

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 41 - 45

The face of the traffic police contorted when he heard Clarissa's words.

"Miss, I was just trying to understand the situation happening here, and I did follow the protocols. How did you know I was not interrogating this sir over here before? Mind your words, missy. We do everything fair and square around here, you hear me?"

"Pretty gal, the police's being fair. Don't insult their work for no reason!"

The man in the white sports car hollered out loud. He had his arms around a pretty maiden. The onlookers at the scene were also stirring.

Clarissa wanted to retort, but Jane hurriedly held her hands and dragged her to one side.

"I'm so sorry, sir. My friend here is a bit antsy at the moment. Feel free to ask away! We'll give you our cooperation."

"Alright. Who's the driver? Can I have your license? Also, you will have to take a breath test for alcohol..."

Tessa treaded nervously to the police. The poor girl was on pin and needles. She answered the police's questions before taking a breathalyzer test and handing over her license to the police.

After obtaining all the information he needed, the police then examined the track made by the car before making a judgment.

However, before the traffic police could say anything, a few policemen pulled up in their vehicles. Immediately, they got into a deep discussion with Luke, as if Clarissa and the rest did not exist. From few yards away, Clarissa could vaguely hear the mention of some 'uncle' and a certain director.

Meanwhile, Tessa's eyes were turning red. She was beginning to signal for help from her colleagues.

“What should I do? Ms. White, help! I don’t want to go into jail. My family needs me and they probably can’t bail me out too! I...”

“Beanie, don’t be scared. Don’t assume that it’s our fault. That said, I have no idea who’s at fault. Tiger, you have been driving for a long time, right? Can you tell who’s at fault just now?”

“You’re asking me who’s at fault? Clarissa, have you yet to understand what’s happening here? We are done here! The police’s words are final. If they put the blame on us, then we’re the wrong ones here. Look at how obedient they are to that guy! Nothing we say will save us! Damn it! Why are we so unlucky? If only we didn’t have a welcoming party for you.”

Bruno was beginning to grumble for being dragged into the mess, especially since the car Tessa was driving belongs to him.

He blamed everything on Clarissa and Tessa. But before long, his yammering was cut off by someone else.

Although Bruno was finally quiet, his words had struck home. Everyone was finding someone to relegate all the blame to. Such was the nature of humans. No one ever wanted to be wrong.

It went without saying that Clarissa ended up absorbing all of the blame.

Clarissa was, of course, disgruntled. Now, aside from a crying Tessa and a silent Jane who was now making a phone call, the rest of the people were in low spirits. No one uttered a word.

Clarissa suppressed the displeasure in her and spoke, “Even if the traffic police give in to pressure, I don’t trust at this age of the Internet we can’t make this go viral.”

“Pfft, you want this to go viral? Do you think they would let this incident go viral so easily? Oh, what a naive child you are, Clarissa!”

“Then, what other options do we have now? Don’t you guys think that the traffic police will deem us to be at fault no matter what? Why don’t we just wait for them to be done with their investigations before making any claims?”

Right after Clarissa finished talking, the traffic police came over.

The leader of the bunch announced to them sternly the conclusion they had arrived at.

All of them had mixed feelings after listening to the police's statements.

Apparently, most of the blame lay on the driver of the sports car, but Tessa was also wrong too. Fortunately, the severity of Luke's mistake was greater.

It was a fair judgment, but now there was another issue.

Clarissa and the rest had to compensate Luke for the damages they caused.

It was already a misfortune that they had gotten into an accident, but as if they weren't unlucky enough, the car they crashed into was Luke's expensive sports car.

While Clarissa was thankful for the fact that the traffic police remained unbiased even when under the influence of the wealthy, she still dreaded the compensation that came next.

The lot of them stood at the same spot for around half an hour. Within that period of time, Luke went from disgruntled to patient and relaxed. Now, he was just in an upbeat mood to watch as Clarissa and her colleagues get flustered over the hefty compensation.

Feeling bored, Luke and his men approached Clarissa to tease her.

"Hey, pretty gal, what's your name? You don't sound like you're from D City. How old are you?"

"Your name's Clarissa? What a sophisticated name! Sounds angelic to me. Come and do a little dance or something. Entertain us!" "Phil, I didn't know you have a taste for sophisticated names!"

"Yeah, Phil, I thought you are more interested in women with sophisticated figures? Hahaha!"

The men were beginning to get over the top with their sleazy talk. Some of them were even trying to pull Clarissa closer to them.

Jane, being the leader of the bunch, quickly smiled and tugged Clarissa back towards her. "Guys, she's new around here. Cut her some slack, alright?"

"It's none of your business!"

Jane was taken aback by the sudden aggression from one of the men.

"Come over here, you."

Those men with Luke were beginning to drag Clarissa towards themselves. As the poor girl tried to break herself free from them, she tripped and fell into the arms of Luke. Just in time, Luke wrapped his arm around her waist.

"Let go of me!"

"Clarissa, Mr. Harrison here knows a fine woman when he sees one! You should be glad he is interested in you. Don't be so reserved! If you make him happy, your friend won't have to make any compensation! What a worthwhile deal, right?"

"Please let go of me..."

"Ms. White, isn't this a bit too..." The rest of Clarissa's colleagues were concerned about her safety.

Of course, Jane wouldn't just let those vile men take Clarissa away.

"Gentlemen, I am a friend of the president of the Galaxy Pictures. Would you guys kindly let my friend here go out of courtesy to him?"

"What are you talking about? President of the Galaxy Pictures?"

Jane was beginning to feel despair. Crap, they don't even care! What can I do now?

By now, Clarissa was already in Luke's arms. The man groped her body and was in awe at what a fine specimen she was under close inspection.

Her face was clear and her skin was as smooth as jade. Luke was surprised at how petite her figure was.

"Your name's Clarissa, right? If you become mine, I assure you that you will get whatever you want for the rest of your life. Also, what happened just now will be a nonissue."

At that moment, Clarissa was filled with nothing but disgust. She could feel the men's putrid breath on her face, but no matter how hard she struggled, she could not get away from him.

Her colleagues could only peer at her worryingly. They were too intimidated by those men to halt them in their act.

"Let's go somewhere to have fun, shall we?"

Before anyone could come to their senses, Luke had already tossed Clarissa onto his car and took off into the distance.

Luke didn't even bother to collect compensation as his men would get it settled before he knew it.

Jane was both irked yet helpless, just as her other colleagues were.

"Ms. White, then what should we do now?"

"D-do you know anyone that can help us?"

All of them were only lowly editors at their company. Naturally, they had no connections to powerful figures that could get them out of the tight corner they were in.

"It's okay. Let me think of an idea. In the meantime, let's inform the president about it. Maybe he could get someone to help us out."

"Ms. White, I think... it's fine?"

At Bruno's words, everyone turned to look at him. There was an unfathomable expression on his face. "We don't even know who those people are. Also, we have so much on our plates now. Perhaps Clarissa left with them on purpose?"

Most importantly, if Clarissa really did give in to the wishes of those men, then her colleagues wouldn't have to fork out a huge sum of money for compensation. That exorbitant amount of money probably meant nothing to the wealthy, but it could cost Jane and the rest of their lifetime savings.

Because of that, Bruno was trying his utter best to persuade his colleagues to give up saving Clarissa. "Also, didn't you guys read online what kind of person Clarissa is? She

seduced both Ryler and the cousin of the director. She might seem innocent, but we never know her true colors. Perhaps, we might ruin her plans if we save her.”

Everyone turned silent. In truth, they were tempted by their selfishness to just let Clarissa go with those men.

Jane was the only one who objected to Bruno’s idea. “No matter what, I have to at least try to find some way to save Clarissa.”

Truth be told, Jane’s heart was also wavered by the hidden implication behind Clarissa’s abduction.

However, her conscience would not let her do so.

As Jane was in the midst of contacting the people she knew for help, Clarissa was brought to a club.

At this instant, no matter how hard she flailed and screamed, she could not escape. Her mind was constantly brainstorming for ways to free herself from captive.

Is it possible for me to save myself?

It doesn’t seem very possible.

How about I look for reach out to someone to help me out?

At the moment, she could only think of Ellie.

Clarissa was brought into a private lounge in the club. Her calm composure misled the men into thinking that she was just playing hard to get earlier.

The grin on Luke’s face was getting more and more sinister. His gaze at Clarissa was also becoming increasingly lewd. His desire to just gobble her up was scribbled blatantly across his face.

“Clarissa, come and sit here.”

Luke patted his thigh firmly, but Clarissa replied coolly, "I think it's time for me to leave. Mr. Harrison, I appreciate your admiration for me, but my friend will be worried about me if I go back later. Also, I'm staying at my friend's house. Oh, perhaps you might know her!"

"Someone I might know? Tell me her name, Clarissa! If I actually know her, I will let you go. If not, I will have to punish you!"

"Her name's Ellie. Ellie Tyson."

A hush descended upon everyone at the scene.

Even Luke was baffled for a moment. But very soon, he cracked up.

"You know that fella? You and Ellie are friends? Why don't you call her out? We can hang out together."

Tsk, they don't buy my words.

Clarissa took out her phone and dialed for Ellie.

A long while passed, but Ellie didn't pick up the call.

Clarissa's face became paper white when the phone call ended with a beep.

"Huh, is Ellie not coming over, or are you lying to us, Clarissa? Do I get to punish you now? Hahaha!"

"Punish her! Punish her!"

There was an uproar in the lounge. Everyone was in high spirits.

Clarissa hurriedly got up from her seat and made a break for the exit, but Luke saw that coming and pressed her down on the sofa.

In the heat of the moment, Luke puckered up his lips and dove in the direction of Clarissa's face.

"Ah!"

The crowd didn't notice that the door of the private lounge was cranked open. A cold breeze blew into the room and interrupted the ruckus.

Everyone turned their gaze towards the door.

Jeremy had both of his hands stuck in his pocket. He was dressed up pompously, and he lay on the doorframe with a cynical look on his face. It was as if he was waiting to spectate a spectacular show.

Other than Jeremy, there was another man. He was fully clad in black from top to bottom. His brooding yet sharp eyes darted to Luke and the girl trapped under him.

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Chapter 42

Clarissa froze up as uneasiness took over her body.

"Quite a lively scene in here, isn't it?"

Jeremy spoke with a hint of disdain in his voice. He was rather amused by the position Clarissa and Luke were in.

Luke had no idea why Jeremy showed up. Anyway, he felt even more threatened by the presence of the man in black behind Jeremy.

In an instant, all of Luke's carnal desires died down.

He noticed the man looking daggers at him and hurriedly got up. He went to them and simpered.

"Mr. Smallwood, what brings you here? If I know you're around, I'd have asked you to join us!"

Jeremy's lips curled up. His double-lidded eyes went to Clarissa.

Luke noticed the movement in Jeremy's eyes and thought that he was interested in Clarissa. "I picked up this girl from the streets. Just bring her with you if you like her. You don't"

Jeremy gave Luke a polite smile that spelled out his rejection. "It's fine. I don't have the guts to fancy her. Luke, are you sure you picked her up from the streets? My my, you're quite daring for saying that!"

"What?"

Jeremy snickered. Without giving Luke a response, he turned to look at Clarissa.

"Clarissa, how come you're here after you got into a fight with Matt?"

All at that moment, everyone was astounded by Jeremy's words. Clarissa raised from the sofa and went to Jeremy.

Matthew's grim eyes were locked onto Clarissa.

He spat gruffly, "Let's go!"

Clarissa bit her lips and strode out of the place without any resistance.

After the two of them left, Luke didn't dare to speak. However, Jeremy reached out and laid his arm on Luke's shoulder.

He sneered and said, "Luke, do you not look up the background of the women you bring back? Thank god I spotted you earlier and came before you did anything else. If not, you might not live to see tomorrow's dawn."

"Mr. Smallwood, it's all a misunderstanding! I am wrong! By the way, who's that guy with you?"

"Pfft, even I have to pay my respects to that guy! You're damn unlucky, dude."

Everyone was on tenterhooks. They wondered what kind of person the man in black was if even Jeremy had to be scared of him.

If Clarissa were around, she would rejoice at the sight of them finally cowering.

Right now, Luke and his men were as antsy as Clarissa's colleagues were earlier. It turned out that they too could be intimidated by someone with more power.

Luke hurriedly explained out of trepidation, "Mr. Smallwood, I really have no idea who that girl is. She didn't say anything!"

"Oh, she said nothing, I see. But did she come with you out of her own free will?"

Luke felt awkward. Both Jeremy and he knew that Clarissa was brought to the private lounge by force.

Jeremy straightened his back. "Matt is probably busy consoling someone now, but that doesn't mean he will let you off the hook. I say you better watch where you step next!"

After speaking his words, Jeremy left. Pft, these people are going to have a sleepless night!

Clarissa picked up her pace and followed behind Matthew into the elevator. Once the doors closed, the air in the elevator suddenly thinned out.

Clarissa made an attempt to thank Matthew. "Thank you for saving me, Uncle Matthew!"

Matthew didn't reply to Clarissa and neither did he turn to look at her. Clarissa, who was already feeling awkward, to begin with, could only continue to sit with the uncomfortable silence in the enclosed space.

Ding! The elevator's doors slid open.

Clarissa lowered her head and exited the elevator with Matthew. Only then did she realize that the elevator had gone up instead of going down to the ground floor.

Clarissa halted in her steps when she noticed the rows of hotel rooms ahead.

"Uncle Matthew, it's already so late. You should rest well. I'll take my leave now."

Before Clarissa could leave, she was hoisted into the air. By the time she came back to her senses, she realized her body was on Matthew's shoulder. The edge of his shoulder was pressing against her stomach while her head was pointing towards the ground. With all the blood rushing to her head, she could feel her vision begin to tremble uncomfortably.

“Hey, let me down! Matthew, what are you doing?”

Without saying a word, Matthew opened the door to one of the hotel rooms with a kick and carried the woman to the bed.

As Clarissa was about to get up, he abruptly dove into the bed and pinned her down by her arms. He locked her legs between his and held her chin. Then, his lips sank deeply into her ruby lips.

“Mmph...”

Clarissa tried to claw her way out of the bed but no matter how hard she struggled, it was useless. She could only feel the rage meter in her slowly rising.

When Matthew’s tongue was drilling into her mouth, Clarissa had enough and bit hard.

“Hiss...”

Matthew drew a sharp breath and was forced to let go of Clarissa. However, his body was still on top of hers. His eyes met Clarissa’s scorching gaze, which expressed how vexed she was.

As the metallic taste of blood suffused Matthew’s mouth, his eyes were intently fixated on Clarissa.

“Matthew, you b*stard!”

Tears came gushing out of Clarissa’s eyes like a waterfall.

She didn’t make a lot of noise as she sobbed. The aggrieved expression on her face was very heart-wrenching.

All of a sudden, Matthew could not gather his thoughts. He was flustered as he didn’t know how to deal with a crying woman.

“Don’t cry.”

Matthew meant to console Clarissa, but his words sounded like a harsh command instead.

It only distressed Clarissa even more, and she wept with tears cascading down like a waterfall.

Matthew sighed and turned over to let go of her. Clarissa sprawled on the bed, and for some reason, she was bawling with her face buried into the linens. Matthew furrowed his thick brows a little and extended his arm to move Clarissa into his arms.

His large palm patted her on her back to a steady rhythm.

“Don’t cry.”

“Boohoo... I don’t need you... to boss me around...”

Clarissa’s wails were getting louder by the second. She was letting out all the pent-up stress and fear she had earlier that day.

Matthew was at wits’ end. He decided to just let her cool down.

He didn’t believe that Clarissa had the energy to cry the whole night.

As Matthew had expected, Clarissa’s crying slowly came to a halt after she had vented her emotions.

Only then did she realize that she was in Matthew’s arms. She hurriedly shoved him away and got off the bed. Without a word, she stomped in the direction of the exit.

Matthew quickly caught up with her and blocked her from going further.

He forced her up against the wall and asked, “Where are you going?”

“That’s none of your business.”

Matthew writhed his lips and scoffed. This young lady has taken my kindness for weakness!

I will not yield to her.

Matthew clenched Clarissa’s dainty face tightly with his fingers and forced her to look into his dark, cold eyes.

"None of my business? Then why didn't you say so earlier in the private lounge?"

Clarissa was suddenly at a loss for words to defend herself.

"Tsk, why are you roaming around in the streets so late at night? You looking for guys to pick you up?"

"That's enough!"

Clarissa howled in response to Matthew's derisive remark.

"Matthew Tyson, do you think your behavior just now is any different from them? Have I given you consent to touch me? Or to you, I'm just someone who can be harassed freely by anyone?"

Matthew blinked and Clarissa stared back at him fearlessly.

Then, Clarissa's mood sunk to the bottom of her heart.

"Bah, I don't care whatever you have on your mind. Just let me go. I want to leave this place."

Matthew remained silent for a moment.

Eventually, he still let her go.

But before Clarissa could scurry out of the room, Matthew grabbed her arm.

"Let me send you off."

"No need for that."

"Let's go."

Clarissa suddenly went into an outburst of anger.

She bellowed at the top of her lungs, "Did I not make myself clear? I said there's no need for that!"

What ensued was a piece of deafening silence in the room.

Clarissa didn't dare to let herself get caught in Matthew's surly eyes.

Just as Matthew was still caught in a trance, she instantly shrugged off his hands and fled from the room.

Clarissa hitched a taxi back to the hospital. Initially, she wanted to stay at the hotel for the night, but she figured she was too disconcerted to be alone.

There were beds for visitors at the hospital. Clarissa decided to just spend the night in the hospital.

Before entering the ward, she stood at the door to calm herself down. Only a while later did she gently push the door open. She didn't want to wake her sleeping mother.

"Hubby, I'm really fine! I miss you so much! If I didn't have to leave her at D City, I would have already checked out of the hospital... Yes, I understand. If you guys show up, she'll definitely be suspicious. It's okay... Alright, when things between us smooth out in a few days, I'll set her up with someone once I get out of the hospital. Hopefully, I'll find her someone she likes so she won't run away again..."

Clarissa froze at the spot. Her whole body was rock solid.

Then, she quietly left the place alone.

Back there in front of the door of her mother's ward, Clarissa blanked out. She felt like an unwanted child.

Behind her the lights were glimmering, but all she could see was the murky darkness ahead.

She had no clue what to do now. Of all the unfortunate events that happened to her that day, her mother's lies were the worst.

She enwreathed herself with her arms and sat on the stairs. Even though it was a breezy night, she could feel herself being iced out.

Matthew stood not far from her. The cigarette between his fingers was glowing softly. He wasn't going to leave until Clarissa got up.

Finally, Matthew sauntered to her.

Clarissa raised her head slowly. She wasn't really surprised to see Matthew.

Her frail eyes were filled with sorrow and misery. She just stared blankly ahead with her lips sealed together.

Matthew sighed and stubbed his cigarette before disposing of it.

He leaned in to scoop her up. This time, Clarissa didn't struggle at all. She obediently allowed Matthew to pick her up as if she was a meek, newborn kitten.

The man brought the woman to his car.

Clarissa remained silent and had her eyes shut the whole time. She looked pitiful in her fragile appearance.

Matthew stroked her face and ordered the driver, "To Zen Highlands."

The driver stifled the shock in him and set the engine running in a hurry.

The Zen Highlands was Matthew's private space. Even if the Tysons wanted to visit there, they needed Matthew's permission.

Never once had any women not from the Tyson family enter the Zen Highlands before, not even Shermaine who was speculated to be Matthew's wife-to-be.

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Chapter 43

Matthew carried Clarissa into the house and straight upstairs into the bathroom of one of the bedrooms.

Clarissa didn't care whatever Matthew did to her. She had not recovered from the shock she had earlier and acted as if she had given up on her life. There was no resistance from her at all.

Only when Matthew was about to unbutton her shirt did Clarissa caught Matthew's fingers and muttered in a sulky manner.

"Let me do it myself."

Matthew's eyes glistened. He retracted his hands and lowered his gaze at the petite body.

"Can you go out?"

"What if I say no?"

Clarissa didn't say anything else. She clung onto her collar tight and merely sat there.

It was unpleasant for Clarissa to be stuck in this stalemate. However, out of Clarissa's expectation, Matthew left the washroom a moment later.

Silence blanketed the washroom, except for the dripping of water from the tap.

Matthew sunk his body into the sofa in the room. His legs were crossed together and he looked graceful. One of his arms lay on top of the armrest, the other one holding on to a cigarette. A puff of smokes emerged from his mouth.

His collar was unbuttoned, and his sleeves were rolled up all the way to his elbow. The soft light of the room reflected off the surface of his relaxed face.

It was what Clarissa saw when she got out of the bathroom. Even though he was resting, his presence still pervaded the entire room.

Clarissa was in Matthew's bathrobe as she had nothing to change into. She wrapped the bathrobe around herself so tight as if her body was allergic to light.

Clarissa didn't wake him up. Barefooted, she stalked to the balcony.

It was quite chilly outside. Even though the Zen Highlands was immersed in the dark, a million stars lit up the night sky.

It was very rare to be able to behold a sky full of stars in D City.

Clarissa felt cold after some time. She tugged on her bathrobe tighter and turned around. To her surprise, Matthew was not far behind her. His smoldering eyes were staring ahead.

A breeze ruffled up Clarissa's hair. She tucked in a few strands of hair behind her ear and strode into the room awkwardly.

"Thank-"

Clarissa seemed to think of something else before she could finish her sentence.

Matthew's expression remained forbidding as ever.

Clarissa didn't know what to say to Matthew other than thanking him. Suddenly, the ringing of her phone echoed through the room.

Clarissa picked up her pace and went to the washroom to pick up her phone.

"Clare? I'm so sorry I didn't pick up your phone earlier! I didn't hear it ringing. It's so late now and you're still awake? You have anything to tell me?"

"Oh umm, it's fine now..."

Clarissa then pretended to sound lethargic, "I'm so sleepy now! Yawn, let's talk tomorrow, alright? Bye!"

Upon hanging up the call, Clarissa found herself looking straight into Matthew's inquisitive eyes.

Pfft.

Clarissa's face was as red as a tomato.

She could feel the mirth in Matthew's eyes.

"U-Uncle Matthew, it's so late now. You should rest first. We'll talk tomorrow."

Matthew's lips quirked up as if to mock Clarissa for her behavior earlier.

He walked past her and entered the bathroom.

Clarissa pursed her lips. Suddenly, she thought of the dirty clothes she left in the bathroom.

No!

Clarissa was squirming with the greatest shame she had ever experienced.

She left her lingerie on top of the pile of her clothes. She had even planned to wash them after Matthew left the room so she could wear them again tomorrow.

Clarissa clenched her fists tight and pounded herself on her head. I am so dumb!

When she could no longer hear any sound from the bathroom, she made a break for the bed and wrapped herself in the blanket.

She heard a door swinging open following the sound of footsteps towards her. Then, she could feel her bed sinking in further. Immediately, Clarissa felt as if she was struck by lightning. Her body shot up in alert.

"W-what are you trying to do?"

Once Clarissa was nervous, her tone changed.

She involuntarily writhed her lips and smiled stiffly.

Her voice was artificially sweet when she spoke, "Uncle Matthew, are you not resting?"

Matthew got onto the bed himself. He was only wearing loose-fitting sweatpants. His washboard abs and his bulging chest were all for Clarissa to ogle at.

Cough, cough!

Clarissa hurriedly looked away from the Greek statue. Don't look at him! Don't look at him!

Matthew tucked his lips in. He lay down on the bed and propped his head on his hand as he stared at Clarissa. Her face was beginning to redden as her flush crept up from her neck.

Because of her movement, Clarissa's bathrobe was loosened. Matthew could clearly see that she actually wore nothing underneath.

Earlier in the bathroom, he saw Clarissa's lingerie lying on top of the pile of clothes. Now, he didn't have to see with his own eyes to know that she also had nothing below her waist.

If Matthew didn't know what an inhibited person Clarissa was, he would have thought that she was showing him her flesh on purpose.

Noticing where Matthew's gaze was directed at, Clarissa lowered her head to look at her herself. When she saw how disheveled she was, she quickly pulled the soft fabric of the bathrobe tighter.

"W-what are you-"

"This is my bedroom." Mathew proclaimed.

Clarissa got off the bed right away. "I will find another room to stay in. Please rest well."

Matthew didn't stop her, which Clarissa soon learned why upon leaving the room. She regretted her decision as she looked down the empty hallway.

There was not a single living soul in the entire building. It was as quiet as the wood in late winter. The floor was covered in a pale yellow light. Clarissa continued along the corridor and found another room on the same floor, but the door wouldn't budge when she tried to open it.

She was about to go downstairs, but her eyes got to the floor below before her legs could bring her there. It was pitch black downstairs, and as silent as the graves. Clarissa could hear each of her breaths whisking in and out of her. She was beginning to feel appalled by her idea of going downstairs as her imagination ran wild.

For every step she took, she would look around her as if she was afraid she wasn't the only being around.

When she got to the second floor, she halted her steps as she stared down the corridor.

At this instant, she just wanted to bawl her eyes out in defeat.

How can this be?

Is Matthew a psycho? He has such a big house but there's not a single servant in here. Also, why are all of the lights off at night? Is he trying to cut down on his electrical bills?

This is ridiculous!

Why...

Suddenly, a draft of hot air blew past her. Following it was a soft murmur.

"Why aren't you moving?"

"Aaaaaaaaaaah!"

Clarissa's ear-piercing shriek sliced through the air.

She shut her eyes as she floundered around while she shrieked at the top of her lungs.

Matthew broke into laughter. His voice was deep and sultry.

Clarissa heard the familiar voice and opened her eyes. Matthew was leaning against the wall with a nonchalant grin on his face.

"Grrrr! Matthew, I am going to kill you!"

An inferno burned in Clarissa. She charged towards Matthew, her hands clenching his neck. She was so terrified just now that it wouldn't be a surprise if she killed Matthew, with all the stress pent up in her.

Matthew chuckled and grabbed her tiny hands, securing them behind her back. Clarissa was now forced against Matthew's ripped body.

With all that motion, Clarissa's bathrobe slipped to reveal her fair shoulders and slender thighs. They were testing Matthew's ability to hold back his lust. Worst still, her private parts could be faintly seen through her clothing, which tormented Matthew.

Clarissa still hadn't realized the unruly state she was in. She took a deep breather and her breasts thrust outward. It was quite an erotic scene.

She was still angry at Matthew. "Matthew, what a pervert you are! That's too much! You've really scared the crap out of me. Boohoo..."

Clarissa began to cry.

Matthew's lust was immediately doused out.

He sighed internally and let go of Clarissa's hands. Then, he pulled her into his embrace and mumbled, "Why are you crying again?"

"It's all your fault! It was so scary!"

Matthew patted her on her back gently. Clarissa's body was so close to Matthew's. The thin material of the bathrobe gave him a good feeling of what was underneath.

Damn!

Matthew swiftly brought Clarissa back to his room.

This time, Clarissa didn't dare to say that she wanted to stay in other rooms. She lay on top of the master bed quietly. She didn't resist as Matthew set her down before taking the position next to her.

The bed was big, which provided enough space for Clarissa to edge towards the side of the bed.

Matthew didn't put himself closer to Clarissa. There was a gap between the two of them.

"I'm so sleepy. Goodnight."

Clarissa told Matthew with her back facing him. The latter only uttered a response under his breath.

As silence filled the room, there was peace.

However, late in the night, a soft body rolled into Matthew's arms. He clenched his teeth, but he was thrilled.

When Clarissa woke up, her throat was dry and her whole body was hurting.

She gasped. Did I do anything last night?

Then, Clarissa looked down and noticed that the pins were still on the back of her hand. Only then was she relieved. She touched her own forehead and worryingly moved her hand to her body.

Inside the room, a cold voice broke her dubious thoughts.

"What now? Are you worried that I did something to you?"

Clarissa's face flushed red and she simpered, "Of course you won't, right? Before, Uncle Matthew didn't do anything to me. Now that I'm sick, you probably won't touch me, I guess?"

"Mmhmm. I did it."

"Huh? What? Really?"

Clarissa was stunned. She stared at Matthew's handsome face and asked again, "I don't think it will happen. Uncle Matthew, I have faith in you."

"It's better if you don't have faith in me."

Matthew curled up his lips slyly and gave Clarissa a notice candidly.

"Because one day, I will do you."

Clarissa was stumped.

She didn't know if she was afraid or shy. Her face reddened, and she didn't dare to look at Matthew.

Her eyes were glowing. A moment later, Clarissa was looking at the needle on the back of her hand.

Inside her head, she was chanting to herself repeatedly. This is just an illusion. I didn't hear anything. This is just an illusion...

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 44

Clarissa slept for another round. By the time she woke up, her body was already much better.

By then, the sun had already set.

Matthew was nowhere to be seen inside the room. Clarissa got off the bed to look for her phone. On the screen was the notification of missed calls from Ellie, Jane, and Hillary.

Clarissa first called Ellie and told her that she was safe and sound.

On the other hand, Clarissa didn't return Hilary's phone call. As for Jane, she had mixed feelings about calling her at first, but she eventually decided to call her.

Jane sounded agitated on the phone.

"Thank god Clarissa, you finally answered my call! How are you now? Nothing happened to you, right?"

Clarissa knew that her colleagues were not Luke's match, but she was nonetheless disappointed in them as none of them stopped him from bringing her away.

If Matthew didn't show up at the private lounge at the right time, Clarissa might have already been dead meat on Luke's hand.

Clarissa instinctively shuddered when she thought of that possibility.

"I'm fine."

"Okay, that's good. Do you know we were super worried about you? I contacted the president, and he was also looking around for people to help you, but all of us are

commoners after all. There seemed to be no way we could get to you. Also, we didn't even know your whereabouts... I am so sorry, Clarissa! We were of no help."

"I'm fine now."

"Alright then. Rest well. I will talk to you about business a few days later."

After hanging up the call, Clarissa began to contemplate her contract with Twilight Company. It was coming to an end. Her original intent was to extend the contract with them. In the many years she worked with them, they had helped her to deal with the business aspects of her work, which saved her a lot of trouble.

However, with what just happened, Clarissa no longer wanted to be under the management of the Twilight Company.

Clarissa stared at the set of clothes on the bed. There were even undergarments prepared for her.

It was all black, just like the lingerie Matthew bought for her when they just met.

Does Matthew have a liking for this color?

Clarissa realized the obscene thought in her head and shook her head shyly.

After changing into the fresh set of clothes, Clarissa went downstairs. To her surprise, there was someone else in the house that wasn't Matthew.

Julia approached Clarissa with a friendly smile on her face.

"Miss, you're awake? I am the servant of the Zen Highlands. You can call me Mrs. Lawson. Dinner is ready to be served. Sir said he's not going to return for dinner so you don't have to wait for him. Do you want to have dinner now or eat it later?"

Peculiarly, Clarissa fell silent before she asked, "Mrs. Lawson, last night you were here?"

Julia chuckled and replied, "Miss, I have been staying here ever since the Zen Highlands was constructed. Last night, Mr. Matthew asked us not to disturb him, and thus, all of us were nowhere to be seen."

Clarissa wriggled her lips. Inside her head, she was cursing at Matthew.

“Miss?”

“Alright, I think I will eat now.”

To be honest, Clarissa was starving, and she was pleased to hear that there was food for her.

As Clarissa just recovered from a fever, Julia had prepared many dishes that were light on the palate. After having her meal, Clarissa left the building for a stroll in the garden.

Yesterday when Clarissa arrived at Zen Highlands, it was already nighttime. Thus, she wasn't able to notice the beauty of the place. Under the rays of the morning sun, the patch of land was enlivening. There was a lake nearby, and as the light bounced off the surface of the lake, it resembled a treasure trove full of gold. There were a few pavilions built around the lake, which were surrounded by all sorts of flora.

According to Julia, Matthew had personally come up with the design of the place and commissioned a contractor to set everything up. Each corner of the Zen Highlands was sophisticated.

While the scenery outside the house was vivid and colorful, the interior of the building had black and white as its main theme. It was a style befitting of Matthew.

However, Clarissa felt uneasy staying there. She intended to thank Matthew when he returned and leave the place.

Clarissa had a headache thinking of how to express her gratitude to Matthew.

She was worried that Matthew would just ask her to marry him as repayment.

When Matthew returned, Clarissa's fingers were running all over the keyboard on her laptop.

Once Clarissa got serious, she would be completely immersed in her work. She would shut herself out of the external world.

Hence, she didn't notice Matthew standing behind her.

At this moment, Clarissa was writing about the first intimate affair between the male and female lead.

In the novel, the man shoved the woman against the door and pinned her limbs down. He lowered her head and sunk his lips into hers before penetrating her mouth with his tongue.

Clarissa blushed from the passionate session she was describing. The scene she was penning was exactly what happened between her and Matthew.

She sighed to herself. "Why did I remember it so clearly?"

Matthew's lips curled up. He bent down and his warm breath grazed Clarissa's ears.

"Because you like it!"

"Aaaahh!"

Clarissa was so taken aback by Matthew's sudden appearance that she almost flung her laptop away. She hugged her laptop and leaped down from the sofa. Rage was swiveling in her eyes as she glared at the man.

"Matthew, did you not scare me enough yesterday? You just want me dead, don't you?"

Ugh!

The smile on Matthew's face grew wider. He was amused by the flustered look on Clarissa's face.

"Yeah, I just want to mess with you!"

Matthew emphasized the last few words of her sentence. His eyes glowed behind his grim facade.

Clarissa was at a loss for words.

She blinked empty-headedly at her computer screen. Only seconds later did her mind register what she had typed out.

Damn it!

Did I ask myself out loud why I remember this scene so clearly?

Did Matthew just reply to me that it's because I like it?

Doesn't this mean he saw what I was typing?

Oh gosh, this is so mortifying!

She felt her face getting hotter with each passing moment under Matthew's intent gaze. Soon, she could feel her whole body burning.

Eventually, Clarissa decided to just call it a day. She shut down her computer and brought it upstairs.

Matthew followed behind her up the stairs.

Now only with the two of them in the room, Clarissa felt as if she was a helpless animal trapped in a corner.

Matthew took off his clothes to change into a fresh set of clothes as if Clarissa was transparent.

The little woman cupped her eyes with her hands at once.

She ranted, "Hey, can you not be such a hooligan?"

Matthew responded with glee, "I am just changing my clothes. How am I being a hooligan? If you really want to see how a hooligan is like, then I'll-"

"Alright, alright! I will keep my mouth shut okay?"

Clarissa still had her hands over her eyes in embarrassment.

Suddenly, she could feel a source of warmth close to her skin. She opened her eyes and found herself staring straight into Matthew's eyes.

The two of them were so close that the tips of their noses were touching. Clarissa could pick up a faint scent of alcohol.

She knitted her brows and flinched a little.

“Let go of me. I have something to tell you.”

Matthew still didn't let go of Clarissa. “Just say it.”

“You let go of me first. I have something serious to tell you.”

“Then it's better for me to stay close to you so I can hear your clearly.”

It was the first time Clarissa seen such obnoxious behavior from the man.

Is he drunk?

Since Clarissa couldn't get Matthew off her, she could only retract her neck until she was a safe distance away from him.

“I am very thankful to you for saving me last night. I was really devastated back then. If you didn't show up, I think I probably would've-”

Clarissa was being sincere, and Matthew could sense it.

He pulled her into his arms to comfort her for the terrible experience she had to go through.

“Don't be scared. He won't dare to touch you again.”

“I know.”

Clarissa remembered how servile Luke became upon seeing Jeremy and Matthew.

“Yes, even though I am grateful towards you, our relationship shouldn't be as such.”

Tsk. Is she going to burn the bridges now that she's safe?

Matthew had already expected this coming from Clarissa.

He pinched his chin and questioned, "What do you want?"

"I will return to the hotel tomorrow. I now owe you a favor. If you ever need me, I will definitely help you out. Even though there's probably little chance that you'll ever need my help, I promise that I will do my best to help you out."

"Okay. I know how you can repay me."

Matthew's eyes were filled with lust.

Clarissa looked away as if she didn't notice his intent. Half a beat later, she was filled with anger for a certain reason.

"Uncle Matthew, I respect you as an elder, but that doesn't give you any right to force me into your ways. You have a fiancée and are about to get married soon, so how could you do what you did to me? I will never be a third wheel no matter how low my life ever gets. I will repay your favor in some other ways. Don't even think of getting anything from me. Or else, I will really look down on you."

"Fiancée? I'm getting married soon?"

"Isn't that so? Everyone knew the famous actress Shermaine was going to marry you since you guys were young. Didn't you two even stay in a hotel room together last month? Your parents like her a lot, isn't it? I hope your love for each other will last an eternity!"

Clarissa didn't notice her tone when she spoke.

Not only did she sound grave, but she was literally clenching her teeth.

Clarissa scoffed after finishing her words. Reluctant to look at Matthew, her eyes darted to one side.

A long while had passed but Matthew still had not given her any response.

She grew livid. See? I knew it's the truth. Nothing to say now, eh?

"Let go of me."

Clarissa forcefully shoved Matthew away from her.

However, Matthew pulled her back into his arms. She was forced to look at Matthew's face. A grin etched onto his jowl.

Clarissa was even more infuriated. "Why are you grinning? You're so happy to hear my wishes? Alright then, let me give you a few more words of blessings! I hope you two will stick with each other till the world ends!"

Clarissa sputtered all of her words in one go. When she was finally finished, Matthew asked light-heartedly, "Does it hurt to clench your teeth so hard?"

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 45

Ouch, it hurts like hell!

It really hurts!

Despite the pain she felt, Clarissa still forced a smile on her face.

"Uncle Matthew, I've done my part. Can you let me go now?" she asked.

Matthew let out a sneer and held Clarissa's chin with his fingers, forcing her to face him with no chance of escape.

"You're not allowed to speak such nonsense. What about the answer you promised me?" He pressured her.

Clarissa felt a surge of anger that very instant. He's still insisting for an answer?

How could he be so shameless?

"Matthew Tyson, what do you think I am?" she blew up and roared at him. "You think I'm that slutty? Let me make it clear. I will never promise you anything in this lifetime."

"This lifetime?" he challenged her in a calm tone. "My dear Clare, this lifetime is a long way to go. So what if you do agree to me?"

"I won't. If I do, I would have broken my word and I don't consider myself a Quigley anymore," she retorted.

Wow, that's toxic!

Clarissa felt like she had nothing to lose by being strict with herself and maintaining her dignity.

The grin on Matthew's face widened as his dark eyes conveyed an ambiguous expression.

"We shall see," he said.

"You don't have to wait, because that day will never come." She pushed him away and walked straight out of the room.

The only reason Clarissa slept on the same bed as Matthew last night was because she was in shock. Tonight, she was not going to allow him to get close to her no matter what.

She asked Mrs. Lawson to arrange a separate bedroom for her, and she made sure she locked the door so Matthew would not be able to sneak into her room in the middle of the night.

After locking the door, she lay down on bed in peace, but she couldn't seem to fall asleep.

Undoubtedly, something was bothering her.

This was the first time she had developed feelings for a guy, and before the relationship had even gotten serious, she found that he already had a fiancée. On top of that, he treated her with little respect and dignity. However, Clarissa struggled to accept reality as she did not want to see Matthew in this light.

Beneath those layers of emotional conflict, she was upset and angry at herself for not knowing better.

While pondering on these thoughts, she fell asleep unknowingly.

By the time she woke up, it was already bright outside.

She quickly packed up her things and left without eating breakfast or saying goodbye to Matthew.

Upon returning to the hotel, Clarissa decided to pay a visit to the hospital after all.

As soon as she entered the ward, Hilary immediately grabbed the cup on her bedside table and flung it towards her. Luckily, Clarissa managed to dodge in time, or else her skull would have cracked into two.

Without any hesitation, Hilary unleashed her rage and cursed incessantly, "You stupid girl, where the hell did you go? You never picked up any of my calls! Do you even see me as your mother anymore? Or do you just wish for me to die earlier? You unfilial daughter! I'll see you in court for abusing your mother and I'll make sure you get blacklisted in your industry!"

Clarissa simply listened to her mother's scolding without saying a word. After Hilary finally stopped, she took a seat next to her bed and maintained a calm expression.

"You don't seem to be short of energy. I guess you have fully recovered. Okay, I'll get you discharged then, and I'll go back to the old home," said Clarissa.

"Stop! Who said you're allowed to leave after this?!" Hilary shouted. "I thought you were a good daughter, but now it seems that I can't count on you to do anything good for the Quigley family. You've only taken care of me for a few days, and you're already short on patience? If you take a step out of this ward, I'll jump out the window to show the world what an unfilial daughter you are!"

Clarissa smirked coldly.

"Why are you still trying to put on an act? You were the one who tricked me into coming to D City to take care of you. Are you going to set me up on a blind date next and marry me off to someone you choose? If I refuse, what would you do next? Drug me? Do you really think I'm that stupid? I won't fall for your tricks anymore."

"What... what nonsense are you talking about?" Hilary was caught off guard. She looked a little flustered and embarrassed, but she still denied her daughter's claims blatantly.

The next moment, she put on a pitiful look and whimpered, "Clary, that's not true."

"Then, what?" Clarissa demanded.

"Clary, I'm getting older by the day, and I really want you by my side as I grow old. My approach may be wrong, but my intention is sincere. Now that I'm aging, all I want is to spend my days with you, my dear daughter. I thought you would be able to stay with me in D City as long as you agree to the arranged marriage I plan," Hilary explained.

Clarissa stared at Hilary, whose eyes were full of tears by now, but she was completely unmoved.

"You might need me, but Grandma needs me more," she said.

"You can bring Grandma to D City too. I will not oppose that idea for sure. Clary, I have wronged you a lot when I was younger. Why don't you give me a chance to make things right?" Hilary sobbed.

"I don't need you to make it up to me after all these years," Clarissa snapped back.

"Do you really not care about me at all? I'm your mother!" Hilary's emotions spiraled uncontrollably.

"I will pay for your daily expenses and medical fees," Clarissa said coldly.

"No... I don't need your money. Clary, please don't leave me. I'm begging you as your mother," Hilary pleaded.

Seeing that Clarissa was firm on leaving, she got out of bed and begged her while sobbing uncontrollably. It was a pitiful sight.

Nevertheless, Clarissa remained unshaken as she prepared to leave the ward. Just as the door opened, Hilary unbuttoned her sleeves and showed Clarissa the scars on her arm out of desperation. "Clary, look. If you really go, I won't be able to live anymore."

Clarissa was taken aback. "What are you trying to show me?"

"These were caused by Zach—he hit me! When you disappeared the whole of yesterday, he took it out his anger on me. I'm left with no other choice, Clary. You may think that we're in a happy relationship, but the truth is I'm terrified! Whenever he's not in a good mood, he will hit me. I really don't want to live like this anymore..." Hilary cried.

"Why don't you divorce him?" asked Clarissa.

"When he's not angry, he treats me really well. I've grown used to it after so many years. I—" Hilary retreated into her shell before she finished her sentence.

Nevertheless, Clarissa continued looking at her with inquiring eyes.

"Why do you insist on sending me on a blind date?" she questioned.

"It's because... he plans on benefitting from your arranged marriage. I've told him that you're not his biological daughter but he doesn't care. Clary, it's just a blind date. Why don't you stay and see how it goes first? If all these blind dates don't work out, he will stop insisting and he won't take it out on me anymore. Please, I'm begging you." Hilary wept.

"You should sue him for domestic violence," said Clarissa.

"I know, I know. Once I reach my limit, I will file for divorce. But as of now, I can't do that yet. Why don't you help me out this time, Clary? I promise there won't be any danger involved. If you don't feel safe, I can go with you. Just show up to the blind date first. You can reject the match at the end, and Zach won't have anything to say," Hilary replied.

By now, Clarissa could not ignore the shocking scars on Hilary's arm.

She kept quiet, indicating that she agreed to her mother's request. Hilary then heaved a huge sigh of relief and quickly brought her back into the ward to have a seat.

After Clarissa verbally expressed her consent to the blind date, Hilary made arrangements for her accommodation. Then, they chatted about old times and brought up happy memories that they shared with Clarissa's biological father.

Later on, Clarissa met up with Ellie but did not disclose the real reason behind her trip to D City.

She only mentioned that she was back because her mother was sick.

She did not tell Ellie about the other two incidents with Luke and Matthew either. Since she would not be meeting them again, she didn't feel the need to disclose their earlier encounters.

However, it was a small world out there.

That night, when she was out partying with Ellie and Damon, she bumped into Luke unexpectedly.

Luke didn't seem to be in a good mood at that time. Aggravated by the lady next to him, he pushed her away violently, causing her to knock into Clarissa.

"What the hell are you doing? Don't you have eyes?" Ellie shouted at Luke and his companion while she held onto Clarissa.

Luke's sullen expression suddenly changed when he turned around and saw Ellie's group.

Meanwhile, Damon asked anxiously, "Clare, are you alright?"

Clarissa shook her head, feeling upset that she was always prone to bad luck. That very moment, Luke walked over and scanned Damon from head to toe.

Clearly, Ellie and Damon knew who he was.

Without sparing him any embarrassment, Ellie said, "Luke, if you're here to hook up with girls, get a room. Don't make a fool of yourself out here."

"No," Luke retorted.

Noticing that Clarissa bowed down her head and looked rather withdrawn, he felt puzzled.

Damon then glared back at Luke and said displeasingly, "What are you looking at, Luke? She is our friend, not one of those girls you can simply hook up with."

"Your friend?" Luke chuckled. "Since she's your friend, why don't you introduce her to me? I don't mind making a new friend. Come on, what's her name?"

"Hi, I'm Clarissa Quigley," Clarissa forced a smile and introduced herself.

Luke's smile turned sinister when he caught a glimpse of the innocent glimmer in her eyes.

"Pleased to meet you, Ms. Quigley. I'm Luke Harrison," he greeted her.

Damon sensed ill intent from Luke and quickly interrupted, "Alright, let's go in."

However, Luke insisted on following them. "It just so happens that I'm free tonight. Can I tag along? Would that be okay with Ms. Quigley?" he asked.

"Don't you have a female companion with you? Why would you want to follow us?" Ellie protested.

Luke turned to look at his female companion with a certain expression, and she left immediately. Then, he spread his arms and said, "Well, can I follow you guys now?"