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You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 321 - 330

The couple began to feel uneasy when they noticed Clarissa staring at them pointedly.

"Ms. Quigley, I hope you can talk to Matthew and spare Shermaine. The both of you are doing great while Shermaine has gotten what she deserved. Hence, I believe her parole wouldn't affect you at all, so why can't you be more compassionate?"

Clarissa sneered as she narrowed her eyes at them before she spoke in a cold tone. "Mr. and Mrs. Smallwood, I have no right to interfere with Matthew's matters. Besides, I'm never the kind to show compassion to people who only have ill intentions for me. In this case, why should I play Mother Mary and save her? I'm not a fool. I do understand why you're doing this, but I have loved ones too. If my father was still alive, he would have tried his best to protect me from harm as well. Hence, I'm afraid I cannot grant you with your request."

With that, she got up and left.

Kayla began to cry in anger and sadness as she leaned against James. Her heart was filled with so much dissatisfaction for Clarissa, yet she could not do anything.

"James, say something! What do we do now? You've got to think of something!"

James was unsure of what to do as well; thus, the couple left sadly.

Jonathan was playing with Damian when Clarissa arrived at Zen Highlands.

He noticed that something was bothering her, so he decided to ask.

However, Clarissa did not tell him about her encounter with the Smallwoods, for she didn't want him to worry.

Nonetheless, Clarissa was troubled by this matter for a few days before she moved on.

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It was as if the meeting with the Smallwoods didn't happen. Shermaine was still in prison while the Smallwoods remained helpless. As for Clarissa, she had completely forgotten about it.

Meanwhile, Matthew had just returned from a business trip.

At that time, D City was at its coldest time of the year. Thus, Clarissa wore a jacket and headed to the airport.

She was feeling a little bored at home. Knowing that Matthew would be back, she went to pick him up anyway, even though he did not ask her to.

Hence, she had someone take care of Damian as she got ready. She put on a long down jacket before heading to the airport.

Apparently, Matthew's flight was delayed, so Clarissa wandered around while sipping a cup of coffee as she waited for Matthew. Then, she hurried to the arrival hall to meet Matthew once the flight had landed.

Clarissa spotted Matthew instantly among the crowd. He wore a black coat as he strode alongside two men by his side. The looks on their faces told her that they were discussing some serious issue.

However, they did not notice her.

Thus, Clarissa decided to wait until they came closer to greet Matthew. Yet, someone beat her to it before she could even say a word.

"Mr. Tyson, welcome back. It must have been a tiring journey, and thank you for your hard work, Mr. Walker and Mr. Lee..." Avery said as she approached them.

She was not dressed warmly like Clarissa. Instead, she wore a dress made of light material, exposing her long legs. It was different in comparison to her usual working attire in the office. It was obvious she had purposely dressed up for today.

"Avery, have you brought all the documents? Good, let's continue once we get to the car..."

I suppose she's here because of work since Mr. Walker is her boss.

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Clarissa stood in place and did not go forward. I know I looked like a dumpling dressed like this, but was it that bad that you couldn't see me?

Avery stood right beside Matthew as they walked. She joined in the conversation, seemingly to draw their attention to her.

Damn, was she doing it on purpose?

Well, I don't care whatever her intentions were. I've decided to teach Matthew a lesson once I get back home! Clarissa thought to herself.

Perhaps Matthew sensed her overbearing glare on him and turned his head.

His cold expression turned into a grin when he noticed Clarissa and her gloomy expression.

Matthew stopped in his tracks, which startled the lot, who was walking beside him. They looked at him and slowly turned in the direction he was staring at. They instantly noticed a beautiful woman with a dissatisfied expression staring back at Matthew.

Avery's eyes dimmed while Camden and Jordan were surprised.

Matthew smiled as he extended his arms. His behavior had caught the attention of passersby due to his tall and slender figure.

However, Clarissa stood there and pouted unhappily. It was obvious she was waiting for Matthew to coax her.

With a loving smile plastered on his face, Matthew walked up to her and pulled her into an embrace. Then, he lowered his head and planted a kiss on her lips.

Clarissa was taken back by his actions while she struggled to break free from his embrace. Yet, Matthew did not let go after a long kiss.

As soon as Matthew pulled away from her, she noticed the passersby stealing glances at them. Hurriedly, she pulled Matthew's arm and lowered her head in embarrassment.

"Come on, let's go. Everyone's looking."

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Matthew grinned as he caressed her face and replied, "Alright, let's head home."

Clarissa lowered her head and started walking, but Matthew grabbed her hand.

She looked up at him and glanced sideways. Right then, Donnie and the others were approaching them.

"You're here, Mrs. Tyson," Donnie said.

"Mrs. Tyson?"

Avery was surprised when she the word "Mrs. Tyson." We met Clarissa at Mr. Tyson's office earlier. Yet, how did she become Mrs. Tyson in a blink of an eye?

Oh, I guess the rumors were true. Some even claimed that they already had a son. So it would make sense they were lawfully wedded as well.

Mr. Walker's a bright guy too. He knew exactly what to say at the perfect timing.

"Mrs. Tyson, are you here to surprise Mr. Tyson? If that's the case, then please leave the rest to Camden and myself, Mr. Tyson. We can take care of it. You should go home and accompany Mrs. Tyson. It's been a while since you've been home anyway," Jordan teased, and he dragged the others away.

Clarissa watched Avery silently as she left with a pale face. Secretly pleased with that, she then tugged Matthew toward the exit.

I can't keep up with her emotions. She was unhappy just a second ago, and now she's all smiles. Matthew shook his head.

Once they got in the car, Clarissa opened her mouth to say something, but Matthew beat her to it. He pinned her against the backseat, and the couple made out the entire journey home. It was so passionate that Clarissa could almost taste blood on her lips.

Ugh, why did he have to do that? The weather had been pretty dry these days, and I always forgot to apply lip balm. Now, look what he's done! My lips are cracked. Clarissa was furious and refused to leave the car.

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She stared at herself in the mirror and hissed in pain. "Gosh, couldn't you wait a little longer? Look at what you did. My lips were already so chapped, and you had to gnaw me like a piece of meat..."

Matthew sat beside her with his arms resting by the car window as he watched her grumbled. He found her every move extremely adorable, and it melted his heart. Right at that moment, he was also itching to pull her into a hug.

The woman's lips were cherry red, and she had light makeup on. She also wore a body-fitting knitted dress that perfectly outlined her curves underneath her jacket. She had a beautiful, fair neck which was decorated with a few red marks, and that made it even more attractive to him.

Once again, Matthew could not resist himself while Clarissa was grumbling, so he pulled her into a kiss once again.

At the same time, the chauffeur had left the car. So, the man could do whatever he intended to.

As soon as Clarissa entered the door, Damian ran over and hugged her. Moments later, Matthew picked him up and hugged him as well.

Both father and son sat down and spent some quality time together while Clarissa went back to her room to calm herself down.

When she went downstairs to check on them, she noticed Damian had fallen asleep in Matthew's arms.

Oh my, I think you've gotten a little chubbier. You must have been eating a lot. Matthew thought to himself as he looked at Damian.

The resemblance is uncanny! Clarissa watched the two as a surge of warmth flowed in her heart. She then walked over and sat beside Matthew. "He knew I was going to meet you and begged to come along. But it was too cold outside, so I didn't agree. I guess he was too excited and skipped his nap time. That explains why he's so tired today. Let's get him back to his room, alright?"

Matthew smiled as he caressed Damian's forehead lovingly.

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He then turned to face the love of his life and thought to himself. What can be better than living a life like this?

“What is it? Are you lost in my beauty?” Clarissa joked as she cupped her face adorably.

At this moment, Clarissa was reminded of Avery. I know Matthew doesn't have any interest in her, but jealousy is in a woman's nature after all.

“Tell me who's prettier? Avery or me? I bet she's very capable at work? Perhaps she's smart as well? Do you admire such a woman?”

“Avery? Who's that?”

Matthew had no idea who she was talking about.

Clarissa rolled her eyes and pondered before she smiled.

“Nothing, it's nothing. It's not important. Come on, let's put Damian in his room. As for me... I'll be waiting in our room.”

She got up and winked at him before she left. Although she said it boldly and confidently, her cheeks were flushed in embarrassment.

Clarissa wasn't the bold type. However, she merely did that because she had missed him after being away for some time now. Besides, he probably was holding himself back in the car earlier. So, it wouldn't hurt if I decided to give him a little reward.

Matthew's eyes darkened as his thin lips curled into a playful grin when he noticed Clarissa taking the initiative. Very well!

Chapter 322

Shermaine finally had the chance to meet her parents. However, they brought her bad news. They told her that her parole application was rejected because Matthew and Clarissa got in the way. Yet, she was not angry at all.

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Instead, she smiled at them with a hint of disappointment which disappeared quickly. She even comforted her parents in return.

“Dad, Mom, you don’t have to be sad. I just have to bear the consequences of my actions. Hence, whatever the results may be, I’ll accept it with an open heart.”

“But, we thought we could finally reunite during New Year’s. I’m sorry, Shermaine. We’re useless; we couldn’t avenge you.”

“Don’t say that, Mom,” Shermaine reminded as she looked at her with forgiving eyes. Kayla then began to calm upon hearing her words.

“Alright, enough about them. We’ll do our best to work toward an early reunion. Shermaine, I hope you can forgive us.”

“Mom and Dad, you’ve done your best. Besides, this isn’t your fault. I was the one who got myself into this.”

“How could it be your fault? They set you up! If it wasn’t for her...”

Kayla dragged Clarissa into the picture once again. But when she glanced at her daughter, she quickly stopped. “Okay, let’s change the topic.”

Shermaine smiled and began to talk about her life in prison. She even picked up a business and economics course, so she could help her father with his business once she got out.

“That’s great! You’re a smart girl who gets everything done. I’m sure you’ll get do well when I hand you the business.”

James nodded. “Of course. We’re all waiting for you to reunite with us as well as hand you the business.”

Shermaine grinned happily. “Alright. So don’t worry about me!”

Once the couple left, Kayla’s face became pale. She clutched onto James tightly as they walked to the car. Then, she clutched her chest tightly as if she had difficulty breathing when they got into the car.

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James was used to Kayla's recurring condition over the years. She wasn't physically ill; it was just a psychological issue.

He patted Kayla's shoulder and signaled the driver to start driving.

Kayla did not speak for a long time until she had returned to her normal self.

"Is there really no other way, James? Although Shermaine wasn't upset, I believed she must be suffering inside."

James shook his head. "There's nothing we can do for now. Right now, we can only wait."

"Oh, my poor Shermaine! I guess it'll only be the two of us again this year."

James did not say anything but merely sighed.

Meanwhile, Clarissa had just woken up in the afternoon and realized Damian was already back from school.

She then recalled what happened last night and rolled her eyes. Well, I did ask for it. Come to think of it, I made the first move, which led to even worst results.

With one hand on her waist, she went down and saw Ellie entering the house with Damian. Ellie noticed Clarissa in pajamas and instantly knew she had just woken up and flashed her sly smile.

Damian saw Clarissa and quickly ran up to hug her.

Then, Julia and the nanny led him away to change as Ellie sat down across Clarissa and began to look at her.

"What're you looking at?"

Clarissa felt rather uneasy but tried to remain calm. However, her cheeks gradually became red.

"Well, look at you!" Ellie sneered.

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Clarissa was speechless and quickly covered her face with her hands like a little girl. "Stop it, Ellie!"

Ellie glanced at the now flushed Clarissa and instantly knew that she was living a happy life.

"Alright, I'll stop that. Also, do you know that you're on the headlines of today's paper? It's about you picking up Uncle Matt from the airport."

"Huh? Why were we being photographed again? What in the world... I'm not even a celebrity!" Clarissa complained as she grabbed her phone to check the news. However, she couldn't find anything.

"You wouldn't be able to find anything now. Uncle Matt wouldn't allow you to be exposed under the public eye due to his possessiveness. So don't you worry."

Clarissa was relieved but quickly retorted Ellie. "What do you mean possessive? I didn't want to be exposed. I merely thought that these paparazzi have mad skills! I don't understand how they got the shot. Besides, it was a spontaneous trip."

"Don't you know the airport's literally a second runway for celebrities? Even if they weren't there to take pictures of you, they would be there for someone else. As for your case, it was purely an accident."

Clarissa pouted and sighed when she heard Ellie's words.

"Too bad I can't see it. I bet I looked hideous! I was dressed in a huge down jacket yesterday before I headed out. They must have claimed that I'm fat or going through a rough patch with Matthew, judging from their usual style of reporting."

Ellie let out a small laugh. "No, don't worry. It's not as bad as you think."

"Then what is it?"

Ellie merely smiled playfully as she wiggled her eyebrows at Clarissa.

Clarissa became even more awkward and shy as Ellie continued to laugh. "What're you laughing at? Tell me! What did those paparazzi do to those pictures? Did they match it with a weird title?" She frowned.

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“No. The title wasn’t the point, but the kiss you shared with Uncle Matt was the highlight. Hence, your looks and what your body looked like didn’t matter at all...”

Hearing that, Clarissa was speechless as she felt her body temperature increasing rapidly. She was so embarrassed and wanted desperately wanted to hide.

Yet, Ellie did not hold back making fun of her even when she noticed how red her face was.

At this moment, Damian appeared and noticed his mother blushing and Ellie laughing hysterically.

“Mommy, Mommy! What game are you and Ms. Ellie playing? Can I join you?”

“Pfft.... Hahahah...”

Ellie burst out laughing as she pulled him into her lap and pecked him on the cheek. “We’re not playing any games, deary. It was your Mommy who did some embarrassing stuff.”

“What is that?”

Damian widened his eyes in curiosity as he turned to face Clarissa. Clarissa was startled by his sudden question, and once again, embarrassment quickly took over her.

“It’s nothing! Don’t listen to her; it’s all nonsense. Come here, Damian. Now, tell me how was school? Could you tell me what your teacher taught in class today?”

Clarissa quickly changed the topic. The boy then ran into Clarissa’s arms and began to tell her about his day at school...

Damien was quite a chatter for a little guy at his age. He didn’t stop talking to Clarissa until it was nap time.

Once Clarissa put Damian to sleep, she quietly crept downstairs and held a virtual meeting with Yael to discuss work.

“So the problem now is that we’re planning to recruit more people once New Year’s is over. Hence, we’ll have to find a bigger studio to move in. We’ll also need to create a new department. Our business has been expanding over time, and the lack of manpower had

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caused inconvenience as the staff had to juggle many tasks all at once. Therefore, it's best if we recruit more people in the HR and Finance department."

"A new studio?"

"Yes. Unless you would like to remain where we're now, we could make plans to expand the studio," Yael answered. Yet, Clarissa shook her head. "No. It's better to get a new place. Besides, it's too expensive here judging from the amount of rent I pay every year."

"Pfft... You both really are something."

Clarissa smiled. "Anyway, I've decided on this. So it seems like you're going to have a search for a new place."

"Okay. I'll hand this over to Charles as he's now able to work independently. I also plan to promote our current staff to become heads of departments as soon as we've recruited talents. Speaking of which, the Tyson Corporation is interested to turn Oz's work into a television series. This is great news! So I think you should take the chance to reward the staff and encourage Hilda too. She seems rather anxious these days."

"Alright, I got it. By the way, Tyson Corporation plans to shoot before New Year, so I'll be away for a while. Do you think it's a good idea to bring her along with me? It is a good opportunity, after all."

"Alright then. It's set!"

Clarissa was rather pleased to see Matthew returning home after her virtual meeting was over.

Matthew noticed how happy she was as he took off his jacket and sat beside her. He pinched her cheeks and leaned in for a kiss. However, Clarissa stopped him.

"Stay away from me. My lips aren't healed yet."

At that, Matthew pinched her cheeks and turned her face toward him.

"Let me take a look. I wonder what's taking so long?"

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Clarissa pouted her lips and showed him. "If only you didn't bite my lip this hard, I wouldn't have to go through this pain."

Matthew grinned. "Well, I was never the type to bite. I would only..."

Clarissa covered her lips with her hand before he could steal a kiss.

At that moment, he could only see her dark eyes that were seemingly smiling back at him. Similarly, only Clarissa would understand the meaning behind the look that he returned to her.

Clarissa's cheeks instantly flushed as she turned and moved away from him angrily. Then, she lay on the sofa and began looking through her phone, obviously ignoring Matthew.

Yet, Matthew went over and picked her up. Soon enough, she was sitting on his lap.

Matthew looked at her plump lips as he pinched her face fondly.

Look how adorable she is! I want to kiss those lips so badly. He thought as he tried to restrain himself before kissing her.

At last, he decided to hold his urges and asked, "What were you so happy about?"

Clarissa lit up in joy when she remembered and slapped his fingers away. "Mr. Tenant, we're on a hunt for a new studio now. I can't wait to leave your overly-priced building," Clarissa said excitedly as she chuckled.

"A new studio?"

Matthew raised an eyebrow and moved closer to her. "Why do you need a new studio?"

"Well, I'm a boss now. My company's making money, so we're planning to expand and recruit more staff. Then, we'll continue to achieve more milestones and hopefully become a listed company."

She's mentioned things like becoming a CEO and living her best life in the past. I've heard enough to be able to recite on my own. Well, look at her now. She's actually working her way toward it!

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Matthew gave her a nod of affirmation and kissed her. "Aww, look at our Clare, all grown up." He patted her head lovingly.

Chapter 323

Despite complimenting her for what she did, Matthew disagreed with her intention to move to another studio. "I can clear out an entire floor in our corporation's building for you if you wish to expand your studio. Don't waste time looking for another studio. Besides, the rental here is cheaper."

You don't even need to pay if you don't want to.

But Matthew knew Clarissa would never occupy the space for free if he were to make this offer. Though he did collect rent from her all this while, he did not put the money into the company's account. Instead, he saved all the money in a fund under her name.

Yet, Clarissa outright turned down his offer. "No. I can't stay in this building anymore. Since I'm a boss now, and my company is growing, I need a proper space to put things in place."

Matthew ran his fingers on her cheeks, rubbed his nose against them, and let out a grunt. "But I'll miss you if I don't get to see you here."

Clarissa pulled herself away and turned to another side. She accidentally brushed her lips against the stubble on his cheeks. Before she could escape, Matthew held the back of her head, pulled her over, and gave her a kiss.

"Please stay, okay?"

Matthew tried to coax her and continued kissing her all over. He had all the time in the world to convince her not to relocate.

Clarissa could hardly move since Matthew was holding her tightly. She had no choice but to push his face away with her hand.

"Stop it. Just hear me out..."

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Following that, Clarissa analyzed her company's situation with Matthew. She needed him to understand she was the proprietor of her business, and a proper space was important to put her company in place.

"I need you to respect my decision, and that's the only support I ask of you," she said in a steady voice. "I want to manage my company all by myself, and I hope you can give me the freedom to do so. Besides, I want to have a clear rental contract so that I can keep track of my company's account."

Upon hearing that, Matthew sighed. "There's nothing I can do to make you stay then?"

Clarissa grinned. "You'll support me in everything I do, right?"

Matthew raised his brows. Oh well, how can I say no...

"Thanks, Hubby." Calling him "hubby" seemed to have put a smile on his face. Even his eyes brightened almost instantly.

Ah. So it does make a difference when I call him "hubby" instead of his name.

If that's the case...

"Hubby..." She once again called Matthew in a coquettish voice and wrapped her hands around his neck.

Matthew finally gave in to her incessant plea.

"All right."

Clarissa grinned and gave Matthew a peck on his lips.

Meanwhile, Damian saw them kissing as he walked downstairs with Ellie. He instantly pulled his hand away from Ellie, ran toward them, and smiled, "Give me a kiss too!"

Despite feeling embarrassed, Clarissa cupped Damian's face and kissed him on the head. Damian reciprocated and gave her a kiss. Meanwhile, Ellie observed from a distance and admired how gorgeous this family was. When Damian grows up and marries a beautiful wife, I'm sure their kid would inherit their good looks too.

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After that, Ellie stayed overnight and insisted on sharing the same room as Damian.

Clarissa was relieved that Damian had someone to play with, so she could focus on her work.

She leaned against the headboard of the bed, picked up her notepad, and went through the director's feedback on her script.

At that moment, she was pleased with the amendments made by her team from the studio.

As the owner of the company, Clarissa no longer had to do the editing herself. She would only need to come up with the framework and important details of a script before delegating it to her team.

After all, it would be exhausting for her to handle everything on her own.

After briefing her new staff member, Hilda, about the latest script, Clarissa received a text message from her: I've always wanted to write a script about a love story that revolves around a rich and domineering CEO ever since I saw you with Mr. Tyson. Can I have your permission to turn your love story into a script?

Upon reading that, Clarissa froze for a moment. She suddenly recalled a story she had written three years ago.

Hilda sent another text: Ms. Quigley? Are you there?

Clarissa snapped out of her daze and replied: I'm sorry, Hilda. It's a no-go for me.

Hilda responded: Oh, okay. But I really think it's an excellent story idea. Are you sure you don't want to write it yourself? You'd definitely do a much better job in delivering the story than me!"

She continued sending another text: Love stories like these are very trendy now and would become even more popular when they're shot into films or series. The thought of it excites me! Would you consider my suggestion, please?

Hilda responded with a pleading face emoji. Clarissa chuckled and replied: I'll think about it.

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She then turned on her laptop and opened that long-forgotten script, which she had planned to present as a gift to Matthew on their wedding day.

But since their wedding did not take place three years ago, Clarissa had totally forgotten about it.

Initially, she wanted to end the story with a wedding, but due to unforeseen circumstances, it was left unfinished.

Hilda's suggestion sparked Clarissa's desire to complete the story. Thus, she took a deep breath and started typing on the keyboard.

Matthew came into the room and noticed how focused she was. Then he walked toward her, took a glance at the screen, and raised his brows.

In the past, he would have stopped Clarissa from working at home at this hour, but today, he kept mum and did not interrupt her.

At about 11.30 p.m., he finally stepped in, snatched her laptop away, saved the document, and put it aside.

Matthew then walked up to her and gently massaged her neck.

Clarissa was so engrossed earlier that she did not realize how stiff her neck had become.

At that, she leaned against him and said, "Thank you, Hubby."

Matthew smiled and kissed her on the forehead. "Someone seems to be in a good mood today."

Clarissa blinked and grinned. "Don't you like it?"

"I love it," Matthew replied. "I love it very much."

Throughout the night, he continued to show her how much he loved it with some intimate bedroom action and squeezed her dry like a sponge. Clarissa called him hubby repeatedly and moaned so loudly that her voice turned hoarse the next day.

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When Clarissa woke up, she lazed in bed till afternoon since she knew Ellie was taking care of Damian. After grabbing a quick bite, she immediately thought of the unfinished story.

Hence, Clarissa opened her laptop and continued writing.

She was so focused on the story that she did not work on other things for the next couple of days. Even Damian was upset that she did not spend time with him.

A few days of hard work finally paid off when she had finally completed the script.

Clarissa then took a long nap to catch up with some sleep. When she woke up, she realized Damian was in a bad mood.

Immediately, Clarissa had a video call with him. "Hi, Damian. Where are you? Are you still with Ms. Ellie? Where are you coming back? I miss you."

Yet, Damian pulled a long face and gave her the cold shoulder. Clarissa looked at him and thought he behaved exactly like Matthew.

Damian might have inherited her appearance, but Clarissa noticed he looked more and more like Matthew as he grew older.

The way he sulked right during the video call was exactly how Matthew would react.

"I'm busy having fun with Ms. Ellie and uncle now, and I don't miss you, Mommy."

Hearing that, Clarissa's mouth twitched, and she felt dejected. Damian then ran toward a man, who picked him up and walked away. While Clarissa continued having a chat with Ellie, she suddenly recalled the mysterious man they were with.

"Damian said he's with you and another man. Who is he?"

"That's not important." Ellie pursed her lips. "The important thing is that Damian is mad at you, so what are you going to do?"

Clarissa massaged her forehead. "I know how to deal with him. He's just throwing a tantrum. Where are you? I'll go and meet you all now. You better explain to me who this 'uncle' is!"

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After that, Clarissa ended the call, changed into fresh clothes, and left for the shooting club to meet them.

When she reached, Shawn was carrying Damian, who was smartly dressed in a camouflage uniform, in his muscular arm.

Clarissa immediately turned her attention to Damian after greeting Shawn.

She knew her son's behavior too well. After coaxing him with some snacks, she finally won him over.

Chapter 324

Clarissa sat with Ellie and watched Shawn from a stone's throw away. Clad in a black uniform, the muscular man took the battlefield like a champion.

Unlike Matthew, who exuded an air of elegance and elitism, Shawn was more like a sharp-eyed tough man.

Clarissa was a little surprised to learn that Shawn was the man of Ellie's dream, but after taking a closer look at the rugged man with a masculine physique, she could somewhat understand why Ellie was attracted to him.

The woman teased Ellie with a glance, and a line immediately formed between the latter's brows. "Stop staring at me like that!"

Immediately, Clarissa responded with an impish grin. "What's with you and Captain Hayes? Oh, wait—he's the director now, isn't he? Tell me more about your relationship with him. Have you two..."

Ellie was taken aback by how Clarissa phrased her question. "Excuse me, Aunt Clare, I know you're married, and you're an expert in 'certain things,' but are you sure you want to know the details?"

Ellie's response rendered Clarissa speechless, and the latter instantly felt embarrassed for asking intimate questions.

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She immediately feigned ignorance with a chuckle and switched to another topic. "So... you two have reconciled?"

Since Ellie pouted and kept mum, Clarissa took her silence as a "yes."

Upon that, Clarissa grinned. "Are you going to get married soon?"

"What? No," Ellie denied. "I still need to observe him for a period."

"You're right. We should never allow men to take advantage of us so easily." Clarissa concurred.

Speaking of marriage, Ellie turned her attention to Clarissa. "You and Uncle Matt have been living together like a married couple for quite some time now, and you even have a kid with him. So when are you going to hold a proper wedding?" she asked, "The both of you might have experienced some ups and downs throughout the years, but nobody—not even my family members—can stop you from marrying him now!"

Everyone in the city knew Clarissa had borne Matthew a son, but they thought she had yet to earn the right to marry into the family.

What the public did not know was the couple had already registered their marriage.

Clarissa was a low-profile person. Initially, she did not care about what people thought of her, but she no longer wanted people to talk behind her back or make fun of Damian.

"You two should announce to the world for Damian's sake. Otherwise, people would always view him as the illegitimate son of the Tyson family!"

That was quite a wake-up call for Clarissa, and her expression turned grim right away.

She did not mind being ridiculed by the public, but she had to think of her son's future.

But even if she decided to hold a wedding now, people would think that Matthew married her just because he was the father to her child. Or people might even continuously regard Damian as a child born out of wedlock.

Rumors like this would further tarnish his reputation as he grew up.

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All of a sudden, Clarissa thought of an idea. Once she got home, she immediately looked for her marriage certificate.

Yet, she could not find it after searching for a while. Left without a choice, she decided to give Matthew a call. "Where's our wedding certificate? Did you lose it?"

He has it, right? He always carries the certificate with him.

Matthew did not answer her directly but asked instead, "What do you need it for?"

"Did you hide it?" she asked.

Matthew grinned. "Yes."

Clarissa let out a sigh and pouted. "Am I supposed to go on a treasure hunt? Just tell me where did you hide it. I need it."

But of course, Matthew was not ready to give in so easily. "First, tell me what you need it for."

Clarissa then told Matthew about the conversation she had with Ellie.

"We kept our marriage a secret because we didn't want some people to know, but they had all eventually found out about it. I think it's the right time for us to make a public announcement. We have to do this for Damian."

Clarissa decided to make this announcement online. She believed Catherine would not find out about this since the Internet was out of her reach.

Upon hearing that, Matthew's expression turned grim for a moment.

"What's wrong? Don't you agree with me?" Clarissa wondered.

He answered, "You're willing to do this for our son, but you've never thought of doing it for me."

Hearing that, Clarissa was at a loss for words.

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“Clare?”

A corner of Clarissa’s lips curled up. I see. Someone’s jealous.

“I’m doing this for you too!” she added, trying to make him feel better.

“But Damian will always be your priority,” he said.

“You are as important as he is to me.” Though Damian was indeed her priority, she could never say that out loud to upset the man before her.

Matthew responded with a grin. “I know what’s on your mind. But I’m still glad that you’ve at least tried to cheer me up.”

Clarissa immediately explained herself. “I love you very much, and I meant what I said. I’m not as heartless as you thought!”

Suddenly, Matthew kept mum for a moment before saying in a deep voice, “Repeat what you said again, Clare.”

At first, she wondered why but soon understood his intention. She chuckled and said, “Fine, I’ll repeat. You’re the best, and I love you. Why do you look so surprised? It’s not like I said this for the first time.”

Of course, I love my son very much too.

“I know. It’s just that you don’t often say something like this to me. You made me a happy man today,” Matthew said.

“Wow. Okay. Since you’re a happy man now, please tell me where the marriage certificate is.” Of course, Clarissa did not forget her mission.

“It’s in the safe box.”

Clarissa paused for a moment before responding to that answer. “All right. Thanks. I assume you have no problem with me announcing this publicly, right?”

“I’m fine with it.”

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“Great!” Clarissa instantly hung up the phone and ran to the safe box. She took out the marriage certificate, went to a well-lit area, and took a photo of it.

After blurring out their faces and first names, she uploaded the certificate that carried their family names onto her account.

Doing this was the most direct way of telling the world that she was married to Matthew. It would also spare them from being tailed by the paparazzi in the future.

In the late evening, this piece of news became one of the top trending stories on Twitter.

The marriage between two unnamed individuals from the Quigley family and the Tyson family instantly became the talk of the town.

Though their full names and photos are all blurred out, it was not difficult to figure out their identities.

The moment Clarissa uploaded the photo, the official account of the Tyson Corporation also retweeted the post. Matthew, too, did the same on his social media account.

Many Twitter users retweeted the post and clicked the like tab to show their support for the couple.

The fact that Clarissa made this announcement in the late afternoon of an ordinary day took netizens, or even paparazzi, by surprise.

More importantly, the date on the certificate clearly showed that Clarissa and Matthew were already married three years ago.

In other words, she got married into the Tyson family not because of the child but because of love.

Now that their marriage had come to light, people who criticized or ridiculed Clarissa would have no choice but to keep their mouths shut.

Netizens also began to revisit their love story by reading articles about Clarissa and her son at the airport and the rumors between her and several mysterious men.

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These people were all struck dumb as they used to believe all kinds of scandals about her.

Everything that had happened to Clarissa and Matthew in the last couple of years was all now making sense.

Some netizens even dug out news about the couple and screenshots of photos that had long vanished from the Internet and studied them closely. They soon realized there had been traces of evidence that suggested Clarissa and Matthew were an item all along.

Though Clarissa did not expect the netizens to revisit their past, she knew this announcement would cause a big hoo-ha on the Internet. She did not have the courage to read the comments after posting the marriage certificate on impulse.

Knowing the fact that people would still make harsh remarks about her, Clarissa restricted the comment section.

Instead of worrying about how others might think of her, she decided to spend quality time with Damian and entertain calls from a few close friends.

One of them was Damon, who was shocked to learn that they were married. Yaala, too, called her to congratulate her and gave her an overview of netizens' opinions.

"They dare not criticize you anymore since you're Mrs. Tyson now," she said. "Oh, there are also quite a number of emerging celebrities who try to get in your good books by congratulating you on their social media accounts. So, what are you going to do about it, Mrs. Tyson?"

Clarissa responded with a wry smile. "Please don't call me Mrs. Tyson..."

Yaala laughed. "I'm really happy for you, but you made me worry for nothing in the three years!"

Instantly, Clarissa felt sorry to have kept this a secret from her. "I have my reasons for not telling you."

"Whatever you say, Mrs. Tyson," Yaala continued teasing. "Oh, by the way, I heard there are some people who want to take advantage of you."

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Chapter 325

Clarissa was taken aback by those words. "What do you mean?"

I don't remember having any conflict with anyone...

"Don't worry," comforted Yaala. "It's all in the past now."

"Huh? What's going on? What happened?"

Yaala drifted off into a monologue. Turns out there was someone known as Old Codger in showbiz. It was said that he was a big shot in the industry and was even rumored that he used to be a part of the mafia. Even though he had supposedly turned over a new leaf, he still kept his domineering attitude. Everyone would shudder at the mention of his name. Paired up with the fact that he had a dark past, no one dared to defy him. Unfortunately, Old Codger was notorious for being a pervert. He would somehow always succeed in getting his hands on whichever women he had his eyes on, with or without their consent.

Then again, it was no surprise. Whoever caved would be compensated while those who refused were oppressed in everything they do. Rumors had it that many women in showbiz had fallen victim to him, with most of the victims swallowing their anger and hurt. Many more unnumbered women prayed every day to not become the next victim.

Once, when Yaala was attending a social event, someone approached her, knowing she was close with Clarissa.

The person revealed cautiously to Yaala that Clarissa had caught Old Codger's eye. He had accidentally seen Clarissa with Yaala sharing a meal together and had been keeping a close watch on Clarissa since.

Old Codger had found out that Clarissa was @clarissa.quigley and was unbothered by the rumors about her and multiple men. After all, he would not give up on whoever had caught his fancy. His tyrannical attitude allowed him to get his hands on whoever he wanted no matter what.

Apparently, he had hired people to bring Yael to him. Fortunately, Yael was not intimidated by him and rejected his invitation to meet up without hesitation. He even tried approaching

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Yael through multiple means such as business meetings but was shot down by the latter every time.

That was the main reason why Clarissa had no clue about what was going on.

Nonetheless, Old Codger was adamant. He started spreading words saying that he would not rest until he got his hands on Clarissa. He promised anyone a handsome reward if they could bring Clarissa out to meet him.

“As you can see, that man is absolutely unscrupulous! How can someone think so mighty of himself is a mystery to me,” huffed Yaala.

It wasn't until Old Codger had declared his intentions on getting Clarissa did Yaala caught wind of the news. Yaala had intended to warn Clarissa about Old Codger so that the woman could keep her guard up. However, never would Yaala have guessed that Clarissa would be one step ahead by publicizing her marriage certificate with Matthew.

The news of Clarissa being married definitely shocked Old Codger to his core.

“So I guess you don't have to be too worried. Old Codger wouldn't dare to challenge Mr. Tyson. Perhaps you can inform Mr. Tyson about this, and he might be able to help you resolve this issue,” Yaala concluded.

Clarissa broke out in cold sweat after finding out the truth.

A memory resurfaced in the back of her mind. She recalled receiving messages inviting her out, all of which from friends in the industry that she was not close with.

Does that mean they were planning on betraying me by handing me over to Old Codger in exchange for the rewards?

Clarissa shuddered at the thought. Never would she have ever expected someone could act so lawless in a society run by laws.

As for herself, if she were not protected by Matthew, she could have been betrayed by her colleagues and violated by Old Codger. I can't imagine what I'm going to do if that were to actually happen to me...

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His atrocious behavior had gone unchecked for so many years despite a lot of people knowing about his disgusting ways. And yet, no one dared to report him to the authorities. This could only mean one thing... The answer was self-evident.

Yaala stood waiting on the other end of the call. She noticed that Clarissa had gone silent. Deep down in her heart, Yaala knew Clarissa had been terrified by the news.

“Don’t be afraid, Clarissa. It’s a good thing that we know about this beforehand so that necessary precautions could be taken. Plus, with Mr. Tyson on your side, I doubt Old Codger would dare to touch you.”

Clarissa snapped out of her daze. “Yeah. I got it. Thank you, Ms. Zaha.”

“Why are you thanking me? I know how you’re feeling, Clarissa. I understand. Unfortunately, the world isn’t as safe as we hope it is. There is some evil that we can’t escape from. But I believe one day, all evil will be banished completely.”

“You’re right, Ms. Zaha,” answered Clarissa, her lips pursed into a thin line.

After hanging up, Clarissa could not help but recount how lucky she had been. Even though she faced some troubles in the past, she had never encountered true evil. After she met Matthew and went under his protection, her life had gone rather smoothly. At least, better than the majority...

I have been in showbiz for so long, yet my reputation is still intact, and I have never been harassed, violated nor harmed.

I have been insanely lucky.

Even so, Clarissa was still shaken up by this incident.

After work, Matthew came home to see Clarissa seated on the spacious sofa, hugging her legs and resting her chin on her knees, staring into space. His heart ached at the sight of Clarissa looking like a bullied preschooler. He strode toward the sofa and took a seat beside her before scooping her onto his laps in one swift motion. Matthew then wrapped his right arm around her in hopes of giving her comfort.

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He stroked the top of her head before sliding down to her face. Hiding the worry he felt, Matthew inquired, "Clare, what's wrong?"

Slowly, Clarissa lifted her head and gazed at Matthew with tears in her eyes. Upon seeing those reddened eyes, Matthew felt his chest tightened.

"Is there something wrong, Clare? Don't be afraid. I'm here. Hubby's here, okay?"

Clarissa's lips quivered in response before she wrapped her arms around Matthew's neck and pressing herself closer to his chest. Listening to his steady heartbeat, Clarissa felt safe.

She took a deep breath, gathering the courage to find her voice. However, her voice was still weak and trembling when she managed to speak.

"Ms. Zaha called today. She told me something terrifying. Even though it's probably not going to happen, I still felt uneasy."

"What did she tell you?"

Matthew stroked her hair gently, masking the anxiety in his heart.

"Well, it's about someone called Old Codger. I don't know who he is but Ms. Zaha told me..."

Prompted by Matthew, Clarissa began to tell him everything she learned from Yaala, not leaving out a single detail.

Once she finished, Clarissa waited patiently for Matthew's reaction. As the seconds ticked by, he still had not uttered a sound. Puzzled, Clarissa pulled away from his chest to meet his eyes before instinctively inching away, startled. Matthew's expression had darkened with a murderous look in his eyes.

"Don't be like this. You're scaring me!"

She gently cradled Matthew's face in her hand. Regaining his senses, Matthew's gaze softened as he pulled her into a deeper embrace. He planted a kiss on her forehead, deciding to ignore his desire to rip Old Codger into pieces for the time being.

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Clarissa pouted. "I heard that Old Codger is quite powerful, so don't be too reckless. He didn't know that I was married before. Now that he does, he probably wouldn't come for me anymore, right?"

"Yeah, don't worry. No one will dare lay their hands on you," answered Matthew absentmindedly.

You're not getting away with this so easily, Old Codger. He clenched his fists.

"I know. After all, I'm Mrs. Tyson. Who would be so brazen to do so?"

Having shared her problems, Clarissa decided to change the topic, refusing to dwell on the negativity any longer. Smiling brightly, she tugged Matthew's sleeves.

"Oh, have you heard? Ellie and Shawn got back together! Damian is even referring to Ellie as Mrs. Hayes now! He wouldn't if Ellie had not allowed it. Looks like there really is a chance between those two..."

Clarissa continued to rhapsodize over the new subject, forgetting the gloom she felt just a moment ago.

Matthew played along as he pretended to have forgotten the previous topic as well.

However, when Clarissa put Damian to bed, Matthew fished out his phone and started giving orders to his men.

Anyone who dared to lust for his woman shall pay the price, regardless of who or how powerful they were.

The news of Clarissa being Mrs. Tyson had not only shocked the world, but even the Tysons were also caught off guard.

Not even in their wildest dreams would they have imagined Matthew and Clarissa to have completed their marriage registration way before their numerous attempts in obstructing the relationship.

To the Tysons, the date on the marriage certificate was a harsh slap across the face, especially to Margaret and Yuliana.

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The day the couple had registered their marriage was long before the Tysons had begun to stir up troubles. Not only were their plans futile, but they felt played by Clarissa.

All those vows saying she would not marry into the Tysons were nothing but lies. After all, she had been married to Matthew ages ago.

To make matters worse, Margaret found out about the news through someone else. The shock and anger she registered almost gave her a heart attack.

Even though that did not happen, Margaret still fainted due to anger. After a quick check-up at the hospital, the doctors ruled it off as nothing but sudden and intense agitation.

Despite that, waves of wrath and disappointment still pulsed through Margaret's veins once she regained consciousness.

Why?

After all that I've done, turns out Matthew had already been married! Not only is this him humiliating us, but this is also proof that Matthew no longer regards any of us as significant! He didn't even tell me that he was married, and I'm his mother! He kept the news to himself for three years! Even now, Matthew continues to do as he pleases, disregarding our views. It's as if that boy has cut us off completely!

"I won't, and will never acknowledge that woman as part of the family! I won't, and will never acknowledge that woman as part of the family! I won't, and will never..." Margaret lay on the hospital bed, repeating the same phrase over and over again.

She continued to repeat the sentence non-stop. After a while, everyone around her had gotten indifferent, tuning out her voice as she droned on.

Throughout the whole time, Yuliana was seated at the bedside. The maids were attending to Margaret, taking care of her needs. George had returned home a while ago. Matthew, on the other hand, did not even bother staying once he knew Margaret was fine.

Soon, Ellie came to visit. Upon hearing what Margaret was saying, she couldn't help but chuckle.

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“Grandma, you can stop now. Repeating that sentence over and over isn’t going to do anything. With things as it is, whether or not you acknowledge their marriage won’t bother Uncle Matt and Aunt Clare either way. They would still carry on with their lives as usual, no matter how furious you are. Not even your rage can separate them from each other.”

“Ellie! Stop spewing nonsense!” warned Yuliana.

Realizing her words had been inappropriate, Ellie stuck out her tongue sheepishly. Upon noticing Margaret’s darkened expression, Ellie quickly came up with an excuse and fled.

Truth be told, Ellie believed the main reason Margaret had not accepted the marriage was because of her own pride. The woman had no way of extricating herself from the hole she had dug, while Matthew and Clarissa naturally would not give her an out either. In the end, all that she could do was pitching a fit like a three-year-old kid.

All this fuss stemmed from Margaret’s desire to be significant or heard. As furious as she was then, she would still need to acknowledge the fact sooner or later.

Of course, even if Margaret refused to acknowledge Clarissa as her daughter-in-law in the future, it still would not affect Clarissa.

After all, they did not live together, and it really wasn’t necessary for them to be in touch with each other. Even during the holidays, Matthew had the choice of whether or not to visit the rest of the Tysons, and if he did, Clarissa would not be forced to tag along. No one decided that two families must come together as one after marriage, anyways. Not to mention, there were no sayings that one should get the blessings of family members after getting married.

All that mattered is that two people were happy with each other in marriage.

Chapter 326

Even though Ellie did not agree with Margaret’s views, the former still informed Clarissa about Margaret’s reaction toward the news of Clarissa’s marriage with Matthew. The reason she did that was not to stress Clarissa out but to give the latter a warning.

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To her surprise, Clarissa remained calm and only hummed in acknowledgment, which aroused Ellie's curiosity.

I wonder what's in Clarissa's mind...

Unable to hold her tongue, Ellie asked aloud the question in her heart.

"Clare, do you really not mind not being accepted by my family members for the rest of your life?"

Taken aback by the question, Clarissa froze. After a moment, she passed the toy in her hand to Damian so that the boy could play on his own before pulling Ellie aside.

Clarissa did not want Damian to hear their conversation. After all, Damian was a sharp kid. Even though he might not understand everything that was being said, he would keep it in his mind. Clarissa was worried that it might affect his growth as a happy, healthy child.

"To be honest, Ellie, I would have in the past. After all, it's not easy for someone to just disregard their own family members. You know how Grandma and I depend on each other. Naturally, I'm someone who cares deeply for her own family. In the beginning, I kept holding on to the hope that the Tysons would accept me sooner or later. It doesn't matter how long it takes them," Clarissa began. "But after what happened three years ago, plus the fact that I gave birth to Damian, I understood something." Clarissa paused before continuing, "I live not for the sake of how the Tysons would see me, but for my family, and my son. Because of that, I vowed to live my life to the fullest. Right now, I think it's best to not cross paths with the Tysons. If Matthew wants to visit his family, that's entirely up to him, but I will not be going. If the circumstances would allow it, I will never step foot into the Tyson residence. After all, I have a husband and a son. That's more than enough for me."

Ellie nodded, sharing Clarissa's view on the matter. After a moment of silence, the latter broke into a wry smile. "I'm very selfish, aren't I?"

Ellie immediately shook her head. "No, you're not. I would think the same if I were you. In fact, I'd be even more selfish. Why should I accommodate my man's family? If they don't like me, I won't like them. We are all our own people. Marrying someone should be out of love, and nothing else. If I can't be happy in a marriage, I'd rather not stay in that relationship. After all, there's plenty of fish in the sea. I'll just find another." Ellie winked.

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“Hahaha...” laughed Clarissa. “Well said, but best not let your Uncle Matt hear what you just said.”

“Come on, do you think I’m stupid? Of course I won’t. This conversation is just between the two of us.” grinned Ellie.

Indeed, what Ellie said make sense.

Husbands and wives are supposed to be equals. Both should be able to live without the other. If a marriage consisted of one depending entirely on the other, their love would face its destruction in due time.

A relationship should not feel as if one is indebted to the other. Sometimes, loving ourselves a little more than we love our partner guarantees a longer relationship.

As of then, Clarissa no longer expected the Tysons to be nice to her.

However, it seemed as though the Tysons had given up. They stopped showing up at Zen Highlands to make a scene.

Frankly speaking, there was no point for them to continue protesting. Furthermore, apart from Margaret, no one else was causing troubles.

As for Matthew, it was obvious that he had become a stranger to the Tysons, despite not severing ties with them.

With that, the families no longer interfered with each other’s lives, maintaining the peace.

For the next couple of days, the news of Clarissa becoming Mrs. Tyson continued trending all over the media.

Netizens from all over the place became invested in researching all they could find about the screenwriter and writer. As for the people in showbiz, it mattered not that they did not know Clarissa personally. Everyone would have known Clarissa as the wife of the president of Tyson Corporation as of then.

Because of that, the treatment Clarissa received when joining the film crew with Hilda was out of the norm.

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During the press conference of the television series, Clarissa was the center of attention. All the reporters were more interested in her than the show itself.

After all, everyone knew it was Clarissa's script. That and the fact that the show was a collaboration with Tyson Media made sure that it had caught the attention of many since the beginning. Once the news of Clarissa being Mrs. Tyson was out in the open, the popularity of the series skyrocketed. Reporters from all over the place swarmed to the press conference, outnumbering the actors and actresses by at least a couple hundred. Fortunately, the event was held in an open space that managed to fit everyone.

Cameras kept flashing at the site. Everyone wanted to get a photo of Clarissa.

Originally, Clarissa had intended to show up in public with the rest of the crew. However, upon hearing the number of reporters outside waiting for her, she decided to stay hidden inside. She told the producer about her change of plans, not wanting to steal the spotlight from the actors and actresses.

Even so, all the questions asked by the reporters during the interviews were still regarding Clarissa.

"Are you in a close relationship with Mrs. Tyson?" "What's her character like?" "Did she ever mention her relationship with Mr. Tyson?" Such were the questions being asked when the starring actors and actresses were being interviewed.

The same goes for the interview with the director.

Everyone was only interested in Clarissa's relationship with Matthew.

At long last, the press conference came to an end. Nevertheless, some of the reporters still had not given up. They wandered among the crew in hopes of catching a glimpse of the infamous Mrs. Tyson.

Only when someone spread the misinformation that Clarissa did not attend the press conference did the reporters give up and left.

During the meeting with the crew afterward, Clarissa couldn't help but feel embarrassed.

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"I'm really sorry everyone. Because of me, none of the reporters focused on the main point of the press conference."

Clarissa immediately apologized for the behavior of the crowd earlier. For a few seconds, the crew stared at her dumbfounded before breaking into laughter.

"Clarissa, you're way too innocent," joked the producer.

Clarissa could not understand their reaction. It was only after the meeting did someone explained.

"Ma'am, you didn't have to apologize. Even though you're not an actress, everyone in showbiz has gotten used to this. Whoever is trending would be the main topic of any interviews. Remember the famous actress that had just announced her relationship to the public a few days ago? After her announcement, all her interviews were about her relationship regardless of whether she was in a press conference or a movie premiere. Anyone who's trending would receive the same attention from the reporters. It's inevitable, so you really don't have to apologize, Ma'am."

Clarissa sighed, exasperated. "I still don't think that's right. The show should have been the main point of the press conference. Besides, even if it's inevitable, someone might find the whole affair unfair, which is why I should apologize."

Hilda was standing beside Clarissa. Upon hearing the latter's words, she chuckled. "Ms. Quigley, even if some people find it unfair, they still would not have dared to offend you."

With Clarissa's status, even if someone was upset at her, they would have no choice but to swallow their anger.

Clarissa immediately understood what Hilda meant. Another sigh escaped her lips as she dropped the subject, knowing nothing she said would change the outcome.

Good thing the reporters had been fed misinformation. Otherwise, they would not have left.

The first day of shooting soon arrived. Everything on set, from the props to the scenes, had been finely prepared, giving the show its authenticity. Even the whole crew was known for their high standards. Moreover, due to the fact that the series would convey a strong sense of patriotism, it was no secret that everything had to be perfect.

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Clarissa did not show up for the first day of shooting, for she was afraid of encountering any reporters. She only went on set on the second day.

She had shared a meal with the male and female lead, but she was not close with anyone else. Regardless of that, many crew members still stepped forward to report themselves to Clarissa. Although they said there wasn't any meaning behind the greeting, Clarissa still felt uneasy by all the attention she had been getting.

During the video call with Matthew at night, Clarissa could not help but lament.

"For love's sake, I have never received such treatment in my entire life. It's so weird, you have no idea. I was just going to take a lunch box for myself, and even then, someone would address me as 'Ma'am.' "I'm being called 'Ma'am,' Matthew! This is the most respect I've ever received from someone! I still find it an exaggeration, though. It's so awkward as well."

Matthew was hugging Damian at the time. From time to time, the boy would interrupt or giggle.

"Mommy, what does 'Ma'am' mean?"

"It's how you address someone respectfully. Ask Daddy to give you an example later," explained Clarissa.

Matthew piped up, "You'll have to get used to it, Clare. You're now the wife of Matthew Tyson to the world. Obviously, you're worthy enough to be addressed as Ma'am."

Clarissa pursed her lips, feeling helpless.

She received the title "Ma'am" only because of Matthew, and not because of all her hard work as a screenwriter. She was even belittled before she announced herself as Mrs. Tyson. Needless to say, she felt upset by the ordeal.

Matthew did not think there was anything wrong, but to Clarissa, she felt a wave of mixed emotions.

This proves that Matthew and I are from two different worlds. He has been respected and feared ever since young. That's probably why he doesn't see this as a big deal.

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Despite that, Clarissa wouldn't get upset at Matthew. It was just reality that was disappointing.

"Mommy, Mommy, when are you coming back?"

Damian was unwilling to be left out of the conversation. Hence, he found an opportunity to gain their attention.

Clarissa turned her attention back to her son and smiled. "Just a few more days. I'm busy working to earn money so I can buy you milk, food, and even toys."

Clarissa had always coaxed Damian that way, and it would always work.

This time, however, Damian refute instantly. "But Mommy, Daddy can earn money for us. You don't need to work anymore, so you can come back faster."

Clarissa was rendered speechless, unable to answer.

Matthew chuckled lightly before coming to his wife's rescue. "Darling, I need your mommy to earn money for us as well. The two of us have really big appetites. We eat a lot of food. Mommy needs to work harder so that we won't go hungry."

Damian tilted his head to the side, staring at Matthew in confusion. "Really?"

Matthew nodded in response. "Yes Darling, really."

Damian sighed dramatically. "Okay. In that case, Mommy, next time Daddy and I will eat lesser. You don't have to buy—no, wait... just buy fewer toys. Don't work too hard Mommy."

The way Damian cared for his mother could make anyone's heart melt.

Chapter 327

A smile crept up Clarissa's face as she beamed while Matthew shrugged innocently.

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“Hear that? Both Damian and I will have to eat lesser now so you don’t have to work so hard.”

“Pfft, not you too.” Clarissa laughed.

She then turned her head toward Damian with a smile. “Actually Damian, Daddy earns enough money for us. Don’t believe his lies.”

Clarissa did not want to give her son a false belief that their family was struggling with finances.

Upon hearing that, Damian’s perked up. “In that case, Mommy doesn’t need to earn money anymore. So just come back home, Mommy.”

“I can’t do that, Darling. I’ve promised others that I’ll be working. We have to keep our promises. If not, we would become untrustworthy people hated by others. You don’t want me to be hated, do you, Darling?”

Damian pouted as he mulled over Clarissa’s reasoning. After a while, he admitted reluctantly. “No, Mommy. I will wait for you at home, then. Come back soon!”

“That’s my boy. You’re the best, Darling. Such an obedient boy.”

Damian’s eyes lit up as he received the compliment, turning his scowl into a grin immediately. His chubby cheeks added to the adorableness.

Clarissa puckered up her lips and blew a kiss at the screen.

Damian reciprocated by kissing the camera directly.

Clarissa guffawed at the other end of the call, clutching her stomach. Matthew stroked Damian’s hair before saying, “Don’t kiss the phone, Damian. Wait till Mommy comes back, then you can give her a big kiss.”

He then turned his gaze onto Clarissa, his eyes boring into her before he added, “And so will I.”

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Clarissa's face reddened instantly. She averted her gaze and continued talking to Damian. If she hadn't, her face would have turned into the color of a tomato.

After the call, Clarissa and Hilda worked on the script, reviewing it once again from the top, and made some changes according to the requests mentioned during the meeting.

The duo kept working till it was almost midnight. Out of the blue, Clarissa's phone rang.

The caller ID showed Matthew's name on the screen. Thinking that something had happened, Clarissa picked up immediately. What came next, however, was completely out of her expectations.

"Clare, I miss you." Matthew's magnetic voice sounded on the other end.

Clarissa was at a loss for words.

A furious blush crept up her cheeks and neck. Her reddened face did not escape Hilda's notice, and the latter quickly gathered her things before exiting Clarissa's room.

Clarissa closed the door behind her before whining in disapproval. "Why are you still awake? It's almost midnight."

Matthew was silent for a moment before he sighed helplessly.

"The little guy just fell asleep,"

"Why was he up so late?"

"Because you're not around to stop him from playing. I only managed to get him to bed after much difficulty. Now that you're not here, I just realized that I don't seem to have any power nor authority over that kid."

"Pfft!"

Clarissa chuckled lightly. Aww, doesn't he sound pitiful?

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“Well, it’s your fault for spoiling him all the time. I’ve warned you that he is a sharp and observant boy. I had to be strict with him, unlike you and everyone else who just caved into his coquettish behavior. As time goes by, he’s bound to know that you’re a softie.”

“Alright, you’re strict, I’m soft. At least it balances out. I just can’t believe that I, the powerful Matthew Tyson, would become so powerless dealing with my own son. Anyone would see this as a joke.”

“You’re the one who dug your own grave.” Clarissa laughed.

“Yeah... which is why I miss you.”

“Huh?”

Clarissa was stunned by the sudden change of topic. Her face began to feel hot again. “Do you only miss me because I know how to coax Damian?” She pouted.

“Of course not. I just miss you.”

That’s more like it, thought Clarissa.

She smiled wordlessly at Matthew’s confession. Hearing no response, Matthew could not help but ask, “Do you not miss me, Clare?”

“I do!” Clarissa answered softly but sweetly.

She quickly added, “I’m only here for a few days. So stop bothering me! You’re making me want to go home right this second. But I have to stay here for at least a couple more days. I can’t be so irresponsible.”

Contempt could be heard in her voice.

“Is that disdain I hear in your tone?”

Oops... I think I just pissed him off.

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“Of course not, you’re mistaken,” retorted Clarissa quickly. “But be reasonable. I didn’t bother you all the time when you go on business trips. I only called to check up on you, and not distracting you from your work. Can you do the same for me?”

At those words, Matthew was silenced.

Thinking she had won the argument, Clarissa smiled triumphantly. “Alright, be a good husband now, and wait for me at home, won’t you? I’ll reward your patience once I return.”

Matthew smiled tenderly at the phone as he pinched the bridge of his nose. “And what will my reward be?”

“Hmm... a feast!”

“Do you think that’s enough, Clare?”

Clarissa rolled her eyes. “What else do you want, then?”

“Don’t you know what your own Hubby wants, Clare?”

“Hmm...”

Clarissa hummed, not saying a word.

Matthew’s voice got an octave higher as he raised an eyebrow. “So? I’m sure you know the answer, Clare. What do I like?”

“Well, it’s me I guess...” was Clarissa’s reply, the last part barely audible.

“What was that? I can’t hear you,” teased Matthew.

“I said it’s me.”

Matthew’s raspy yet magnetic voice traveled through her ear and into her heart, squeezing it tightly, causing Clarissa’s hair to stand on end as her breath became rapid.

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Oblivious to her current state, Matthew continued, "Bingo. I want you. You're the only thing I like. Now, you know what you should reward me with, right Clare? You will be my reward."

Clarissa puckered up her lips, not wanting to speak anymore. There was no way she could win the argument now.

After all, when it comes to flirting, she was no match for Matthew.

I write romance novels for a living, so how is it that I can never win against Matthew when it comes to this? This makes absolutely no sense!

"Hmm? Is your silence an agreement, Clare?"

"Do I have a choice, Mr. Tyson?" mumbled Clarissa.

"Unfortunately, you don't," Matthew said. Clarissa could almost see the wide grin on his face.

"So why did you ask?" Clarissa rolled her eyes again.

"Just for fun!" quipped Matthew in a sing-song voice.

"Hmph!"

Clarissa huffed. A few quiet seconds ticked by before she hollered, "You're an a*s sometimes, you know that, Matthew Tyson?"

"Hahahahaha..."

Matthew guffawed in response.

Clarissa sat next to the director in silence. Even though a lot of actors and actresses requested some changes to be made in the script, it was nowhere near the usual workload Clarissa used to have.

It was not unusual for actors and actresses to want to change part of the script. Everyone wanted to have a little bit of their own creation in the show, despite it being illogical at times.

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Clarissa did not have a lot of say in how the script should go in the past, but she had always been extremely fortunate in that she was still able to manage. Now that she had the title of Mrs. Tyson, paired up with the fact that the show would be a production of Tyson Corporation, the crew would speak to her in a courteous tone even when asking her to change the script.

After they finished filming one of the scenes, Hilda approached Clarissa privately and whispered, "Ms. Quigley, a handsome young man approached me just now. At first, I thought my charms had attracted him, but after a long conversation, turns out he just wanted me to give him a few more scenes. Tsk! What a schemeful man! Made me walk away without another word."

Clarissa smiled at her. "This happens all the time. You just have to take a stance."

"Have you met such people, Ms. Quigley?"

Clarissa arched an eyebrow, neither agreeing nor declining, but her silence spoke volumes.

Hilda clicked her tongue in disgust. "This is the consequence of me staying indoors all the time. People are scary."

"It's not as bad as you think. The crew is actually great. Once you started working for other crews on your own, you might meet worse people. By then, you'll have to know how to defend yourself."

"Alright. I got it. Thanks Ms. Quigley."

Hilda was an innocent lady. Ever since young, she loved putting her thoughts on paper. Even after getting her degree, Hilda continued to write for a living, not looking for other jobs. Thus, she rarely socialized with people, causing her to lack wariness whenever she meets new people. Clarissa could not help but see her own shadow in Hilda. She vowed to keep Hilda by her side for as long as she could so that she could protect Hilda while teaching her a thing or two.

The pair sat together as they continued to chat. All of a sudden, Clarissa caught sight of an actress making their way from the corner of her eye. The actress was dressed in a bodycon dress, accentuating her delicate features and giving her an elegant demeanor.

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As she made her way toward the pair, the actress would occasionally stop in her tracks and greet the people around her with a humble attitude. Her humility instantly made others take a liking toward her.

The actress caught Hilda's eyes as well. "Ms. Quigley, that actress is so pretty. She seems nice too,"

Clarissa, however, had a cold expression on her face. She seemed indifferent. Clarissa did not say a word until the actress came to a stop in front of them.

"Hi, Ms. Quigley."

Clarissa pursed her lips together and muttered a greeting.

She then turned and grabbed the script before getting up, heading toward the director. The actress paled, a terrified look crossed her face.

Hilda took in the scene and wondered what it was about.

"Uh... excuse me, miss. You look so pretty! Who are you cast as in the series?" greeted Hilda.

"Um... I'm one of the dancers in the ballroom scene. Ms. Miller, can you-"

"Oh, no need to call me Ms. Miller, that's too formal for me," interrupted Hilda. "Call me Hilda. What's your name?"

"I... My name is Jamie Trudall."

"Ms. Trudall..." Hilda nodded, trying to remember Jamie's name.

Jamie, on the other hand, had her gaze fixated on Clarissa as the latter chatted with the director. Her heart could not stop pounding.

Hilda noticed Jamie's anxiousness as well and could not help but inquire about it. In the end, Jamie took a deep breath and walked toward Clarissa again.

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Before she could reach Clarissa, the director announced for the next scene to start shooting. Left without a choice, Jamie quickly made her way to the other actors and actresses, preparing for filming.

Throughout the entire day, Jamie could hear her own heart beating in fear. Even after the shooting ended, the uneasiness in her stomach still did not go away.

That night, as Clarissa went to her room, Jamie gathered her courage and knocked on the door.

Clarissa had expected Jamie's visit. She knew full well that Jamie simply wanted to make sure she was no longer holding a grudge on her.

Chapter 328

"Ms. Quigley, I'm truly sorry for bothering you."

Jamie's attitude was earnest, but at the same time filled with restraining fear.

Clarissa simply glanced at her emotionlessly before getting straight to the point without wasting any time.

"Stop beating around the bush. Just tell me what you want."

A dark expression loomed over Jamie's face. "Ms. Quigley, could we talk inside?"

Clarissa shook her head firmly. "Even though you're a woman, it's better to just talk here. I'm a cautious person, after all."

Upon hearing that, the color drained from Jamie's face. She clenched her fists tightly while staring at Clarissa with an apologetic expression.

Regardless of whether her remorse was sincere or not, at least she was acting like she meant it.

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However, it seemed that Clarissa was not buying it at all. It was exactly because Jamie was good at acting that Clarissa had no way to differentiate her authenticity.

As such, Clarissa's tone was as cold as ever when she said, "Stop wasting my time, please. There are still people waiting for me to start working."

She meant it as a reminder as well as a warning.

Jamie bit her lips tightly when she realized Clarissa would not show her any sympathy no matter how hard she tried.

Besides, she was also aware that she had crossed the latter's line a long time ago and would never deserve a second chance.

"Ms. Quigley, I'll admit that it was my fault last time, but I've paid the price. I came to the film studio three years ago and started from the bottom. I've truly repented and have worked hard up till now. Ms. Quigley, do you have any idea what I had to go through to get here..."

Clarissa did not intend to let Jamie finished what she wanted to say, as she was hardly interested in it.

In fact, she knew that Jamie was about to elaborate on what difficulties she had gone through.

So what? Serves you right. I've been really kind by not shutting you down completely.

With that thought, she lifted her hand and interrupted Jamie abruptly. "That's enough. I got your point. You're afraid that I would burn your bridge again, aren't you?"

"I..."

"If that's so, then you don't have to worry. I'm not that cruel."

Instantly, Jamie beamed at Clarissa with her eyes still moist with tears. "Ms. Quigley, that's really kind of you. I..."

She wanted to approach Clarissa and thank her but was swiftly evaded by the latter.

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"I won't do anything to you, but at the same time, I would never befriend you again. Jamie, I am not a devil, and neither am I a saint. From now on, we're merely strangers. Do you understand?"

Hearing that, Jamie backed away with obvious disappointment written all over her face.

"Yes... I understand... This is what I deserve..."

Clarissa ended the conversation with a ruthless tone. "Well, if there's nothing else, you should leave. Don't ever look for me again. And if we meet at the site, do not greet me."

Upon saying that, she swiftly closed the door and walked into the room. Meanwhile, their conversations were overheard by Hilda.

The latter was left in slight bewilderment by what she heard. It was then that she recalled there was once a newbie named Jamie who was rather famous but disappeared without any news for years. Many thought she had gotten married and started a family somewhere.

But now Hilda found out that it was all because the mentioned actress had offended Clarissa.

Holy sh*t. This is the biggest secret in showbiz!

As Clarissa came back earlier than Hilda expected, the latter had a hard time suppressing her nervousness and curiosity. Her dilemma was observed by Clarissa.

"Alright, stop with the act. Jamie and I were friends, and she betrayed me for some profits. I was lucky and didn't get harmed, but our friendship was over. In the end, I took my revenge, and it came to what you heard just now."

Hilda nodded cautiously. "Okay."

Looking at her timid attitude, Clarissa let out a chuckle. "Hilda, you have to be careful with anyone you come across in this industry. The temptation of lust and profit can easily deceive any human heart. So don't ever trust anyone, including me. Understand?"

Hilda was frozen in shock by her statement.

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However, Clarissa did not seem to care what Hilda felt as the former sat down and started changing the subject to work.

Her sudden change in behavior might seem heartless, but it was hardly her fault for becoming such a hard-hearted person. After all, she was once a victim of her friend's betrayal, who she trusted wholeheartedly.

In other words, Clarissa had learned the lesson of life the hard way.

Looking at how Clarissa was acting, Hilda did not dare to further question the matter.

It was around ten o'clock when Clarissa's phone rang again, as punctual as ever. Spotting that, Hilda sensibly left the room.

There was a rumor saying that Clarissa was the one who pursued Matthew. However, judging by Matthew's attitude toward Clarissa and the daily call, Hilda was certain that Matthew was the one who took the initial move in this relationship.

Thus, she no longer believed in the rumor that Clarissa had used all sorts of tactics to marry into money.

Anyone who still mocks Clarissa should have a look with their own eyes. Who says that whoever marries a rich family will definitely be a vain woman? Obviously, they're just jealous, and their criticisms are sour grapes.

The more Hilda thought about it, the angrier she got. Scrolling through her phone with her head lowered, she did not realize that someone was walking her way. Turning around a corner, she bumped into a man.

Stunned by the impact, Hilda lifted her head, only to see a man with a cap on. The man did not speak a word and simply walked past her.

"What's with the attitude? Doesn't he know how to apologize?"

Hilda picked up her phone that had fallen on the floor while grumbling a few complaints. When she turned around, the man had already vanished from her sight.

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After the man walked past Hilda, he came to the last room on the corridor and knocked on the door.

Clarissa, who was on a video call with Matthew, was startled by this abrupt knock.

Who is it at this hour? I guess it must be Hilda.

However, the moment she opened her door, she realized that it was not Hilda, but a handsome young man.

It didn't take long for Clarissa to recognize him to be the third male actor in the film. She did not know him very well, but she knew that he was recruited because of his relationship with the sponsor. His acting was mediocre, but he did have quite a lot of scandals around him. He seemed to be quite famous among teenagers as well but not really a big hit.

Before Clarissa could react, the man curled his lips into a smile. "Ms. Quigley, I have something to discuss with you. May I come in?"

"Huh?"

While Clarissa was still stunned, he had already let himself inside her room.

The moment she came back to her sense, she noticed the door had been shut behind him.

At that instance, her gut instinct told her that something was wrong. She immediately stepped to open the door while telling the man off.

"Get out, Lucas. I didn't agree to let you in. Get out right now!"

She tried to open the door but was blocked by Lucas. At the same time, he was grinning with a sly expression.

"Ms. Quigley, please keep your voice down. I'm just trying to seek some advice from you. Don't be so heartless, hmm?"

His tone sounded utterly sensual as he gradually stepped closer toward Clarissa.

"Lucas, how dare you? Get out now, or I'll call the cops."

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“Come on, Ms. Quigley, there’s no need to be like this. My intention is pure. Please don’t reject me. You’re so beautiful. I bet you must have a beautiful heart too, right?”

As he spoke, he took off his coat, revealing the white t-shirt and a pair of tight jeans underneath. Clarissa could see his sturdy figure. Presumably, most women would not be able to resist such a sight.

However, Clarissa was completely disgusted by Lucas’ sensual gaze.

She stepped back in a panic while forcing out a calm front. She tried to recollect herself while figuring out a way to escape from this situation.

“Lucas, I’m warning you. Leave. I don’t care how others treat you, but I’m a married woman. Besides, you know who my husband is. If you still want to survive in this industry, get out now. Or else you’re only bringing infamy and ruin upon yourself.”

Lucas was stunned momentarily before his expression turned awkward. Evidently, this was different from what he anticipated.

Based on their interactions during the day, he felt that Clarissa had been extremely friendly toward him. He assumed that even if Clarissa did not accept his goodwill, she would not reject harshly.

To be precise, he had never encountered any woman that would reject him, especially those with power and status.

In order to gain the fame he wanted, he did not mind offering himself and playing into the unspoken rules in showbiz. And compared to those powerful old ladies he encountered, Clarissa was considered a jackpot with such a perfect look and body.

In the end, despite the fact that he had only joined the for a few days, he could not wait any longer to offer himself up to Clarissa.

However, Clarissa’s reaction at the moment clearly shocked and disappointed him.

But a moment later, Lucas’s lips curled into another smile. “Ms. Quigley, to be honest, no one knows I’m here tonight. I am extra careful as I’m aware of your status. So as long as you don’t tell anyone, no one will know about us.”

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“Lucas... one more word from you, and you will lose all you have tomorrow morning.”

Clarissa’s resentful gaze made Lucas’s heart skipped a beat.

Picking up his coat, he turned and was about to walk out of the room.

Just when his hand touched the doorknob, however, he suddenly changed his mind. Swiftly locking the door, he turned to Clarissa with his typical confident smile again. It’s too late now. Since I’m already here, I will be in trouble even if I leave now. If that’s so, I can’t give up now.

Chapter 329

Clarissa had never met someone as shameless as Lucas.

The moment he changed his mind and turned to approach her, her heart sank into deep desperation.

Her face paled in fright, but she forced herself to act calm.

“Lucas, if this got out, it would do no good to both of us. If you stop now and leave me unharmed, I won’t do anything to you. But if you go through with this, even if my reputation is ruined, do you think my husband will let you go? Turn and leave now. I’ll turn a blind eye to this. However, if you assault me, I’ll make sure you’ll pay dearly for it. Think about it yourself. Do you choose to believe my words or choose to be a dead man?”

Lucas was still smiling, but he was obviously starting to have second thoughts.

“Ms. Quigley, we both know there’s a third option. We can both enjoy the moment and none will be the wiser the moment we walk out of this room. I’m a good-looking man, and I have good skills as well. Ms. Quigley, don’t you want to have a try? I bet you must be bored with your lavish life. Or else you wouldn’t have become a screenwriter, right? You must be looking for some extra entertainment within the crew. So let me help you with that.”

Lucas talked as if he could read Clarissa’s mind, but the latter just wanted to give him a slap in the face.

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“No, thanks.”

Needless to say, one-night-stands were extremely common in showbiz, and Lucas must have encountered it endless times. However, this time, he completely misinterpreted Clarissa’s mind.

He stalked toward Clarissa. Her perfect face appeared to be more attractive with those cold-looking eyes. At that moment, he could no longer resist the desire to conquer a woman with such quality.

I bet she’ll submit to me once I f*ck her. Women are all the same, after all. They may deny it but their hearts actually crave for this. The case is especially true for women that look tough on the outside.

Noticing the resolve in Lucas’s gaze, Clarissa realized her persuasion had failed. As Lucas took another step toward her, she whipped around and started running toward the door. Alas, there was no way she could outrun a fit man. Just before her hand could reach the doorknob, Lucas had pinned her against the door and started to molest her.

Right at that very moment, someone knocked on the door heavily.

“Ms. Quigley, open the door. Are you alright? Ms. Quigley...”

It was Hilda. She was whispering for fear of disturbing the others. Startled by the voice, Lucas was stunned place while Clarissa hurriedly opened the door. She jumped into Hilda’s embrace before bursting into tears.

Hilda darted a wary glance at Lucas, who was still inside the room, looking extremely awkward.

“Ms. Quigley, are you okay?” She asked, worry evident in her tone.

After a few moments, Clarissa managed to recollect herself, and she glared coldly at Lucas. By that time, Lucas had also regained control of his expression as he put on a fake smile.

“Ms. Quigley, I’m sorry for bothering you so late at night. I really benefited a lot from your advice on the character. Thanks so much. Well, I’d better leave now.”

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With that, Lucas stepped out of the room and walked past the two ladies.

Just as he passed, he added, "Ms. Quigley, I really had a good time discussing with you. I hope you feel the same."

After Lucas had disappeared from their sight, Clarissa wandered back to the room before her legs gave out, and she slumped to the floor.

"Ms. Quigley, are you alright? What did that b*stard do to you?"

After catching her breath for a few seconds, Clarissa said with a trembling voice. "Thank the heavens you're here in time."

"Mr. Tyson was the one who called me and asked me to come..."

"I see..."

Hearing that, Clarissa remembered that she was in the middle of a video call with Matthew when Lucas appeared.

She rushed to her phone and saw that Matthew had not hung up, but his background had changed.

"Hubby, I'm fine now. Where are you?"

Even though Matthew looked as calm as ever, there was a dangerous aura emanating from his low voice.

"Wait in the room and let Hilda accompany you. Don't go anywhere before I arrive."

Upon saying that, he ended the call.

Clarissa felt a chill in her heart, for she knew that this time, Matthew was pissed for real.

At the same time, she felt safe and relieved, knowing that Matthew was on his way here.

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In the past, when they hadn't gotten together yet, he would always rush to her side whenever she was in trouble.

It seemed that nothing had changed.

After Clarissa hung up the phone, Hilda started to express guiltily, "I'm sorry, Ms. Quigley. I actually ran into Lucas when I was on my way back to my room. I should have guessed his intentions then. Please, forgive me for my lack of thoughts."

Clarissa shook her head right away. "It's not your fault. Who'd have thought he would dare to do this?"

"I've read from a lot of gossip forums lately, which mentioned that a young idol was doing pillow business. There are rumors that he got into showbiz with help from those rich women and even rich men. I didn't believe it when I first read them. But now that I think about it, the young idol mentioned must have been Lucas. I can't believe he had the audacity to come after you! Isn't he afraid that you would end his career?"

Clarissa only shook her head slightly, unable to give any response. Even though she tried to act calm in front of Hilda, she was still in great shock and fear.

As a matter of fact, her tough facade was on the brink of collapsing.

Hilda noticed how troubled she looked and decided not to drag on the conversation.

"Ms. Quigley, it's very late now. Why don't you try and get some sleep? Mr. Tyson will need some time to get here. Don't worry, I'll stay here on the couch. You're safe now."

Clarissa was too overwhelmed to sleep at the moment, but she noticed the exhaustion on Hilda's face. Thus, she nodded and headed to her own bed.

As for Hilda, she dozed off the moment she lay on the couch.

Laying on the bed, Clarissa kept tossing and turning on it, unable to fall asleep.

It was around midnight when Matthew finally reached Clarissa's room.

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As soon as he knocked on the door, Clarissa jolted from the bed and rushed to the door while Hilda rubbed her eyes groggily.

The second Clarissa saw Matthew, she threw herself into his arms and hugged him tightly. At the same time, her tears flow freely, slowly soaking his chest.

Seeing how fragile she looked, the hostile aura Matthew was emanating temporarily faded into thin air.

Without a word, he carried her before walking into the elevator, heading to another room upstairs.

Hilda, who was still half asleep, did not realize that Clarissa had left with Matthew.

Inside Matthew's embrace, all the fear left Clarissa completely, and she felt like she was in the safest place in the world.

After a long while of silence, she finally opened her mouth and whispered meekly into Matthew's ears.

"I don't want to see that man ever again."

She would never forgive someone who tried to take advantage of her.

If it wasn't for Hilda, who came to the rescue, she would have been raped by him.

Thus, there was no way she would let Lucas get away with this easily.

Matthew held the back of her head with one hand while he stroked her back with the other, comforting her. A dark look flitted across his eyes before it disappeared completely.

"Okay," he replied in a low voice.

Clarissa held onto Matthew's neck tightly and gave him a peck on the lips. After that, she closed her eyes and was finally able to relax.

"How about Damian? If he doesn't see either of us tomorrow morning, he will definitely cry."

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“Don’t worry. I’ve prepared a lot of his favorite food for him. Besides, Ellie will also go to accompany him.”

Clarissa smiled faintly. “You’re spoiling him with food. If he gets used to it, it would be hard to discipline him later. Not to mention you’d lose your stateliness as a father.”

“It’ll be fine. Besides, it’s your job to discipline him, while mine is to pamper him and you,” Matthew replied.

Clarissa chuckled lightly at that before she gave a long yawn.

Matthew carried her to the bed and gazed at her with great affection.

“Go to sleep now, Darling. Good night.”

He planted a deep kiss on her forehead and hugged her tightly as though she was a treasure he could not afford to lose.

“Good night.” With that, Clarissa fell asleep in Matthew’s embrace.

With Matthew by her side, all the fear and trauma she had vanished into thin air.

Matthew lay beside her and closed his eyes. However, his mind was as clear as ever as he started to formulate a revenge plan.

Whoever is dumb enough to lay a hand on my woman is destined to be doomed.

Meanwhile, on the other side, there was a sudden knock on Lucas’s room.

He abruptly ended his call and went to answer the door.

Before he could recognize who the person was at the door, he was knocked out by a heavy punch. He staggered backward before he slumped to the floor.

Two unidentified men carried him into his room. They scanned through the room and started fiddling with the place.

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The next morning, the entire crew had arrived at the site early, getting ready for the shoot. However, as time ticked by, Lucas was still nowhere to be seen.

The director and the other actors were getting furious. They started to contact Lucas's agent and assistant, but neither of them could be reached.

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As no one was able to locate Lucas, the crew had no choice but to use his body double for his scene in the end. As such, the crew felt resentment toward Lucas.

Some even started gossiping about his weaknesses and all his scandals.

Just like what Hilda said last night, Lucas did not lack scandals about his personal life even though none of them had been confirmed to be true.

As the saying goes, there would be no smoke without fire. As the rumors continued to stack up, more and more came to believe them.

But after a whole day of gossiping and mocking, there was still no trace of the mentioned actor. By then, everyone started to suspect it could be more than just his disciplinary problem.

As suspected, the following day, the director started with an announcement that another young actor would be replacing Lucas' role. As for what actually happened to Lucas, none of them was able to get a hint.

However, before long, they were able to get the answer on the internet.

It was said that Lucas was arrested for hiring a prostitute and drugs were discovered inside his room.

With those two accusations, his acting career had undoubtedly come to an end, while possession of drugs alone could sentence him for life.

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This was not all, however, because what followed next while the netizens were outraged by the young idol's crimes was the news that Lucas was connected to a murder case.

This left the whole community in complete shock.

Isn't he just a young actor? How is it possible that he's involved in a murder case?

All these seemed to be fabrications, but in truth, they were not. After investigation, the cops found out that Lucas' drugs came from a well-known dealer in the industry. And along with this discovery, numerous celebrities were exposed to be related to that particular drug dealer. Among the celebrities involved, there was one who wasn't really famous, was found dead in his apartment. Later, it was confirmed that the case was not a suicide but a homicide, and Lucas automatically became one of the suspects. This was undeniably the largest scandal in the history of the entertainment industry.

And just when everyone thought this could not get any worse, the episode escalated once again.

While Lucas' case was still under trial, a discovery suggested that Old Codger might be the boss behind the mentioned drug dealer. With that, Old Codger, who had been keeping a low profile, was being thrown under the spotlight. All of a sudden, more and more of his previous victims came forward to expose his crimes. All the accusations turned out to be heavy crimes, including rapes, frauds, and even murders.

With so many cases in hand, there was a high chance that Old Codger would not be able to escape a death sentence.

The whole showbiz was plunged into chaos because of Lucas and Old Codger, making it an unprecedented event.

In fact, the news was still trending even after a long time had passed.

Whenever Clarissa met someone, the topic of conversation would never stray far from Lucas and Old Codger.

However, none of them ever thought that Clarissa had something to do with it.

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Even Clarissa herself was in total ignorance about how much Matthew had to do with this. In fact, she genuinely felt that this was the outcome they deserved.

After all, there was no way Matthew could have forced them to deal with drugs or murder anyone. In truth, they had indeed committed all the said crimes, while Matthew was merely exposing them.

On the other hand, after the incident with Lucas, Matthew had decided to stay at the film studio to accompany Clarissa for a few days.

As the media were all caught up with Lucas' and Old Codger's news, not many paid attention to Matthew's arrival.

This worked in Clarissa's favor, as she hated being followed or watched while shooting.

"Are you sure you want to keep staying here? Damian has been crying this past few days in the video calls. I doubt Ellie would be able to hold on any longer."

After all, Clarissa understood her son best.

Even though a child might seem to forget about his parents because of food or toys, this would not last for long. After a certain period of time, the child would definitely start to miss them. And according to Ellie, Damian would start to cry whenever it was bedtime.

By then, no amount of his favorite food was able to placate him anymore. Instead, every night, Clarissa would need to tell him stories over video calls until he fell asleep.

Clarissa knew that this could not go on for long. Whenever she thought about how much Damian was missing her, her heart would ache for her son. She really wished she could leave without any concern. However, the atmosphere among the crew was not ideal recently due to the sudden replacement of Lucas. The director had been losing his temper more and more frequently, except when Matthew was watching at the scene.

Clarissa knew it would be irresponsible for her to leave the team behind at this moment as Hilda could not take charge yet. Since Clarissa was not leaving, Matthew would not leave as well.

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Matthew had become a clingy husband. No matter where Clarissa went, he would always tag along. Even though he would be wearing his headset and focused on his work on the laptop for most of the time, he would always make sure Clarissa was within his sight.

There was a saying that a man was most handsome when he was serious. As such, the sight of Matthew working had charmed all the ladies within the crew.

Even though he was diligently focusing on his work, he would lift his head to check on Clarissa every other minute. And whenever he looked at her, his gaze would flash with affection.

It was a real-life romance scene in play at the workplace. Thus, some of the lady crews would take out their phones and start capturing those moments.

With that, the rumors saying that Clarissa had used all sorts of tactics and had even sold her body to marry into money were now rendered null and void.

After all, anyone who had seen Matthew's expression while looking at Clarissa would be persuaded that he loved the latter with all his heart.

In fact, it was not exaggerating at all to say that no one had ever seen a man so deeply in love before.

As for those ladies who had taken a few shots of the handsome man, they would only send them to a few close friends, as none would dare to post such content on their social media.

Despite so, it wasn't before long that those photos were spread widely among the community.

While the whole world was still plagued by the negativity of Lucas and Old Codger's criminal news, the news of the lovely couple was a timely breath of fresh air.

A domineering president was at the same time a passionate man. Needless to say, this kind of personage would surely attract endless fans.

Thus, Matthew became a role model overnight. All kinds of praises for him could be found on the internet, with most of them not about his look nor wealth, but his love for a woman.

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Judging by his photos around the internet and the details shared by the crews, one could easily imagine the perfect love story, which seemed too good to be true to exist in showbiz.

However, regardless of how many photos had been spread, not a single one had Clarissa's face on it.

That was not a coincidence, as Matthew had purposely used his influence to prevent the exposure of his own wife. Many commented that this was how a man should act—possessive and protective over his wife. While others were grateful that at least some of the photos consisted of Clarissa's blur figure.

This was way better than those times when Matthew banned any news about Clarissa to be published.

On the other hand, some people were starting to get curious about their son. Since both the father and the mother were good-looking people, many believed their son would surely be a handsome little boy.

Nevertheless, regardless of how eager the netizens wanted to find out about their son, Clarissa and Matthew would never allow any details of their son to be exposed to the public.

It was nighttime, and Clarissa was utterly amused as she scrolled through all the comments related to them.

At the moment, she was laying on Matthew's thigh while scanning through the internet. "Matthew, all these photos are your doing, aren't they?"

Indeed, if Matthew did not approve of them, none would appear on any social media.

The fact that there were so many photos online, and yet none of them had Clarissa's clear appearance was a clear indication that Matthew had done something.

With one hand still clicking away on his laptop, Matthew's other hand was stroking Clarissa's forehead lovingly. "Yep, I don't want you to be seen."

"Then why did you allow the photos to be leaked in the first place?"

Matthew let out a smile. "I wanted the world to know how much I love you."

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Only then would the world get the message that Clarissa was not someone to be trifled with. Apart from that, he wanted to prove that Clarissa was not the type that would do anything to marry into money, as the rumors said.

Clarissa lifted her head and gazed at Matthew. Even from the angle below, she thought that Matthew's face was perfect and flawless.

She understood what he was getting at.

"I bet you're a celebrity now. After all, all the ladies dig a man who is rich and loves his wife. I've checked your Twitter, and apparently, your followers have multiplied by the dozens. But I pity all your followers since you seldom post any update."

"Yeah? Well, I don't care about these."

Matthew could not care less how people thought of him, as he merely wanted the world to know he was the man who first loved Clarissa.

Clarissa touched Matthew's chin affectionately and asked softly, "Matthew, there are so many ladies who know you and like you now. But you belong to me only, right?"

Matthew shifted his gaze from his laptop to the woman on his thigh.

He lowered his head and planted a kiss on the corner of her lips while saying, "Of course, I'm all yours."

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