

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 21 - 25

Clarissa's mind was jumbled up; she was vulnerable to the intimacy between them.

She stuttered when the man prodded her for an answer. "U-Uncle, I miss you just like how a niece misses her uncle, I-like how Ellie misses you."

Actually, it was nothing more than a mere pleasantry. She didn't expect he would take it so seriously.

Letting out a chuckle, Matthew retracted his hand from her face and then took one of her wringing hands in his.

Clarissa widened her eyes in shock while looking at their holding hands.

Without bothering to give her any explanation, Matthew leaned in his seat and closed his eyes to rest.

She tried to pull her hand out but to no avail. When she gave it another attempt, his voice rang out, "Clare, let me rest for a while. I just got off the plane."

Her body stiffened. But why must you hold my hand when you're resting?

They were holding hands the whole journey until the car pulled up in front of Skylight Restaurant.

As they got out of the car, she finally freed her hand from his grasp. Matthew raised his brow when he saw the young lady was so eager to stay away from him.

"Come here!" He gestured her to come over.

Under his steady gaze, Clarissa had no choice but to shuffle slowly toward him. With much patience, Matthew waited as the young lady approached him at a snail's pace.

Clarissa felt bad to keep dallying, so she stopped her childish act and quickly walked toward him. Once again, he took her hand, leading her into the restaurant.

“Uncle Matthew,” she called out.

Matthew simply uttered a response.

With an awkward smile, she said, “Actually, you don’t need to hold my hand. I’m not a child anymore, and I won’t get lost.”

Matthew tilted his head to cast a glance at her, flashing her a meaningful smile. Seeing his smile, Clarissa reacted instinctively in casting her eyes downward.

Matthew maintained his silence while leading her into the private lounge.

Throughout the meal, Clarissa remained silent while eating absent-mindedly. As for Matthew, he seemed to be enjoying himself, savoring his food elegantly. Occasionally, he would answer some calls to talk about business-related matters. One could imagine how busy this man was.

Soon, the two were done with their meals. Clarissa was happy on the way home, thinking she was finally free.

However, she was left dazed when Matthew decided to follow her into her apartment.

Meanwhile, in her apartment, Matthew was sitting on the couch, crossing his legs in a relaxed manner. His coat was carelessly tossed aside, and he had his collar unbuttoned while his sleeves were rolled up to his elbows.

Smiling meekly, she placed a cup of tea in front of him. “Uncle Matthew, do have some tea.”

Raising his brow, he patted the seat next to him. “Take a seat.”

“It’s fine. I can sit here.” She quickly sat on the single-seater sofa opposite him, rejecting the seat he offered.

Matthew pursed his lips, but he didn’t insist. Putting his arm on the armrest, he asked, “Have you recalled?”

“W-what?”

“After you were drunk,” he reminded.

“Ah...” She remembered their conversation that took place last time. With her brows knotted, she shook her head and answered, “Uncle Matthew, I really don’t remember what happened that day. Why don’t you tell me directly, what have I done?”

She thought she wouldn’t do something out of line since she usually fell asleep when she was drunk.

However, her thoughts wavered when Matthew kept asking about the drunken night.

“Come here. I’ll tell you what you’ve done.” He was determined to ask her to come closer.

“You can just say it, whatever it is.”

“It need not be said, but I need to do something to show you.” He insisted.

Biting her lips, Clarissa was torn. Eventually, she gave in and sat beside Matthew, maintaining a safe distance between them.

“How...”

Before she could even finish her words, he suddenly placed his hand behind her neck, pressing her head toward him. The next moment, his lips were mashed against hers.

She was at a loss when the kiss took her by surprise. With her eyes saucer-wide, she forgot to react while passively receiving his kiss.

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 22

It was a new experience for Matthew to be stared at by the person whom he was kissing.

He couldn't help feeling amused by her reaction. Covering her eyes with his hand, he deepened the kiss.

In a daze, Clarissa passively received his kiss.

Although the young lady in his arms didn't return his kiss, the softness of her lips was sufficient to drive him crazy. He pressed her against the couch, looming over her.

When Clarissa came back to her senses, only did she realized they were in an intimate yet dangerous position. At that instant, she could hear nothing but her heart beating wildly in her chest. In a panic, she placed her hand on his chest to prevent him from moving any closer, whimpering in fear.

Matthew halted his kiss and then gave a peck on her swollen lips. He then propped his arms on both sides of her body, encircling her. The young lady was looking at him pitifully through her watery eyes; there was a hint of panic in her eyes.

He sat back on the couch next to her, pulling her into his arms. Caressing her back, he uttered in a deep voice, "Now you know what you've done to me that day."

"That's impossible!" Clarissa pulled herself away from him. At this moment, she finally regained her composure, looking at him with accusatory eyes. "I wouldn't do something like that! Besides, I usually fell asleep after I'm drunk."

Hearing that, Matthew let out a chuckle. "Are you sure? It can't be that I, as your elder, tried to take advantage of you when you're drunk, can I?"

With her cheeks burning, she stood up and pointed her fingers at Matthew. "Y-You... Aren't you taking advantage of me right now?" Her mind was a mess, but she knew she couldn't let him take advantage of her like that.

"Do you not like it when I kissed you?" he asked.

"I don't!" She glared at him with her arms akimbo.

"Uncle Matthew, I respect you as my elder. I'm sorry for offending you that night, but we're even now. It's rather late now, and you should leave. I need to get some rest." Unlike her previous timorous manner, she put on a brave front and dismissed him.

Under her angry stare, Matthew raised his brow as he rose to his feet. He then approached her, pulling her into his arms.

With his eyes darkened, he stroked her nose tip with his, muttering under his breath, "Clare, you're the one who started it. You've kissed your elder...."

"Don't say it!" She interrupted him. "I... I apologize, okay? I'm drunk, and I have no control over my behavior. Besides, you're sober. Can't you just push me away?"

"Why should I?"

"You... You... You old coot!" How could he not stop me at that time?

Her heart tightened upon noticing his gaze turned cold. She tried to shrink away but to no avail. As she struggled to break free from him, the man propped her up with his hands holding her bottom, pressing her body against him. At the same time, he gave her a ferocious kiss, forcing her to swallow her grumble.

...

Just then, the ringing phone interrupted the kiss. Matthew buried his face against her neck, his breath tickling her skin.

A moment later, he let go of her and answered the call. He couldn't help curling his lips into a smile while looking at the young lady sitting on the couch, shooting daggers at him.

After he ended the call, he sat back on the couch, his finger brushing her lips. "Clare, you're wrong. I'm not old, and I'll prove it to you in the future."

Prove it to me that he's not old? How is he going to prove it? Wait... Why should he prove that to me? Her mind was full of questions, but the person to answer her doubts had left the apartment.

The kiss had drained all her energy, leaving her breathing heavily like a fish being thrown out of the water. Lying on the couch, she was catching her breath while staring blankly into space.

Being inexperienced, she was left at his mercy throughout the kiss. Damn... Ellie dared say her uncle lives an ascetic life. Ascetic my foot! She's such a liar!

She could still sense his familiar scent of faint tobacco around her, unsure if it was lingering in the room or on her skin.

A moment later, she went to the washroom. Her mind gradually wandered off while she soaked in the bathtub. Why did he kiss me? What does that mean?

Shouldn't he at least give me an explanation? Or was he just playing with me?

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 23

Later that day, Ellie invited her to a club. She arrived to see Damon and the others there as well.

She realized what Ellie was up to when the latter pushed her to sit beside Damon.

Just then, someone suddenly asked, "Clare, I heard Ryler, the famous celebrity, is going to be the male lead in The World. That's awesome! Do you know who the female lead is?"

She was slightly surprised. Ryler? He is going to be the male lead of The World? Why hasn't he mention it before?

"Oh? I have no idea," she answered.

"You're the author and screenwriter of the drama. Aren't you concerned with the casting?"

Clarissa responded to the question with a faint smile, which made her face looked even more attractive.

With his face flushed red, Damon couldn't move his eyes away from her face. It was obvious that the guy had a hard crush on her.

Seeing his reaction, the others started to cheer him on. "Damon, have you fallen for our beautiful Ms. Quigley? Your face is blushing when you look at her. If you really like her, go for it! We'll be the witness of your grand confession."

“Ugh, stop it! Leave them alone!” Ellie wrapped her arm around Clarissa’s shoulder while saying smilingly, “Our baby Clare is such a lovely lady. Do you guys really think Damon can make her his girlfriend with just a simple confession? He should put in some effort into pursuing her, or else, as Clare’s bestie, I won’t approve of him.” Facing Damon, she continued, “Damon, if you really like Clare, show us your sincerity.”

Clarissa was put in an awkward position.

She quickly objected, “Damon, don’t listen to Ellie. We’re friends! This will only make things awkward.”

With that, she excused herself to the washroom.

Ellie tried to console Damon, who seemed dejected. “Hey, why are you disappointed? Do you think it’s that easy to make Clare your girlfriend? Come on! She’s not those girls who throw themselves at you.”

“I know, and I’m really serious about her.”

She gave a pat on his shoulder. “Then that’s it! Go for it! I’m rooting for you.”

Damon flashed her a grateful smile before he excused himself, “I’m going out for a while.”

His friends began to clamor, asking if he already started to miss Clarisse even though she was just away for a short while.

Clarissa came out of the washroom to see Damon waiting for her. The latter explained, “I’m afraid that you might get lost.”

She couldn’t help but chuckle at his lame excuse. Upon seeing her bright smile, Damon’s mind went blank while blood rushed to his face. He cleared his throat. “Let’s head back!” Then, he constrained himself to turn around and made his way back to the private room.

Having no notice of his abnormality, Clarissa followed suit.

On their way back, they came across an acquaintance — Jeremy.

In his arms was a beautiful lady with a V-shaped face and a pair of long legs. The two showed no sign of embarrassment even though they were walked upon, kissing openly in the corridor.

Jeremy raised his brow when casting his eyes over Clarissa and Damon.

Clarissa greeted, "Mr. Jeremy."

"Well, what a coincidence! We still lack one person for our card game. Ask your friends to come and join us in my private lounge!"

In Jeremy's private lounge, she was shocked to see Matthew.

She wanted to turn and leave, but Jeremy immediately took notice of her intention. With a smile on his face, he gently pushed her into the lounge. "Why are you standing there? Go in, take a seat!"

After settling down at the poker table with the lady, Jeremy showed off to the other two people on the table, "Matt, Fatty, look! I've found myself a beautiful lady outside the corridor." Then, he turned to face Clarissa and asked, "Ms. Quigley, do you know how to play poker?"

From the moment Clarissa entered the lounge, Matthew only cast his glance at her once and then at Damon standing behind her.

It was only a brief glance, but she thought she saw a dangerous glint in his eyes.

Inexplicably, she felt a little guilty. It was as if she was caught cheating on him though she knew she had done nothing wrong.

"I... I don't know how." It took her a while to answer Jeremy's question.

"Mr. Jeremy, let me take part in the game. Clare, you can sit beside me and watch me play." Damon grabbed her hand, pulling her to sit next to him.

Once again, Matthew cast his cold gaze over her wrist. At that instant, she felt as if he was going to burn a hole in her hand with his intense gaze.

Jeremy suddenly chuckled. The chubby man called Fatty, too, seemed to have sensed the abnormality when he looked around at the people in the lounge before shifting his gaze to Jeremy. "Why are you suddenly laughing? Are you mad or something?"

Jeremy curled his lips into a mysterious smile. "Oh Fatty, I can laugh whenever I want, can't I?"

With that, he started distributing the cards.

Soon, Ellie arrived with the others, but the others beat a retreat upon seeing Matthew's presence.

Yarick couldn't help but tease, "Matt, not only you're a nightmare to children, but now, it seems like even women are afraid of you."

Matthew picked up his hole cards while ignoring Yarick's teasing.

Yet, Ellie couldn't help but refute, "Mr. Yarick, you're wrong. I heard from my mom that Uncle Matt dined with a young lady at the Skylight Restaurant. He even held her hand." Then, she sought verification from Matthew. "Is that true, Uncle Matt?"

Her words successfully piqued everyone's curiosity. All of them turned to look at Matthew, except Clarissa, who kept her head down.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 24

Yarick exclaimed, "A young lady?! Seriously? Matt, is that true?"

Meanwhile, Jeremy cast a glance at Clarissa, who looked as if she was trying to hide under the table.

Apart from Jeremy, no one took notice of her abnormality as they never suspected she would have anything to do with Matthew.

"Uncle Matt, I'm curious. Someone saw you in the restaurant with a young lady, but unfortunately, he has no idea who she is. When he told my mom this piece of news, he re-emphasized that she looks very young." Ellie hesitated before asking sheepishly, "Uncle Matt, are you... dating with an underage?"

She tucked her head in when her uncle shot daggers at her. "Fine! I said something wrong. But I am so curious! Uncle Matt, have you really found yourself a girlfriend? Is there any chance of me calling her aunt?"

Matthew didn't answer her questions. Placing his hole cards down, he ordered, "Start the game!"

It was his warning and a clear refusal to answer.

Although the others were disappointed that they couldn't elicit an answer from him, they didn't dare to ask further questions.

Clarissa's face was pale, staring blankly at space.

Damon noticed her abnormality, so he asked if she was alright.

"Damon, is she your girlfriend? It seems to me that you care a lot about her," Yarick teased, giving Damon a playful nudge.

Damon responded with a smile. Before he could say anything, Clarissa denied, "I'm not."

Hearing her denial, a meaningful smile appeared on Yarick's chubby face. "Damon, it looks like there's still a long way to go to win Ms. Quigley's heart."

"Ms. Quigley, Damon is in no way a Casanova. Do you not like him? Or are you a reserved person?" he asked her.

"Mr. Payne, you've misunderstood. Damon and I are only friends," she answered.

"I know, you're friends now, but who knows? Maybe in the future..."

"Oh, Fatty! Stop talking!" Jeremy suddenly gave him a kick under the table and interrupted him. "She said they are just friends. Why are you still matchmaking her with Damon? Besides, maybe she already has a boyfriend. Am I right, Ms. Quigley?" he asked Clarissa.

Ellie chimed in, "Mr. Jeremy, Clare doesn't have a boyfriend."

"How do you know? Even though the two of you are besties, you can't possibly share her every secret. Do you agree with me, Ms. Quigley?" Once again, he threw the question at Clarissa.

"Eh? Clare, is it true that you have someone you liked?" Ellie asked.

Damon's heart dropped while he fixed his eyes at Clarissa.

Clarissa couldn't help feeling uneasy being the center of attention, especially when Matthew cast his dark gaze at her.

She evaded Ellie's question, "I'm sorry, I need to use the washroom." With that, she got out of the private lounge.

"Tsk, tsk, we won't bite, why is she running away? It's just a simple yes-or-no question. Do we look that terrifying to her?" Yarick muttered in confusion.

Hearing his mutter, Jeremy let out a chuckle.

No one noticed Matthew's gaze flickered with a dangerous glint.

It had been a while since Clarissa was gone, but she still hadn't come back yet.

Just then, Ellie received a call from her. "You're going home? Alright then, let me drive you home... No? Okay... Fine. Text me when you are home. Bye!"

After she ended the call, she couldn't help grumbled, "See, you guys have scared Clare away!"

"No way! Don't tell me that she's so shy to that extent! Damon, this young lady is indeed beautiful, but I don't think she's honest with you. Could it be that she's playing hard to get?" Yarick expressed his honest opinion openly.

The next moment, Ellie voiced her dissatisfaction. "Mr. Yarick, Clare is my best friend! Don't think so poorly of her!"

Yarick shook his head at her. "Oh, dear Ellie, you're still young, naive, and a little too gullible. We can't really tell what's in a person's mind. Why don't you ask Jeremy, see if he thinks the same as me? He's the true expert when it comes to women." He stroked his chin as he went on, "We were only asking if there's someone she likes. Is it that difficult to answer? There's something fishy about her. I guess she's a scheming girl, and she has tricked both of you." He pointed at both Ellie and Damon as he spoke.

Then, he suddenly came up with an idea. "Why don't we ask Jeremy to test her? See if she's really that innocent. Arghhh—"

As soon as he finished his words, someone kicked the leg of his chair. It threw him off balance, causing him to fall backward. At that instant, his fat body collapsed onto the ground with a thud.

While whimpering in pain, he yelled, "Jeremy! What's wrong with you? Are you trying to kill me?"

With an innocent look on his face, Jeremy flashed him a smile. "Hey, Fatty, it's not me."

"If it's not you, then who kicked my chair? It can't be Matt!"

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 25

Jeremy raised his brow while looking toward Matthew.

Lying on the ground, Yarick followed Jeremy's gaze to look at Matthew, his eyes widened in disbelief.

"Matt? You..." The pitiful look on his face and his accusatory eyes made him look as if he was a poor lady being dumped by a heartless man.

Pfft!

Both Ellie and Damon couldn't help but burst into gales of laughter upon seeing his reaction. "Mr. Yarick, stop making that pitiful face. You look like you're ditched by Uncle Matthew."

Yarick soon realized he looked silly, so he got up immediately. Before he could ask Matthew the reason why he deserved to be treated this way, the latter had made his way toward the door and left.

He was left scratching his head. "Eh? Jeremy, what have I done? Is Matt mad at me? Why did he suddenly kick my chair? I didn't do anything wrong, did I?"

Wrapping his arm around the beautiful lady sitting next to him, Jeremy flashed him a mysterious smile while he lazily gave him a piece of advice, "Mind your words."

"Wait, what did I say?" Yarick was clueless.

Jeremy started a new game with Ellie and the others, not bothering to answer the slow-witted Yarick. As for Yarick, he was still trying to figure out why Matthew treated him that way.

In the meantime, the doorbell rang soon after Clarissa arrived at her apartment.

Through the peephole, she saw Matthew standing behind the door. In fact, she was not surprised at all at his arrival.

She stood there silently, refusing to open the door.

Just then, her phone rang. As soon as she answered the call, she heard the man commanding harshly, "Open the door!"

"Uncle Matthew, it's late now, and I'm already in bed. If there's something you want to tell me, you can just say it over the phone."

The man didn't respond, but she thought she heard his snicker.

Restlessness crept onto her heart after he ended the call.

Beep! Beep!

The next moment, she heard the sound of the door unlocking. Before she could even figure out how he managed to unlock the fingerprint lock, Matthew had entered her apartment, exuding an intimidating aura.

"Y-You..." She was at a loss for words.

Matthew approached her. Feeling intimidated, she retreated a few steps backward and accidentally tripped and fell onto the couch. She looked clumsy when she struggled with her limbs, trying to bring herself into a sitting position.

Matthew was amused. The anger on his face soon disappeared, replaced by a faint smile.

Standing beside the couch, his gaze darkened while he fixed his eyes on her. "I see that you're glad that I'm here. I, too, miss the lovely moments that we spent on this couch last time..."

"Stop! Please!" She halted his words.

Nevertheless, the image of him kissing her on the couch came flashing across her mind.

She hopped off the couch to stay as far away from him as possible. Her face went blushing as red as a tomato.

The man was still looking at her teasingly, but she managed to force herself to calm down. Biting her lips, she looked up at him before saying in a soft voice, "Uncle Matthew, it's inappropriate for you to come to my apartment so late at night. You..."

"How is it inappropriate?" He interrupted her.

"Well, you're my elder, and we shouldn't..."

Before she could finish her words, Matthew, her "elder", had come up to her. He wrapped her waist with one hand and clasped the back of her head with the other. The next moment, he mashed his lips against hers, his tongue found its way into her mouth.

By the time the kiss ended, his fingers had found their way into her shirt without her realizing it, caressing her silky skin. With his lips inches away from hers, he asked in a hoarse voice, "Which elder of yours will treat you the way I treated you just now, huh? Clare?"

Her cheeks flushed red, but still, she glared at him through her watery eyes. "You! You b*stard!"

Matthew chuckled while giving her waist a light squeeze. "Uh-uh! Are you scolding your elder now?"

"You... What kind of elder are you? Let go of me..." She struggled to break free from him but to no avail.

The man tightened his grip on her waist. She froze when his hands started to linger around her body.

Feeling embarrassed, she was on the verge of crying. "Matthew Tyson! How could you treat me like this?"