

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 6 - 10

Clarissa showed up at the entrance of the hotel, decked out in a simple black long dress, with little makeup on her face.

Nevertheless, her appearance was a call for attention as many men went up to flirt with her.

Clarissa was unhappy about that. If it wasn't for her mother's complaints about her suffering with the Garretts, she wouldn't have agreed to attend the banquet.

But was it as simple as seeing the world that her mother had told her to come for?

Clarissa had her doubts about that.

Having been approached by another man again, she coldly rejected the man and turned toward the balcony.

With the curtain blocking her view, she could finally regain her peace when she felt the warmth of a body from behind her.

Clarissa whirled around in shock, only to see a perverted-looking old man standing right in front of her.

As she reflexively dodged away, the man stood where he was, flashing a salacious grin. "We meet again, Clary. How nice is that?"

The man was none other than the old man the Garretts had introduced to her.

Clarissa trembled in rage as realization dawned on her that it was yet another trap.

Looking at the man angrily but warily, she wanted to walk around and leave, but the man stopped her.

"Step aside, Mr. Jensen."

"Why the cold face, Clary? We're gonna become a family, eventually. Let's just take this time to get to know each other, shall we?" "Family, my foot. Move aside before I scream for help."

"Go ahead. People will probably think that I'm only flirting with my fiancée. Relax, Clary. I know these people here. But you... will anyone believe you? Besides, the Garretts have approved of this. Stop being so stubborn and behave yourself. I promise I'll be nice."

The old man pounced on Clarissa. But she wouldn't even give him a chance as she lifted her dress and booted him in the stomach before running away.

So this is why they insisted I come over today, huh? How could I be so stupid? Why did I go soft for that woman who was supposed to be my mother?

Clarissa quickly left the banquet without saying hi to anyone.

"Stay where you are, Clarissa!" Yvonne's commanding voice was heard from behind.

Clarissa simply ignored her and headed for the elevator.

Yet Yvonne still caught up to her as she stood right before her and lifted her hand.

Clarissa reckoned her stepsister was about to slap her. With rage burning in her stomach, Clarissa swiftly grabbed hold of her wrist and shoved her aside, causing her to fall.

"You b*tch," Yvonne screamed. "How dare you hit me? You little..."

No one had dared to treat her like that since she was little.

Like a madwoman, she charged at Clarissa from behind, tugging her hair.

The latter yelped in pain and fought back, pulling her hair with one hand while clawing her arm with the other.

The women engaged in a catfight, none of them yielding to each other until Hilary and Zach came to separate them.

Without a word, Hilary even gave Clarissa a tight slap across the face.

Her gaze wasn't that of a mother's, but of disappointment and mostly disgust.

Hilary spun around emotionlessly and went to comfort Yvonne.

Clarissa wondered if the eyes darted at her were those of sympathy or mockery.

She fixed her hair and her clothes and walked away nonchalantly.

She found herself in a quiet corner away from the crowd, where she eventually got to her knees and broke down.

It wasn't until the air was suddenly thick with cigarette smoke did she regain her composure.

She rubbed her eyes with the back of her hands. Just as she was about to leave, she saw a man leaning against the wall, smoking and looking mature and charming, as usual.

How long has he been standing there? Did he see me in that disheveled state just now?

Perhaps she had been staring at him for a long time because the man suddenly looked over.

Clarissa dragged her feet to the man who then scrutinized her from head to toe. Her cheek was swollen and unkempt in appearance.

"W-We meet again, Mr. Tyson," she said awkwardly.

Matthew remained cool and aloof and imperturbable.

Who am I kidding? Why did I even talk to him?

"Are you that useless?" he piped up just as she was about to walk away.

"What?" Clarissa was momentarily stunned.

"Do you not know how to fight back? Are you such a coward?"

Is he mocking me?

“Well, what can I do? It was a one-versus-three situation, and one of them was my mother—my own biological mother. Are you asking me to hit my mother?” Clarissa spat with sudden fury. Tears streamed down her face as she forgot how she was nervous about him before.

Matthew watched as Clarissa cried.

“You’re pretty feisty.”

“How can I not be after what happened to me?”

Matthew’s lips curled into a smirk; his eyes fixating on Clarissa.

Oh God, was I too rude?

She eventually calmed down as fear overtook her wrath. He was her best friend’s uncle. She shouldn’t have snapped at an elder. It was plain rude.

Why is he staring at me like that? Does he think there’s a problem with me?

Clarissa maintained a safe distance, seeing that he was always on the alert. She was afraid that he would overthink, especially after their many chance encounters.

“I-I’m sorry, Mr. Tyson,” she apologized, her attitude taking a hundred-and-eighty-degree turn as she bent down and bowed respectfully.

Matthew cocked an eyebrow at her action.

“I’m really sorry. I shouldn’t have done that.”

“Are you apologizing to me?”

Clarissa bit her lip. Duh!

“What’s the point of apologizing to me? You should have used that energy to pour out your resentment to the bullies instead of losing your temper at me. Only the weak takes out their anger on someone after getting bullied.”

Having said his piece, Matthew strode away coldly, leaving Clarissa disoriented and humiliated.

Did he just mock me for being weak?

Yeah, who am I to get mad at him? I should have vented my anger at them—my so-called family—instead of him.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 7

When Hilary came to Clarissa's hotel, the latter answered the door readily.

Good, she's here, Clarissa thought.

I will make her pay for what she did.

Before Clarissa could speak, tears rolled down Hilary's cheeks as she cried that her hands were tied.

"Clary, I'll be honest with you. Mr. Jensen is the owner of the company Zach wants to collaborate with. He had no choice but to introduce you to Mr. Jensen. He wanted to introduce Yvonne, but Mr. Jensen saw your photo and insisted on meeting you."

"Ha!"

Clarissa sneered. "So you sold me out?"

"No, no. We wanted to pacify Mr. Jensen for now until Zach can excuse himself. He's really sorry about this. We didn't know Mr. Jensen was at the party that day. We wanted to introduce you to the other young men there. No one is forcing you to do anything. If you take a liking to any of them, you can get to know them slowly. None of us knew that would happen."

Clarissa was unfazed by her mother's long-ass explanation.

"Are you done?"

"Clary, I'm also in a tight spot."

"I don't understand, and I refuse to understand. You abandoned me twelve years ago to marry into a wealthy family. You should bear the consequences yourself. Stop complaining to me. I'll take care of you when you're old, but other than that, I don't have any obligation to ease your burden."

Clarissa was firm. "Please leave now."

Hilary frowned. Nevertheless, she left as Clarissa insisted on ushering her out.

She walked out of the hotel and climbed into her car, where Zach had been waiting.

"That brat refused to listen to me. I should've strangled her to death back then!"

Zach chuckled helplessly. "Don't say that. What will you do now?"

"Let's wait and see. We were too anxious back then. Zach, she already had her guard up after our first attempt to let Patrick bed her failed."

"Jensen couldn't wait. I had to follow his wishes."

After pondering briefly, Hilary suggested, "Zach, Jensen isn't the only one who can save our company in D City. That brat is quite pretty. I believe she's worth more. Jensen offered us too little. What do you think?"

Zach nodded in agreement. "You're right. I'll find a way to appease him for now."

Meanwhile, at Matthew's office in Tyson Corporation.

Donnie was reporting Clarissa's background check to Matthew.

Nothing seemed suspicious about her.

"Clarissa Quigley got to know Ms. Tyson back in university. There's nothing strange about their encounter. It was Ms. Tyson who spoke to Clarissa first. You bumped into her at the

hotel because the Garretts sold her to Patrick Jensen so he'd help replace the missing funds in their company."

Was everything a pure coincidence?

Deep in thought, Matthew's eyes darkened.

He never believed in coincidences, especially when it happened too many times. When everything seems fine, that's a huge problem.

Clarissa followed the real estate agent around D City to view different rental houses, both expensive and cheap in different locations. She finally realized it was hard to rent a decent place in the city.

Actually, the solution was simple. It wouldn't be a problem if she had money.

After an exhausting day, Clarissa returned to the hotel. She received a call from Ellie asking her to meet for dinner. The address of the location was sent to her soon.

Clarissa took a quick shower before heading out.

When she arrived at the restaurant, the server led her into a private room.

The moment she stepped in, the smile on her lips froze.

"You're here? Come in."

Ellie wasn't in the room. Instead, a man and Matthew, whom she didn't want to see, were waiting for her.

Matthew gazed at her and greeted her politely while puffing on his cigarette.

Clarissa met his gaze and felt her heart skip a beat. She walked to the table cautiously and took a seat.

The moment she sat down, Matthew started introducing the young man beside him.

"Harvey, this is Ellie's friend, Ms. Quigley. This is Harvey Narman, a project manager working for DeShack."

What is this?

Clarissa stared at Matthew, who returned her stare coolly.

Suddenly, she recalled he had offered to introduce her to a boyfriend earlier.

Ugh, can I leave now?

However, Clarissa dared not do so. She perched on her seat awkwardly and chatted with Harvey casually.

If this was an arranged blind date, Matthew should leave after introducing them both so they could get to know each other.

However, he remained in the room as dinner was served. Because he was there, Harvey had to pay attention to him, too.

After dinner, Harvey took his leave, but Matthew stayed seated.

Clarissa had no idea what the latter was trying to do. She vowed to deal with Ellie later on.

“Are you not satisfied?”

Matthew’s sudden question snapped Clarissa out of her reverie.

She shook her head. “No, Mr. Narman is a fine man. Mr. Tyson, I don’t have any intention to date now. Thank you for tonight. But please stop wasting your time on me.”

Although her words were polite, there was a tinge of displeasure in her tone.

Matthew curled his lips up into a smirk and narrowed his eyes.

“What is your ideal type?”

“It’s not about that. I’m not interested.”

“What about me?”

“Huh?”

Clarissa swallowed hard. She nearly choked on her saliva and coughed twice. Did I hear him wrongly?

“I am Matthew Tyson, the President of Tyson Corporation. Am I a satisfactory choice?”

“Well...”

That was the biggest shock of her life.

She shook her head profusely as her face paled in shock.

“M-Mr. Ty... Uncle Matthew, enough with the jokes. Please, I don’t harbor indecent thoughts about you. Back then, I was drugged and happened to bump into you. Thank you so much for saving me. It was just a coincidence. Besides, you’re Ellie’s uncle. Please don’t take it the wrong way.”

Matthew scrutinized Clarissa sharply.

As she seemed terrified for real, his expression relaxed.

“Mm,” he grunted. “I was joking, Ms. Quigley.”

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That’s it?

Matthew rose to his feet and left the room. Instantly, Clarissa sighed in relief.

My instincts were right.

Matthew has his suspicions about me.

But why did he make that horrifying joke?

Deep down, Clarissa was cursing him as she vowed to stay away from him.

Exhaling loudly, she stood up and exited the private room.

To her surprise, Matthew was waiting at the entrance of the restaurant. He was talking to someone on his phone with one hand in his pocket.

Clarissa was planning to sneak out, but he spotted her. She came to a stop and stood beside him quietly.

The customers who entered and left the restaurant would glance at them briefly. Clarissa wondered if they were staring at her or Matthew.

After ending the phone call, Matthew's gaze landed on her.

"Mr. Tyson, I'll be off-"

"My car is here. Let's go," he ordered.

This time, Clarissa refused to give in.

"No thanks. I can walk." She rejected his offer sternly; her gaze shining with determination.

Matthew raised a brow and smirked.

"Are you mad?"

Clarissa couldn't get used to the sudden change in his mood.

Why is he grinning? What is so funny about this?

She mused silently, but dared not show it.

"No," she answered.

"I was just joking."

"Oh, it better be a joke."

“What?”

“Nothing, Mr. Tyson. I was saying I got it. Your joke took me by surprise.”

Clearly, she was mocking him.

The corner of Matthew’s mouth quirked up. This aroused his interest as he had some time to pass.

“I thought young people like you love to joke.”

“Ha! Uncle Matthew, you’re too old to understand the younger generation well. There are different jokes.”

Clarissa glanced at the street anxiously. Why isn’t my ride here yet?

Also, why is Matthew this free?

I thought his time is valuable as he can earn millions in mere minutes?

His gaze darkened at her impatience.

“Old?”

Suddenly, Clarissa’s impatient scowl became a sly smile.

“Uncle Matthew, this is how us young people joke. You don’t like it, right? Then stop playing jokes with me. There’s a generation gap between us.”

Clarissa patted herself on the back for coming out with the perfect retort.

Her eyes lit up in delight, causing Matthew’s heart to skip a beat.

He promptly looked down and swiveled his head. By then, his driver had arrived.

A heavy silence hung in the air.

Seeing his car had arrived, Clarissa spoke, “Mr. Tyson, I’ll be off then.”

She refused to remain here a second longer.

This time, he didn't stop her from leaving.

After getting into her ride, Clarissa's irritation immediately showed on her face. She called Ellie, but the latter didn't pick up. She must be afraid I'd yell at her.

Clarissa let out a sardonic chuckle. Too afraid to own up, huh?

Actually, she wasn't mad at Ellie.

Nevertheless, when the latter came to her, she still reprimanded her friend for an hour.

To make it up to her, Ellie brought Clarissa around to view the units available for rental. She criticized each and every choice badly.

In the end, they failed to pick one.

The next day, Ellie canceled her appointment with the real estate agent and went out with Clarissa.

They arrived at J City Building, where Ellie brought her in without hesitation.

In the elevator, Clarissa knew something was amiss. Right then, Ellie received a call which made her scowl unhappily.

"Fine, I got it. I'll be there right now."

When the elevator doors opened, Ellie stopped her from going out. "I told Uncle Matt about this. Get the keys from Donnie at level twenty-two. I'll contact you after dealing with this."

With that, she scurried out. As the elevator doors closed, Clarissa gazed at the number twenty-two on the panel and cursed inwardly.

Is it too late to run?

Yes, it is.

The elevator arrived sooner than she had expected. She was still panicking when the doors opened again.

Right then, Donnie came over to her.

“Ms. Quigley, you’re here? Please come with me.”

“No need. Ellie said you’ll give me the keys. I’ll leave right after taking the keys. I won’t disturb you at work.”

Donnie flashed a polite smile. “Not at all.”

Without giving her the keys, he brought her to the end of the hallway and knocked on the door.

“Mr. Tyson, Ms. Quigley is here.”

A familiar voice rang out. “Come in.”

Donnie gestured for her to enter the office. Clarissa stepped in stiffly. Her instincts told her the man’s voice spelled danger.

After telling her to come in, Matthew put his file aside and gazed at the door.

It was just a few steps to his desk, but the young lady was trudging slowly.

When she finally came nearer to him, he noticed she was wearing an off-shoulder striped top with puffy sleeves, paired with an inky blue knee-length skirt and flats. She looked like a pretty pixie in her outfit.

Matthew’s gaze swept across her bare shoulders. She likes to expose her shoulders, huh?

“Mr. Tyson!” Clarissa greeted him politely with a forced smile.

He leaned back in his chair and crossed his legs elegantly. His elbow was propped on the armrest, with his hand supporting his head as he narrowed his eyes at her. The collar of his shirt was slightly apart with his sleeves rolled up to his elbow. He seemed relaxed. Matthew retrieved a packet of cigarettes lying on his desk and whipped one up. After lighting a cigarette, he took a puff.

Clarissa was fidgeting uncomfortably under his sharp gaze. She parted her lips and said, "Mr. Tyson, Ellie told me to take the keys from you. I have no idea what she means."

Matthew took another puff before explaining, "The real estate company under Tyson Corporation has an apartment for our employees. Ellie told me about your situation. There are still some units left, so you can move in."

"Err, this won't do. Mr. Tyson, I had no idea Ellie would ask for your help. I won't accept it. Thank you for your concern, but the real estate agent found me a reasonable unit which I really liked. I won't be staying for long, so there's no need to trouble you. Mr. Tyson, I won't disturb you further. I'll inform Ellie about my decision. Goodbye!"

"Ms. Quigley."

Clarissa stopped in her tracks.

Matthew rose to his feet and strode toward her.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 9

As he came nearer to her, Clarissa felt a chill running down her spine.

She instinctively grabbed the chain of her bag and stepped back.

Matthew towered above her, his gaze dark.

"Ms. Quigley, are you still mad because of the joke I made over dinner that night?"

"No, no." She shook her head vigorously.

She did not have the guts to be mad at him.

"Then is there a misunderstanding between us?"

"Huh?"

Clarissa blinked twice before answering in a hurry. "No, of course not."

"Then why are you so afraid of me?"

Can't I be afraid? He's suspecting me of having an ulterior motive!

Clarissa chuckled. "No, I'm not afraid. I was just nervous because you're so much older than me. Mr. Tyson, I've always been polite to my elders."

"Oh? Really?"

Matthew brought the cigarette to his lips and took another puff. The stench of tobacco attacked Clarissa's nostrils.

It wasn't choking at all to her.

"Yes."

"Ms. Quigley, you don't have to reject it. Ellie wants to help you. If you want to reject her help, talk to her."

"I..."

"If you insist on saying no, that tells me you're feeling guilty instead of being nervous in front of an elder."

Clarissa frowned unhappily at his words.

"I'm feeling guilty? It's all because of you-"

"What about me?"

Upon meeting Matthew's gaze, Clarissa fell silent.

"Nothing. I just don't want any misunderstanding to happen."

"What exactly do you mean, Ms. Quigley?" Matthew probed.

He just won't give up!

Clarissa's brows knitted together before she gazed at him boldly.

"You might think I'm after the Tysons!" That must be what Matthew had in his mind.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have made that joke that day.

As Matthew said nothing, Clarissa pouted.

"Looks like you've gotten the wrong idea about me."

Ha!

I got the wrong idea about you?

Are you seriously going to deny it?

"Ms. Quigley, you're Ellie's friend, right?"

"Of course!"

"You don't have an ulterior motive, right?"

"No, I don't!" Clarissa reiterated firmly.

Arching his brows, Matthew responded, "You're sure of yourself, and Ellie trusts you. Donnie will give you the keys to the apartment. Ellie will be upset if you refuse to let her help you."

He spun on his heels and returned to his seat coolly to resume working. It was obvious he wanted Clarissa to leave.

After a brief pause, she mumbled, "Thank you, Uncle Matthew. I'll leave now."

She addressed him politely, like the elder he was.

Perhaps she was too sensitive.

Clarissa had nothing to fear because she wanted nothing from Ellie and the Tysons. However, the more she tried to show her sincerity, the more Matthew got suspicious of her. I must've misunderstood Mr. Tyson earlier, she thought guiltily.

I automatically assumed the worst of him. I should apologize to him sincerely.

Should I return to his office and apologize?

"Clare, did you get the keys?"

Ellie appeared out of nowhere. As Clarissa was daydreaming, she got curious. "What's wrong? Why are you in a daze?"

"Err, nothing."

Right then, Donnie showed up with the keys.

Ellie grinned happily and took the keys from him. "Thanks, Don. Tell Uncle Matt I came. I won't disturb him at work."

Both of them left and went to the so-called apartment.

When Clarissa saw the apartment, she was dumbfounded.

This was the first time she had ever seen such an "apartment." It was huge, spanning a 120m², fully renovated and fully furnished living area. The view was fantastic, while the security was tight. The neighborhood was quiet. Is this even an apartment?

This is considered a mansion in D City!

"How is it?" inquired Ellie.

Clarissa giggled like a fool. "Is this the benefit of being Tyson Corporation's employee? Are they still hiring? Let me send in my resume!"

"Don't blame me for being cruel. They won't hire someone like you. Hmm, this apartment is nice. I never knew they have such great benefits. Anyway, this is yours now." Ellie nodded in satisfaction. "The rent is only two thousand every month. Don't haggle the price lest our feelings get hurt."

Clarissa wanted to express her gratitude, but she wasn't talented enough to weep prettily. Flinging her arms around Ellie, she declared, "Ms. Tyson, my friend, you're a wealthy heiress! I'm lucky to be your friend! I'm afraid I can't repay you in this lifetime."

Ellie snorted. "You must repay my favor!"

"How? I'll do anything within my means. Oh, only my skills are for sale, not my body."

"No, I demand both! Come on, let's unpack. I'll make sure to sell you out tonight."

Indeed, Ellie sold her friend out that very night.

After dressing Clarissa up, she brought the latter to a cocktail party.

Ellie sponsored the fancy dress and accessories Clarissa wore. The former thought she looked like an expensive doll.

Ellie dragged her all around the venue and introduced her to all the available single men.

Looks like Ellie hasn't given up. She won't stop until I get a boyfriend!

The smile on Clarissa's face grew stiff as the night went by, but her bestie seemed pleased with herself.

"I've shared your contact with everyone I know. Just think of it as networking. Ah, you're such a homebody. It's a waste of your good looks."

Clarissa stared into space blankly. From a distance away, Matthew couldn't help but chuckle at her plight.

"Oh, Uncle Matt is here! Grandma must've asked him to come. This party is..."

Is a matchmaking session in disguise?

Clarissa was certain she was right. As the man kept chatting to her, suddenly something occurred to her.

"Ellie, let's go say hi to your uncle."

She dragged Ellie over and greeted Matthew courteously. "Hello, Uncle Matthew."

He grunted in acknowledgment and glanced at her, noticing her bare collarbone.

After Ellie left to chat with her friend, Clarissa stood beside Matthew gleefully.

Yes! It's so much better here.

He's too imposing. No one will come near us.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 10

A cheeky grin appeared on Clarissa's chubby face.

Those who were interested in being her "friend" stopped in their tracks when they saw Matthew by her side.

"You're delighted?"

Matthew swirled the wine in his glass and gazed at Clarissa.

She beamed. "Yes. I'm delighted to see you here, Uncle Matthew!"

"Ha!" Matthew chuckled softly. "I thought you're nervous to see me?"

"A little, yes. But I know you're a nice man. Besides," she paused before deciding to be honest with him. "I was too sensitive and petty back then. I'm really sorry about that."

Her apology was extremely sincere.

Clarissa had always been a righteous person. As she had misunderstood the man earlier, she apologized earnestly.

Matthew was slightly surprised to hear her apology.

Something flashed across his eyes as he swirled his glass slowly.

After a brief silence, he replied, "Okay."

He accepted my apology?

Clarissa had a wide grin on her lips. Actually, Mr. Tyson's a nice man. He seems aloof, but he isn't that bad.

I was wrong about him, yet he accepted my apology without saying anything. That's awesome!

I need to respect him.

Seeing Clarissa's grin, he gave a slight smile, too.

"Oh, I need to thank you."

Matthew raised an eyebrow. He knew what she was talking about, but he asked anyway. "What is it about?"

"Thank you for helping me out. The other men dared not come to me because you're standing right here."

Clarissa was grinning smugly. I'm such a genius!

Matthew chortled and replied, "Thank you, too." "Huh?"

Clarissa instantly understood what he meant. Her expression turned troubled. "Seriously? I'm Ellie's friend, a generation younger than you. The ladies after you won't misunderstand. You don't have to thank me. Previously, I messed up your date with that lady. I think I'd better leave now."

Before she could leave, Matthew grabbed her arm.

Everyone at the party gasped at his action.

Ellie was looking at them curiously. Suddenly Clarissa's voice rang out loudly. "Uncle Matthew, even if you make me stay, it's useless. I'm so much younger than you. They might believe you if I claim to be your daughter instead of your partner." She let out an awkward laugh.

The crowd heaved a sigh of relief.

Amused, Matthew released his grip on her while Ellie dashed over to them.

"Uncle Matt, you don't like anyone here? Grandma told me to make sure you pick at least one."

He fell silent and ignored her.

Ellie's lips twitched as she whispered in Clarissa's ear, "Look at him. Do you think he has a fetish?"

Clarissa nearly burst out laughing. She looked down and stifled her laughter with a cough.

Ellie chuckled awkwardly and hurriedly changed the topic.

"Stop brushing me off. Why didn't you chat with your friends back there? Come on, stop being a homebody."

She pushed Clarissa into the crowd, where the young people were milling around in a lively manner.

Matthew narrowed his eyes. Is there a generation gap between us?

Meanwhile, Yvonne was jealous when she saw Clarissa among the socialites.

When did that country bumpkin get acquainted with the rich and powerful?

It took a lot of effort before Yvonne received an invitation to the party. She didn't expect to see Clarissa here.

No wonder she refused that old dude Patrick. Turns out she has a better target in mind.

Her eyes gleamed menacingly. When she saw Clarissa heading to the restroom, she immediately went after her.

The moment Clarissa stepped into the restroom, someone behind her gave her a push and locked the door behind her.

Staggering forward, she turned back and saw Yvonne.

“Why are you here?”

“I’m a socialite in D City. Why can’t I be here? How did you sneak in, anyway? You pretended to be all high and mighty back home, but turns out you’re a materialistic woman. You’re too ambitious and despise Patrick. Do you think you can find someone younger and richer here? Clarissa, do you seriously think you can marry into a rich family with your looks? Someone as poor as you can only be a prostitute. There’s no way they will accept you! Dream on!”

Yvonne claimed to be a socialite, but her words were rude and nasty.

Clarissa couldn’t be bothered to argue with someone like her.

She went to the sink and washed her hands without a word.

“I was right. Look, you dare not say anything. Now you know your position. You should just marry Patrick obediently. If you seduce those young and rich kids, they’d only think of you as a prostitute. You get me?”

After drying her hands, Clarissa suddenly removed her accessories and put them in her bag carefully.

She strode over to Yvonne and raised her arm.

Slap!

A loud and resounding slap landed on the latter’s face.

Yvonne was still in a daze as Clarissa chided, “You were being rude, so I taught you a lesson on behalf of your father. How dare someone like you claimed to be a socialite? Ha!”

“Did you just slap me? F*ck you, Clarissa!”

"F*ck you, too! Can't I slap you? It's just a mild punishment. If you dare, we can fight and show everyone out there. Will they still think you're a socialite?"

"You...!"

The words got stuck in Yvonne's throat. Indeed, she dared not fight in front of the upper-class society out there.

All she could do was glower at Clarissa furiously.