

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

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After one month of abstinence, Clarissa was greeted by a raging tempest in the form of Matthew.

He had made it a point to let her bear the full brunt of his lust, especially after it was held back by abstinence.

She was confined to her home for two whole days without stepping outside. In fact, Damian no longer complained about her going to work.

"Mommy, shall we play the game of war?"

Damian tugged Clarissa's hand, hoping to go outside as the weather had begun to grow

warm. Having grown older now, he began to feel restless at home and insisted Clarissa play outside with him.

However, she was too physically exhausted to play war games with her son. This game is too much for me.

By the time she was panting and could no longer run, she sent Matthew an angry message:

Matthew, I hate you... aaargh!

Matthew chuckled when he saw it.

He replied: I know scolding me is your way of showing your affection for me. I really appreciate it.

Clarissa: Assh*le.

Matthew: Mmm-hmm, I could do a lot worse.

Clarissa was so annoyed that she threw her phone away.

I wonder why he is being so smug for.

"Mommy, Mommy, are you done resting? Shall we continue? This time, I'll be the general and give out the commands while you be the soldier who fights..."

"Ahhh... save me..."

Thinking that Clarissa was playing along, Damian burst out in hearty laughter. He then ran up to Clarissa and lay beside her, laughing delightfully still. When Matthew returned in the evening, Clarissa ignored him instead. Therefore, Matthew had to choose between Clarissa and Damian to solve the problem at hand.

He naturally chose his son who was easier to deal with. Of course, he didn't avoid Clarissa. Carrying Damian in his arms, he explained, "Damian, Mommy's body isn't as strong as a man. Therefore, there are times where she will feel tired because she might be carrying your sister in her tummy. Hence, you can't play with Mommy like you used to anymore. Instead, you can only play games that are physically gentle or not tiring at all."

"A sister? Really?"

Damian's eyes widened as he gave Clarissa a curious look. She could see the delight and anticipation in his eyes.

"When will my sister be out? I can't wait to start playing with her." Matthew replied patiently, "You'll still need to wait for a few more months. She is still very tiny and needs to grow bigger in Mommy's belly. Once she has gathered enough energy, she will be strong enough to come out. Therefore, Damian, as her elder brother, you have to have some patience. You need to protect both Mommy and your sister, alright?"

"Mmm-hmm. Daddy, I definitely will."

After that, Damian walked up to Clarissa and stroked her face. Just like an adult, he did so gently and spoke with a comforting tone.

"Mommy, you have to be good. I will protect both you and my sister." Clarissa's heart melted at Damian's words. He is just so adorable. Hugging him tightly, she couldn't resist kissing him. "Wow, who's the cutest one in the room?"

My baby of course. You're just so adorable that I love you to bits."

"Hehe... Mommy, I love you to bits too."

Matthew cringed at how cheesy both the mother and son were behaving.

The moment Clarissa returned to her room, Matthew came over to claim credits.

"Clare, I'll give you a kiss, and all your worries will go away."

Rolling her eyes, Clarissa avoided his attempt to hug her.

"Matthew, what's the point of lying to a child? Telling him too many lies will just cause him

to lose his trust in us. Next time, he won't believe in us adults anymore."

Instead, Matthew didn't think that there was anything wrong.

Raising his eyebrows, he replied, "Clare, I'm not necessarily lying. Who knows, Damian's

sister might actually be in your tummy right this moment."

Clarissa was stumped.

However, despite having broached the topic before, there didn't seem to be any progress.

She couldn't help but retort, "No, I just had my period a few days ago.

Have you forgotten?"

"But, didn't we try recently too?"

His response caused Clarissa to choke.

"You seem confident. Do you have any ideas?"

"Not really. We just have to continue working hard."

Hah, what a good excuse!

Clarissa snorted before letting out a sarcastic smile. Is he expecting me to praise him for

being such smarty pants?

"Clare, does that smile of yours means that you agree with what I said?"

"You jerk!"

She fled to the bathroom at once and locked herself inside. After all, she was fearful of what

could happen next.

Outside, Matthew shook his head with a smile.

Silly gal, it's not like you can stay in there forever. I will get my chance at making babies

sooner or later.

Meanwhile, the movie that Justin and Clarissa worked together on was screened during the new year.

Given that there was a lot of focus on her relationship with Matthew, Clarissa only participated in the online promotion of the movie as she didn't want to affect the movie's reception and waste Justin's efforts. Consequently, she didn't appear at any marketing events at all.

At the same time, she felt relieved when the movie received rave reviews and did well at the box office.

In fact, after the audience watched the movie, they realized it wasn't just about patriotism and loyalty. The action sequences and cinematography were also beautifully executed. As a result, the movie was potentially the top-grossing movie for the holiday season.

Nevertheless, it was still too early to tell.

Meanwhile, Clarissa and Matthew took a day off just to watch the movie together.

Watching a movie was a rare occasion for them. Clarissa couldn't even remember when was the last time they did so ever since they started dating. However, she would certainly remember this time as she was the screenwriter for the movie.

Wearing a black mask and a cap, she wrapped herself up in a brownish-pink jacket. As for Matthew, he had the same mask and cap but dressed in a black jacket instead.

Given how tall and slender both of them were, one could easily sense that they were a beautiful couple despite not having their faces revealed. With Matthew hugging Clarissa at the waist, both of them didn't receive any special treatment. Instead, they queued for the

movie just like ordinary people.
Once they took their seats, Matthew began to feel uncomfortable due to his long legs.
Given that it wasn't a first-class seat like those in a plane, his chair was cramped while the people walking in and out in front of him made it worse.
Although Matthew didn't complain, Clarissa was still a little upset.
Given how handsome Matthew was, the girls that sat near them crossed his path on purpose and even ogled at him along the way.
As it was dark inside the cinema, they took off their masks since it was difficult for anyone to recognize them.
At that moment, Clarissa felt territorial and regretted not booking the entire cinema just for a private session.
When one of the girls from earlier looked over, Clarissa tilted her body and hugged Matthew tightly. Despite how awkward it felt, she didn't care as all she wanted to do was to stamp her authority on him.
"Hubby, why don't we go someplace else?"

Clarissa spoke loud enough so that everyone around them could hear it. Matthew replied, "Sure."
"Ah, forget it. Since we're already here, let's just stay. The movie is about to start anyway."
Realizing what she was trying to convey, Matthew would occasionally lean over and kiss her.
Despite it just being a peck, it was more than enough to send a message. Only then did the girls around them stop with their acts.
Matthew then whispered in Clarissa's ear.
"Darling, don't be jealous. I belong to you and you alone."
Despite being just a whisper, it was still loud enough to be heard. Behind them, a girl whispered to her boyfriend too. "Darling, you are also mine alone, alright?
Don't let those desperate girls steal you away from me."
She was talking about the girl that kept moving in and out beside Matthew earlier.

In truth, it was obvious that the patrons of the movie were either best friends or couples. As there were no kids inside, the adults in the cinema clearly understood what was going on. Someone laughed with a snort as if to agree with the girl's words. As for the girl being insinuated, she simply sat in silence. Unfortunately, no one could see her expression then. The moment the movie began, everyone turned their attention to it. After all, that was the reason they were there. As for Clarissa, she appreciated the movie beyond what the audience could. She was touched by its cinematography, script, and beautifully choreographed scenes. When the credits began to roll, Clarissa was still sitting there crying, with Matthew comforting her with a hug.

When the audience gradually left, Clarissa remarked, "Hubby, why do you think I can write such a good story? Even I am moved by it..." Matthew was dumbfounded as he had expected her to make a professional comment. Instead, she made a self-aggrandizement remark. Despite not receiving a response from him, Clarissa couldn't help but burst into laughter. Tilting her head at him, she smiled. "Matthew, am I being overly narcissistic?" Matthew shook his head. "No, because you're telling the truth. You really are exceptional. You write good stories, look beautiful, and made me fall head over heels in love with you..." Warmed by Matthew's words, Clarissa laughed gleefully. Standing up, she jumped into his embrace. At that moment, they were the only ones in the cinema. Matthew picked her up and leaned

in for a peck. With the music from the ending credits still playing, both of them smiled at each other before kissing.

“Why are you still here? It’s time to go. You should save your kiss for when you get home.

Besides, this isn’t a romantic movie, so what’s there to kiss about?”

The cleaner that entered chased them out impatiently.

Feeling awkward, both of them fled as quickly as they could.

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However, both of them were oblivious to the fact that there was still a couple behind them

who suspected their identity.

“Look, I told you that man resembled Mr. Tyson but you wouldn’t believe me, saying that

someone like him won’t visit a place like this. So what if he is a president?

He is still a man

and treats Clarissa like a queen. Tsk-tsk, it’s my lucky day. Mr. Tyson is handsome while

Clarissa is gorgeous. Both of them are a match made in heaven...”

The girl was so excited that she even took a few blurry pictures as if she had struck gold.

As for her shocked boyfriend, he couldn’t help but comment, “When you told me about how

much they loved each other. I was skeptical in the beginning, thinking it was just another

gold-digger marrying into a prominent family.”

“Sheesh, do you believe me now? If that’s not true love, what is? Did you see how

affectionate they were? And yet you resented Mr. Tyson. From the beginning till the end, he

held Clarissa’s hand and would give her the occasional kiss. Furthermore, he came with her

to watch the movie, and also...”

Comparisons were never helpful.

Despite the blow to his pride, he had no choice but to accept it. After all, there was no way

he could compete with Matthew.

Since wealth and looks were out of the question, the only thing left which they could compare was their love for their partner. Hence, he swore to love his girlfriend even more. However, his resolve didn't matter to her. Instead, the only thing she was focused on was revealing her discovery on Twitter. She wanted everyone, especially the haters, to know what Matthew and Clarissa shared was true love. When Clarissa and Matthew left the cinema, she suddenly craved some popcorn.

When she entered the cinema earlier, it was filled with the delicious aroma of popcorn. However, worried that it would be a distraction, she didn't buy any. But now, she allowed herself to indulge. Holding Matthew's arm, she suggested with a smile, "Hubby, I'm going to get some popcorn." However, he patted her on the head instead. "I'll get it." "Let's go together instead." Queueing together, they were surrounded by many couples. Some were behaving intimately while others were more casual. Immersing herself in the atmosphere, Clarissa was excited. At the same time, the patrons in front of them were discussing the movie. "I feel that it will be good. All my friends told me they enjoyed it." "How can you tell before you even watched it? Stop commenting without basis. You don't even know how to appreciate movies and are here just for the fun of it. In my opinion, I doubt a lady who writes short romance stories can do well with such a grandiose theme. Besides, she's a rich housewife, and this is just her way of killing time." "You're not allowed to talk about my idol like that. Besides, you haven't watched it too, so

don't comment blindly."

"Fine, I'll stop. But, I don't have high hopes for it. If not for her husband, she wouldn't have been able to become a famous screenwriter. After all, showbiz is a messy industry and ordinary people like us have no idea what it was like. You're being naive..."

"Hmph! Are you watching or not? No one is forcing you to."

Pissed, the girl turned around and stormed off. Her boyfriend ran after her immediately.

Clarissa wasn't affected by the exchange. Instead, she patted Matthew's arm to calm him down. Obviously, he was the one that was riled up.

"I cannot stop others from commenting. As to whether the movie is good, everyone is entitled to their own opinions. Hence, I'm not angry at all, so why should you be? Alright now, let me buy you some popcorn to cheer you up."

After paying with her phone, Clarissa bought a bucket and stuffed it into Matthew's hand.

With him holding it, she would eat from the bucket and feed him occasionally.

Only then did Matthew break into a smile.

"Clare, you're getting increasingly forgiving. However, why don't I get the same treatment?"

Stuffing some popcorn into her mouth, she mumbled, "You're my husband while I don't even know who they are. Why should I hold a grudge against a nobody? I'm just not bothered to do so. Hence, do you want me to be forgiving to you too?"

Matthew laughed. "Fine, take it that I misspoke."

As he opened his mouth, Clarissa fed him some popcorn. Smiling at each other, they only had eyes for one another.

Meanwhile, they heard some whispers behind them. "That man is so handsome. Is he a celebrity?"

"The lady is gorgeous too, but she doesn't look like any of the stars."

“No, I think he resembles...”

“Mr. Tyson?”

“Yes, he does...”

Just when both of them were still being suspicious, Clarissa and

Matthew exchanged

glances before running off immediately.

When they saw them flee, the bystanders quickly realized the answer.

“Hey, it really is Mr.

Tyson. In that case, isn't that Mrs. Tyson?”

“Argh... what a pity. We should have asked them for an autograph.”

“That's right. I should have taken a photo too...”

The commotion that ensued spread gradually through the crowd. Some

knew who they

were while others didn't.

By the time Clarissa and Matthew reached home, they realized they had

been pushed up on

the trending topics list again.

The couple that sat behind them in the cinema had uploaded blurry

pictures of them. In the

photos, Matthew was hugging her close and kissing her. Furthermore,

the girl described

how affectionate both of them were and all the cheesy love nothings

Matthew whispered to

Clarissa.

Moreover, the group they bumped into later had also reported the

sighting on Twitter,

maintaining the topic's popularity.

While Clarissa was checking her phone, Matthew sat beside her and

leaned over for a look.

The comments read:

Mr. Tyson's presence at the cinema would definitely make it famous.

Despite his fame, he enjoys a down-to-earth relationship. I'm their loyal fan forever.

Mrs. Tyson is gorgeous. I saw her with my own eyes, and she looks

stunning in person. I

have decided to worship her as my idol. In fact, I even ordered the outfit

she wore. Hopefully,

I won't embarrass myself in it.

Mr. Tyson is a proficient sweet talker. I appeal to all the poor, ugly, and chauvinistic men to take a leaf out of his book.

They are both my idols. I will always love them!

The comments which were mostly positive would be interspaced with some that were salty.

Nevertheless, they received a backlash immediately after by the loyal fans.

Meanwhile, Matthew and Clarissa read the comments together and found them to be largely meaningless.

Instead, Matthew teased, "Mrs. Tyson, you are my goddess."

Clarissa snorted with a smile. "Stop messing around. I think I'm going to be cursed online

for a while again. However, it doesn't really bother me. All that matters is that the movie was good."

Smiling sheepishly, Matthew leaned over and gave her a kiss.

Caught by surprise, Clarissa fell back onto the sofa. After a brief struggle, she panted as she

reminded Matthew, "It's time to pick Damian up."

Biting her lip, he replied, "There's still time, will... go later..."

Meanwhile, as Yvonne languidly checked her phone, her screen was filled with news about

Clarissa and Matthew.

Despite feeling jealous, she couldn't deny that Clarissa had come into her own.

Given how unpredictable life was, Yvonne was no longer concerned with her.

Nonetheless, she felt the urge to rub salt on Hilary's wounds.

"Sigh, Hilary. Look at how amazing that daughter of yours is. Just by going to the movies,

she got herself into the trending topics. I am envious of how loving she is with her husband.

Unfortunately, you have enjoyed none of the glory despite being her mother. It must be

embarrassing for you to have been resented by her for such a long time.

Hahaha... You

deserved it for abandoning her and marrying into our family. This is karma getting back at you. Tsk-tsk... If I were Clarissa, I would exact my revenge on you too, hehe..."

Hilary's expression drastically changed.

Hanging her head, she seethed without responding.

Yvonne sneered, "Hilary, if I were you, I would file for a divorce with my father. After all,

you're now old and no longer attractive. It's better to rely on your daughter to care for you in

your old age. As for whatever that doesn't belong to you, you should just give up fighting for

it. If you know what's good for you, I can still give Jonathan some assets on the account of my dad."

"Your dad isn't dead yet, Yvonne. So, you should keep your opinions to yourself. This family belongs to your dad and not you alone."

"Tsk, you really are naive. Haha..."

After laughing heartily, Yvonne gave Hilary a pitiful look. "Fine, given how pathetic you are, I'll

tell you the truth. The family business belongs to me and me alone.

Before my mom died,

she had made my dad promise that only I will inherit the company. As for the other assets, I

don't really care as I'm feeling generous."

"That's impossible!"

Despite Hilary's shock, Yvonne didn't elaborate further. All she did was look at Hilary with disdain.

At that moment, Hilary felt as if her entire world had collapsed. The hope that she had

harbored for so long just went up in smoke.

Hilary had tolerated them for many years. However, she was devastated to learn that she

had endured everything in vain.

She now realized that she would not get anything in the end.

So now, what am I doing all this for?

As if she was in a daze, Hilary sat motionless in the living room for a long time.

When Zach returned home in the evening, Hilary confronted him.

“Zach, you promised me that you would let Jonathan inherit your company. However, do you know what Yvonne told me? She claimed that it was never Jonathan’s, to begin with.

Instead, you have agreed with her mother to let her inherit it. Tell me that this isn’t true, and Yvonne is lying to me.”

Furrowing his eyebrows, Zach replied. “Of course it isn’t true. At that time, her mom did have some share in it. But now, the company is entirely mine. I am the one who decides who shall inherit it in the end. You shouldn’t listen to Yvonne spouting nonsense.”

“Really?”

“Really, stop letting your imagination run wild. I told you before that Jonathan is smart, and the company will be his.”

Having been reassured by Zach, Hilary looked convinced. Nevertheless, neither of them was really certain that the other told the truth.