

# You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 26 - 30

The little whimper she had sounded more like she was flirting with him.

Matthew did not give her an answer. He swallowed the fluid lodged in his throat, and once again, locked lips with her. But this time, he acted more like a cannibal who just wanted to tear the woman apart.

Gradually, the kiss became uncontrollable. So were Matthew's hands. He ran his hands all over Clarissa's body as if he was looking for the right spot to set her on fire.

While Clarissa was still indulging in the warmth that wrapped around her, she felt a cold air caressing her thighs all of a sudden. Before he could fully pull down her skirt, she grabbed onto it and pleaded, "Please don't..."

That plea made Clarissa even more irresistible. Matthew's dark eyes sparkled with the desire to devour her.

Clarissa, on the other hand, was like a helpless lamb waiting to be slaughtered.

"Matthew, no, please..."

"Oh, f\*ck!"

Matthew grunted while gritting his teeth. After being consumed by his desire, he stood up immediately and went straight into the bathroom.

Feeling utterly embarrassed, Clarissa immediately pulled down her skirt and tried to regain her composure while sitting on the couch.

Her mind had gone haywire, and at this point, she could no longer think properly.

She only came to her senses the moment Matthew stepped out of the bathroom in a towel. Upon seeing his chestnut-colored skin, his toned chest, the muscles on his abs, and the tool between thighs...

“Oh my God!”

Clarissa instantly covered her eyes and turned away from him.

“Why are you naked?”

A corner of Matthew’s mouth quirked up. He walked up and sat in front of her.

Clarissa kept avoiding his eyes and was at a loss for words.

Yet, she knew Matthew’s eyes were studying her from head to toes with absolute passion.

She adjusted her sitting position and pressed her voice, “We can’t do this, Matthew.”

Matthew resisted his urge to smoke and responded, “Why not? You’ll never know till you try.”

“What? I...”

She gazed into his eyes and finally understand what he meant.

A hard glint flashed through Clarissa’s eyes. “I’m talking about us being together.”

“That’s what I was talking about. What were you thinking?”

“Excuse me? You were the one...”

Words stuck in Clarissa’s throat. She had no choice but to concede defeat.

She took a deep breath and continued, “You’re president of Tyson Corporation, and you’re from one of the prominent families in D City. I’m just a country-bumpkin who doesn’t even have a family.”

“So?”

Matthew raised his brows and asked casually, “Don’t you like me?”

“I...”

Clarissa's cheeks blushed almost instantly. She could not bring herself to reject this perfect specimen of a man.

Not only was Matthew steady, but he was also charming at the same time. If a man like him showed interest in her, how could she turn him down? Besides, he was really an affable person.

Yet, Clarissa had to acknowledge the fact that women would always surround an all-rounder like him, and among these women, Clarissa was probably the most uncharismatic of them all.

Growing up, Clarissa had always been a rational person. Unlike some impulsive girls, she would evaluate all the pros and cons before making a decision.

No doubt Clarissa too, had feelings for Matthew, but she would not risk everything just to be with him.

"I'll take your silence as a yes," Matthew said.

Clarissa shook her head steadily. "No. I don't have feelings for you."

She looked into his eyes and gave him the verdict.

As expected, Matthew's expression turned grim, and that expression sent a chill down Clarissa's spine.

"It's late now. You should leave."

Matthew curled his lips and stared at her.

Clarissa's phone rang all of a sudden and broke the awkward silence. It was a call from Ellie, and she was a little embarrassed to answer it.

"Hey Clare, are you still awake? Can I sleep at your place tonight? There's something I want to ask you. I'll be there in five minutes. See you!"

Ellie did not give Clarissa a chance to turn her down and hung up the call right away.

Clarissa panicked as she did not have much time to get Matthew out of the house.

"You have to go now. Ellie's going to be here soon."

Matthew stood still and responded with a sly smirk.

"Beg me."

## You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 27

Beg him?

Of course, Clarissa knew what Matthew wanted.

But she decided to just clasp her hands and said, "Please!"

Matthew's eyes darkened. He squinted and kept his gaze fixed on her.

She looked at him with a pair of puppy eyes and begged, "Please? I won't be able to explain myself if Ellie sees you here."

Like a cat on hot bricks, Clarissa was worried that Ellie might bump into Matthew if he refused to leave.

She even walked up to him and pushed him on the shoulders, trying to get him out of the house.

Instead of pushing him away, Clarissa was tugged at and fell right on his thighs. A blush warmed her cheeks instantly. She tried to get up but to no avail as Matthew had wrapped his hand around the back of her neck.

He then pulled her face towards his and gave her a deep kiss. Clarissa could only helplessly grunt and struggle in frustration. Ellie was going to be here soon, and she was at her wits' end.

Even when Matthew decided to release her from his clutches, he still insisted on giving her several pecks on the lips and running his thumb all over them.

He gave out a baffling smile and said in a deep voice, "This is how you beg."

Clarissa was annoyed, but she did not have the time to argue with him anymore. "All right. Please go now, okay?"

Matthew finally gave in. He released her and stood up from the couch. Clarissa followed right behind and pushed him with her hands.

Having only a towel wrapped around his body, Matthew's body emitted a warmth that caused Clarissa to retract her hands.

After putting on the clothes he wore earlier, he knitted his brows as if he was disgusted by the fact that he had to wear the same clothes after a shower.

It was none of Clarissa's business anyway, as she just wanted him gone right now.

She even walked him to the elevator. "Quick! Make sure you don't bump into Ellie!"

Matthew remained calm and steady. The more he looked at the woman in panic mode, the more he realized how adorable she was. He could not help but grin.

The minute the door opened, Clarissa pushed him into the elevator. She then smiled at him and waved goodbye to him.

"Goodbye, Uncle Matthew!"

Before the door closed completely, he extended his arm and pulled her into the elevator. He then wrapped his arms around her and gave her a deep kiss.

Some said Matthew practiced abstinence. Even when a naked woman stood in front of him, he would not bother to look at her. Yet, the way he behaved now seemed to contravene these remarks.

As a victim of his bestial behavior, Clarissa could not wait to expose his true colors to the world.

Abstinence my foot! He's more like a kissing maniac!

Clarissa finally managed to push him away before the elevator's door opened.

When the door was completely opened, a voice emerged from outside, "Clare? Uncle Matt? What are you two..."

"Hey, I came down to fetch you, and it just so happened that Uncle Matthew is here too."

Clarissa was hit by a pang of guilt and she hoped that Matthew could step in to rescue her. She plastered an awkward smile on her face and said, "Yeah, I was surprised to see Uncle Matthew here too."

"Oh? Is that so, Uncle Matt?"

Ellie felt something was amiss. Though Matthew still appeared to be as upright as ever, there was something sensuous about the way he stood and the way he looked at things at that point in time.

Even Ellie herself could not help but feel embarrassed standing in front of him.

"I'm here to visit a friend."

Matthew put on a deadpan expression and walked out of the elevator.

Before leaving, he turned around and took a sidelong glance at Clarissa with his deep dark eyes.

Ellie still had so many questions in her mind. What kind of friend did he visit, though? And what's with the look on his face?

Does he have a secret lover who lives here?

Is it the girl whom he held hands with?

Is she staying in this building?

## You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 28

Clarissa heaved a sigh of relief when she noticed Ellie was so engrossed in her thoughts that she totally did not pay attention to the awkward look on her face.

“Hey, do you know who did Uncle Matt visit? Which floor is his friend staying in? Is his friend young? I have a hunch that the young girl whom he was with earlier lives here.”

Ellie’s persistence almost freaked Clarissa out.

“I have no idea. He was already inside the elevator when I saw him. Excuse me for a moment. I need to use the washroom.”

She escaped to the washroom and tried to calm herself down.

It took her some time to regain her composure, and she was finally able to greet Ellie with a natural smile.

“So, what brought you here?”

Ellie helped herself with a canned drink from the refrigerator and sat casually on the couch.

“You tell me! Why did you run away, though? Do you really dislike Damon, or are you mad at Mr. Yarick? Mr. Yarick tends to speak his mind to people with whom he’s close to. Please don’t be mad at him, okay?”

“I’m not mad. I just felt a little uneasy.”

Clarissa told Ellie frankly, “Damon is a nice man, but I don’t think he’s the one for me.”

“Understood.”

Ellie grinned. “Well, if that’s the case, you can still be friends with him, right? But you better tell him what you think of him.”

“I will.”

Just when Clarissa thought the conversation they had earlier ended, Ellie suddenly said, “I have a task for you. If you notice any suspicious women around here or bump into my uncle again, you have to call me! I want to catch him red-handed!”

Clarissa's mouth twitched uncontrollably upon hearing that.

During The World's first press conference, Clarissa could hardly stay focused.

She was down with the flu. It was probably because of the cold air she was exposed to in an air-conditioned room during the hot summer season.

She sat in the crowd and forced herself to stay till the end.

She finally got to meet Ryler, whom she had not met for quite some time. During the press conference, Ryler dressed like a prince, as that was the character he played in the historical drama series. He looked exactly like how she had envisioned for the story.

When she developed the character, she actually had Ryler in her mind. It was a coincidence that he managed to get the role.

The press conference had ended, but the director still kept mum about the female lead.

While all the audience members had left, Clarissa remained seated. Someone came and sat beside her.

Clarissa responded with a grin. She knew who the person was without the need to look at him.

Ryler, too, responded with a smile. "Remember what I told you? One day, I'll play Duncan Cielo, and I did it."

Clarissa looked up and gazed into his eyes. "I haven't seen you for a long time, Ry."

"Me too, Clare."

Ryler looked at her pinkish cheeks and gently rubbed the back of her head.

Clarissa tapped his arm and gently shoved it away. "Come on, Ry. Don't do this to me. I'm an adult now. Shouldn't you be heading to the film studio now?"

"I'll leave in the evening. I've cleared my schedule so that I could spend the entire afternoon with you."

“Wow, what a pleasant surprise! An A-list celebrity is willing to make time for me? I must make the most out of the time we have.”

She tried to remain cheerful, even though she was under the weather.

“Come, let’s go. You can eat all you want!”

Clarissa stood up, but all of a sudden, she felt dizzy and collapsed on the chair.

Ryler was taken aback. He immediately carried her in his arms and ran out of the hall.

Upon noticing this scene, his manager ran after them as well.

Outside the elevator, Ryler’s manager, Colin, said, “You better put her down right now. We don’t need people to see this. Look, Ms. Quigley is still awake.”

Ryler gave Colin a disdainful look. Clarissa understood Colin’s concern, and she turned to Ryler and said, “Put me down, please. I’m not that weak.”

“No.”

“You don’t want me to be mad at you, do you?”

Ryler had no choice but to put her down. Clarissa tried to stand on her own but failed and fell into Ryler’s arms.

Ryler was alert enough to grab hold of her.

The elevator’s door opened. Matthew, who coincidentally was insider the elevator, saw the two of them in each other’s embrace.

## You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

### Chapter 29

Clarissa gradually lifted her head and was shocked to see Matthew.

She gasped and lowered her head, avoiding his eye contact.

At the same time, she also pushed Ryler away. "Thanks. I'm fine now."

Ryler grinned. "What's wrong? No one's going to see us together."

Ryler's instinct told him that the man in the elevator was not someone who would not spread rumors about him.

He looked at Matthew and thought he seemed familiar but could not recall who he was. Anyway, he still greeted him with a nod.

Ryler had to drag Clarissa into the elevator as she refused to get in. She tried to hide between Ryler's arms as she could feel someone was staring at her with a murderous scowl.

The few seconds in the elevator felt like forever.

When the door opened, she mustered up her courage and ran out of the elevator. That took Ryler by surprise, and he immediately ran out to catch up with her.

Donnie and Matthew, too, stepped out of the elevator.

"Shall we tell Ms. Quigley why we're here?"

Donnie was worried that he might throw a fit. Matthew purposely made time for the press conference but still was a tad too late.

The only reason Matthew was here was because of Clarissa. This was why Donnie was afraid Matthew might explode with rage upon seeing how intimate she was with another man.

With a grim face and a cold voice, he said, "Let's go."

Meanwhile, Ryler brought Clarissa to his car. At first, he insisted on sending her to the hospital, but upon knowing that there were paparazzi around, he had to part with her. Despite being crestfallen at the turn of events, Ryler promised Clarissa that he would buy her dinner near the film studio.

On the other hand, Clarissa took a cab and went back home instead of the hospital.

She opened the door to her apartment, removed her shoes, and walked into her house, feeling utterly worn out.

Someone was sitting quietly on the couch, but she did not notice.

When she tilted her head and saw a man sitting right there, she screamed at the top of her lungs.

She got the shock of her life after seeing Matthew with his deadpan expression.

Matthew did not say anything, but his eyes were blazing with anger.

Clarissa clenched her chest and gasped, and her cheeks tinged with a sickly blush.

"You scared the crap out of me!"

She then collapsed instantly on the couch and breathed heavily.

Instead of showing concern, Matthew said icily, "Why should you be scared? Unless you're feeling guilty?"

"Why should I feel guilty?" she mumbled while lying face down and refused to sit up.

"I think I'm going to..."

I think I'm going to pass out.

Before Clarissa could finish her sentence, she had rolled down from the couch and fallen on the floor.

Matthew thought she was putting up an act. "Get up now!"

She did not show any response. Matthew soon realized something was not right with her. He went closer and found out she had fainted. Without hesitation, he carried her and ran out of the house.

Clarissa woke up and realized she was given a drip in a hospital.

While her head was still spinning, the man extended his arm and touched her forehead to check her temperature.

“Hey.”

Clarissa looked at the man beside her.

The man, who looked a little disheveled, gently brushed his masculine hand against her cheeks. He then retracted his hand and sat quite a distance away from her.

“Still in shock?”

He asked in a deeper voice.

Clarissa blinked. “What are you doing here?”

His lips curled into a smirk. “Have you lost your memory?”

Clarissa knitted her brows. “Oh.”

Matthew could no longer get mad at her upon seeing those little puppy eyes.

But he was still very much disturbed by the thought of her being intimate with another man.

“So you remembered. Tell me, what did you remember?” It was as if he was interrogating a suspect.

Clarissa was not dumb. She knew exactly what Matthew was doing.

But why should I explain myself to him, especially when he interrogates me as if I’m a criminal?

Clarissa looked into Matthew’s eyes and answered in a steady voice.

“I remember you trespassing someone’s property.”

Matthew instantly let out a mirthless laugh, but his expression turned grim right after.

He stood up all of a sudden, walked toward her, and pressed his hands against her bed.

“That house belongs to me, Clarissa.”

She was not surprised by that answer. “I know, and I’m thankful for your help. But since you’ve decided to rent the unit to me, you cannot simply barge into the house anymore. How can I feel safe staying here if you’re going to keep doing this without my permission?”

“So you’ve found yourself another man who can offer you a place to stay?”

Wow.

A sudden frown warped Clarissa’s face, and her face turned pallid.

She had been drowsy the entire day and did not have the energy to argue with him anymore.

Instead of starting a fight with Matthew, she chose to remain silent, shut her eyes, and tilted her head to the other side.

Upon seeing her reaction, a vortex of anger swirled inside him. He grabbed her by the chin and forced her to look into his eyes.

“What do you want now? Money? A house? Or a car?”

“Get your hands off me!”

Clarissa pushed him away. The drip on the back of the hand fell off, and blood started dripping down her hand. With heavy breathing, she roared, “Get out! Get out now!”

The tension between them escalated. Matthew took a glance at the pool of blood on the floor and walked out of the ward.

A nurse soon arrived and put her on a drip again. Clarissa just leaned quietly on the bed and did not say anything.

From then on, Matthew had not appeared in the hospital anymore.

During this period, Ellie and Damon had visited Clarissa. They even accompanied her and sent her home.

Ellie stayed back to take care of Clarissa.

"I'm feeling much better now. You don't need to worry about me anymore."

Ellie made her lay on her bed, stopped her from going anywhere, and did everything she could to make her feel better.

"I'm going nowhere, and you're going to stay in bed. Unless you want to come over to my place?"

"Forget it then."

Clarissa shook her head and grinned.

Suddenly, she recalled the remark Matthew made about the house.

He'd probably think I'm after something if I continue to stay in his house.

"I think I should move out."

"To? Where else can you go?"

"I'll be going over to the film studio in a couple of days. Once my work is done, I'll return to my hometown."

"What?"

Ellie was shocked. "I thought you wanted to stay here for a longer period? You've only been here for a month! No way I'm letting you go. After your trip to the film studio, you're going to come back here. You hear me?"

"Oh, Ellie."

Clarissa shook her head and smiled wryly. "I thought I needed to stay here longer, but it seems my work is almost done. I can always return home and work as usual. I want to go back and spend more time with my Grandma."

"But Clare..."

Ellie wrapped her hands around Clarissa.

Clarissa had made up her mind. "If you miss me, you can always come to visit. I can visit you as well! Come, let's start packing for my trip to the film studio. I've to get there as soon as possible, and once I'm done, I should be able to vacate the house by this weekend."

"How could you do this to me!" Ellie said in between sobs.

Clarissa smiled and gave her a big hug. "You know I love you the most, Miss Ellie!"

After Ellie had left, Clarissa went to the hospital to get another jab. She then returned home and started packing as she planned to leave in the afternoon.

Instead of leaving on weekend, she booked a flight and left for the film studio tonight.

After boarding the airplane, she texted Ellie and told her that the director needed her on-set, and she had to leave early.

While everyone in the Tyson residence was busy chatting and playing chess, Ellie was on her phone playing a game.

She suddenly received a message from Clarissa, and her expression turned grim.

The other family members went up to her after noticing the change on her face. "What's wrong?"

Ellie sighed. "It's Clare. She has left D City. She told me she would only leave this weekend, but now she had to leave early for work."

Matthew, who was playing chess with his father, squeezed a chess piece in his hand upon hearing that, but his expression remained unchanged.

"Does that mean she won't coming back to D City after her work?"

"Yeah, she'll be heading back to her hometown after that. Uncle Matt, you can take back the apartment now."

Matthew acted as if he was so focused on the game and ignored her, but deep in his heart, he was so mad that he was about to break the chess piece.

Margaret smiled. "Clare is a great girl, and she knows what's best for her. Not only she's capable, but she's also talented. I would have made her stay if we have a suitable man for her in our family."

She could not help but look at Matthew and asked, "By the way, how's the girl you were with earlier? I want you to know that her family background doesn't bother me as long as she's a decent woman."

"Oh yes, how does she look like?" Ellie asked.

Matthew ignored them.

When Margaret wanted to pursue the matter, her husband warned her with an eye signal. She eventually gave up and walked away.

Clarissa had arrived at the film studio, but the mysterious female lead was still nowhere to be found as the team was shooting a few scenes that did not involve her.

If what she heard was true, the female lead for this series should be Shermaine Smallwood. Despite her young age, this accomplished film star had won multiple national and international awards and was well-loved by the people.

It would make sense for her not to be here yet as she still had not returned to the country.

Clarissa could not believe that an award-winning film star was willing to take part in this project. Nevertheless, a rumor would remain a rumor unless she saw Sharmaine here with her own eyes.

A few days later, Shermaine finally arrived. Everyone, including Clarissa, was thrilled to meet her for the first time. Yet, her arrival at the film studio had caused a commotion when she was seen with a mysterious man at the airport.

Shermaine's relationship had always made headlines. Though she often told the media she was in love with someone, nobody knew who the person was. Rumors had it that the man whom she was dating came from a prominent family in D City. This was why the media was afraid to spill the tea.

This time, people might have caught a glimpse of the man at the airport, but they still could not tell who he was.

Upon seeing the man's silhouette from a distance, the curious Clarissa had a sinking feeling in her heart.

## You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

### Chapter 30

Clarissa had never felt that she showed particular care or attention to Matthew.

However, when she got a clearer look at the man next to Shermaine, she could tell almost immediately that it was Matthew himself.

Clarissa couldn't help but feel a little chagrined at herself—being sharp was a good thing, but this wasn't the sort of mental acuity she wanted!

"Ms. Quigley, I didn't know you were so interested in celebrity gossip, too!"

One of the supporting actresses from the same film set, Jamie, had just finished shooting one of her scenes. She came and sat down next to Clarissa and struck up a conversation with her.

She was a university student majoring in performing arts, and she had been selected for this role through an open audition. Thus, both her looks and her acting skills were considered passable by industry standards.

Because of their small age gap, Clarissa had found her relatively easy to talk to.

Right now, everyone on set was probably discussing the hottest news of today—Shermaine's new rumor!

Clarissa closed the webpage she had been looking at and smiled up at Jamie. "I just happened to come across it on my news feed, that's all. I heard the diva herself arrived last night. Is she filming something today?"

"How would I know?" Jamie replied sulkily. "Shermaine Smallwood is oh-so-important. If she still hasn't shown up by now, I suppose we'll have to push everyone's schedule back to accommodate her."

Clarissa shot a look at Jamie. "Are you not fond of her?"

Jamie pursed her lips as she considered her question. "I don't have much of an opinion on her. Are you a fan of hers, Ms. Quigley?"

"I would say so, yes."

"Well, her acting skills are pretty average, in my opinion. She was just lucky that she got movie scripts that suited her. Besides, haven't you noticed that she hasn't been acting in any movies for the past few years? She's still relevant now only because she is capitalizing on her past fame."

Clarissa smiled warmly. "I don't know much about acting, so I can't speak for her acting skills. However, I've watched that award-winning film of hers, and I found it to be pretty good. The reason I like her is because she has the image of a strong, independent woman. It isn't just because she graduated from a prestigious university—rather than relying on her family connections, she managed to make a name for herself in the industry by taking up lots of supporting roles at the beginning. Even if this is just an image her PR team created for her, she's still a very bright girl who's loved by many people. What about you? Do you dislike her?"

Jamie shrugged nonchalantly. "I suppose I'm just slightly jealous of her."

"Haha...you're quite honest, aren't you?"

"Of course! She comes from a good family, has a smooth-flowing career, and is young and pretty to boot. Her future is limitless—she'll probably catch a hotter and more successful man in the future, too. It's natural for me to be jealous of her. Ask around the industry, and you won't find a single girl who isn't. Not all of us are as kind and generous as you are, Ms. Quigley."

"I'm not kind and generous. I've never had an argument with her before, that's all."

"That's true. You aren't exactly from the entertainment industry. Besides, your screenwriting is well-regarded in the film industry—she has to act according to your scripts. Doesn't that give you a sense of achievement?"

Clarissa found that funny. She shook her head and was just about to say something when there was a commotion at the entrance. When she looked over, she realized that all the film directors had rushed over to the entrance.

From the looks of it, Shermaine had probably arrived.

Since everyone was crowding out over there, Clarissa decided that she might as well get up to take a look too.

Shermaine was very beautiful. As a renowned beauty in D City, her features were exquisite and delicate beyond words. Besides, a different sort of aura radiated from her—she performed every movement with grace and dignity.

However, the media must have exaggerated when they described Shermaine as a woman with a warm and good-natured smile. In truth, Clarissa observed that her expression was rather cold and aloof—while she greeted the director and Ryler politely, her smile was nowhere to be seen for most of the time.

Afterward, she made her way to her private dressing room to get her makeup and hair ready. While she was inside, everyone discussed about her excitedly.

Hoping that she might get an autograph from Shermaine, Clarissa had already gotten her pen and notebook ready. However, her hopes seemed to have been dashed.

"Do you want Ms. Smallwood's autograph?"

Ryler walked over to Clarissa, attired in a nobleman's clothes. His outfit made him seem even more elegant and refined than he usually was.

"Yes, I do. But doesn't Ms. Smallwood look a little tired today?"

"Come on, I'll bring you over to her."

“No, it’s alright. I think I’d better...”

As she protested, however, Ryler had already dragged her into Shermaine’s dressing room.

“Ryler, is that you?”

Shermaine looked a little startled, but she continued to gaze at him with a smile.

“Shermaine, this is the original screenwriter for this drama, Ms. Clarissa Quigley. She’s a huge fan of yours, and she wants an autograph from you. She felt too embarrassed to come here by herself, so I brought her here with me.”

“Is that so? The pleasure is all mine—thanks for being my fan, Ms. Quigley. Here, pass the pen and paper to me.”

While she was addressing Clarissa, however, Shermaine’s eyes remained fixated on her phone screen as she typed furiously away. She seemed rather distracted.

Clarissa felt a little awkward. She passed the pen and paper to her and mumbled, “Thanks, Ms. Smallwood.”

Without even looking up at her, Shermaine took the stationery from Clarissa and signed her signature on the piece of paper. After that, she passed the pen and paper to her assistant, who handed them back to Clarissa.

An awkward silence fell over the room. Feeling rather embarrassed, Clarissa shot a look of panic at Ryler.

“Alright, we won’t disturb you anymore, Ms. Smallwood.”

Clarissa and Ryler crept silently to the door. At that moment, Shermaine received a phone call.

“Why are you only returning my call now, Matt?”

Her tone had suddenly become rather coquettish. She was probably conversing with the man she liked.

“Why are you zoning out?”

Clarissa felt a sharp pain as Ryler rapped her on the head. She held in a yelp and grabbed her head, shooting him an acrimonious look.

“What the hell’s wrong with you?”

“That’s what I wanted to ask you! Look how blank you look. Aren’t you happy now that you got your hands on Shermaine Smallwood’s signature?”

For some reason, Clarissa was in a rather bad mood. She felt rather stuffy all of a sudden.

However, she couldn’t tell anyone about her secret.

Clarissa forced a smile onto her face. When she saw someone coming over, she quickly put some distance between Ryler and herself. “We’d better be more careful. If anyone sees us and decides to start a rumor about us, neither of us might be able to defend ourselves.”

Seeing how Clarissa was trying to dissociate herself from him, Ryler smiled in amusement.

“Defend ourselves? We grew up together. Even if someone tried to make up a rumor about us, what’s there to be afraid of? We’ve known each other for years.”

“I still don’t think that’s a good idea. I don’t like having my personal life exposed. Ryler, you know how I’m like.”

Ryler sighed, looking at her both adoringly and helplessly.

“Alright, I got it. Do you think I would just ignore your feelings? Don’t worry, I’ll make sure there won’t be any rumors of you. Have a rest, I’ll be heading back to the set first.”

Clarissa watched him leave with a thoughtful expression on her face. She found a quiet corner and sat down to write another screenplay.

To celebrate Shermaine’s arrival, probably, the directors wrapped up the shooting way earlier than usual. The entire production crew went for dinner together.

Clarissa went along with them. Because she didn’t like socializing and didn’t want to join the rest of the crew, she chose a seat in a corner of the room. She decided to scarf down her food as quickly as she could and return to her room immediately.

The others had probably joined this dinner party for the sake of making connections. Clarissa was the only one who was here solely because she wanted to have dinner.

After she finished eating, she wondered if she should quietly take her leave now.

To her surprise, Shermaine suddenly stood up. With a rather strange smile on her face, she said to the directors, "Excuse me, but I have a friend who has arrived to see me. I'll go and say hello to him first."

With that, she turned to leave. To her surprise, the door flew open, and the man she had been clamoring after the whole day stood in the doorway.

"Matt?"

Matthew stood in the doorway, clothed entirely in black. He was unusually tall and handsome, and his stiff suit accentuated the air of frightening coldness he carried around him.

However, Shermaine acted like a schoolgirl who had just spotted her crush. Her aloof expression vanished in an instant, and was replaced by a brilliant smile.

"Matt, please wait a while. I was just getting ready to leave! Why don't we..."

"There's no need for that."

Matthew stepped into the room.

Shermaine felt a little stunned. However, since this drama was being funded by a film company under the Tyson Corporation, she didn't think too much about it.

She looped her arm around Matthew's and wheeled him towards the director.

"Directors, this is my friend, Mr. Tyson. The film company that invested in our drama is actually just a subsidiary of his corporation."

Everyone in the room fell silent in shock. They realized immediately that Mr. Tyson here wasn't just an ordinary CEO.

They all turned to look at Matthew, including Clarissa herself.

However, one glance at him was enough to make her heart start beating with terror. As she bowed her head, she couldn't help but feel a little pathetic.

Matthew was probably here to pay a visit to Shermaine, the industry big-shot. Clarissa was quite willing to bet that he had completely forgotten about her.

Courteously, someone ushered him to a seat next to Shermaine. Her expression took on a hint of pride and surprise.

"Matt, I didn't think you would give me such a big surprise!" she purred. "I'm simply delighted."

Matthew replied something to her in a low voice. His cool, sharp gaze swept across the entire room, eventually landing on a girl who was trying her best to escape inconspicuously.

His eyes narrowed into a thin line.

Suddenly, he said, "I heard the original screenwriter of the drama is present too."

"Oh, yes, yes! Hey, Clarissa, Clarissa!"

The directors' urgent voices sent everyone gazing in Clarissa's direction.

She froze, looking like a deer caught in a pair of headlights. The directors' voices got even louder and more insistent, urging her to come back quickly.

Clarissa had no choice but to turn around slowly and walk back towards them with the most reluctant look on her face.

Shermaine glanced over at her curiously, too—she had yet to meet the screenwriter for herself. The moment she lay her eyes on Clarissa, her eyes narrowed in wariness and resentment.

How could a screenwriter be so pretty?

Besides, she couldn't help but feel as though she had met this screenwriter before.

Shermaine shot a glance at Matthew. His eyes were fixated on Clarissa as she walked towards them, a strange but unreadable expression in his dark eyes.

Ryler had noticed this as well. His brows knitted into a frown.

Clarissa stood in front of them awkwardly with a smile plastered onto her face. Pretending as though she didn't recognize Matthew, she turned to the directors and murmured, "Were you looking for me?"

"Here, Clarissa. This is Mr. Matthew Tyson, the primary investor of our drama. Why don't you give him a toast?"

Clarissa smiled warmly. When she turned to Matthew, her expression turned cold and aloof again.

"How do you do, Mr. Tyson. It's a great pleasure to meet you. Unfortunately, I can't stomach alcohol very well. Why don't I toast you with a warm cup of tea instead?"

Here, she turned to look for a clean cup. However, Ryler stopped her and pushed his own cup into her hands.

"Here, I haven't used it yet."

In an unusually polite tone, she replied, "Thank you, Mr. Cooper."

She turned to Matthew and swallowed the entire cup of tea in one gulp.

As she beamed at him with what she hoped was a warm smile, Matthew, who remained seated in his chair, continued to gaze at her with an unsmiling face. His eyes raked over her, dull and emotionless.

Just as Clarissa's cheeks were beginning to feel sore, Matthew finally spoke up.

"We meet again, Ms. Quigley."