

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 1 - 5

Splash!

He splashed Clarissa's feverish body with cold water, waking her up from a moment of stupor.

She looked up to see the man whom she had latched on to standing right in front of her.

The man removed his coat and tossed it to the ground. Looking tall and handsome, he was dressed in a white shirt and a pair of black suit pants. He had chiseled features like those of a male model, and his eyes especially looked astute and callous.

"Sober now?" His voice was extremely cold and stern.

"I'm sorry," Clarissa said in embarrassment.

She had just gotten off the plane to visit her mother whom she hadn't seen for years. Yet never in her wildest dream did she expect her mother to drug and deliver her to the bed of a perverted old man.

Confused and delirious, she had grabbed hold of a stranger.

If not for this fine gentleman, she wouldn't dare to imagine what would become of her now.

Clarissa huddled in the bathtub and lowered her head to hide the pain in her eyes, not realizing how seductive she looked with her dress clinging damply to her skin.

Matthew squinted his eyes. Is she really not trying to seduce me?

"Mr. Tyson." Donnie's voice sounded at the bathroom door. "The doctor and the clothes are here."

"Thank you," Clarissa piped up as she lifted her head. "I'm so sorry for the trouble."

There was no need for explanation because they were only strangers to each other. She had noticed the man's inquisitive and derisive gaze, reckoning that he would only misunderstand her for having an ulterior motive if she were to explain herself.

A female doctor came in just as Matthew was about to leave the bathroom. She put the clothes aside and gave Clarissa a jab before leaving shortly after.

Outside, the room was already empty by the time Clarissa had changed her clothes and trudged out of the bathroom.

Hah, what was I thinking?

After a night of rest at the hotel, she was reluctant to go back to the Garretts', but she had no other choice as she needed to retrieve her belongings.

"You still have the audacity to come back?"

Her arrival immediately interrupted the peaceful atmosphere in the living room.

It was Clarissa's stepsister, Yvonne, who had said that.

"I'm here to take my stuff."

Clarissa walked past the living room, wanting to head back to her room, but Yvonne blocked her way and landed a stinging slap across her face.

Caught off guard, Clarissa jerked her head up in a rage.

"You ingrate! What do you think you're doing? How dare you disappear on such an important occasion last night? We were trying to get you a boyfriend. Do you know who that man is? Do you know how much trouble you have caused us? Do you know how humiliating it was for us just because you ran away?" Yvonne let loose a torrent of abuse at Clarissa.

"If that man is so important, why didn't you take him for yourself?" Clarissa retaliated, cupping her face.

I will never sleep with a balding and beefy old man in his fifties!

"Why you—"

"We're family, Yvonne. Don't get too worked up," Zach interrupted before his daughter could fly off the handle again.

Then putting on a calm look, he said to Clarissa, "We're doing this for your own good, Clary. Mr. Jensen has a sizeable net worth and he's still single. Haven't you heard that older men are wiser and they're much gentler towards women? You have nothing to worry about for the rest of your life if you're married into the Jensen family. Your mother has been saying we don't take good care of you so we wanted to make it up by finding you a good man."

Clarissa darted Zach and the woman beside him, Hilary—her biological mother—a cold look.

"I don't need it," she said, then returned to her room to retrieve her suitcase that was left untouched since yesterday.

Upon her arrival in D City the day before, the Garretts had taken to a hotel for a meal after reuniting with Hilary. Yet little did she expect to be greeted by a filthy sight.

"I'm doing this for your own good, Clary." Hilary had come into her room and was grabbing her by the arm. "You can't just stay in that small city and do nothing for the rest of your life, right? It's a waste of your good looks."

Clarissa shook her hand off relentlessly. "Is this why you've abandoned me for twelve years?"

"I..."

Clarissa had already walked away before Hilary could finish.

None of the Garretts stopped her.

"Don't worry. We were indeed a little too reckless yesterday. I'm Clary's mother. That's a fact. We need to plan and think wisely about this." Hilary tried to appease her husband and stepdaughter when she saw the dissatisfaction on their faces.

"Are you sure?" Yvonne snorted. "She's your daughter after all."

"She may be my daughter, but I'm very much in love with your father, Yvonne. You know me, don't you, Zach?"

"Of course," Zach smiled.

Clarissa had hailed for a cab, planning to stay at a hotel, when she received a call from her best friend, Ellie.

"Why didn't you tell me you've arrived in D City? Do you even consider me as your friend? Where are you?"

Clarissa's heart warmed at her words.

"I'm on my way to a hotel..."

"Hotel? You could have just stay at my place."

"I don't think that's nice. I..."

"I won't take no for an answer. Head over to J City Building. I'll pick you up and we can go grab a meal together."

Clarissa let out a helpless chuckle at Ellie's domineering behavior. Hanging up the phone, she could only tell the driver to take another route.

After she alighted from the cab, Clarissa waited under a shade beside J City Building.

She was playing with her phone when she looked up and saw the silhouette of a man in a white shirt and a pair of suit pants. There was something about that man that made him look imposing as he walked out of the building.

Followed by a crowd around him, Clarissa wondered what he was saying as the people sent him off with a bow thereafter.

The driver opened the door, and the man was about to get in when he suddenly looked over in her direction.

Taken aback, Clarissa quickly lowered her head in embarrassment and feigned ignorance.

Matthew looked at the young lady through the car window until the car drove away and her figure disappeared from sight.

“Donnie,” he piped up. “I need you to run a background check on that woman.”

Donnie naturally understood who he was referring to. What are the odds of meeting the same woman who had thrown herself at Mr. Tyson twice?

They had never believed in pure coincidence and accident.

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 2

Clarissa had heard about the famous Skylight Restaurant in D City, but she never got the honor to taste the food here as a reservation had to be made one month in advance in order to dine in.

It was all thanks to Ellie that she could have the privilege this time.

Clarissa knew her friend came from a pretty well-to-do family, but it was today did she finally realized how wealthy the latter was.

After the meal, Ellie went to use the bathroom while she waited in the lobby.

When Matthew made his way down the stairs, he knew at first glance that the person standing there was the young lady from last night.

Clarissa was decked out in a strapless yellow dress that showed off her fair skin, slender neck, and delicate collarbone.

The memories of the little seductress in the bathtub last night came flooding back.

Matthew’s eyes darkened in a slight glint, and there was no telling what he was thinking at that moment.

“Hey, Matt, what are you looking at?”

Standing behind Matthew was a hippy in a flashy pink shirt and white slacks.

“Yo! Who’s that pretty lady there?”

Matthew ignored the man behind him and continued to make his way down.

Clarissa was looking at her phone when she inadvertently looked up and met Matthew’s eyes.

Still clothed in a white shirt with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows and a pair of suit pants that accentuated his tall and slender figure, he held his coat in one hand while putting the other in his pocket. He looked even more mature and suave.

Clarissa’s heart thumped, but the man looked away as though he didn’t recognize her.

After a moment of hesitation, she steeled herself and caught up to him, though she made sure to keep her distance.

Matthew was now standing under a tree, squinting his eyes at her as he whipped out a cigarette and took a drag of smoke.

Clarissa stood frozen on the spot, her face red underneath the sunlight.

Watching as the young lady stood foolishly under the sun, Matthew creased his brows and beckoned to her to come over with his finger.

Clarissa was a little surprised. It wasn’t until she took a deep breath did she edge her way to the shade.

The cold breeze was refreshing, yet facing the man in front of her made her jittery.

Matthew flicked the burned ash on the ground and took another puff. “What do you want to say to me?”

Why did I let her come this close? He was surprised by his patience.

Clarissa’s heart was pounding as she met his eyes.

“Um... I just want to say thank you for last night.”

Matthew securitized the woman, breathing out a puff of smoke.

“Thank me for not banging you?”

Clarissa turned red in the face, her eyes widening in astonishment at those words from the man whom she thought was a gentleman last night.

“Why? Are you disappointed that I didn’t—”

“No!” Clarissa quickly denied. “No, I’m not. I just want to thank you for the clothes and for calling the doctor. I know you probably don’t care about the money, so I won’t waste your time and go into that. Thank you and I wish you good health.”

With that, Clarissa quickly turned on her heels and left.

Matthew stared at her retreating back and put out the cigarette in his hand.

Why, that was fast. But what’s with the blessing?

Clarissa heaved a sigh of relief as soon as she got into Ellie’s car.

Despite not knowing who he was, she could tell he was no ordinary man.

She didn’t want to behave in a way that would make the man misunderstood her intentions. After all, it was an act of kindness, and she had no reason to see him again. Perhaps they would never see each other again. She didn’t want to remind herself of that embarrassing moment from the day before.

However, fate had something else in store for her.

Clarissa had just come out of the shower in Ellie’s bathroom when Matthew appeared before her eyes.

The smile froze on her lips, and her eyes rounded in shock. W-Why is here?

Matthew was staring at the young lady through squinted eyes. She was wrapped in a small bath towel that barely reached her thigh, revealing her bare shoulders and slender legs.

Clarissa let out a scream, her face flushing as she waved her hands maniacally in an attempt to cover herself.

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Chapter 3

Matthew turned around gentlemanly, but her sexy body was already imprinted in his mind.

Clarissa's face contorted with awkwardness as she jumped behind the door to hide her modesty.

"I-I thought it was Ellie. What are you—"

Clarissa was utterly puzzled.

Why is he here? Is he a Tyson?

"Uncle Matt? What are you doing here?" Ellie finished the sentence for Clarissa outside.

Uncle Matt? He's Ellie's uncle?

Oh, how Clarissa wished the ground would swallow her whole.

"Am I not allowed to be here?" Matthew swept a glance at the door.

"No, no, I thought you were out on a blind date." Ellie chuckled. "Oh, this is my best friend, Clarissa. I see that you've already met her."

Gosh, we're much more than that.

"Clare, this is my uncle..."

Ellie went inside and saw that Clarissa was a quivering, embarrassing mess. She spun around and stood in front of the door.

“Um, Uncle Matt? It’s actually a little inconvenient for my friend right now. So... uh... what can I do for you?”

Matthew was pensive for a moment.

“Nothing. I was on a business trip and I bought you a gift.”

“Thank you, Uncle Matt.”

He left after giving his niece the gift.

Then, shutting the door and turning to Clarissa, Ellie couldn’t help but burst into laughter.

Clarissa simply felt miserable.

But because of the awkward nature of the situation, they soon put it all behind them and stopped talking about it.

Getting dressed, Clarissa tugged at her clothes, feeling uncomfortable with Ellie’s taste in clothing.

With a crop top and a long slit skirt underneath, it exposed her small and slender waist to the air.

“Isn’t this a little too revealing?”

“It’s fine; it’s so hot outside,” Ellie said. “All right, stop tugging. You’re supposed to flaunt your splendid figure. There are no men in this house, anyway. You’re mine to admire.”

“Your uncle’s outside. Isn’t he a man?”

Ellie shook her head. “He is, but he’s my uncle and you should call him that, too. Uncle Matt has probably seen all sorts of women out there. To him, women are just women, you know? Besides, you’re my friend and he’s probably left already.”

She pulled Clarissa downstairs. They had just taken their seats when they saw Matthew coming down.

Clarissa was a bundle of nerves. Why is he still here?

“Are you leaving, Uncle Matt?”

Matthew looked over, his eyes landing on Clarissa’s exposed waist and thigh.

Her nerves were tingling again. Am I hallucinating, or is he staring at me?

Matthew, who had wanted to leave, suddenly changed his mind as he sat on the couch languidly and crossed his leg.

Is he not going to leave?

Ellie could feel that Clarissa was trying hard to rein in her nerves.

“Relax, Clare. My uncle is your uncle. Right, Uncle Matt?”

Ellie looked at Matthew, then gave Clarissa a nudge.

“You can call him ‘Uncle Matt’, Clare, just like I do.”

Clarissa’s heart did a somersault when her eyes met the man’s cold ones. “U-Uncle Matt,” she mumbled sheepishly, averting his eyes.

He simply uttered a response.

“Oh, right, how long will you be staying for work, Clare?” Ellie changed the topic upon sensing the awkward atmosphere in the room.

“At least three months or maybe six.”

“That’s great! But how I wish for you to settle down here. You could have worked anywhere, Clare. Stay with me in D City, please? You could get married, have children and settle down here. Then we can stay together forever.”

Before she could speak, an idea struck Ellie as she clapped her hands and continued, “Yes, just get married here! Uncle Matt, you know a lot of young and handsome men, right? How about you introduce Clare to someone?”

The bold suggestion scared Clarissa out of her wits; her heart almost leaped out of her throat.

Not that she was uncomfortable about the proposal, but the person Ellie was proposing to.

Clarissa dared not look at him as she wondered what he would think of her after today.

Ellie didn't realize her friend was not feeling herself as she chattered away with Matthew.

"Uncle Matt, Clare is pretty, talented, and smart..."

Ellie went on introducing Clarissa as though the latter were part of their family.

Matthew, on the other hand, was appraising Clarissa the whole time Ellie was talking, although he could only see the crown of her head.

"What do you look for in a man, Ms. Quigley?"

"No, no, no! Please don't be mistaken, Mr. Tyson. I have no plans to get into a relationship yet."

"Mistaken?" Matthew's voice was cold.

Ellie was going to chime in, but Clarissa quickly shut her up by pinching her arm, lest she spouted any more nonsense that would only humiliate her further.

"I'm still young, so I'm not in a hurry," Clarissa quickly clarified. "Besides, I don't want to get into a relationship now; I want to focus on my career. Please don't listen to Ellie. Thank you for your concern, Mr. Tyson."

Ellie could only hold her tongue upon noticing the look her best friend had darted her.

Matthew flashed a smirk and said, "With your talent and good looks, Ms. Quigley, you should, of course, look for the best man there is. Well, I do have a few suitable candidates. I'll arrange for you guys to meet someday."

Clarissa was stunned.

Does this man not understand English? Why is he insisting on setting me up with someone?

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Chapter 4

Clarissa had wanted to turn him down, but her voice had left her when her eyes met Matthew's sharp ones.

Ellie, on the other hand, was clapping with joy.

"That's great, Uncle Matt. It is decided then."

Instinct told Clarissa that there was something dangerous about his gaze when he quirked his lips.

She mustered her courage, wanting to reject his offer again, when his phone rang.

Matthew rose to his feet, then left for work after answering the call.

With the conversation finally ended, Clarissa went completely limp as she slumped against Ellie on the couch. "Why did you say that? Do you hate me so much?"

Ellie laughed out loud. "Look at you, getting all shy. My uncle is your uncle. There's nothing to be embarrassed about. We'll just get him a little something in return once you find yourself a man."

Clarissa stood up; her eyes rounded. "Is that even the point?"

"Then what is it?"

The point is, how could you get him to introduce me to a man after he saw me in only a bath towel and what I did to him when I was drugged?

Nevertheless, Clarissa kept those thoughts to herself. It wasn't something to be proud of.

That night, she stayed with the Tysons at Ellie's insistence.

The latter's parents were familiar with Clarissa because she was Ellie's only decent friend back in college, and they liked her a lot. Given that Matthew didn't return that night, and Clarissa's natural ability to get along with elderly people, her stay with the Tysons was considered a comfortable one.

Nevertheless, Clarissa couldn't seem to fall asleep. She got out of bed in the dead of night and went down to the living room, thinking about her mother and the Garretts.

She was never a worrywart. If the Garretts were to continue to treat her as a fool, she would go with the flow and leave them behind.

As she was deep in thoughts, a wave of sleepiness came over her. She was about to head for the stairs when a tall and dark figure almost made her scream.

"Who's there?"

Clarissa's heart dropped when she saw Matthew, dressed in casual clothes, walking out from the shadows.

How long has he been standing there?

"I'm sorry to bother you, Uncle Matthew." Clarissa deliberately addressed him as such, wanting to get away from that awkward situation as soon as possible. "I just came down to grab a drink and I'm on my way to bed now. Good night."

With her entire body tensed up, she was about to walk past Matthew to head upstairs when he suddenly grabbed her wrist.

Clarissa froze on the spot.

Whether it was accidental or intentional, she could feel the man brushing her wrist with his fingers.

"Do you need anything from me, Mr. Tyson?" she asked, trying her best to stay calm.

Matthew could see the caution, anxiety, and fear in her eyes.

Is she really innocent or is she just too good at acting?

Just as Clarissa thought he was about to do something to her, he suddenly let go of her wrist and put his hands in his pockets as though nothing had happened.

“What aren’t you calling me ‘Uncle’?”

Matthew knew Clarissa had only called him that because she was afraid he would cross the line with her.

“I just couldn’t get used to it for a moment. If there’s nothing else, I’ll-”

“Ms. Quigley,” Matthew interrupted her hasty farewell. “If you don’t mind, could you pour me a glass of water?”

What?

He ignored the shock on her face, walked over to the couch, and sat down as though he was accustomed to being served.

Helpless and unable to refuse, Clarissa went into the kitchen and poured a glass of water before heading back to the living room.

She was going to put the glass down, but Matthew had already reached out to take it from her hand. Their fingers touched.

Clarissa withdrew her hand in a flurry. She dared not look at him.

“Well... I’m gonna go back to bed then.”

Clarissa was even more anxious. Turning around, Matthew’s deep voice sounded from behind her.

“Just say the word if you’re ever in need of help, Ms. Quigley. I can give you a hand.”

What is that supposed to mean?

“Thank you, Mr. Tyson, but I’m doing fine. Have a good rest and good night.”

She clambered up the stairs and returned to her room, heart pounding in a frantic tattoo.

Meanwhile, Matthew was still in the living room, mulling things over.

Clarissa's an attractive young lady. Isn't this too much of a coincidence that she showed up before me and is Ellie's best friend? Is she trying to approach me or the Tysons?

Hah, your true colors will be revealed soon enough.

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Chapter 5

The next day, Clarissa exited Twilight Company with the chief editor, Jane White. They were on their way to meet with the director and investors of The World.

Clarissa would rarely attend such lunch meetings. She was but a homebody, and a very beautiful one at that.

Given her beautiful looks and reputation as a best-selling author, the men in the room couldn't help themselves from leering at her, putting her on the spot as they shifted the topic to her.

Clarissa excused herself from the private room. Her face blushing because of the alcohol. After splashing cold water on her face to cool down, she started racking her brain for an excuse to leave first.

As she exited the restroom while sending a text, she looked up and realized she had gone the wrong way.

She was just about to leave when she heard a voice in the corner.

"What is it that you don't like about me, Mr. Tyson? Why can't we give this relationship a try? I've loved you since the day I met you. Even if you don't like me now, you're still single. Give me a chance, please?"

Clarissa listened as the woman sobbed. My heart would have melted if I were a man.

Yet the man remained silent.

"Matthew!" the woman shouted.

Clarissa stopped short, only to see Matthew walking out from the corner.

The woman had caught up to him and was hugging him from behind.

"You..." The woman froze at the sight of Clarissa.

"Clare!" Matthew called out abruptly before Clarissa could feign ignorance and walk away.

Her legs gave way, and she almost fell.

The woman gave Clarissa a hostile once-over.

Matthew's lips curled into a smirk as he distanced himself from the woman and cast Clarissa a suggestive glance.

"Come here, Clare," he ordered, allowing no room for rejection. Yet his tone sounded somewhat gentle.

Damn it!

Clarissa could feel that the man had something sinister up his sleeves.

"H-Hello, Uncle Matthew." She let out an awkward chuckle. "What a coincidence."

"Uncle Matthew? You're Mr. Tyson's niece?"

"Um... Yeah."

"Come here," Matthew repeated.

"Uncle Matthew, I'm here with some friends, so I'll just..."

Clarissa had barely taken a step when Matthew approached her in large strides, embracing her while caressing her waist with his fingers.

He tugged his lips into a wicked grin at her expression.

“U-U-Uncle Matthew...” Clarissa stammered, wanting to push him away. However, his action and her term of endearment only made them look as though they were flirting with each other.

“Why are you still calling me ‘Uncle Matthew’?”

The woman’s expression clouded over as she shot Clarissa a death glare.

She seems to be in her twenties. And here I thought he’s a mature man who is not into young girls like the others. Guess I was wrong.

“I didn’t know you’re into this, Mr. Tyson,” the woman mocked.

“No, no, no, you must have misunderstood. I-”

Matthew tightened his grip around Clarissa’s waist, forcing her to shut up.

“You know, I’m a man too, Ms. Cole. The man you love is not the real Matthew Tyson.”

“Do the Tysons know about this niece of yours? Is she even qualified to be the daughter-in-law of the Tysons?”

“I’m afraid that’s none of your business, Ms. Cole.”

The woman turned on her heels and marched off.

Clarissa looked up at Matthew with a frown. Before she could even open her mouth, he had already let go of his hand and stepped back. His gaze began to settle.

His sudden change in behavior shook her.

“Mr. Tyson, did you just...”

“Let’s go,” Matthew cut in and strutted off.

Clarissa pulled a face at Matthew behind his back. She could only admit that she had used up her luck and would have to move out of the Tyson residence as soon as possible.

"Clarissa, what took you so long?"

The chief editor had come out to look for her and thinking that the tall and handsome man beside her was just a customer, she pulled Clarissa by the hand and dragged her back to the private room.

"Mr. Knight has been looking for you, Clarissa. I think he fancies you. Actually..."

"I gotta go, Jane. My friend is here to pick me up," Clarissa cut in, then turned to Matthew, whose back was facing her. "Wait for me, Uncle Matthew. You're going too fast..."

It was Clarissa's turn to use him this time.

He stopped in his tracks and looked back.

"I gotta go, Jane. Tell them I'm sorry, will you? Bye," she said hastily, then jogged up to Matthew with an innocent smile.

There was a flicker in his eyes, but he said nothing as they exited the restaurant together in silence.

While Matthew got into the car, Clarissa took out her phone to call herself a cab when his voice sounded.

"Get in!"

"Huh? Oh, it's okay. I've already-" Clarissa swallowed her words at the man's piercing gaze.

She opened the door to the back seat and sat far away from him.

"Where to?" "Oh, anywhere is fine, so long as it's convenient for you."

"I need an address!"

"To the Tyson residence," Clarissa said sheepishly. "I'm gonna pack up and head to a hotel."

"Is it uncomfortable living at the Tyson residence, Ms. Quigley?"

"No, it's not. I don't want to be a nuisance to the Tysons. You all have been very nice to me and I appreciate that. However, I'll be staying in D City for quite some time for work. I don't think it's appropriate that I prolong my stay here."

Matthew remained silent.

It wasn't until they arrived at the Tyson residence did Clarissa feel relieved.

"Go on with your day, Mr. Tyson. Goodbye." She flashed a polite smile, wanting to send him off.

"Pack your stuff!"

"What?"

"You're going to a hotel, aren't you?"

"Oh, just carry on with your work, Mr. Tyson. I can manage."

Matthew shot her a look, leaving Clarissa no choice but to get her suitcase from the room and back into his car.

Upon arrival at the hotel, she said, "Thank you very much, Mr. Tyson, and so sorry for the trouble. Goodbye."

Goodbye. Let's not see each other again!

Matthew said nothing this time. But there was something about his gaze that made Clarissa feel uncomfortable.

"Goodbye," she beamed, waving her hand.

Clarissa had just settled down in the hotel after sending him off when she received a call from Hilary.

I knew she wouldn't let me off that easily.

"I was wrong about what happened last time, Clary. I shouldn't have forced you into getting married; I just wanted you to live a good life. Will you forgive me?"

"Is that all?"

"Well, uh, I was hoping that you would get along with your sister since you're not familiar with the city and don't have any friends here. She has offered to bring you out to meet some people. This is a wonderful opportunity for you to meet people from her circle, Clary. Just give it a shot and go see the world. There'll be a dinner party the day after tomorrow. You can go with Yvonne."