

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

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"Oh, really? What have you been thinking about? Do tell me." Clarissa grinned coldly.

Her heart was buzzing with excitement as she flaunted such an attitude. I feel like a big boss right now, while Mr. Tyson here seems like a nobody.

Matthew shifted uncomfortably as he eyed her cautiously. He was trying to think of what to say as he faced Clarissa.

Meanwhile, Clarissa was laughing on the inside as she remained a straight face.

"Tell me," she repeated.

Matthew curled his lips as he met Clarissa's burning gaze on him.

"Honey, I've reflected on myself for a long and hard time. And my conclusion is..."

He paused for a moment, which made Clarissa more eager to know the answer.

"So? What have you learned?"

"Darling, from now onwards, I'll do whatever you say. Anything at all! If you want me to go left, I'll go left. If you want me to go right, I'll do exactly that too."

Matthew flashed his pearly whites at her.

Clarissa went silent at his response and smirked coldly.

"So this is what you came up with?"

"Indeed."

At that, Clarissa turned to leave, but Matthew quickly stopped her, knowing she would not be satisfied with his answer.

"Let go of me!"

Despite that, Matthew trapped her in his arms and lowered his head.

"I'm not done yet."

"Then spit it out!" She looked at him with her lips pursed.

Matthew chuckled as he stretched out his hand to pinch her lips.

However, Clarissa returned

him with a glare and slapped his hands off. "Hurry up and tell me. Also, get your hands off me."

"Come on, Clare. We're a couple. Physical touch like this is nothing..." Mathew joked.

However, he instantly stopped as he lifted his hands in surrender when he caught sight of Clarissa glaring at him.

"Okay. I know the reason you refuse to do a DNA test. You don't want others to think of you differently. Although their opinions don't matter, it still upsets you, right? Besides, we're talking about you and Damian here. What you care about most is how people think of you and Damian."

Even though Clarissa did not answer him, he knew she agreed to his words.

Matthew leaned in and hugged her. "Clare, I wouldn't doubt you for the world. I merely wanted to do it for George's sake. I didn't expect you to react in such a way..." he explained gently.

"There is another reason," Clarissa spoke. "If we go for this DNA test, the public would believe that our identities were once doubted by your family. Do you realize what kind of harm this would bring about to us?" she said calmly.

Hearing that, Matthew's heart throbbed painfully. "I—"

"You don't have to explain yourself. After all, I may be overthinking things. But thankfully, only a few people know about this. Think of it this way, how would things play out if you decide to announce to the public that Damian is indeed your son with the DNA test as proof? It would mean that you've once doubted if Damian was truly your son. Imagine what the public would say? Their speculations and malicious comments would humiliate and hurt us. That's why I strongly objected to the idea of the DNA test. How you ever considered how

Damian would feel?”

Matthew was lost for words at that point.

I thought it was merely a simple procedure. I guess I was too insensitive to see that it would

lead to such severe consequences.

At the thought of that, Matthew’s eyes darkened as a hint of guilt flashed across his face.

Clarissa continued, “Matthew, I wouldn’t be able to forgive you for the hurt you would have

inflicted on Damian if I wasn’t in love with you. I would—”

Matthew quickly covered her mouth before she could say anything that she’d regret.

“Okay, Clare. I got it; I’m so sorry. I was wrong, terribly wrong..”

Clarissa pushed his hands away and said, “I’m not that upset now.

Anyway, you should be

thankful that I didn’t do anything else but return to my parent’s place.”

Matthew was dumbfounded at her comments.

He cupped her cheeks in his hands and kissed her. “Clare, please forgive me,” he said gently.

What else can I say besides apologize?

He was so mad with himself as he felt the sense of guilt and distress

taking up his entire

mind and body.

She has every right to be upset with me; I mean, how could she not? I

should bear the

consequences...

“I forgive you.”

Clarissa then continued, “I forgive you, okay? Now move back. I have to go downstairs to

check if dinner’s ready.”

However, Matthew did not let go of her as he had other plans in mind.

It’s been some time since the last time we were intimate—all thanks to this incident. Well,

now that we’re talked it out and Damien’s asleep, I think we should get it on before dinner.

With that, Matthew nibbled her ear and said seductively, “Clare, I’m really upset with myself.

This is all my fault. It’s an indescribable feeling that’s tormenting me inside. I wish I could rip my heart out, so you could do whatever you want to it. I’ll gladly accept any form of punishment from you. I—”

Just before Matthew’s hand could explore further, Clarissa pinched it, stopping whatever he was trying to do.

She locked gazes with Matthew’s lustful eyes and replied, “In that case, I forbid you to sleep on the same bed as me for a month... as your punishment.”

As soon as those words left Clarissa’s mouth, Matthew narrowed his eyes and looked at her in resignation.

“Um, Clare? Is it possible if we go with something else? Perhaps—”

“No. I think this is a great idea! It’s going to leave a lasting impression, am I right?”

Matthew’s face fell upon that. Well, I’ll have to agree with her on this one—this sure is going to leave a deep impression.

After that, Clarissa turned and headed towards the door. Suddenly, she stopped by the door and turned back to face Matthew, feigning a smile on her face.

“Hubby, I’m sure this isn’t something you can’t handle, right? I mean, I could tell how upset you are. So, the more severe my punishment is, the more your heart would feel at ease, right?”

Clarissa stopped smiling as soon as she said those words and left.

After she left, Matthew was then left alone in the room, feeling defeated.

Meanwhile, Kayla was thrilled to see Shermaine getting out of prison.

She was in tears of joy

while Shermaine seemed very calm, with a faint smile across her lips on the entire journey home.

After lunch, Shermaine suggested to pay the Wynters a visit. Initially, James and Kayla intended to do so, but both of them were beyond happy to see their daughter that they had forgotten about it.

Thankfully, their visit wasn't terrible.

However, Kayla started to ramble as soon they left the Wynters.

"James, did you see that? Sandra's expression was unbearable. We're a family, and

Shermaine is their niece, for goodness' sake. Yet, they treated her so unwelcomingly

compared to Clarissa. Have they forgotten that we're enemies? How could they do this to us?"

"It's inevitable since we shared some misunderstandings in the past.

Let's give them some

time. Besides, we did wrong them in the past. But thank goodness things are better now. All

we need to do is apologize when the time is right—"

"Apologize? Why should we? They should be apologizing to us, not us to them! And

Shermaine, aren't you mad at all? Who does Clarissa think she is anyway? Matthew is so

obsessed with her that he turned his back on you. Even Jacque and Sandra are now on her

side. Are they secretly hoping for us to live in misery?"

Shermaine appeared nonchalant when she heard Kayla's words. In fact, not a trace of anger

was found on her face.

"Mom, she has nothing to do with us anymore, so why bother? It's also none of our business

if she's close with Uncle Jacque and Aunt Sandra. If you're displeased with their attitude,

then we can stop visiting them in the future."

"How could you say that? If it wasn't for her—"

"Mom!" Shermaine interrupted her coldly.

Kayla was startled by Shermaine's sudden behavior. She even thought she was imagining things.

Yet, in just a split second, Shermaine quickly hid her cold attitude and smiled.

“Mom and Dad, I’ve reflected so much while I was in prison, and I’ve decided to live a simple life now that I’m out. So please, let’s not talk about them anymore.”
“Alright. Let’s not talk about them,” Kayla shuddered while saying. Following that, Shermaine hugged Kayla as a sign of affection towards her mother. Just like that, their mother-daughter relationship was mended through a hug. “Thank you for not giving up on me, Mom and Dad. I’ve been a disappointment in the past, but I promise you things will be different from now on. I’ll do my best to be a good daughter.”

Hearing that, James was comforted by how Shermaine had become more mature.

Kayla, similarly, was also touched by Shermaine’s words as her eyes began to tear up.

After they arrived at the Smallwood residence, Shermaine continued chatting with her parents for a while before she headed back to her room.

When Shermaine left, Kayla sat by James and smiled. “Shermaine’s like a new person now.

Yet, I’m not sure if that’s something worth celebrating. My heart aches whenever I see how sensible she is around us. It just reminds me of how much suffering she has been through in there.”

“Come on, Kayla. She’s changed for the better, right? She’s still our daughter, and that’s all that matters, so don’t worry. The worst is over for us and Shermaine. Things would only get better now.”

“But she’s gone through so much. How is she—”

“That’s not a problem. She is our daughter, after all. People will eventually forget as time goes by. Besides, money can solve most problems, and most of all, she has us backing her up. So who would dare bully her then?”

“You’re right. No one can ever harm her with us by her side.”
On the other hand, Shermaine got into the shower once she had made a call. Then, she lay comfortably on her bed as she caught up with the latest news.

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 374

The first thing Clarissa did once the festive season was over was move out.

To be exact, she officially moved her studio out of Tyson Corporation.

The studio was now situated in an area where it was nearer to Zen Highlands. That way, she didn’t have to travel

a long distance to work in the future.

However, Matthew was not happy about the change.

He could no longer ask her over for “business matters.” This would also mean he had lost

the “fun” he used to have during working hours.

Thus, Matthew objected to the idea of it, including not being able to sleep on the same bed with her for a month.

Fine. It doesn’t matter if I can’t sleep on your bed. I could always sleep somewhere else. For

example, the floor or the bed in the guestroom. Even the study works fine! The problem is, I would be sleeping alone.

I saw this coming and was prepared for it. Yet, I failed miserably when I thought I had done a

good job. Clarissa didn’t even give me any chances. Heck, I didn’t even get to sleep on the same bed as her.

However, this wasn’t the only thing that bothered Matthew. In fact, there was something else that Clarissa was not aware of.

He planned to ask her to marry him three years ago on an island.

Everything was set, but it went to waste when the incident happened.

As for this year, Matthew wanted to try again as he made plans on the same island. He

wanted it to be a surprise for Clarissa where he'd convince her to travel during Valentine's Day. Matthew had planned to hold the wedding at the same period too. Unfortunately, it was

canceled once again due to unforeseen circumstances. And because of that, Clarissa was so mad that she returned to her parent's place. Ugh, it's the second time now. What did I do to deserve this? How in the world did I fail twice?

As for this time around, she had no idea I had a surprise for her. I can't help but feel a little frustrated but somehow still gratified. Though, I wonder when I will succeed.

Matthew thought to himself as a sense of irritation bubbled within him. At the same time, Clarissa could sense his irritation and assumed he was merely sex-deprived. Hence, she did not take it seriously as she busied herself moving into the new studio.

The new studio was a double-story apartment with an open view. The layout was very spacious, with creative and aesthetic designs. It created an atmosphere that would uplift the employees' mood while at work.

After the set-up was completed, they began to hire a new HR manager as well as other staff for various positions. To add on, Clarissa had decided to tackle the directing industry.

Clarissa's novel, *Clarissa & Matthew*, was advertised across all platforms, while the publishing firm had come up with a new set of publishing plans for the novel. The publicity that the novel would gain might serve as a stepping stone for her filmmaking plans in the future.

Hence, Clarissa was so much busier than Matthew.

Whenever she was consumed with work, she tended to neglect Damian. The little guy did not notice anything at first as he had his focus solely on his teachers and friends. Then, he slowly realized that his mother had not been spending some time with him. Soon enough, both Matthew and Damian were neglected by Clarissa. The father and son duo decided to express their dissatisfaction by sitting quietly as a sign of protest. And where did they protest?

Clarissa's studio, of course. Mathew and Damian came by in a matching set of clothing during the afternoon and sat in the middle of the hall. "Ms. Quigley, Mr. Tyson and Damian had been waiting for you downstairs for a long time now. Perhaps you would like to greet them?" However, Clarissa was so focused on learning that she had no time for other matters. "Nah, let me finish this up first." With that, she continued to watch the videos that Justin had recommended, which were directing skills and video-editing related clips. There's so much to learn but so little time. I have no time to attend to them now. Besides, I was just with them this morning before I left for work! Meanwhile, Damian held his bottle and took a big gulp of water. Then, he turned to face Matthew and asked, "Daddy, does Mommy not want us anymore?" The little guy leaned his head back to meet Mathew's gaze with his big eyes. However, the staff in the entire studio had heard him. They couldn't help but feel bad for Damian. "How could Clarissa do this to her son? He came all the way here to visit her. Yet, she had no time to attend to him," a staff said. "Mommy's busy with work. Let's be considerate, alright?" Matthew comforted.

“Okay!”

“Awww, look how sensible and considerate both Damian and Mr. Tyson are!”

“How could Clarissa be so cruel to her husband and son?”

The staff could not resist but condemned Clarissa, who was working endlessly in the studio.

When she was done, she headed downstairs and noticed that Matthew had Damian in his

arms as they watched a scientific documentary while snacking. The duo had their eyes

glued to the screen as Damian asked countless questions, and Matthew would answer

every one of them.

At the same time, the staff shot a displeased glance in Clarissa’s direction.

The corners of her lips tugged upwards while she shrugged. Come on, I was only away for a

moment. It wasn’t like I was busy for hours, right?

“Damian, I’m here. Aren’t you going to hug me?”

Clarissa tried to gain their attention so they could spend quality time together. However,

Damian wasn’t as excited to see her as she thought he would be. He merely smiled

reluctantly and resumed watching the video.

Wow, what’s going on with him?

Upon that, Clarissa raised her eyebrow. “Matthew?”

“Are you done? You may continue if you’re not. Damian and I will be waiting for you here.” He

smiled.

Clarissa instantly knew what they were up to, judging from his smile.

I see what you’re doing now.

Right then, Clarissa could sense the burning gaze of the staff in the studio.

She gritted her teeth and snorted at Matthew as if to tell him that she would deal with him

once they reached home.

Then, Clarissa flashed a bright smile toward the duo and said, “Hubby, Damian, shall we go

home now? I'll cook something yummy for you, alright?"
Damian's mood quickly changed as soon as he heard food. He instantly got off Matthew's lap and rushed into Clarissa's arms. Clarissa knew food was the only thing that would make him come to his sense at this point.

With that, Clarissa picked him up and said her goodbyes before she headed for the door.

Matthew noticed she was leaving and quickly caught up. The newcomers in the studio had their eyes fixated on the internet-famous couple. They couldn't help but feel envious of them.

"Clarissa and Mr. Tyson are just like what the rumors on the Internet claimed. They're both gorgeous. Mr. Tyson is the president of a well-known company, yet he is very gentle and affectionate towards Clarissa. They're the proof that true love exists. Besides, I've recently gone through her new novel, Clarissa & Matthew. I have a feeling it'll be the talk of the town."

"That's exactly what we all thought. Anyway, there's no need to make a fuss about this; you'll get used to it after working here for some time. Clarissa and Mr. Tyson are the symbols of true love, regardless of what the public says."

"I got it, Mandy. I'll round up my fan club for battle if anyone dares say a word about Clarissa!"

How does a fresh graduate like her have a fan club?

That being said, I do feel like Clarissa needs her own fan base. After all, it's some sort of support as well.

Back home, Clarissa and Damian lay in bed as she read him a bedtime story.

Moments later, Matthew entered the room and sat on the other side of the room. He quietly watched Clarissa read the story.

This was a usual night for them—quiet, peaceful, and heartwarming.

Once Damian had fallen asleep, both Clarissa and Matthew crept out of his room. As soon as the couple arrived at their bedroom, Clarissa turned to face Matthew with her arms crossed. She was ready to question him about his behavior earlier this afternoon. Matthew, on the other hand, had his arms wide open in surrender. Yet, he quickly walked over to her and held her in his arms. Then, he planted a kiss on the corner of her lips.

“Darling, it’s been a month.”

Clarissa frowned at his words as she thought to herself. Oh crap, how does time pass that fast? Ugh, forget it. Now’s not the time to argue anyway. I’ve got to come out with a way to get out of this.

Then, she hurriedly pushed him away and ran out of the room.

But of course, she could not outrun Matthew. Thus, she was trapped between Matthew and the door, unable to move. At that moment, she could feel his warm breath against her ears as her heart began to beat insanely fast.

“Clare...”

“I’m not done talking.” Clarissa’s voice trembled.

“Go ahead then...” Matthew chuckled as he kissed her ears, leaving her speechless.

“Hey, let me go first. I want to talk about what happened this afternoon. You did it on

purpose, didn’t you? Are you serious? I’ve only been recently occupied with work, and you make it seem like I’ve mistreated you. I—”

Her words were cut off as Mathew quickly picked her up before she could resist him.

“Just so you know, I was, indeed, very poorly treated, Darling. It’s been a month since we last had some fun,” he growled.

Clarissa wanted to say something but couldn’t as Matthew had his hand over her mouth.

Well, my words probably mean nothing now. All I need to do is scream.