

## **You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 405 - 406**

After Sandra left the Zen Highlands, she gave Clarissa another call.

Clarissa would not have anything more to hide since the truth had been laid bare.

"Clarissa, all those rumors out there are pointing at how you've forsaken Hilary. I really wanted to clear your name but I was afraid that you might not agree to it. But now that everyone knows the truth, can I clear the air?"

Clarissa still rejected her offer.

"Sandra, to be honest, I do not want to reveal the truth not because I'm hesitant about letting Kayla and James know. I'm just worried about my family, especially Grandma. I don't want to let her know..."

Sandra wanted to say something but decided to bite her tongue in the end.

Clarissa was a filial granddaughter after all. She was willing to suffer indignation for Catherine.

It was evident that she was treated well at the Quigleys back then. Even though their financials were not too strong, at least she was loved growing up.

"Don't we have any other choice?"

"Just let it be. I don't care about what other people say about me. Those are just strangers whom I don't give a dime about. I only care about those who care about me.

Thank you for looking out for me. I'm really doing okay right now."

"We're family, Clarissa. You should call me Aunt Sandra, by the way. Mrs. Wynter knows about this too. I guess she will want to meet you."

"We'll talk about this later."

Clarissa hung up the phone and Matthew kept her phone again after she was done.

**“Are you really okay?”**

**Matthew was worried that Clarissa might be distressed after the Smallwoods visited her.**

**However, it seemed like she was quite calm and composed. Clarissa’s lips twitched. “Why not? I’m doing great right now. Don’t worry, but...”**

**Matthew focused on the ‘but’ and asked nervously, “But what?” “I feel like eating cherries.”**

**“Hmm?”**

**Matthew took a few seconds to respond. “Sure, I’ll send someone to get it.”**

**Then, he hurriedly ordered his people to get the freshest cherries imported from abroad.**

**Even though it took quite some time, it was the best that they could find in all of D City.**

**in just one hour, Clarissa clutched the bowl of cherries in her hands as she relaxed and listened to Matthew recite a poem in another language with his baritone voice.**

**Clarissa was finally regaining her vitality after the commotion caused by the Smallwoods. She ate more during dinner, and started to feel all bored from getting pent up at home all the time.**

**“Hubby, let’s go hiking tomorrow.”**

**Her sudden suggestion surprised Matthew.**

**A helpless smile fled across his chiseled face.**

**“Clare, is it really okay for you to hike?”**

**“There’s nothing wrong with my body. The doctor said I’m fit as a fiddle. I’ve been**

**staying far too long at home. I want to go out and breathe in some fresh air. I want to go**

**out and play. Hiking is good exercise, you know...”**

**“It’s great exercise when you’re later into your term. Honey, you haven’t exercised these three months...”**

**“If we can’t go hiking, then let’s go for a picnic.”**

**Matthew glanced outside. The spring breeze was refreshing, but it was still cold outside.**

**“It’s too cold.”**

**"Can we go shopping then?"**

**"The paparazzies are still trailing us. It's way too dangerous."**

**Clarissa glared at her husband, all her sluggish manners dissipating into thin air. She no longer looked laggard. It seemed as if she was fully recharged from the long rest.**

**"Matthew, then what can I do? Tell me!"**

**Matthew was amused at the return of her former playful self. He chuckled and circled her into his embrace. However, Clarissa struggled to free herself.**

**She protested in his embrace. Matthew relented and let her go immediately, fearing that she might put too much strain on herself.**

**"Clare, how about if we have a picnic and barbeque at our courtyard, hmm?"**

**"How is this different from staying home? I want some fresh air, and I want to interact with people and enjoy the atmosphere."**

**"Ah, we have fresh air. As for people and the atmosphere, hold up..."**

**Then, Matthew informed a bunch of people to attend a picnic and barbeque at Zen Highlands the day after.**

**"Great, now we have all the elements you're looking for. We have people and the atmosphere. I've asked them to prepare everything required. You're going to be able to enjoy the atmosphere tomorrow, but you can't eat a lot of barbequed stuff..."**

**Clarissa thought her husband had turned into a nagging old grandmother.**

**Then, she continued to munch on her cherries and ignored Matthew.**

**The cherries were snatched away by Matthew suddenly. Clarissa met his smiling gaze. "Clare, you should stop eating right now. It's time to rest.**

**Come..."**

**Clarissa decided to just tolerate him.**

**The next day, a bunch of people reached Zen Highlands early in the morning but the**

organizer was nowhere to be seen.

Julia apologized to the guests and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Mrs. Tyson is still resting. Mr. Tyson has asked all of you to keep it down. The tools required are all ready for use."

Jeremy shook his head. "Matt is not skimping on this. Who's the one wanting a picnic and barbeque huh?"

"I'm guessing that Matt wants to ask us to cheer Clarissa up? You guys should know that those rumors are still not dying down. I really feel like beating those rumormongers and ignorant people," Yarick said.

He noticed that there were some skewers aside and stood up right away. "Let's just prepare some food."

"You only have eyes for food, don't you?"

They started to barbeque in the courtyard of Zen Highlands, sending fragrant smoke swirling in the air.

Yaala sat aside doing nothing as she chatted with Ellie.

Ellie whispered to her, "Yaala, so you and Henry are an item now?"

Yaala cast a glance over at the charismatic and mature Henry as the man was barbequing some skewers. The man did not forget to wink at her, to which Yaala replied with a smile.

"An item or not; what does it matter? The time will tell if we're truly meant to be together."

"Tsk, Henry is going to be heartbroken."

"I seriously doubt that. This mutually beneficial relationship with no strings attached is what he does best."

"That's who he used to be. He's not like that anymore. I'm afraid that he's looking for something serious right now. You should look at how adoringly he stares at Damian

sometimes, lamenting that he wants to have a son or daughter.”

“Oh, well he should look for another woman who’s willing to bear him children then.”

Ellie was about to say something before Yaala interrupted her.

“Ellie, you don’t have to sound me out for him, you know. We can communicate openly with each other if he has something to say to me.”

Ellie shrugged. “Well, it hasn’t been easy on me either. For the record, I didn’t say anything. You’re the one who saw everything through.”

Then, she stood up from her seat and grabbed something to eat.

Yarick was a glutton, and Ellie reckoned that it would be wise to tag along.

Damian joined the party and made it even merrier.

Clarissa only woke up just before noon. She peered outside the window and noticed the

courtyard was bustling with people.

Not bad, the party’s looking good.

Clarissa changed into a fresh set of clothes and headed downstairs.

“Mommy, you’re awake. Come have some meat, Mr. Yarick prepared this, it’s so delicious...”

Damian did not forget to share the delicious barbequed skewers with his mother.

Just when Clarissa was about to put it into her mouth, she was stopped by Matthew.

“Don’t, Clare. Mrs. Lawson made some sandwiches. It’s better that you eat those.”

Julia brought over the sandwiches that she made after Matthew mentioned it.

Clarissa rolled her eyes at Matthew and said adamantly, “I want to eat barbequed meat.”

“It’s not really hygienic.”

“Matt, what do you mean by that huh? Clarissa, I’m going to barbeque fresh ones for you, just you wait...”

Yarick was eager to show off his good skills in front of Clarissa.

However, one could only witness Yarick doing this right here since nobody would dare to request the powerful man to do anything out there. However, Yarick managed to earn a warning glare from Matthew for defying him.

Yarick shuddered and asked Jeremy in a small voice, "Was that necessary? It's just some barbequed meat, and we brought all these, for crying out loud. How could it be unhygienic? What is he thinking?"

Jeremy brushed against his chin and observed as Clarissa made her way to a corner and Matthew trailing closely behind her to coax the woman. Matthew was treating her exceptionally well, and that got Jeremy thinking before he came to a realization.

Then, Yarick nudged at the man and asked, "What are you thinking? I was talking to you, man."

Jeremy merely gave Yarick a mocking smile before he made his way over to chat Damian up.

He had gotten his answer during his conversation with the little boy.

Then, he peered at Yarick who was still oblivious to the fact, and even tried to sneak some barbequed meat to Clarissa. Jeremy hugged Damian and educated the little boy,

"Damian, you'd better not hang out with Mr. Yarick too much. Otherwise, you're going to become a dumb dumb."

"Why?" Damian's big watery eyes blinked innocently as he asked.

Jeremy smiled wickedly. "Because he's stupid. You're going to be influenced by him if you spend too much time hanging out with him."

"But Mr. Yarick is not stupid."

"You're still too young to see it. You're going to notice it when you're in elementary school."

"Oh... okay."

Damian contemplated for a moment and was unsure if Jeremy was right.

Then, he remembered his father telling him that he should keep in mind the things that he could not understand yet so that he could understand them when it was time for him to comprehend the information.

Meanwhile, those who knew what Jeremy was talking about cast knowing looks at Yarick and nodded as they agreed wholeheartedly with Jeremy. "Matt? I still don't get it. My barbequed meat is really delicious, and it's not laced with poison, for goodness' sake! Why aren't you letting Clarissa eat them? Don't you think you're being ridiculous right now?"

Yarick's words made the others shake their head. He's really an idiot.

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Yarick felt depressed because he was being blamed.

However, he genuinely thought that it was delicious.

Clarissa did take a bite of the barbeque meat before she threw up.

What followed next was utter chaos. Matthew carried Clarissa inside and even called for a doctor. He became a nervous wreck as if something terrible had happened.

Yarick was shocked. Matthew's reaction made it look like he had poisoned the food.

He quickly explained. "I didn't do anything. It's just grilled meat, and nothing else was added yet..."

When they saw how anxious Yarick was, everyone else couldn't resist laughing.

Feeling exasperated, Yarick grabbed Jeremy's collar and threatened, "What are you laughing at? What?"

Pushing him away, Jeremy replied with a smile, "Yarick, can you stop making a fool of

yourself? This has nothing to do with you. It's just Clarissa's stomach acting up."

"What do you mean her stomach? That..."

Suddenly, Yarick froze when the answer dawned upon him. He roared, "Damn it! Clarissa's pregnant? Sigh, why didn't Matt tell me? I was all worked up for nothing. It's wonderful news after all."

"Don't be stupid. The baby is still in its first trimester."

"So why can't he share it?"

Everyone rolled their eyes.

Having learned his lesson, Yarick tsk-tsked before concluding, "Matt, well done!"

"Haha..."

Ellie couldn't help but laugh, causing everyone else to join her. They were simply amused by Yarick's antics.

Meanwhile, Clarissa's morning sickness was triggered, and she was unable to stop vomiting.

Everything she ate was thrown out. Any strong smells in the house would generate a similar reaction, be it detergent, shampoo, body wash... She couldn't tolerate any fragrance at all, including those from food.

Even if the food was tasteless, she would also puke.

Every day, Matthew would watch her go through the same routine. He was shocked as to how torturous it was to bear a child.

In fact, he couldn't imagine the extent of how painful it could be.

Regardless of how much time he spent on theory, nothing could beat the stimulation of the actual experience.

Once again, Clarissa puked till she almost lost consciousness.

Without any strength left, Matthew quickly hugged her in support.

With his eyes reddened, Matthew could hardly hold back his tears when he saw how much she was suffering.

Holding her tightly, he fed her some water. After he put down the cup, she was already

asleep in his arms.

Even then, her brows were knitted as if she was still in discomfort.

Matthew kissed her on her forehead, sympathizing and feeling heartbroken at the same time.

Perhaps, she can only get some proper rest in her sleep.

Given the circumstances, he sought help from all sorts of doctors. Unfortunately, no one could provide him with a solution for morning sickness.

Everyone reassured him that it was normal. Once Clarissa got through the period, she would be fine. However, no one knew how long it would last would be.

However, Matthew no longer had the patience to see her suffer for another day.

In fact, when he saw how she hugged him while crying in discomfort the other day, he had the urge to abort the child instead.

Unfortunately, aborting the child would cause greater damage to her health.

Hence, Matthew regretted ever wanting a second child.

He felt that he should have been the one to suffer.

Usually, mornings were the worst for Clarissa. She would puke the moment she woke

up. During meals, she would vomit a few more times. After meals, she would continue to

throw up. If there was nothing to stimulate her, she would largely be fine for the rest of

the day. At night, she would go to bed early to avoid any discomfort.

One morning, she suddenly felt nauseous the moment she opened her eyes. Out of

habit, she got out of bed and headed for the bathroom.

Matthew quickly carried her as

he was well trained by now. Inside the bathroom, she threw up...

Blaargh...

Just when Clarissa was retching, she suddenly heard sounds of barfing beside her.

Stunned, she turned and saw Matthew retching at the same time. He looked miserable and seemed to be suffering. In fact, he didn't appear to be pretending at all. Staring at him in shock, she felt her nausea disappear. "Hubby, a-are you alright? Is there something wrong with your stomach?" Matthew felt terrible after vomiting. His stomach churned while his throat was contracting, making him nauseous. Waving his hands, he smiled at Clarissa to reassure her. "I'm fine. Are you not feeling well? Wait for a while. Stay here while I pour you a cup of water. I... blaargh..." Before he could finish, Matthew continued puking. Half an hour later...

Matthew and Clarissa were both slumped on the sofa, feeling drained and miserable. Looking at Clarissa, he noticed that some color had returned to her face even though she still looked pale. The doctor smiled at them both. "Couvade... in other words, Mr. Tyson is... erm, hehe... pregnant..." While Clarissa was stunned by the doctor's words, Matthew's expression darkened. Snort... The moment she snickered, Clarissa quickly covered her mouth. She then gave Matthew a comforting smile. "I understand that you're worried about me, Hubby. It's all for my sake. I'm not laughing at you, really... I know... snort..." Despite what she said, Clarissa couldn't suppress her snicker. And then, she simply burst into unrestrained laughter. Feeling awkward, the doctor hurried away after leaving them some instructions. As for Matthew, he continued vomiting till he was seeing stars. Instead, Clarissa was feeling a lot better. Enjoying a fruit platter, she comforted Matthew

when she saw how sickly he looked. After that, she called everyone to share the hilarious development.

“Hahaha... Uncle Matt, congratulations on getting pregnant.”

“Hahaha... Congratulations, Matt, looks like you hit the jackpot!”

Within a few days, many of their friends came over to gloat by congratulating Matthew on his “pregnancy”.

As for Clarissa, her morning sickness was gone after being shocked by Matthew.

While she feeling better, Matthew was losing a lot of weight instead.

Consequently, he had to take some time off from work.

Meanwhile, Donnie had to keep the secret. There was no way he could tell the staff that

the president was “pregnant” and on maternity leave.

Obviously, he was equally amused. Nevertheless, he had to draw on his amazing acting

skills to act normally in front of Matthew.

With that, Matthew began his “maternity leave”.

Every morning, Clarissa was woken up by the sound of Matthew’s retching. She would

enjoy delicious food while watching him suffer from drinking a glass of water. In the

evenings, he would endure his discomfort while reading to her...

Hence, Clarissa appreciated everything he had done.

At night, she put her arms around him and stroked his chest to give him comfort.

“Hubby, the doctor told us that the cause is psychological. You must have been too

stressed out by my condition. Hence, you have to calm down and not worry too much.

Look, have I not fully recovered? So, you have to get well soon. Even if you carry the

baby on my behalf, I will feel bad too.”

Matthew replied softly. “Mmm-hmm. I should be well soon. The doctor said that it

usually lasts three months. I expect to recover very soon.”

Reaching out to stroke his face, Clarissa could feel that his cheeks had sunken in.  
"You have lost weight."  
Moving her hand down, she realized that his six-pack was gone.

"Even here. At this rate, you won't look as attractive anymore..."  
She continued moving her hands down...  
When Matthew froze suddenly, she giggled. "Can this slim down too?"  
Matthew's gaze darkened as he grabbed onto her cheeky hand. He warned her with a raspy voice, "Stop fooling around."  
Clarissa snorted. "I'm being serious. You should stop losing weight. It's bad for you and it makes me feel terrible. Furthermore, it would be troublesome if your manhood slims down too."  
She maintained a straight face throughout.  
Taking a deep breath, Matthew grabbed her hand and hugged her tight.  
"If not for the fact that we can't make love, I really do want you to check out if I have really lost weight down there."  
"In that case, you should recover as soon as possible."  
Matthew grunted in acknowledgment. "Sure, I'll try my best."  
Despite his promise, it would still be some time before Matthew's torture would end.  
Meanwhile, Ellie came by with Shawn to report that Hilary's murder was solved. And that was when Matthew's reputation was ruined in front of Shawn. The situation was made worse by Ryler's arrival. He too saw Matthew in his condition.  
When Ryler couldn't hide his amusement, Matthew simply let it slide.  
"Zach is the murderer."

Ellie sneered, "I had assumed it was Shermaine."  
Clarissa furrowed her eyebrows.  
"The motive?"  
"Hilary had evidence of Zach's wrongdoings, which included tax evasion. She used it to

blackmail Zach into transferring the shares of the company to her. In a fit of rage, he strangled her to death. After that, he made it look like she committed suicide and refused an autopsy, hoping to cover up the matter. However, there is no escape for the guilty.”

After a long silence, Clarissa sighed.

She didn't want to hear about the details.

Regaining her composure, she said to Ellie, “Justice doesn't serve itself. Shawn has been amazing, don't you think?”

Squirring her lips, Ellie replied, “Well, you could say that.”

Everyone laughed in response.

After Ellie and Shawn had left Zen Highlands, Ellie was still upset.

“Even if Shermaine didn't kill anyone, doesn't she bear some responsibility? I'm pissed that she misled your investigations on purpose and even refused to admit it. Can you arrest her and charge her with something?”

Ellie felt indignant over Shermaine's behavior.

Although it was obvious to them, there was nothing much they could do about it. Hence,

Ellie didn't see the need to tell Clarissa.

After all, knowing about it would only intensify her anger.