crafty. “It’s your favorite toy car! I’m going

to give you one that’s bigger, cooler, and more fun to play with!”

In actual fact, he was describing a real car.

Hearing that, Damian clapped his hands happily. “Can I have a look at my big car now, Mr.

Jeremy? I want to play with it!”

“In that case, answer the question first, okay? Who’s the most amazing at home?”

“It’s me, of course!”

The boy’s answer stumped everyone who was watching the show.

Meanwhile, Jeremy was

rendered speechless to the point that words eluded him.

Damian, however, was all the more insistent on having his present.

“Alright, I’ve answered

you, so where’s my present? Is it here? If it isn’t here, can you send it to my house tomorrow,

Mr. Jeremy? You can have it delivered...”

When his words fell, Clarissa giggled. Haha, he’s very familiar with the concept of delivery

since I’ve received plenty of deliveries!

Alas, everyone else didn’t obtain the anticipated answer after Jeremy had been duped.

Well, well... the kid’s even smarter than we’d imagined!

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Clarissa could not claim the credit for raising an excellent son because Damian’s

intelligence was inborn.

Seeing the humiliated look on Jeremy’s face, Clarissa laughed boisterously.

Ellie loved the little munchkin so much that she smothered him with hugs and kisses. She did not even notice the tinge of displeasure that flashed across Shawn's eyes.

"Damian, my little cutie. I love you so much, darling!"

Damian cringed as he pushed Ellie away while covering his lips with another hand,

muttering, "Stop it. Mommy, help me..."

"Oh, Damian. Don't be so cold to me. I adore you, little sweetheart!"

Damian was overwhelmed by Ellie's display of affection. Thereafter, Clarissa carried him and

moved away from Ellie, the mad kisser.

Damian used all his might to hug Clarissa tightly as though that was the only way to keep

him safe from the passionate Ellie.

The latter pretended to be disappointed. "Oh, I'm so hurt, Damian. Have you forgotten who

was the one who played with you and put you to bed when your mommy wasn't around a

few days ago? Who bought all the toys for you and fed you with delicious food?"

Clinging on to Clarissa, Damian took a peek at Ellie.

"Do remember that I'm the best!"

No doubt that Ms. Ellie's the best, but it'd be better if she could resist kissing me.

Damian's big round eyes were still filled with horror.

He ignored Ellie's puppy dog face and turned to Shawn instead.

"Mr. Hayes, Ms. Ellie wants a kiss. Can you do the honors?"

Everyone burst out laughing at that.

Ellie blushed while the others guffawed at the remark, especially Yarick and Jeremy.

Chuckling, Clarissa hugged her son tightly to protect him from the consequences of saying

the darndest thing. Ellie will surely want to pinch him now for saying that.

"Hey, Shawn, hurry up and do what Damian asks. Go ahead! Perhaps you can even give her a

French kiss while you're at it."

“Mr. Jeremy, what nonsense are you spouting? Damian’s here...”  
Jeremy shrugged his shoulders and felt a little bad when he was met with Damian’s sharp gaze.  
Feeling uneasy, Jeremy smiled. Please don’t ask me to explain what that means.  
As anticipated, the worst actually happened as Damian asked curiously, “Mr. Jeremy, what’s a French kiss?”  
Everyone fell silent instantly.

Clarissa pressed her lips together before caressing Damian’s head. She then leaned over and whispered in his ear.  
Immediately, Damian nodded and grinned.  
It was unknown whether Clarissa had actually given him the answer, but Damian had decided to stop dwelling on that question. Subsequently, the boy took a huge strawberry from the coffee table and ate quietly by the side.  
Right then, the adults quickly changed the subject and did not utter a word about that topic anymore.  
When they returned to Zen Highlands in the evening, Damian had already fallen asleep in Matthew’s arms.  
After putting him on his bed and carefully changing him into his pajamas, Clarissa checked on him once more before returning to her bedroom.  
As soon as she entered the bathroom, Matthew opened the door behind her and barged in.  
Shocked, she stood under the shower, blushing. She wanted to grab the towel, but she could not reach it.  
In a flash, Matthew approached her and started planting kisses on her lips as the water flowed down from their bodies. She had not even removed all of her clothes.  
“Matthew...” Clarissa called out to him disapprovingly.

He had not acted in such an impulsive manner for the longest time. They still had their clothes on, but he was very eager to launch his amorous advances. Matthew did not respond to her, but lowered his head and continued nibbling her earlobe. He pinned her against the wall and turned her around to face him. The shower kept running. While he was biting her lips, she mumbled, "Don't waste water..." It was not the right time for such a comment.

Nonetheless, Matthew gave a chortle and turned off the tap. His actions led to an act of romance in the shower until she was finally drained and compromised breathlessly. Much later, he carried her back to the bed. Clarissa rolled over and lay on the bed. Matthew attempted to dry her hair with a towel. He thought she looked extremely lovely with her flushed face from the hot steam in the bathroom. Matthew could not control himself and he gave her another peck on the corner of her lips. Slowly, his warm lips moved downward and lingered around her neck. Furrowing her brows, Clarissa did not want him to continue because she was exhausted. "Matthew..." she called out to him in a feeble voice. Though she sounded indifferent, Matthew knew she was unhappy about it. In the end, he stopped what he was doing and took a deep breath. Laying upright, he held the woman in his arms while stroking her back with his big hand. Within moments, Clarissa fell asleep soundly. A contented smile settled upon Matthew's face. When it was around dawn, Clarissa was once again dragged into a whirlpool of passionate activities by the man who slept beside her. Without any advance notice nor preparation, they engaged themselves in yet another steamy session.

I should be able to burn a lot of calories by doing this, but why can't I lose weight?

When Matthew finally let go of her, she opened her bleary eyes and shot him a defiant glare.

Putting on his pants, he was amused. "What's wrong, Clare?"

Sulking, Clarissa continued to stare at him, her puffed-up cheeks looking just like an

adorable little pufferfish. Seeing so, Matthew's thin smile developed into a hearty laugh.

"What's so funny?"

Matthew propped himself up on the bed and ran his finger across

Clarissa's cheeks. "Clare,

I'm laughing because I'm happy, and I'm happy because my darling is gorgeous and cute.

The best part? She's mine. That's the reason."

Clarissa did not fall for his sweet words. Holding back her smile, she continued to stare

daggers at him.

"Whatever your reasons are, why did you do what you did last night as well as this morning?

I'm freaking tired..."

Shaking his head, Matthew pacified her, "Darling, can't I be aroused by my beloved wife?"

Clarissa was rendered speechless.

Turning over, she covered herself with the duvet.

"Whatever. Get lost, I want to get some shut-eye." A muffled voice was heard underneath the

sheets.

Smiling gleefully, Matthew patted her curvy hips which made her grumble in a low voice.

Then, he went to take a bath and get dressed.

By the time he came out from the bathroom, his dear wife had already dozed off.

He leaned over and kissed her on the forehead.

After leaving the room, he ran into Damian, who was on his way to the master bedroom in

his pajamas.

Matthew scooped the boy up while he was still rubbing his eyes. When Damian saw that it was his father, his eyes widened, and he beamed with joy. Matthew gave him a peck on the cheek, which came as a surprise to Damian. He giggled and asked, "Daddy, will the car that Mr. Jeremy is going to give me as a present be delivered this morning?" Matthew paused. I didn't expect him to remember his gift so well.

"Yes, it will be here in the afternoon."  
"I see..." Damian was slightly disappointed, but still looking forward to receiving it. Besides food, Damian loved cars. He was especially delighted to hear that Jeremy was going to give him a huge present. Will it be a super big car? Matthew carried him back to his room and requested the nanny to get him changed. After washing up, Damian went downstairs where Matthew was having breakfast. The boy was wearing a white t-shirt with a gray knitted sweater, and a pair of soft cashmere trousers of the same shade. Seated at his usual place, a bib was fixed around his neck before he started eating. Matthew gazed at his son gently. From time to time, he would help Damian clean the corners of his mouth. "Daddy, why isn't Mommy up yet?" "Um... she's tired." "Did Mommy pull an all-nighter?" Matthew smiled. "Yes, she did. However, she will reap what she sow." For example, you might be rewarded with a beautiful and cute little sister. Nodding, Damian seemingly understood what Matthew was saying. "Daddy, may I call Mr. Jeremy and ask when will the delivery arrive?" Matthew smirked. "Sure, I'll make the call now and you can ask him personally."

Having said so, Matthew called Jeremy right away. Usually, he'll still be in bed with a woman at this point. Just as he had expected, Jeremy answered the call with a hoarse voice.

"Matt?"

Matthew passed the phone to Damian. Excited, the latter queried loudly, "Mr. Jeremy, where's my present? Is it on the way? When will the delivery arrive?" Jeremy froze for a bit before he finally recalled what it was all about. Massaging his temples, he replied, "My dear boy, I'm sure the courier is on the way now. It just takes a while to get to Zen Highlands. However, I can guarantee that you'll receive it before noon. All right?"

"Okay, thank you, Mr. Jeremy."

Damian returned the phone to Matthew. "Your genes are too strong, Matt. All of you Tysons are so pushy!" exclaimed Jeremy.

Upon hearing that, Matthew felt so proud of his son. However, he would not share with Jeremy that Damian only liked good food and cars. Those were the two things that mattered to him, and they were the reason why he woke up so early, anticipating the arrival of his gift.

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When Clarissa showed up at Tyson Corporation, she had a feeling that someone was stalking her. Yet, when she turned around, there was nothing suspicious. The people surrounding her had their heads held low, busy working. Some did not even look at her.

Clarissa felt helpless. They can go ahead and stare all they want. There's no need to be so sneaky like a thief.

Upon entering the studio, she sat down and asked Mandy, “Why do I feel that the number of staff on this floor has increased? I don’t think there were so many of them in the past, right?”

Mandy chuckled. “Clarissa, can’t you tell why is that so?”

Realization dawned upon Clarissa and she rolled her eyes uncharacteristically.

Mandy and the other colleagues laughed at her antics.

Even a few guys who usually had few words to say teased her openly,

“Mrs. Tyson, they’re all

here to see you. Although your identity wasn’t exposed on the Internet, the people working in

this building are very well-informed, unlike the netizens. Ever since you’ve been introduced

as Mrs. Tyson, they have been paying attention to your every move. By the way, I’ve recently

received some messages from several girls.”

Mandy chimed in, “Me too! I’ve got some text messages from a few handsome guys too. I

guess gossip really doesn’t distinguish between men and women, huh.”

Clarissa feign a smile. “Oh? Well, may you find true love among these good-looking people, then.”

Everyone cheered while Clarissa smiled resignedly.

At that time, Yael joined them after hearing the conversation. “We’ve found a new location

for the studio, but it’s still in the midst of renovation. It’d be for the best if we can move in

before the holidays.”

Obviously, their work was affected.

Being inquisitive about other people’s affairs would lead to a series of gossips and rumors.

With Clarissa appearing in front of any Tom, Dick, and Harry on a daily basis, it would surely

send the people in the same building into a frenzy.

“You’d better not come to the studio if there’s nothing important for you to attend to.

Clarissa let out an awkward smile. Oh my, am I being rejected now? Anyhow, I'm the one to blame.

"Hahaha... Don't be sad, Clarissa, we still love you very much. The hype will die down eventually. They'll all get used to your identity as Mrs. Tyson and normalize this whole sensation."

Clarissa shrugged. "All right, I won't step foot into the studio since I'm not wanted here. Yael, you've really hurt my feelings."

Amused, everyone laughed their socks off. They had no pity for Clarissa. It was especially true for the ladies as they were all envious of Clarissa. Mrs. Tyson has a perfect husband. How we wish we could trade places with her! Clarissa had decided to rub salt on their wounds with the latest, most amazing story she had written.

She handed a printed copy to Yael, who always loved the feeling of holding papers in her hands.

Thus, the latter would habitually print out many articles.

Seeing the new entry, Yael arched her brows. "You've finished? It's so rare for you to write this fast."

Clarissa grinned. "I've completed half of it three years ago. The second half was written lately. Remember what I told you back then? Unfortunately, it didn't work out. I picked up where I left it, but I don't know if it will turn out to be a success."

Upon reading the opening of the story, Yael knew that it was the love story that Clarissa wanted to write about back then. Yes, a story that belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Tyson.

Yael skimmed through the pages and lifted her head.

"How would you like to proceed with this?"

"I guess we can publish it in print and make a movie out of it at the same time. I want to

shoot this myself even though I may not be qualified to do so. I didn't think about this in the past. It's just that I owe my husband a present. So this will do, right?" "Oh boy, this is so cheesy!" Yael touched her arms and realized that she was getting goosebumps. "As long as you mention that it's an adapted version of the love story between you two, I'm sure it will be a

hit. Besides, it's a trend now to make dramas out of domineering presidents. The storyline is still very captivating even if you don't reveal that it's your own story. Anyway, what about the filming and production team that'll assist you in making the movie? Are you sure that you can make it work with what you've learned from Director Yates? If you're certain about it, you'll first need to get a producer..."

Yael talked continuously about multiple aspects of that matter. If we're going to do it, we might as well do our best.

Having been in the industry for such a long period of time, Yael knew a lot about the workings in it. As such, she was very professional in her advice. Clarissa could barely answer all of the questions posted by Yael. She sighed at the thought of not being as meticulous and thorough as the latter.

"Being interrogated by you makes me chicken out. I feel like I'll go bankrupt or that something will go extremely wrong if I pursue this path."

"Don't worry about it too much. Based on your current net worth, you can definitely pay the losses."

Yael was not referring to the money Clarissa made from her studio. She had seen some of Clarissa's legal documents and had an idea of the assets she owned after obtaining the marriage certificate with Matthew.

Clarissa knew what Yael was getting at. It's certainly not my personal net worth.

Immediately, she rebutted, "Those aren't mine."

"Why aren't they yours? They belong to you, by law."

"Nonetheless, I won't touch a single cent, regardless if it's on paper or by law. Personally, I won't accept those properties."

Yael shook her head. "You're being silly!"

Clarissa was resolute. "Well, that's my principle. Should we look for an investor before we shoot the movie?"

"Yes, we'll have to find someone to invest again. But we're not in a hurry. So let's look into this after the new year. After all, it's not that easy to get everything sorted out."

"Yeah, I know. Can we publish it first, though?"

"Absolutely! So, will this be a special gift for Mr. Tyson for the new year?"

Clarissa tittered. "No. That's not what I was thinking, but it's actually a good idea to present

it to him as a gift now since I didn't get to do this back then. Oh no, I should contact a

publisher as soon as possible, right? To check if they could print a special edition before the new year. Will they be able to make it in time?"

While Clarissa was still talking to herself, Yael had left the office to search for a suitable publisher.

From writing their love story into a book and wanting to make it into a movie as well as a

drama series, Clarissa did not disclose her grand plan to Matthew.

All of these would be carried out in secret. He doesn't take notice of what I write anyway, so

he can be left in the dark for a while.

Meanwhile, Matthew continued to pretend that he knew nothing about what his woman was plotting.

The following days saw cloudy weather. As a result, Damian could not go outside and was

suffering from boredom at home.

He even protested to return to W City, where the skies were always blue because he wanted

to roam around the square near his childhood residential area.

Clarissa did not know what to do with him besides coaxing him patiently, playing with him,

and accompanying him in his studies.

A few days later, when the weather turned sunny, Clarissa brought

Damian out for a drive.

He did not have a specific place that he wanted to go. He simply wanted to spend some

time strolling around the city.

When Ellie heard that they were going out, she joined them. In the end, they brought Damian

to the amusement park and also went shopping at the mall. The two ladies bought a lot of

delicacies and clothes for Damian.

During lunch, Clarissa and Damian ran into Helen when they were heading to the bathroom.

At that time, Helen was holding a child in her arms. There was an awkward silence when

they met face to face with each other.

Many thoughts ran across Helen's mind. Her gaze was conflicting.

Clarissa could not be bothered about Helen. After washing Damian's hands, she turned right

away and headed for the exit. It's not that I'm rude, but it's best not to engage in a

conversation with her to avoid unwanted trouble.

"Wait up, Clarissa..."

Carrying the child, Helen walked up to her with a frown. Clarissa felt very uneasy in her

presence.

"You don't have to force yourself to talk to me, you know," Clarissa mocked.

Helen's expression darkened.

Damian looked at the lady standing opposite him, then at his mother. He stayed quietly by Clarissa's side.

With a complicated look on her face, Helen scrutinized Damian as if he was her illegitimate child.

Feeling perplexed, Clarissa commanded coldly, "Get out of my way." "Clarissa, I can't believe that you've succeeded. You're so conniving. I should have known better. You're able to snatch away..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Clarissa carried Damian, walked past Helen, and strode ahead.

While walking away, Clarissa retorted, "Unlike you, Helen, I don't have a loose screw to fix.

You should go see a doctor. Also, let's treat each other as strangers if we happen to meet again. If not, I can't promise I'll be able to hold myself back from hitting you."

Naturally, Clarissa would pray hard not to see Helen ever again. Does she think that everyone is as sick as her?

Stunned, Helen stood rooted to her spot. By the time she regained her senses, Clarissa had left.

Enraged, she shouted at Clarissa's back profile, "Hey, what do you mean by that, Clarissa?

You're the crazy one here. I'm perfectly fine. You're the one who has a problem, not me. Stop right there! Are you walking away from me because you're feeling guilty? You're nothing but an unscrupulous, vain, and wicked woman, who schemed to marry into a wealthy family.

That's right, I know the truth, you're a..."

Ignoring Helen's scathing remarks, Clarissa quickened her steps to get into the private lounge. When she sat Damian down, the boy suddenly cupped her face and consoled her

softly, "Don't be mad, Mommy. It hurts me to see you like this."  
All of her unhappy emotions were soothed by the words of her son.  
At that moment, her heart was full, and she was at peace.

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Witnessing the touching scene between the mother and son, Ellie asked,  
"What happened?"

Clarissa smiled, but did not say a word.

Damian answered on her behalf, "We met a lady with a loose screw just  
now."

Cocking a brow, Ellie was astounded.

Clarissa let out a thin smile. "It's Helen."

"A loose screw?"

Clarissa mouthed silently to Ellie, "She's sick in the head."

Obviously, she did not want Damian to hear that.

Immediately, Ellie understood what she meant. She then warned

Damian, "I think I know who

it was. Damian, remember not to go near anyone who's mentally ill. He  
or she might be a

dangerous person. You're a good boy, aren't you? So keep a distance  
from them, lest you're  
affected in any way."

After pondering, Damian nodded. "Understood, Ms. Ellie."

"Such a good boy..."

They continued to enjoy their lunch while chatting about Helen.

"She always thinks that she's super great since schooling time. I'm  
amazed by how she had

always been so full of herself. You're more beautiful, capable, and  
popular than her. That's

why she sees you as her archenemy and rival against you in everything.

Thankfully, you're

not bothered by her actions. She's probably infuriated after discovering  
the relationship

between you and Uncle Matt. It's amazing how she can still live a decent  
life with that

mindset of hers."

Truth be told, the reason why Helen held a deep grudge against Clarissa  
had something to

do with the former's boyfriend. Nonetheless, the problem still lies with Helen's own bitterness and resentment.

All in all, Helen was the kind of person who could not tolerate anyone who was better than her. She had a terrible issue emotionally and psychologically. It was rather unfortunate for Clarissa to have met someone like Helen, who viewed her as her imaginary rival. Clarissa was always Helen's target to beat. The latter wished to see Clarissa living a miserable life. That was the only thing that gave Helen joy. Clarissa, however, couldn't be bothered to deal with Helen's superiority complex.

Clarissa wiped off the soup which got onto Damian's face and told Ellie, "As we grow up, we'll meet people from all walks of life. The more we see, the more we will realize that there are so many peculiar characters in this world. Each of them is here to challenge our beliefs and values. It's just how things are. If only these people are nice and wonderful, the world we live in will be a completely different place from what it is right now." "I see that you can easily accept this as a fact. If she were to act all high and lofty in front of me one day, I'll surely beat the living daylights out of her." "Haha... As a family member of a policeman, you can't go against the law and beat people up, you know." Dumbfounded, Ellie asked, "What do you mean a family member of a policeman? Aren't you getting ahead of yourself there?" Clarissa smiled but did not answer her. Ellie and Shawn are the kind of couple that'll argue and then reconcile with each other very often. Others might think that it's torture to maintain a relationship like theirs, but they seem to enjoy their unique way of interaction. Oh well, as

long as they're happy about it.

After they were done eating, Matthew called and found out that they were having lunch

nearby his company. He insisted that they pay him a visit at Tyson Corporation, to which

Clarissa obliged.

Initially, Clarissa thought that they could just go to his office secretly. To her surprise, Donnie

was waiting to pick them up in the lobby. He led both mother and child to the elevator right

before the public eye.

Clarissa did not reject the idea. Upon entering Matthew's office, Damian ran to his father

excitedly and started sharing his day with him...

Meanwhile, Clarissa took a seat and kept herself occupied with her phone.

Matthew ushered Damian and they both sat down beside Clarissa. She lifted her head and

looked Matthew in the eyes.

The father and son duo stared back at her. Their action made Clarissa laugh out loud.

"What are you guys doing? Why are you two looking at me like that?"

Matthew teased her, "Because we like you. Isn't that right, Damian?"

In a pleasant voice, Damian replied, "That's right! I love you so much, Mommy."

"I love you too, Damian!"

Matthew arched his brows while Clarissa gave him a questionable look.

Their gazes met as

though they were in a standoff. In the end, she admitted defeat, "Okay, fine, I love you too."

"Are you brushing me off?"

She pursed her lips. "Yes, I am. What are you going to do about it?"

However, she did not pursue this topic as she had something more important to deal with.

"Did you ask Donnie to pick us up on purpose?"

Matthew smirked. "What do you mean on purpose? You're here to see me, so shouldn't you

come up to the office that way? Besides, everyone knows about our relationship by now.

What's there to hide?"

She continued staring at him with a poker face, making him fret.

She was probably the only one that could make the mighty Mr. Tyson anxious.

Fortunately, Clarissa simply acknowledged without giving him a hard time, "All right then."

Heaving a sigh of relief, Matthew was about to say something when he noticed that Damian

was dozing off in his arms.

With his eyes almost shut, the little guy comfortably snuggled his head in his embrace. He

was so adorable that he could make hearts melt anytime.

Matthew carried him into the break room, lay him on the bed, and covered him nicely before

exiting.

Since there was no outsider present, Clarissa folded her legs and slumped on the couch, chatting on her phone.

The editor from the publishing company, who happened to be Clarissa's fan, was seeking

her opinions on the cover design. The former fell in love with her story the moment she read

it and had been expressing her adoration to Clarissa in multiple ways.

The editor could not help praising her while discussing work.

"Oh my heart, this is so sweet, Clarissa! Are you and Mr. Tyson like this on a daily basis?"

Helplessly, Clarissa corrected her, "It's not me, but the main characters in the story. It's an

adapted version, so he's not always doting on her in reality."

"No, that's impossible! I'm sure this happens in real life. That's why you're able to describe

the details so well. I love it, Clarissa. Was that how Mr. Tyson woo you? He's persistent but

romantic!"

"Stop right there. It's the male lead. Besides, how is being persistent romantic?"

“Oh, it’s all the same, Clarissa. You don’t have to keep emphasizing that it’s not your story. In fact, I’m sure that all of your readers won’t see it as a novel. They will automatically assume that you’re illustrating your life with Mr. Tyson. I have a lightbulb moment all of a sudden. Why don’t we make it into a series? Let this be the first in the series. For the next one, you can write about post-marriage life with Mr. Tyson and your days with your cute son. A few years later, we can publish another one about your daily life. The story can go on until your son grows up to be a handsome president. Even then, we can keep coming up with a series about him. Don’t you think it’s a brilliant idea? Take Conan for example, how many years has it been now? The character grows as the story develops. Clarissa, I think this is great. You can have an eternal love series that extends from one generation to another. It absolutely won’t go outdated...”

Clarissa replied her with a facepalm emoticon.

The editor was in her own world, describing the multiple possibilities of her wild idea to publish a never-ending series. “We can even shoot a television series out of it. You know, like Modern Family that lasts for decades. Clarissa, the more I ponder, the more I think it will work. This is going to be a hit! Let’s do it. You can become a legend!”

“No!” Clarissa declined her right away.

“This is meaningless. Let’s drop the topic. It’s impossible.”

It’s just a simple love story. Why would I want to keep dragging it endlessly? I’m not even certain if Matthew and I will still be so loving a few decades down the road.

Even if the readers like it now, no one can guarantee they won’t grow tired of it in the future.

Will it go out of date? Will people still enjoy reading this genre or will they prefer

science-fiction? Nobody knows what will happen then. With the current technological

advancement, everything is possible.

After dispelling the enthusiasm of her editor, Clarissa realized that

Matthew was sitting next

to her.

“Did you read everything?” She wondered how long he had been there.

Matthew replied with a question, “Read about what?”

“Oh, it’s nothing.”

I don’t think he will read my messages intentionally.

Clarissa did not want to disclose the plan now, but to keep it as a secret present for much

later.

“Is Damian asleep? He woke up very early this morning. He must be exhausted by now.”

“Yep.” Stroking her face, Matthew lifted her chin as he leaned forward and kissed her. He

wanted more but was stopped by Clarissa.

Seeing his big eyes up close, she was mesmerized. Matthew chuckled lightly before

releasing her.

“Have you been busy lately?”

Her eye twitched. “Well, I’m always busy. Sometimes, Yael gives me a lot of tasks. So I’m

quite tied up.”

“I see...”

Moments later, Matthew smiled and switched to a different subject.

“Shall we go for a vacation during the festive season?”

Clarissa nodded almost immediately. “Sure! Where should we go? It’s the holiday season,

I’m sure everywhere is going to be super crowded. I don’t want to travel when it’s the peak

season.”

“I’ll look for the perfect place to go, as long as you say yes.”

“Why do you sound so pitiful? Anyway, it’s the holidays, I doubt there’s a place that is not

packed.”

There was a sparkle in Matthew’s eyes. “Who knows? Perhaps I could find a special

location, right?” he said casually.

Nodding indifferently, Clarissa suggested, “Okay, you can decide. When the time comes, I’ll

bring Damian over to Grandma’s place for several days before we go on our trip. All right?”

“Sure.”

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 335

Clarissa stayed in Matthew’s office for quite a while. By the time

Matthew threw himself into

work, Damian was still fast asleep.

Feeling rather bored, she decided to head downstairs to her studio instead of lingering

around Matthew although the latter would appreciate her presence very much.

The elevator that she took stopped on one of the floors and Avery

walked in. Clarissa put on

a blank face and ignored her.

I can’t stop her from behaving the way she wants, but I can choose to let it go.

Though I pretend to get jealous in front of Matthew sometimes, I can’t deny the fact that

there will always be various women surrounding him, including some very outstanding

individuals.

From his former schoolmates to the group of talented staff that he has, and the long list of

socialites in his circle, Avery is nothing compared to them.

Although Matthew was married, it was almost impossible to stop those women with ulterior

motives from getting near him because he was such a great guy. Hence, Clarissa could only

be vigilant about it and tried to be on her toes all the time. In the end, the success of their

marriage would depend on the man’s character and integrity.

If Matthew wanted to cheat on Clarissa, she would not be able to find out.

Therefore, she was not bothered about Avery's existence.

Meanwhile, Avery's expression darkened at the sight of Clarissa. She felt so uncomfortable

being around the latter.

I guess she must be scheming something. She's probably better at this than Helen.

Clarissa did not even take a glance at Avery. Her eyes were glued to her phone, waiting for

the elevator to go down.

Ring!

Clarissa lifted her head and strode out of the elevator.

Right then, Avery called out to her, "Ms. Quigley."

Clarissa turned around, only to find Avery holding her bag tightly, her pale fingernails dug

deep into the strap.

How strong is her grip?

Remaining emotionless, she asked, "What is it, Ms. Alston?"

"Ms. Quigley, I... I don't have any ill intentions. Like all the majority of the women who have a

crush on the president, I'll only admire him from afar."

Clarissa did not respond to her, neither did she show her any expression.

"Ms. Quigley, I think you can understand where I'm coming from. I'm not asking for anything.

I was employed because of my capabilities and strengths. I didn't rely on despicable means

to attain any career opportunities."

Clarissa remained silent.

"Ms. Quigley, I'd like to apologize for rejecting your request previously. I did that for my own

sake, not because of work restrictions. As far as official business matters are concerned,

your request will indeed not be approved by the management. I do uphold a high level of

professionalism at work."

Clarissa was perplexed at Avery's sudden confession.

After her long sharing, Avery gazed at Clarissa, anticipating a response.

Clarissa cut to the chase, “Ms. Alston, why are you telling me all these?”  
“I just want to express my stance and share my thoughts with you, Ms. Quigley.”

“Oh, okay. And then what? Are you hoping that I won’t take revenge on you by asking Matthew to fire you?”

Avery’s eyes glinted. Yet, she spoke with pride, “I don’t think that Mr. Tyson will ever fire a person hastily.”

“I see. What are you implying then?”

“I...”

Before Avery could defend herself, Clarissa interrupted her, “Ms. Alston, why did you tell me so much? Do you think that I’m a fool? Are you treating me like one?”

Clarissa’s tone was calm, but her words still managed to send a cold chill down Avery’s spine, making the latter’s face turn pale.

“Based on your expression, you must be thinking that a gorgeous woman like me has no brains. Thus, you approached me and babbled on. Firstly, you justified your actions by stating the mere fact that most women have a crush on my husband. But does that make you innocent or give you any right to carry on coveting other people’s husbands? Does it also mean that I should allow you to do so? Secondly, you indirectly praised yourself for scoring a job at Tyson Corporation. Are you trying to imply that you’re more intelligent than I am? Thirdly, you firmly asserted that you rejected my request on a professional ground. So, if I were to hold any grudges against you and take any act of revenge on you, I’d be seen as the ungracious and cruel one. Right?”

The color drained out of Avery’s face rapidly. She seemed a little scared and intimidated.

Yet, her ego would not allow her to admit that Clarissa was right about her.

“Ms. Quigley...”

“Ms. Alston, I believe that everyone here knows I’m Matthew’s wife. But look at how pretentious you are, still addressing me as Ms. Quigley.” Clarissa spoke harshly.

Anyone without a hidden agenda would gladly call me Mrs. Tyson. Avery is indeed a smart girl, but she’s too smart for her own good, thinking that everyone else is a fool!

At that instant, Avery’s words fell dead on her lips.

Clarissa smirked coldly. Without saying a word, she turned away and left for her studio.

She could not care less about Avery.

As soon as she opened the door to her studio, she saw Mandy and a few others

eavesdropping by the wall, giving her a sly grin.

Mandy did not feel bad about snooping around. Conversely, she walked to Clarissa and

exclaimed angrily, “Who does she think she is that she dares to pull a trick right under your

nose? Clarissa, let’s just fire her! One rotten apple spoils the barrel.”

Clarissa replied nonchalantly, “You heard her. No employer will simply sack an employee without reason.”

“B-But, she’s just so full of herself! Can’t we just get her to scram already?”

“Can you?” Clarissa asked, casting a look at Mandy.

Feeling embarrassed, Mandy explained, “Of course not, only Mr. Tyson can do so.”

“Anyway, I don’t care about her and I’m not in a position to meddle in the internal matters of

another company either. What I want to say is that I’m not going to interfere at all. So, how’s

the hiring process coming along for our studio? Aren’t we looking for a human resource

manager? Have you found anyone who makes the cut?”

Clarissa is too kind. Mandy muttered in her heart.

“I’ve identified a headhunter to help us with that. Usually, many people want to take a break during the long holidays. I’m sure things will pick up thereafter,” Mandy reported.

“Yup. I’ve seen the interior rendering ideas. There’s something I need to discuss with Charles...”

Everyone started to focus on their work again. Upon returning to her seat, Mandy initiated a

quiet discussion with the gang she eavesdropped with earlier.

Enraged, she cursed, “That cunning woman should be dismissed right away! It’s just plain

annoying to see her around in the company even if she does nothing.

Clarissa is too

sympathetic.”

“Exactly! Avery is simply despicable. I’m so furious at how she deliberately challenged

Clarissa. If I were her, I’d give Avery two tight slaps on the spot just to make sure she knows

who’s the boss!”

“I doubt two slaps will be enough. If Clarissa remains a softie, people will begin to think that

she’s an easy target. What should we do? Shall we help her establish a revering reputation

as Mrs. Tyson?”

“I think there’s a need for us to do that. Although Clarissa isn’t calculative, her inaction often

makes the other party take advantage of her. If this rumor goes around, Clarissa will be

regarded as a weakling that anyone can bully.”

“You’re right, I concur with your thoughts. So, how should we go about this?”

The two exchanged glances and pondered over it.

Subsequently, Mandy went through her phonebook and cautiously showed a number to her

colleagues.

They all gasped in astonishment. “You have Mr. Tyson’s phone number and you didn’t even

tell us all this while, Mandy? By the way, is this his WhatsApp number? I want to add him so badly...”

Mandy rolled her eyes. “Even I don’t have the guts to add him. Besides, even if you add him, will you text him? I doubt Mr. Tyson posts anything on his WhatsApp story. It might just be a business account.”

“True. Well then, why don’t you give Mr. Tyson a call and inform him that Clarissa was bullied by that woman? So that he can stand up for Clarissa.”

“Um... I don’t think I have the courage to do it...”

“Same here...”

Hesitating, the two of them stared at each other. After contemplating for a long time, they still could not muster up the courage to make the call.

The thought of starting a conversation with Matthew terrified them.

Fortunately for them, the problem was solved later in the afternoon when Matthew carried Damian to the studio.

Mandy gestured to her colleague to take action but to no avail. Suddenly, she had an idea

when she saw Clarissa playing with her son.

Who says that I must complain to Mr. Tyson personally?

“Oh hey, Clarissa, can I play with Damian? Aren’t you still in a discussion with Yael? Why don’t you let me take care of the boy...”

Her colleague seemed to have caught what Mandy had in mind and followed suit.

The two of them acted like kidnappers, coaxing Damian to get inside the conference room before shutting the door behind them.

After having family dinner in the evening, Damian insisted to stick around Matthew, saying that he wanted to bring him upstairs for a private chat.

“Mommy, you’re not allowed to eavesdrop. This is my secret with Daddy.”

Clarissa was amused. Since when does the duo have a secret?

Instead of being curious, she warned, "Sure, go ahead and share any secrets you have.

Matthew, don't give him any sweets, okay?"

Damian pulled a long face at Clarissa. Then, he hugged Matthew and sat firmly on his

strong arm. "I won't snack, Mommy."

Matthew doted on his son and they both went upstairs as planned.

I'm sure their conversations will revolve around Damian's favorite toys or food. Perhaps they

might also talk about the physical differences between them too.

Clarissa chuckled at that thought. She had given Matthew full authority to educate Damian

about his body. That's the secret between the boys which they can't let me know. Now, it's

up to Matthew to answer the questions posted by the little fellow.

Clarissa laughed while shaking her head. Just as she was about to play some games on her

phone, it chimed. It was her grandmother calling.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter

336

Catherine sounded like she was in a dilemma over the phone.

"Clare, actually, it's your Aunt Gloria who needs your help. Even though I don't want to see

her as well, it is a matter of life and death, so..."

Before Catherine could finish her sentence, Clarissa could already hear Gloria bawling on

the other end of the line.

"Oh! My poor daughter! Clary, I'll kneel down to you if you would save my daughter. Please

save Mimi! Please forgive me and help me this once..."

Clarissa frowned. Even without seeing her in person, Clarissa could imagine the way Gloria

was kicking up a fuss.

Clarissa said to her grandmother, "Did she force you to do this? If you don't feel comfortable

telling me now, just get Jenny to chase her away. I will let Jenny know.

But if you really feel

like helping her, you can let me know as well. As long as it is within my means, I will definitely help.”

Catherine understood what Clarissa meant and let out a sigh.

“Clare, let’s just help her if it’s possible. However, I am quite certain that she did not tell me

the whole truth. So, if in the midst of helping her, you realize something does not seem right,

you can stop anytime. Feel free to exercise your own judgment.”

“Sure. Pass the phone to her and let her tell me what exactly happened, then.”

Catherine passed the phone to Gloria immediately. When Gloria took over the phone and

was about to start crying again, Clarissa shut her up with one sentence before she could do

that.

“If you start crying, I might not have the patience to listen to your story.”

Gloria kept quiet at once after hearing that.

“Just get straight to the point.”

Sounding slightly timid, Gloria started speaking softly, “Mimi was captured but she’s

innocent! Even though she can be quite selfish, she does not have any malicious intent...”

“Be clear. Who captured her?”

A sense of guilt rose in Gloria’s chest and she answered in an even weaker voice, “The

p-police.”

“What did you say?”

“The p-police.”

Clarissa sighed when she heard what her aunt said.

Gloria rushed to explain, “Clary, I’m sure the police made a mistake. My dear Mimi would

never commit any crimes. I’m sure of that. She’s such a good kid, she won’t...”

“If you’re so sure that she’s innocent, why should you be afraid? The police won’t wrongly

accuse anyone. You should just wait for them to investigate.”

“No no, Clary, Mimi is definitely innocent. But the people in there will hurt her. Besides, she... she...”

Just then, Clarissa saw Matthew carrying Damian downstairs. Apparently, the father-son pair had already finished talking about their secret.

Running out of patience, she said straightforwardly, “If you want me to save Mimi, you have

to tell me the truth. Otherwise, I have no time to waste with you.”

Gloria hesitated and did not speak for a long time. As such, Clarissa ended the call without

waiting for her any longer.

“Mommy... Mommy... Are you upset?”

Damian wriggled out of his father’s arms and ran toward Clarissa, who was sitting on the

couch. Climbing onto the sofa and into his mother’s arms, the boy stroked Clarissa’s face

lovingly.

Clarissa smiled and pouted before complaining, “Yeah, I’m upset.

Because my darling didn’t

share his secret with me. I feel so left out. That’s why I’m upset.”

Damian felt bad at once and patted Clarissa’s shoulders gently before putting his chubby

arms around her neck.

“Mommy, don’t be angry,” the boy said before planting a kiss on her cheeks in a perfunctory

manner, acting just like a teenager.

“There, I’ll give you a kiss so you can’t be upset anymore.”

In the end, Damian still did not let Clarissa in on the secret.

Clarissa looked toward Matthew, but the smile on the man’s face clearly told her that he had

no intention of getting involved.

As such, Clarissa had no choice but to give up knowing. She hugged her son tightly and

gave him a forceful kiss on his cheek. The boy chuckled and started playing with her.

“Daddy, Daddy! Help! Help me...”

Clarissa pretended to be a witch and started teasing Damian while Damian pretended to be really frightened and started screaming for help. He even started giving instructions to Clarissa on what to say and telling her how he would react. Not only was he engrossed in playing his part as an actor, but the boy was also trying to be a director, briefing the adults on what to do. However, after just a while, the family's play was interrupted as Clarissa's phone rang again. She took a glance at the number and picked up. It was Catherine on the line as Gloria had probably known that Clarissa would not be willing to answer her call, given the way their previous conversation ended. "Clary, I've managed to find out what happened. It was Mimi's boyfriend who was suspected of committing the crime. She was also under suspicion and arrested only because she was close to him. Mimi doesn't really know anything about it. Perhaps, she is really innocent, so..."

Clarissa understood what her grandmother wanted to say and replied, "I'll get Matthew to ask around." Catherine kept quiet at the mention of Matthew. Since the man was brought into the conversation, Catherine knew that she should not speak any further. In fact, all of them knew very well what the truth was. "If she's really innocent, this will be the last time we are helping her. However, if it turns out that she's guilty, we won't bother about her anymore." Clarissa let out a sigh after the call ended. Then, she rested her chin casually on the couch's armrest and looked at Matthew. Imitating his mother, Damian also let out a sigh and rested on Clarissa.

Matthew, who was seated across the mother-son pair, smiled affectionately at his family.

“Hubby... I need your help.”

“Hubby... I need your help.” Damian echoed her words cheekily.

Amused, Clarissa let out a chuckle before turning around to face her son and said, “He’s my hubby, not yours.”

Damian giggled and said, ““He’s my hubby, not yours.”

“You little rascal!”

“You little rascal!”

Clarissa immediately turned around, and wearing a pitiful expression, she threw herself into

Matthew’s arms. “Hubby, Damian is bullying me,” she whined.

Damian rushed toward his father in small steps and ran into his arms as well, saying,

“Hubby, Mommy is bullying me.”

Speechless, Matthew hugged them in one arm each and looked at the two people he loved

most before planting consecutive kisses on their cheeks.

Clarissa smiled as she and Matthew locked eyes.

Finally, that was a moment that could not be interrupted by Damian.

The boy could only stare with his big eyes while his parents exchange loving glances at

each other. Of course, he did not fully understand how romantic love between adults was

like yet.

As such, he did not hesitate to disrupt their loving moment.

“Mommy, was it great-grandma who called just now? I miss her so much.”

Clarissa stroked her son’s face and replied, “Just wait for a while more.

We will visit her

during the festive season.”

“Can’t we go see her now?”

“Haven’t you been video calling great-grandma?”

“But I like it when great-grandma hold me in her arms.”

Clarissa gave a peck on the boy’s forehead and replied, “The festive season is coming real

soon. Alright now, let's go wash up and prepare to go to bed. I have a new story to tell you..."

After getting up from Matthew's arms, Clarissa carried Damian upstairs. When Clarissa finally went back to her room after the boy fell asleep, Matthew was already

laying on the bed. Seeing that, Clarissa climbed onto the bed at once and settled in

Matthew's arms.

He stroked her cheeks gently while asking in his deep and husky voice,

"Is there something

you want to tell me?"

"Yup, Mimi was arrested by the police because of her association with a man who has

committed a crime. He's probably her lover. As for whether she was personally involved in

the crime, I'm not sure. But at least, it's possible that she wasn't."

Clearly, Clarissa was not very willing to take a stand. She pursed her lips and continued, "But

I'm quite sure that given Mimi's character, it's highly unlikely that she's completely kept in the

dark about the crime. After all, she's greedy, vain, enjoys stirring up trouble..."

It was a rare occasion to hear Clarissa speaking ill of others.

Matthew found her behavior rather adorable as he had never expected her to badmouth

anyone.

"Why are you smiling?" Feeling puzzled, Clarissa asked when she noticed the strange smile

on Matthew's face.

"It's nothing. I just think that my dear Clare is too adorable."

After he replied, he lowered his head and kissed Clarissa on her lips. The two of them were

intertwined in a deep kiss for a while before Clarissa pushed him away as she had serious

matters to talk to him about.

"Grandma wants me to help. If Mimi is really innocent, let's just help with her release as

soon as possible. If she's indeed guilty, we will wash our hands of it. So, Hubby, can I entrust this task to you? Please?"

Matthew let out a deep chuckle and replied, "Sure. I'll do anything my wife asks me to do."

After the matter was settled, the two of them wasted no time doing the thing couples

usually did in bed at night.

Matthew was highly efficient in handling the matter which Clarissa had asked him to help

with, making progress the next day.

Clarissa arrived at Tyson Corporation after leaving the publisher's premises.

Just as she reached the underground parking lot and was about to head upstairs, she saw

Avery, who was ashen-faced. The woman was carrying a box filled with her belongings and

seemed like she had been fired from the company.

Even though Clarissa was rather shocked, she did not ask any questions.

She merely walked

past Avery, keeping an indifferent expression, and entered the lift.

As for Avery, she stood outside the lift, looking even worse than a while ago.

She was furious and jealous at the same time. Avery was so full of hatred that she wished

she could vent her frustrations on Clarissa. However, she understood that Clarissa was

Matthew's wife and one word from that woman would be enough to destroy her future

anywhere else. If that was what Avery wanted, she would not hesitate to take revenge on

Clarissa.

Obviously, Avery did not dare to do that.

No matter how resentful she was, the truth was that she was an employee who was easily

dispensable.

Meanwhile, when Clarissa reached the top floor, she saw Matthew, who told her what he

found out about Mimi.

Not surprised by what she heard, Clarissa replied, "She brought all these upon herself. Even

though she did not take part in the crime, taking drugs is also a serious offense. We

shouldn't bother ourselves with helping her anymore."

After that, she took a look at Matthew, who was looking nonchalant.

Suddenly, Clarissa let

out a chuckle and walked over to him coquettishly before leaning on his table and said,

"Matthew, should I give you a reward?"

The man cocked his brows and replied, "Why?"

Clarissa blinked her eyes playfully and replied, "I guess it's because you love me so much..."

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 337

Matthew must have found out what Avery did, hence her dismissal.

As for how he got to know of it, Clarissa reckoned that Mandy was probably behind it.

Although Clarissa felt helpless, she nevertheless felt thankful toward Mandy for being

indignant on her behalf.

Matthew reacted lightheartedly to Clarissa's answer, merely smiling placidly with his arms

folded on the table.

"Clare, what do you mean that you guess? Are you unsure of how much I love you?"

Clarissa giggled. She walked across that wide expanse of a table. Bending over, she planted

a passionate kiss on Matthew's lips.

"All right, you've proved your point," Matthew said with a laugh.

"I saw Avery when I was coming upstairs. She looked as if she got fired."

"Who's that?" Matthew asked curiously.

The moment the words left his mouth, however, it quickly dawned on him that the woman in

question, Avery, was the employee who he had intended to fire that morning.

Even up to that point, he could not remember the name of the person he had fired.

Of course, Matthew was too clever to be forgetful with names. It was simply because

Clarissa had shown signs of jealousy that he had pretended to have forgotten Avery's name

in order to appease Clarissa.

He had selectively chosen not to retain Avery's name in his memory, to the delight of

Clarissa.

"You know, the woman under your employ," Clarissa reminded him with a smile. "Anyway,

that doesn't matter now. You don't need to know her name."

With that, she turned away and called Catherine to inform her about Mimi.

When the call got through, Clarissa heard Gloria's voice on the other end and wondered if

she was constantly by Catherine's side.

She knew her Aunt Gloria well enough to know that she wouldn't give up so easily.

Getting straight to the point, Clarissa said, "Mimi isn't exactly innocent.

She has taken her

fair share of drugs, amongst other things. It is unreasonable for me to intervene to save

someone who is guilty. Besides, I obviously do not have the authority to do so. It'd be for the

best if you could stop pestering Grandma about this. If you keep bothering her, I'm afraid

that even if I don't have the power to save Mimi, I would do something to actually extend her

stay in prison. And don't try to guilt-trip me by saying that we're family either. We are not related."

Gloria was sobbing on the other end. However, Clarissa was firm in her belief that her

warning would be heeded for a long time.

After the phone call, Clarissa lounged back against the couch, feeling rather tired.

“Bad news seems to come knocking one after another recently,” Clarissa complained to

Matthew. “I have never been as busy as I am now dealing with nonsense like these.”

It was true. Clarissa had faced all sorts of unfortunate incidents upon her return to D City,

especially as the festive season was fast approaching. All she had wanted to do was to

have a good rest. Instead, she was plagued by an incessant torrent of problems.

Matthew sat next to Clarissa, pulling her close to him.

“Perhaps this isn’t all bad,” Matthew mused.

“What’s not all bad?” Clarissa glared at him fiercely.

“The fact that you are dealing with all of this before the festive season.

After that, there

would be nothing left to spoil your mood.”

“Good point,” Clarissa concurred. “It’s a good thing that these fiascos are happening before

the festive season. I would strangle the troublemakers if anything else happens after that.”

With her head snuggled against Matthew’s chest as she ranted, Clarissa felt much better.

“During the festive season, besides going to Grandma’s place, all of our remaining time will

be devoted to taking Damian out. I’m shutting off my phone as I’m sick of these people

interrupting our vacation,” Clarissa said gloomily.

“You do that.” Matthew smiled warmly down at her.

Clarissa had received many invitations from various companies and media that she was

affiliated with when the festive season was approaching.

Seated on the carpet with Damian who was quietly occupied with completing a jigsaw

puzzle, Clarissa browsed through her stack of invitations.

She was unable to decide which event to attend. Finally, she resorted to asking for Yael’s

advice.

Yael had picked out several which were compulsory for Clarissa to attend. As for the rest, her presence was not mandatory.

“I don’t want to attend even one. Is that possible?” Clarissa asked in despair.

Yael grinned, looking somewhat like a shark baring its teeth. “You could try if you’d like your new show to go up in flames. Of course, you could get your husband’s investment which will grant you the freedom of not having to attend anything or to curry the favor of any investors.”

Yael knew that that was something Clarissa wouldn’t be able to do. Hence, she couldn’t resist teasing the latter.

If Clarissa had to pick, she would rather attend the literary festival or the television drama

award show. It would be easier for her to find an investor interested in her project as there would likely be more people she knew in those events.

But what would Matthew say if I attended?

Clarissa was trying on clothes while Matthew, who was sitting aside, kept finding faults with her dresses, using excuses ranging from them being too revealing to not being warm enough.

“Matthew, there would be air conditioning there, all right? It wouldn’t be cold.”

He did not respond. Rather, his eyes showed signs of displeasure at the long dress which exposed her shoulders suggestively.

He walked over to Clarissa and stroked her collarbone with a slender finger. “Clarissa, my darling. You were very fond of dresses like this, weren’t you?” he asked quietly.

Matthew recalled the period he was courting Clarissa. She frequently wore dresses that displayed her shoulders.

At that time, he was deeply enamored by how attractive she looked in them. However, he was reluctant to allow her to wear such a dress out in public because he did not want others to ogle at her bare shoulders.

Clarissa giggled. "You still remember? You used to criticize my taste in dresses."

Matthew chuckled. "Dresses? It's hardly considered a dress if I could get it off of you with one tug."

As he said that, he grabbed Clarissa by the waist. With just a tiny yank, the dress would

come off easily as it did not even have a strap around her neck.

He tugged at her dress threateningly to Clarissa's alarm.

What a childish man! Clarissa thought to herself as she met Matthew's eyes. Neither was willing to give in to the other.

Just as the dress was about to slip off Clarissa's smooth shoulders, she caved and hastily

tugged on her dress to prevent it from falling off of her.

"Could you not be so childish? Besides, only my neck is exposed in this dress! Other women

would flaunt their thighs or breasts or back. Do you think their husbands or boyfriends

would ban them from wearing dresses like that? If you insist upon this, I might as well wrap myself up and stay home."

Men are such dense creatures! Clarissa thought angrily, though she did not dare voice it out.

Matthew's cold smile remained unchanged in the face of her indignation.

"I don't care what anyone else thinks. You are my wife. I care."

"It doesn't matter that you care. I'm wearing this dress as I like the way it looks."

"Then, I'm afraid you're not going anywhere."

"Matthew!" Clarissa lost her temper.

Matthew stood firm on his decision. With the tense atmosphere between the couple, the

retail assistant did not dare approach them. They had more conservative designs at the store, though they were few in number. After all, it was a fashion trend to expose some areas as dresses that fully covered a woman was deemed old-fashioned. From Clarissa's point of view, her dressing was already very conservative since nothing below her neck was exposed. It seemed that Matthew was as controlling as the rumors on the Internet claimed. Clarissa wondered if having a passionate and domineering CEO as a husband was really as poetically romantic as they claimed. Nonetheless, she had enough. Ordinarily, she would have accommodated Matthew. But for some reason, she decided to be firm with her decision this time. As long as she had set her sights on an outfit of her choosing, nothing he said could dissuade her. Turning around in a huff to face away from Matthew, Clarissa returned to the changing room to change back into the clothes she came in. "I'm taking this dress," she said tartly without even hesitating over the price tag, doing so to prove a point to her husband. The storekeeper glanced timidly at Matthew's thunderous face. However, her intuition led her to side with Clarissa. "Yes, Mrs. Tyson," she said with a smile that betrayed the slightest hint of a tremor. Aside from the dress, Clarissa had picked out matching heels and accessories for her hair.

After arranging for all of her shopping to be delivered to Zen Highlands, Clarissa exited the store with Matthew following closely behind. He remained doggedly behind her the entire time she wandered about in a temper, refusing to return home.

Clarissa ignored him, even going as far as to enter a lingerie store with the hopes of shaking him off. To her dismay and his complete lack of shame, Matthew strolled in calmly behind her, looking haughty and cold. He was not about to be scared off that easily. However, the retail assistant was quite ready to stay as far away as she could from his disagreeable scowl. Thus, the striking couple walked around the mall in a single file. Their presence must have exuded a commanding aura as they attracted curious looks from the other shoppers. Many of them knew Matthew personally. As such, it did not take much effort to deduce the identity of the woman with him. At the strange sight of Matthew walking behind his wife, it seemed to the bystanders that the couple was more akin to a princess and her servant rather than wife and husband. Some of them were amused by the obvious fact that there had been a spat between the couple and Clarissa was obviously not happy about something. The tales on the Internet about Matthew being a passionate and domineering CEO seemed to contrast greatly with the fact that he was having a fight with his wife, which the bystanders thought was rare and amusing. Soon, by the power of word of mouth, the entire mall was aware of the couple's fight. By some miracle, they had even managed to deduce the reason for their disagreement. Soon, almost everybody knew that Matthew was not happy with his wife's choice of dressing. It was obvious that Matthew loved his wife, or else he would not be this upset over something as arbitrary as that. He even walked sulkily behind his wife without attempting to coax her into reconciliation. His predicament would have evoked a sense of pity if it were not for the scowl on his face.

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It was obvious to the bystanders that Miserable Matt, as they called him, was the submissive one in the marriage.

That was the impression that Matthew had left. The sight of him walking meekly behind his wife was amusing and pitiful.

Not content with just talking about it, some of them even took photographs of Matthew to be posted online. Even in them, his annoyed gaze upon Clarissa was evident.

Spurred by the vivid descriptions and amusing circumstances, the Internet's interest in Matthew made him a trending topic once again.

When the couple had gotten into the car after Clarissa was finally done, their phones rang with notifications on the unflattering images and Matthew's new moniker.

"Hmph! I think 'Dramatic Matt' is more appropriate," said Clarissa with a disdainful glare at Matthew.

Matthew was a naturally gifted actor, and Clarissa understood that the entire charade was a farce. Unfortunately for her, she knew that she would be in for a thorough scolding the moment they reached home.

At the sound of her voice, Matthew looked up. Her stern glare made Matthew feel as if he had done something heinous and unforgivable.

"Clarissa, what did I do this time to earn your ire?" Matthew asked shamelessly.

"Stop pretending, Matthew." Clarissa laughed coldly. "I'm sure you are well aware of what you did."

Matthew shrugged. "I really am not."

“You’re full of rubbish!” Clarissa employed the same phrase she used to describe her son

previously. Like father, like son.

“Clare, I really don’t get what you mean,” Matthew persisted.

Clarissa’s smile was dangerously icy as her tolerance for his feigned ignorance ran thin.

“Matthew, you wouldn’t have the patience to walk behind me all day if you really were upset,

would you? You would have just hauled me back home instead of following me around and

carrying my bags. If that wasn’t a show, I don’t know what is. I don’t believe for a second

that you’re not aware that you’re a celebrity around these parts and that the other shoppers

knew who you were. You got what you wanted, didn’t you? For everybody on the Internet to

know that you’re such a wonderful husband that you wouldn’t leave me no matter how badly

I had treated you. You’re a sly b\*stard, Matthew.”

Matthew was not about to defend himself. Instead, he asked her a question in return. “So,

you’re expecting me to haul you back home?”

Clarissa was rendered speechless. However, she quickly recovered for a retort. “Don’t

change the subject! The point is that you planned the whole thing out to make me look bad.

You...”

“Yes, I did. But you enjoyed it, didn’t you?” Matthew cut her off.

“I... Matthew Tyson! Shut the hell up!” Clarissa exclaimed.

Mischief flitted across Matthew’s eyes. Forced to comply with Clarissa’s wishes to avoid a

quarrel, he simply shrugged and dropped the subject in the face of his wife’s rising anger. If

he pushed her any harder, he would have hell to pay. She’ll cool down soon.

They sat in silence as Clarissa stared out the window.

Matthew, on the other hand, waited patiently for Clarissa’s anger to subside. Soon after, she

turned to face him, clearly still peeved. There was still a flash of anger in her bright eyes.

Matthew was aroused at his wife's passion, as he thought that her flushed cheeks were very attractive. He wanted to kiss her and hold her in his arms badly. His fantasy went unnoticed by Clarissa, however, as she was still stewing in her own rage.

"Matthew, even if the entire world thinks of me as a horrible wife, I'm still going to wear whatever the hell I want. In fact, I'll be happier the more revealing my dress is. Be Miserable Matt all you want, I don't give a d\*mn."

"I really did not act miserable, you know." Matthew endeavored to defend himself once more.

Clarissa rolled her eyes. She was not going to give him the satisfaction of getting on her nerves.

The remainder of the journey home was spent in uneasy silence.

Back at Zen Highlands, Clarissa opted to spend time with Damian over speaking to Matthew.

As for Matthew, he had made no attempt to reconcile with her as well.

The atmosphere

between them was so tense that even little Damian could tell that something was wrong.

His gaze lingered on his mother who was playing with him, and then on his father who sat in silence in the corner.

Children were intuitive. Even if their parents did not outwardly quarrel, they could sense that something was wrong.

Damian was similarly affected. "Mommy, why don't you give Daddy a kiss?" he asked

Clarissa innocently.

Clarissa glanced uneasily at Matthew who looked as startled as she felt.

"Damian, why do you ask that?" Clarissa turned away from Matthew to face her son.

"Because you haven't kissed each other today."

It was a routine of theirs that they had yet to complete that day to Damian's surprise. He was actually a very bright child who acted ignorantly. He is so much like his father, Clarissa thought with a resigned sigh. She was placed in a precarious position by Damian. Though visibly annoyed, she could not bear to lose her temper at him.

Damian fluttered his long eyelashes as he awaited his mother's response to his proposition, looking like the embodiment of Cupid. Clarissa knew her son well. When he was in a bratty mood, Damian behaved the exact opposite, like a hyperactive little demon running amok. At least he isn't bratty right now. Clarissa racked her brain for an excuse as to why she did not want to kiss Matthew. However, Matthew had other ideas. In the blink of an eye, he had appeared next to her and aimed a swift peck at the corner of her mouth. He then sat back down, grinning at his wife and son. Damian had been taken aback by his father's sudden movement. Instinctively, he turned toward his mother to see how she would respond. Clarissa's expression was of clear displeasure. She gritted her teeth and bit back a retort that rose to her lips. She could not lose her temper in front of Damian. Instead, she forced herself to smile at Damian, looking more like she had a toothache. It was comical to see all of her teeth on display in such an unnatural fashion. Damian imitated his mother in delight. As he bared his teeth, Clarissa could not help but laugh at how ridiculous it looked. It was in this manner that everybody's mood had lightened.

With the help of their son, the tension between the couple seemed to have abated slightly.

However, as soon as Damian was put to bed, Clarissa promptly strode off into the guest

room armed with only a pillow.

Matthew rubbed his temples as he laughed resignedly at his wife's obstinance.

Is she really going to hold a grudge?

With a sigh, he decided to leave her alone for the time being. Waiting until Clarissa was

sleeping soundly in the middle of the night, Matthew crept into the guest room and carried

her back into the master bedroom they shared.

It was at this point that Clarissa's old habits kicked in. Unconscious of the resentment she

held for her husband, she turned toward him and burrowed her head into his chest as she

snored softly.

Matthew smiled affectionately as he kissed Clarissa lightly on the lips. He had only intended

on giving her a kiss but in his passion, he ran his hands all over her body.

Clarissa slept so

soundly that she did not even notice his eager fingers to put up any form of resistance.

The following morning, Clarissa awoke in bewilderment when she found herself in a

different room than the one she fell asleep in. As she brushed her teeth, she caught a

glimpse of Matthew coming up the stairs, fresh from his morning run.

Her anger at him

seemed to have vanished as she smiled at him.

Matthew made a mental note not to remind Clarissa of the previous night as he kissed her

good morning. When Clarissa was in the shower, she stared at her reflection for a long time

before recalling the events of the day before, frowning as she did so.

Her sluggishness after a good night's sleep had erased from her memory the fact that she

had been upset with Matthew the day before, even vowing to herself that she would not forgive him that easily. I guess that vow did not last very long, huh. Matthew saw from the expression on Clarissa's face as she descended the stairs for breakfast that she was no longer groggy for him to take advantage of. Damian had run downstairs in excitement, for some reason determined to play with the vacuum cleaner. Here comes his bratty mood. Failing to notice the impending storm from his mother's expression, Damian ran about, fueled by the excitement that came seemingly out of nowhere. "Damian, if you don't get here this instant for breakfast, you won't be eating anything today." The threat fell on deaf ears as the boy laughed and giggled in his own amusement. Clarissa took a deep breath to steady herself. "Damian, time to have breakfast!"

Damian was instantly subdued as he detected the whiff of danger from his mother's second warning. Matthew strode over, lifted Damian off his feet, and sat him down at his spot at the dining table. "Your mother is angry, son." Damian did not need to be told another time. Alright. Enough messing around, he chastised himself. To repair the damage he had caused, Damian attempted to make his mother laugh. He made funny faces that he knew his mother liked, but to no avail. Clarissa remained as stony-faced as ever without even looking at him. Damian hung his head in embarrassment, having failed to evoke a response out of her. After a bite of his sandwich, he became distracted again. "Mommy..." he whined softly. Clarissa ignored him.

“Mommy?” he repeated, a little louder this time.

“What is it?” Clarissa snapped.

“Mommy, I love you so much.”

Clarissa glared at the boy who had a smile on his face that she knew too well. It was the

smile he used when he wanted to curry favor with her.

What a little angel.

Clarissa couldn't bear it any longer. Returning his smile, she rapped her knuckles lightly on

her son's head. “If you're going to be a naughty boy, there will be no meals for you today.”

“I'll be good, Mommy.”

Clarissa snorted. “I'm sure you will. You're just like...”

You're just like your father.

Clarissa was about to make that remark but upon catching Matthew's eye, she fought that

impulse, opting to stare coldly at him instead.

“Clare, I'll be good too! Don't be angry anymore, please? Smile for me.”

“No, I won't.”

My, my, the difference in how she's treating us is astounding...

Matthew was indignant at her double standards. The boy could charm Clarissa just by

smiling. Why didn't my smile do anything?

After breakfast, Matthew did not receive a kiss as was their custom before he left to work.

It would be impossible for him to coax her back to normal in such a short amount of time.

As a desperate measure, Matthew grabbed Clarissa and kissed her hard, indifferent to her

struggles. After a long while, he let her go, satisfied that he had claimed the kiss he was

denied.

“Clare, please don't be angry anymore. Do you want me to kneel in apology? Would a

keyboard or a washboard hurt my knees more?”

“Go ahead, kneel for my forgiveness.”

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Are you kidding?

Matthew was taken aback. He did not expect his offer to be taken seriously.

It was a joke that he had cracked in the hopes of making Clarissa laugh to kneel on a keyboard or a washboard.

However, Clarissa had taken his word literally. She had even volunteered her own keyboard for his perusal.

She presented her keyboard to Matthew with a straight face. "It's a pretty expensive keyboard, I got it specifically for work. If this won't do, I'll go out and buy a washboard."

Matthew was convinced that his years of having a poker face had led him to nothing but trouble.

His beady eyes studied Clarissa's, searching for a twinkle of mischief in hers. To his horror, he did not find anything. She really was dead serious.

The couple faced each other as the atmosphere grew tense. However, Damian seemed to be enjoying himself. Covering his mouth in a failed attempt to disguise his laughter, he surveyed the increasingly awkward scene with interest.

Matthew was thinking hard of something to say to get out of this awful situation. After a long while, he spoke.

"Darling, I really must get to work."

Clarissa simply laughed. "Kneel when you get home, then."

Matthew chuckled nervously. "Well, I'm off to work," he mumbled before leaving in a hurry.

Clarissa watched Matthew's departing back, convinced that he was trying to get away from her as quickly as he could. It was the first time she had seen him lose his cool and run away from a confrontation.

Clarissa giggled uncontrollably, unable to hold it in any longer. That seemed to embolden

Damian as he let loose as well, though not quite understanding what was so funny to her.

At noon, Clarissa had tidied up a little before heading out to her event. Damian had been most supportive. As Clarissa revealed herself in full make-up, the boy couldn't stop applauding and praising his mother's beauty. "Mommy, you're so pretty!"

"Is that so? I think I'm pretty too," Clarissa mused. "Too bad your father doesn't know how to appreciate beauty like this. All right, I'm heading out now. Be good, Daddy will be home soon. I'll be home later tonight."

Damian sat on his little stool with his chin resting on his palms. His lips were pouted in an adorable manner.

"Mommy, I would like to come with you."

"But I'm going to work, Damian."

"I won't bother you," said Damian quickly. "I'll just be sitting quietly in a corner."

Clarissa shook her head vigorously. "No. I don't want people to know that I have such a cute son. What if you get kidnapped?"

Damian folded his arms, looking grave.

"Oh, my darling. How are you this adorable?" Clarissa hugged her son once more, unable to

resist his charm. After walking a few steps, she doubled back and kissed him on the cheek.

"I'm sorry, darling. I really couldn't take you."

"Hmph!" Damian turned and walked away from his mother without another word. Clarissa

glanced helplessly at Mrs. Lawson before departing.

Clarissa attended the television festival with Yael and several other colleagues. Though she

was never keen on attending red carpet events, the organizer had sent her such an

enthusiastic invitation that she did not have the heart to reject. She had also caved under

the pressure of her colleagues from the studio who had wanted to join in on the fun.

The colleagues from the studio had originally intended to attend the event on a low profile.

However, due to Clarissa's natural good looks, the attention of the crowd soon fell on her

and her companions, despite the attendance of other more extravagantly dressed and

made-up female celebrities. The reporters snapped photos indiscriminately as everybody

was looking gorgeous. After all, any one of them could turn out to be famous one day.

Clarissa maintained her smile for the cameras, albeit reluctantly as she was not used to this

sort of attention. Hanging on tightly to Yael, she hurriedly crossed the red carpet and into

the venue.

"It's freezing out here and my idol hasn't even shown up yet," came the grumble of one of the

adoring fans.

"Yes, it is cold tonight. But it's well worth it to be able to meet my future husband."

"Exactly what I mean. By the way, did you see that beautiful woman who had just passed

by? Do you know who that is? The host has not made any introductions yet. Do you think

she could be a newly debuted star?"

"I have no idea. She looks very fresh though. Not to mention the shawl over her dress, very

smart move to not expose anything."

"Why would it be smart? It's common to show some skin in an event like this. She'll stand

out as a weirdo."

"Who knows? I've taken a photo of her on my phone for some research on her identity when

I get home. I think she's gorgeous. The aesthetics of her face appeal to me a great deal."

The fans discussed animatedly about Clarissa as they tried to deduce her identity. However, there was one person in the crowd who knew exactly who she was. Terri was a big fan of Clarissa. With her attendance at events like this such a rare occurrence, Terri would not miss the opportunity to catch a glimpse of her idol in the flesh. It was beyond her wildest dreams to see Clarissa again after that time at the airport when the latter was accompanied by her young son. She recognized Clarissa, though she did not dare say how she did. Terri was willing to bet that Clarissa's photos would not be circulating the media by the following morning. With such good looks, why would she cover herself up in this manner? She surmised that Clarissa's husband was of a highly possessive nature, as no other explanation seemed likely. He probably didn't want the public ogling at his wife.

How romantic of him, Terri thought in admiration. As Clarissa sat herself down in the event hall, she realized that only Yael was assigned next to her. Her other colleagues had to sit all the way at the back. The people who surrounded Clarissa were celebrities of varying ages within the industry. She had also recognized several prolific screenwriters and authors with whom she was acquainted. Clarissa merely exchanged smiles by way of greeting as they were not close. "There are plenty of CEOs next to me," Yael whispered. "Do you see them? They're here to invest in the production of films and television just like ours." Clarissa glanced over to where Yael indicated and met their gaze. Startled, she smiled awkwardly back at them. One of them took it as a sign to initiate a conversation. "Ms. Fleming, Mrs. Tyson, pleasure to meet you."

With the ice broken, the rest took the opportunity to introduce themselves.

“Mrs. Tyson, how do you do?”

They know who I am! Am I really that famous?

Clarissa felt out of her depth. As she was reliant on their capital for her television series to move forward, she was forced to socialize in a setting that was unfamiliar to her.

“Hello, how do you do... Oh, you are too kind... I’ve heard that the series you’d invested in had raving reviews... Yes, talk of the town, it seems... Sold out everywhere! My word, you have a good eye for promising talent. Say, would you be interested in investing in my series? Oh, nothing is set in stone yet, just an idea that I have...”

It was in this manner, coupled with Yael interjecting helpfully at intervals, that Clarissa was

able to obtain the name cards of several prominent investors. She was thrilled by their

infectious enthusiasm in collaborating with her.

It was half the battle won by obtaining the confidence of deep-pocketed investors. With a

massive budget now in hand, all that was left to do was to assemble a crew, cast the actors,

schedule the shoots, manage the back end, and various other menial tasks. That was Yael’s

forte and will be handled by her.

Soon, Clarissa and her new acquaintances settled down as the event was about to start. It’s

not a wasted trip, after all. Clarissa was very pleased.

It turned out to be an enjoyable night even if Clarissa had not managed to secure the

investors. The host appeared strict with banter thrown in occasionally. He was especially

interactive with the attendees, which was when the subject of Clarissa came up.

“I have been informed that we have with us here tonight a star whose presence is a most

delightful surprise. Being possibly the most envied woman of recent times, her husband has made headlines for being protective of her, as I'm sure you have all heard. As for the lady herself, my word! It's the first time that I've laid eyes on such exquisite beauty. She's gorgeous and also a very promising screenwriter. If I were her husband, I would never let her out of my sight!"

It was clear to the attendees that the host was referring to Clarissa. As the crowd buzzed with curiosity, she felt anxious at the probability of the cameras turning toward her. The host gazed in her direction with a playful grin on his face.

"All right, all right, settle down. I know you are all dying to know what she looks like, aren't you? Well, no dice. Let's talk about another screenwriter instead. He has been on a creative streak this year. His numerous television series had..."

The public watching the live broadcast, who had been on the edge of the seat with anticipation from his description, wanted to yell at him for abruptly changing the topic.

At last, the host returned to the topic of Clarissa. "I am aware that our viewers at home are disappointed. But as you all know, the husband of this fine lady was trending on the news.

What a romantic gesture of dominance! Hence, to appease this powerful man, we won't be able to show her off to you for you to ogle at her. Think of it as us defending you from his wrath! Haha! I'm just pulling your leg. All right, now, for the moment we've been waiting for all night..."

Clarissa's nerves were strung to the extreme by the levity of the host.

Yael on the other hand found it highly amusing. "I'd thought that you'd show up here tonight

covered from head to foot. But I guess it's not so different from what I expected seeing the unnecessary shawl draped over your exposed shoulders. You're quite the obedient wife, after all."

"What?" Clarissa protested. "I'm just afraid of the cold, that's all. It has nothing to do with him."

"Ha! I'm sure you're right. I think, given the number of clues dropped by our host tonight, an observant viewer would be able to tell which one is Mrs. Tyson out of all the ladies here tonight. Look around you. All the women are exposing one part of their body or another. All except you."

Is it really that obvious? Clarissa thought anxiously. Hmm... It does sound plausible for someone to deduce my identity.

Everybody would be under the impression that I had caved to my husband's demands.

Bloody hell, all I wanted to do is to keep warm tonight! It has nothing to do with being afraid of him.

Clarissa had a nagging suspicion that this was Matthew's master plan all along. Keyboard or washboard, he is going to have hell to pay when I get home.

At that exact moment, Matthew, who had arrived at the event with Damian, suddenly let out a sneeze. "Daddy, Mommy is thinking of you," Damian piped up immediately.

"I think so, too," Matthew said gloomily.

But probably not in a very flattering way, he added privately.

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The act of Matthew bringing his son to look for his wife seemed heartwarming yet pitiful and needy and insecure at the same time.

They were seated all the way at the back of the hall. When the host had begun to tease

Clarissa, Matthew had found it highly amusing.

In actual fact, he really did not plan for all of that to happen, especially the part about

Clarissa thinking that he appeared submissive on purpose.

Even worse, he did not expect their little spat to be the subject of a nationwide gossip.

After his sneeze, Matthew knew what was in store for him when the night ended. With a

forced smile down at his son who was watching him closely, Matthew was already debating

the ergonomic factors between a keyboard and a washboard for his knees.

“Daddy, I saw Mommy!” Damian said excitedly, standing on Matthew’s thigh. His curious

little eyes swept the front row as they caught sight of Clarissa, though it was only her

silhouette.

“Over there!” Damian pointed, his voice rising in his excitement.

Matthew hastily shushed

him.

“Shh, keep your voice down. If Mommy sees you, our plan to surprise her would be ruined.”

Damian covered his mouth, his eyes narrowing with glee.

Though they were seated in the shadows, the father and son

outstandingly good looks had

attracted a second glance of some people in front of them.

Within seconds, the entire row in front of them glanced back at

Matthew and Damian

incessantly.

“What a handsome man! And what a good-looking boy, too! I wonder who this celebrity is?”

“I don’t think he’s a celebrity, though I can’t deny that he looks oddly familiar. I can’t recall

where I’ve seen him before...”

“Wait a minute, I think he’s... Is he?”

“Who? Who do you think it is?”

The ones who had recognized Matthew stared hard at him. As they shifted their gaze to Damian, the boy's large innocent eyes had rendered them starstruck. Bloody hell, the son is even more handsome than the father! How cute!

Damian grinned toothily at the crowd, quite oblivious to the nature of their attention, though enjoying it nonetheless. Armed with just a smile, he had managed to enchant all of them into a blubbering mess.

"Aww, how I wish I could kidnap him!" a voice gushed.

"Stop daydreaming. Do you know who they are or not?"

"That's... that's Mr. Tyson!"

"Oh!" came an excited little scream.

As they were in a formal event, the girls seated on the row in front of Matthew worked hard to contain their excitement. However, that little scream was enough to gain momentum.

As more and more people turned to look toward the back, Clarissa who was at the front row had noticed the ripple of movement. Following the direction of the crowd's interest, her expression froze when she saw the unmistakable figure of Damian waving at her.

Did they do this on purpose? Clarissa fumed.

They sure as hell did.

"Seems like there's nowhere for you to run off to now! He even brought the boy!" Yael cackled.

Clarissa gritted her teeth. "Yael, nobody's gonna mistake you for a mute even if you don't speak."

"How are you going to get out of this, I wonder?"

Clarissa had no witty retort at her disposal, which further incensed Yael's maniacal laughter.

With a forced smile, she turned her attention back to the stage.

However, Matthew and

Damian's presence in the crowd had soon become common knowledge. In a frighteningly short amount of time, Clarissa met the amused stares of the other attendees wherever she turned to. The smile frozen on her face had the air of a trapped deer. Clarissa had wanted nothing more than to cover her face with her shawl to spare herself from the embarrassment.

Through some quick communication between the organizers and the attendees, they managed to move Matthew and Damian to the front of the hall to be seated next to Clarissa.

Even the people around her willingly gave up their seats for her husband and son. Clarissa, who felt that she could not endure the embarrassment for much longer, doggedly avoided their gaze.

When he was close enough, Damian ran to hug his mother and pecked her on the cheek.

"Mommy, I missed you so much, so I asked Daddy to bring me here. Are you surprised?"

"Oh yes, very much so! But I still have to work. So please sit quietly, okay? It'll be over soon and we can head back home. If you're good, I'll reward you when we get back. Deal?"

Damian nodded obediently. "Deal. I'll be good."

Clarissa stroked Damian's hair affectionately. Matthew had come prepared; he had dressed

Damian up in a stylish coat of wool. His other motive, aside from keeping his son warm, was to mollify his wife who would undoubtedly be furious at him for embarrassing her like that.

He was confident that by seeing how handsome her son looked, her anger would not be as severe as it could be.

Clarissa chose to completely ignore Matthew, who was standing beside them.

Damian climbed up onto the seat. His short legs swung idly as his sharp little eyes surveyed

the stage with interest, to the delight of the host. With Matthew's appearance, he became even more relentless in his torment.

"Pfft! I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen. It's not that I'm not a professional, I just couldn't help laughing at how accurate my prediction was. A certain CEO is with us tonight with his son. It seems like he couldn't bear to have his wife out of sight for too long. What a pity that our viewers at home can't see what I'm seeing. All I can say is what a good-looking couple they are! Even their son is so handsome that I'm seriously fighting the impulse to kidnap him."

Damian smiled back at the host who was floored by the boy's charm. "My God," he exclaimed, clutching his chest. "It should be illegal to be this adorable."

In his excitement at all the sudden attention, Damian had quite forgotten his promise to Clarissa.

"Mister, are you teasing me?" he called out in a crisp, childish voice. Clarissa jumped in alarm, but it was too late to cover the boy's mouth. The host grimaced in mock hurt.

"Who are you calling Mister? My boy, I'm barely older than you."

"Ha ha, you're funny!"

"Little boy, would you like to come up on stage?"

Damian was about to jump off his seat but Clarissa held him still, flashing an awkward

smile in the direction of the stage. "I'm afraid that our dear guests would not be able to see

the boy," the host said remorsefully. "However, seeing such a cute child tonight has made

me want to get married and have one of my own by next year. Oh, that's right. We have here

with us another talent who had just become a father himself..."

As was his habit, the host had diverted the crowd's attention to somebody else abruptly.

The night was shaping up to be the most eventful one the city had seen in a long time, due in part to the outspoken nature of the host. With more and more people tuning in, the numbers soon climbed to unprecedented proportions as the public was driven mad with anticipation on whether or not the family of three will be exposed that night. It would appear that the Tysons' secrecy had stoked the public's imagination on Clarissa's beauty and of

Damian's charm. Some had even gone to the lengths of studying photographs of Matthew to assess what Damian might look like. It was not the intention of the organizers to derail their entire program for the sake of the Tysons, though they were overjoyed at how popular their show had become thanks to them. it was a brilliant move to have extended an invitation to Clarissa. During the main event, the actress that had gone up on stage to present the awards could not resist chiming in about Clarissa and her family. "Oh, I see the Tysons! They really are a stunning-looking family. And the kid! What an adorable kid!" Every single person that had gone up on stage after her made similar comments as well. Just like that, the Tysons had become the trending topic of the night. Their acquaintances on Twitter helped raise their popularity even further by circulating news regarding them. "I know them," someone boasted. "But I'm not going to tell you how good-looking they are in real life." "I do, too," another chimed in. "But I won't tell you how attractive they really are." "Not telling you..." The stakeholders in the showbiz industry were having the time of their lives that night living

vicariously through the Tysons' fame, to the envy of the public who was emotionally

invested in their drama.

When Clarissa got into the car after enduring a night of humiliation, all she saw on her

phone was the trending #NotTellingYou and headlines such as "The Mysterious Tysons"

and "The Biggest Game of Tag in the History of Showbusiness".

What the f\*ck!

Clarissa was drained.

Even before arriving home, she had already been bombarded with countless phone calls and

text messages, all teasing her and her family.

I really don't want to become famous this way, Clarissa thought desperately. How the hell

did all of this happen?

With Damian smiling widely up at her, delighted with the night of fun he had, Clarissa could

not bear to spoil it by showing her resentment in front of him.

Matthew, too, was smiling at her in the same fashion as Damian did, which Clarissa ignored.

"Matthew!"

"Yes, Clare?"

Matthew sat expectantly, able to deduce that Clarissa sounded different than her usual self.

I guess I'll take the washboard.

"You..." Clarissa choked.

"Yes?" Matthew leaned forward.

"You got me!" she finished, unable to find the words in her fury.

At that, she turned her attention back to her phone where the number of calls and texts were

becoming alarmingly large.

Back at Zen Highlands, Clarissa flung her phone onto the bed and took a much-needed

shower without regard for her husband and son who stood in her wake.

Damian and Matthew exchanged glances. "Son, I'll give you a bath and a bedtime story, on

the condition that you tuck into bed like a good boy. Deal?"

“Deal, Daddy,” said Damian obligingly. He was already aware that his mother was in a foul mood.

I’d better get off to bed before she starts yelling at me, too.

Matthew busied himself downstairs with odd chores after putting Damian to bed. When he trudged back upstairs, Clarissa was already cleaned and sitting up in bed, still replying to the messages that hounded her.

Though she definitely heard Matthew’s entrance, she did not even deign to look up.

Clarissa did not hear any sign of movement from Matthew until a loud thud made her jump.

Glancing up at the sound of that noise, she saw a washboard on the floor. Matthew had not

even changed out of his suit. With just the top two buttons on his shirt undone, he rolled up

his sleeves. His pants remained neat and straight, showing off his strong and shapely legs underneath.

He still looks good despite being in the ludicrous position of preparing to kneel, was the first thought that flashed into Clarissa’s mind