

# You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

## Chapter 61 - 65

"Go away!"

Her fair and small-looking face looked frosty as she uttered that.

Matthew rubbed the tip of his nose against her face and neck. He fully embraced the beautiful scent that was lingering around her.

A moment later, he lifted his head and curled his lips at Clarissa.

"I sense that someone's on edge."

"That's because I'm sweating..."

Having uttered that, Clarissa felt embarrassed and started blushing.

Matthew couldn't help but chuckle after seeing her adorable reaction.

"Haha..."

"Stop laughing!"

Clarissa was a little annoyed and her cheeks puffed up in anger.

However, it only made her even more adorable looking like that.

Matthew couldn't help but pinch her cheeks with his slender fingers. It was only after he received another angry glare from her that he decided to straighten himself up and let go of Clarissa.

With a lazy smile, he uttered, "Go on now. Otherwise, they would think that you're holding me back in the kitchen to do something unspeakable."

After saying that, Matthew left the kitchen.

As for Clarissa, she couldn't even utter a word due to the anger she felt after hearing his words.

What did he mean by me holding him back?

He was the one that's forcing me! That man's such a rascal. He's simply, simply... A complete and utter bastard!

Clarissa was infuriated. She then looked at the final dish she had prepared when a sinister thought popped up in her mind. She sprinkled a lot of chilies on it and stirred it well before taking the dish out with a cold smile.

Mrs. Lawson had mentioned before that Matthew never eats spicy food and Clarissa had never cooked anything spicy either. Hmph! Just you wait, Matthew! As for the two uninvited guests... You can suffer along with him!

Clarissa was fuming from within. After she brought the dish out from the kitchen, she deliberately placed the dish in front of Matthew. Upon seeing that, Jeremy couldn't help but tease him jokingly.

"Ah, Mrs. Tyson is so caring toward Matt!"

During the entire time, Yarick was focusing on his food. He did not dare utter another word to avoid offending others even more.

Matthew raised his brows and glanced at Clarissa. To his surprise, she did not turn away but gave him a coy smile instead.

Then he shifted his gaze onto the delicious-looking dish.

Clarissa sat down again and started eating quietly.

There was a heavy silence for a moment before Matthew pushed the dish toward her abruptly and said, "Clarissa, you've worked hard tonight. Do eat more."

The corners of Clarissa's mouth twitched instantly. Unbeknownst to her, Matthew had caught on to her plan and his eyes darkened while a faint smile appeared on his lips.

"No, I'm fine. So just go ahead and eat."

Clarissa pushed the dish toward Matthew awkwardly.

Matthew stared deeply at Clarissa. Under his intense gaze, she could feel guilt surging within her. She kept her head lowered the entire time she ate.

“Yarick, Jeremy, eat up.”

Jeremy was taken aback. His eyes darted back and forth between Matthew and Clarissa. He knew then and there that something was up as Matt was never the generous nor understanding type of man.

“Haha... Matt, you’re too kind. I don’t like to eat this, let fatty have it.”

On the other hand, Yarick suddenly felt like crying after receiving such overwhelming kindness. Before that, he was feeling sorry for himself because he had said the wrong things and ended up offending others.

“Thank you Matt, thank you Mrs. Tyson...”

Without saying another word, he picked up his spoon and took a big mouthful.

“Uh...”

Just when Clarissa was about to say something, she held back her words instead.

The three of them stared at Yarick chewing the food.

Moments later, he started coughing violently. “Water, water...”

Clarissa quickly handed him a glass of water while Yarick coughed up all the food that was in his mouth. It was a rather disgusting sight to watch.

Fortunately, everyone managed to dodge away from getting sprayed by the food.

Yarick’s chubby face turned red instantaneously. Then, he stared at Jeremy, Matthew, and Clarissa accusatory.

Both the men were calm and not feeling the slightest guilt even though they had victimized him.

Meanwhile, Clarissa couldn't hold it in any longer and started apologizing with her face flushed bright red. "I'm sorry. I must have added too much chili in the dish, I'm really sorry."

"Clarissa, are you sure you didn't do it on purpose?"

Even Yarick who wasn't as bright could tell what was going on. It was obvious that she had done that deliberately, but that dish was for Matthew, not him.

Clarissa was feeling uncomfortable under the men's stares. She quickly stood up and said, "I... I'm done eating. Please enjoy the food."

Time for me to escape!

After she left, the three men who remained in their seats had completely lost their appetite.

Matthew stood up and walked toward the living room. After lighting up a cigarette, he sat down.

Jeremy took a seat and glanced around the living room. He saw a laptop that was covered with stickers next to the French window and next to it, there was a shawl and a woman's satchel on the sofa.

Even though it was just a few items laying around, the room was covered with traces of a woman.

Yarick, being the tactless and careless man that he was wouldn't have picked up on these details. However, with Clarissa being around, it became clearer to him.

At that moment, Yarick suddenly recalled that he had talked bad about Clarissa quite a while ago, and for that reason, he suffered a kick from Matt.

It was no doubt that Jeremy had already figured it out then.

Upon having that thought, Yarick gave Jeremy a hostile glare. That insufferable brat! He knew and didn't tell me! I had to suffer a kick from Matt for no reason.

Jeremy raised his eyebrows and asked, "What are you glaring at me for?"

"Hmph, you already knew Matt and Ms. Quigley had something going on from the start... Ah! No," Yarick corrected himself instantly after seeing Matthew's icy stare. "What I meant was you knew Matt and Mrs. Tyson were together from the start, right?"

Jeremy let out a laugh as he usually would and uttered, "I wasn't aware of this. Why don't we ask Matt instead?"

Then, he threw that question to Matthew. "Matt, it seems that things are progressing well with Clarissa! Hasn't Old Mrs. Tyson been rushing you? When are you going to make it official to the public?"

Yarick was curious about that too. But he asked a more practical question, "Matt, don't mind me saying this but doesn't Old Mrs. Tyson like Shermaine more? If you were to make it public with Clarissa, will your elders accept that?"

"It's me who is going to get married, not them."

"That's true. You've always made your own decisions and not following what others tell you to do. That's good then."

Yarick's chubby face saddened slightly upon thinking about something, then he quickly smiled after Jeremy gave him a kick. "I do have to say, Clarissa have great cooking skills. Your elders would definitely approve of her after she prepares a meal for them."

"Fatty, do you think everyone's a glutton like you? I reckon it's best for you to marry a chef then."

"Jeremy, would it kill you to not go against me for one day? Why is it suddenly about me marrying a chef? I'm just saying that she's skillful in the kitchen and that would earn her some brownie points. You don't know anything."

"If I don't know anything, does that make you know everything? You know nothing."

"You..."

"Enough!"

Upon hearing Matthew's loud voice, both of them shut their mouths.

Yarick still wasn't able to contain his curiosity. His chubby body squirmed for a while before he uttered again, "Matt, could it be that you've broken up with Shermaine? Is she not of marriage material?"

Jeremy was utterly stunned at that moment as he wasn't sure if he should admire the fatty's bravery, or mourn for his tactlessness.

Matthew shot Yarick an icy stare and he immediately froze.

"Get out!" Matthew brazenly chased them away as he was really angry at that point.

Stricken with fear, Yarick, who was usually fumbling around, quickly jumped to his feet and jogged out the house clumsily.

Upon seeing the tragedy unfold, Jeremy snickered from within. He wasn't terrified even though Matthew glared at him as well. Instead, he said smilingly, "Well, Matt, I shall not disturb you any further. I'll buy you and Clarissa a meal next time."

Finally, Matthew was able to get some quiet time. He continued smoking the cigarette in his hand, enveloping the entire living room with smoke. When Clarissa entered, he was still sitting on the sofa.

Sensing the dreary atmosphere, she did not utter a single word and went to grab her laptop. Just when she was about to leave quietly, the man uttered, "Clare, come over here!".

"What's the matter?" Clarissa hugged her laptop while standing by the French window. Her hair hung loosely around her shoulders and she looked even more beautiful with her eyes glistening from the dim lights.

Matthew felt better instantaneously after seeing her.

He put out the cigarette that was in his hand and gestured her to come over by curling his index finger.

That movement reminded Clarissa of the second time they met when she obediently walked toward him the moment he curled his finger.

Back then, she thought that he was definitely a good person, that he was someone who would sacrifice themselves to save others and that was why she didn't resist at all.

But now, in her eyes, he was the complete opposite of what she had thought.

She stood rooted to her spot and had no intention to budge an inch.

"Just say what you want to say!"

Seeing that she wasn't willing to go over, Matthew's lips curled and he stood up. Slowly, he walked toward Clarissa and that had her feeling overwhelmed.

Clarissa took a few steps back until her back was leaning against the French window.

Not again!

She immediately ducked before slipping right under Matthew's arms and managed to escape successfully.

Clarissa let out a triumphant smile and stuck her tongue out at Matthew.

"Don't use that method anymore. Just talk if you have anything to say."

Matthew wasn't expecting her to react that way, so he turned around and looked at her. With both his hands tucked inside the pockets of his pants, he leaned against the window lazily instead of going after her.

"Clare..." Clarissa couldn't help but exclaimed, "Stop calling me, what is it that you want to say? Otherwise, I'm going back to the room. I'm busy."

"People are already addressing you as my missus, so when are we going to make it official?"

Clarissa scoffed at Matthew, and like a cat that had raised its hackles, she spat, "In your dreams."

"Really? However, I think that it'll be a reality very soon."

Clarissa remained silent and ran back to her room. He wasn't sure if she was silently agreeing or because she was at a loss for words.

Nonetheless, the corners of Matthew's lip curled up and he smiled.

This is what you call a dream?

If so, what I have in mind is even more beautiful than a dream then.

He knew that if he were to tell her about how he feels, he might frightened her to death.

No, it wouldn't be wise to scare her that much. As long as it's enough to make her blush or squirm adorably, that would be sufficiently rewarding.

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

### Chapter 62

Thinking that she finally had a day for herself to have some good rest after being away from Matthew, Clarissa was dragged into the studio for a live broadcast by Ellie as she had promised her earlier. Since it was her first time doing a live broadcast, Clarissa wasn't too comfortable with it, not to mention that she was expected to model the clothes, which was even more awkward for her. Under Ellie's guidance, she gathered her courage and was ready to begin.

Apart from Clarissa, another model named Kendall was in the studio too.

Among the three of them, Kendall and Clarissa were in charge of changing and modeling the clothes while Ellie was the narrator. Clarissa wasn't good with words, so she only smiled the entire time.

"The new girl is really pretty, what's her name?"

"Hi nice to meet you, pretty girl!"

Following that, many people greeted Clarissa as well. They were captivated by her beautiful looks right away and started liking every single piece of clothes that she had worn. They

even wanted to know where she did her hair or purchased the bracelet that was hanging around her wrist. It was as if they wanted to buy everything Clarissa was showing.

Ellie snickered from within, knowing that she had found the right person to be her model. Ah... It such a waste for a beautiful face like Clarissa to not enter showbiz.

"This is our new member in the studio, Clare. Clare, come over here and greet everyone!"

Clarissa gave a coy smile that instantly mesmerized everyone watching.

"Hi everyone, I'm Clare."

"Oh my, this pretty girl's voice is so sweet, I can't help but be captivated."

"Ms. Clare, are you a celebrity?"

"She is stunning! I want whatever she's wearing..."

Even though they had just started the broadcast, the response they got was rolling in abundance. Ellie was even more certain that she had found the right person for this.

Business had been slowing down lately, so it's definitely the right move for me to involve Clare.

Following that, Clarissa tried on each set of clothes several times patiently as requested by the girls who were watching the live broadcast. It lasted for hours from afternoon till night and by the end of it, Clarissa was exhausted.

After the live broadcast ended, Ellie was serving her tea and giving her massages while planning on the next live broadcast already.

"Clare, don't write your novels anymore and just do live broadcasts with me! I guarantee that it'll be more relaxing than writing an article. Even though there's no guarantee for a lot of money, you can dress up and look beautiful every day! After you've gained some fame, you might even be able to enter showbiz and earn even more money."

Clarissa didn't even hesitate and rejected her best friend in a low voice.

"I don't want to."

“Then how about you take this as a part-time job and come do live broadcasting here? Look at how well my business is doing today, I’ll share with you some of the profit, alright? I mean, look at how much you’ve helped me with my sales the moment you’ve joined? So, help me again, alright? Please, Clare.”

“Ms. Tyson, can you let me have my meal first? How will there be a next time if I were to starve to death now?”

After a moment of realization, Ellie instantly dragged Clarissa and a few other colleagues out for a meal.

There was not much sound in Skylight Restaurant’s private lounge other than the sound of constant chewing and swallowing.

It wasn’t until they had eaten enough and filled their tummies that the bunch of them felt alive again.

The few people in the studio knew that their boss was a socialite from a rich family. Therefore, none of them were too surprised about having their meal at Skylight Restaurant as it wasn’t their first time being there.

Ellie was thrilled because the live broadcast was a success that day. After the meal, she announced, “Since it’s a good day, let’s go have fun instead of going home. I’ll pay for everything.”

The bunch of them were excited upon hearing that. All except for Clarissa who just wanted to go home and get some rest.

Ellie wasn’t going to let her go that easily, though, and the few of them dragged Clarissa out the door.

“Come on, I don’t want to join. I want to go home and sleep...”

Clarissa dragged her feet deliberately because she didn’t want to join them. In the next moment, Ellie roared like a lioness, “Drag her into the car!”

It was quite a scene as the bunch of them started pulling, dragging, and laughing with one another. People who were passing by couldn’t help but stare as well.

Shermaine happened to see that when she walked out with her manager, Lizzie.

It was an inevitable moment between rivals and Ellie fell silent almost instantly.

After seeing Shermaine, Clarissa straightened her body and was ready to walk away without greeting them.

“Ellie? What a coincidence. Are you having a meal with your friends?”

Ellie scoffed, “What’s the matter?”

Shermaine kept a smile on her face while a few of Ellie’s staff looked over their shoulders curiously. To their surprise, it was the award-winning actress, Shermaine.

However, they could tell that Shermaine’s relationship with their boss wasn’t too good.

“It’s been a long time since we last met. I’ve just returned from the film studio tonight. Oh right, I’ll be going over to the Tyson residence tomorrow since I was thinking of visiting Mr. Tyson and Mrs. Tyson. I even brought some presents for you.”

“Huh! I don’t want it.” Ellie turned around and stormed off. Shermaine didn’t stop her but smile instead at the sight of her leaving.

The colleagues left silently right after since no one was in the mood for fun anymore.

While sitting in Ellie’s car, the woman started ranting to Clarissa.

“Does she think that I’m not aware of what she’s planning? She told me about going to the Tyson residence on purpose and knew that I wouldn’t be happy about that so I would leave them alone. Without my interruption, she’ll be able to mingle with the Tysons happily and freely.”

“So are you still going out tomorrow?”

“I’m not going to let her have it her way! But, it doesn’t really matter if I’m there or not. I’m afraid that my grandma has already acknowledged her as my aunt.”

Clarissa’s heart sank upon hearing that.

She turned around and looked out the window. She could see the reflection of her face and her brows that were furrowed tightly.

Upon arriving at Clarissa's apartment, Ellie did not return home and decided to stay the night there.

Ellie's frustration had quickly dissipated but Clarissa remained silent.

"What's wrong? Clare, are you exhausted? Should we go for a massage?"

Clarissa shook her head and smiled. "It's late, we better not go out."

"It's not too late. Come on, let's go. My heart aches seeing you like that. It's my fault you're so exhausted, after all."

Ellie dragged Clarissa straight to the beauty parlor.

Because it was late, a few attendants went over to serve them and they were provided with comfortable massages. After chatting with Ellie for a while, Clarissa fell asleep.

It wasn't until Ellie woke her up and said, "It looks like you're really exhausted. Let's go. We'll have you rejuvenated tomorrow and I've already signed up a card for you. Just come here for massages from now on since you're staring at the computer every day. You might even get minor illness because of that, so be more cautious about that."

Clarissa took the card and wasn't sure how much it had cost. However, she knew that the places Ellie frequented wouldn't be cheap."

"How much?"

"Hey, you don't have to talk money with me. Since you've joined the broadcast, my business is booming. I haven't even thanked you for that. Furthermore, we're besties. Let's go, and stop talking about money, otherwise, I'll be really angry. If you're not keen about it still, just come and model for me more often. That way, you'll earn it back in no time."

Upon hearing that, Clarissa could only accept it dutifully and be her model again after a few days.

Just when they felt more relaxed and were ready to leave, they bumped into Shermaine again unexpectedly.

D\*mn it!

Ellie couldn't care less and cursed under her breath. What kind of twisted fate is this?

"Ellie? We really are fated, haha..."

"Who wants to be fated with you?"

Ellie scoffed, "Clare, let's go!"

Shermaine glanced at Clarissa. It wasn't because she did not notice Clarissa's presence that night but it was the fact that she didn't take a small scriptwriter into account, so she deliberately ignored her.

That time when she dealt with Clarissa at the film studio, she was jealous of that gorgeous face that was constantly appearing in front of her. Now that they had returned to D City, it was best for Clarissa to know her place and not appear in front of her. Otherwise, Shermaine would definitely mess with her out of spite.

"Ellie, are you leaving now? Why don't you wait for a while and go back with me since I've called Matt to pick me up?"

Ellie was infuriated once more. Is she trying to act like my aunt deliberately?

Just when she was about to lash out, Clarissa held her back.

Ellie stared at Clarissa for a moment before she decided to let go of the matter. She ignored Shermaine's provocations and left with Clarissa in the car immediately.

After their car had left, it wasn't too long until someone arrived to pick up Shermaine.

"Ms. Smallwood, Mr. Tyson told me to send you home safely. Please get into the car."

Donnie uttered politely. However, Shermaine was seemingly disappointed.

“Where’s Matt? Why didn’t he come?”

“Mr. Tyson isn’t free to pick you up because he has a video conference with Moranta this evening. However, you don’t have to worry as I’ll definitely send you home safely.”

After Shermaine got into the car, she uttered to Donnie, “Just send me to Zen Highlands then. I haven’t seen Matt in such a long time.”

“I’m sorry, Ms. Smallwood. But without Mr. Tyson’s permission, no one is allowed to enter Zen Highlands. Furthermore, Mr. Tyson will be very busy this evening and wouldn’t have the time to accompany you, so it’s better for you to head home first.”

Shermaine’s face darkened. Even though she wasn’t willing to adhere to that, she knew she wasn’t an exception and wouldn’t be allowed to enter Zen Highlands no matter what. She clenched her fist and lowered her eyes in reluctance.

Early next morning.

By the time Clarissa woke up, Ellie was already on her phone.

“Darn it.”

Clarissa’s head was aching mildly as she didn’t manage to get a good night’s sleep. “Who are you cursing at this early in the morning?”

“Who else?”

Ellie passed her phone to Clarissa. She took a glance at it and saw that it was a photo of Shermaine being picked up by a mysterious car. The news broke out like wildfire on the internet.

“Don’t you think it’s weird that someone is still following Shermaine that late in the night? I think she must have deliberately asked someone to do that. Otherwise, why aren’t there photos of her doing something else? It’s usually when Uncle Matt shows up that everyone on the internet would start talking about her. I suspect there must be something fishy going on here. What do you think? Could it be that Shermaine had deliberately found someone to take these photos and sensationalize them by posting them on the internet?”

Clarissa sat up and got out of bed. Then, she rubbed her forehead and went into the bathroom.

Ellie continued, "Besides, I don't see Uncle Matt in the photo, it's only Donnie. They blurred the photo on purpose to make it seem otherwise. This woman is really manipulative."

Clarissa did not pay any attention to what Ellie was saying after that. She stared into the mirror and glanced at her own reflection for quite some time before flashing a self-deprecating smile.

## You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 63

It was the Tysons' gathering that Sunday. Even though Ellie did not want to join initially because Shermaine would be there, she still obliged as her parents insisted on her being there.

After saying her goodbyes to Clarissa, she went back to the Tysons residence.

At that moment, Shermaine haven't arrived yet.

Ellie went back to her room for a change of clothes while she glimpsed through her window and saw Matthew entering the house.

Fortunately, he did not bring Shermaine along. Otherwise, she would stop putting him on a pedestal from then on.

Ellie sat next to Matthew and thought that he looked composed as usual. With a cold expression on his face, his fingers were rather fidgety. It was as if he wanted a cigarette.

She leaned toward him and asked in a displeasing manner, "Uncle Matt, did you really pick Shermaine up last night? Did you send her home? Or did the two of you head back to Zen Highlands?"

Matthew glared at Ellie intently.

"What did you do last night?"

"Huh?"

Ellie was dumbfounded by the sudden change of topic. Furthermore, Matthew never asked about her personal matters.

"Uncle Matt, don't change the topic. Tell me, is Shermaine going to be my aunt?"

"Ellie, what are you talking about? You haven't been home recently, are you that busy at the office? Come over and let Grandma have a look at you. It feels like I haven't seen you in years," Old Mrs. Tyson jokingly interrupted her. Ellie rushed over to her side and leaned forward.

"Grandma, do you still have the time to miss me? All you're thinking about is Uncle Matt's future wife, right?"

"Look at this jealous little girl. Ellie, I know you have been fond of your uncle since you're young. It's true that he will get married someday, but that doesn't mean that he won't be your Uncle Matt anymore, you know?"

Ellie frowned. "This has nothing to do with him getting married. The problem is who is he getting married to. Anyway, I just don't like Shermaine."

Old Mrs. Tyson glanced at Ellie's mother, Yuliana then said with a smile, "Ellie, what if you come to like her then?"

Ellie asked Matthew directly, "Uncle Matt, do you like Shermaine?"

Right at that moment, Shermaine entered the room.

Matthew didn't notice her and he replied flatly, "No, I don't."

"Haha... Long live Uncle Matt!"

Ellie was the only one who was laughing joyfully while the others were caught in a fairly awkward situation, especially Shermaine whose face had turned pale. However, even after receiving such a heavy blow, Shermaine had no intention of leaving just yet.

Ellie snickered and scoffed.

As for Shermaine, she simply continued walking in. While handing over some presents to the butler, her smile returned and she uttered, "Mr. Tyson, Mrs. Tyson, Matthias, Yuliana, what is everyone talking about not liking something? Ellie seems very happy about that."

Upon hearing that, Yuliana replied immediately, "Nothing much, this girl is just creating a fuss. Here, Shermaine, come over and take a seat."

Shermaine walked over and sat next to Old Mrs. Tyson who greeted her with open arms. Then they started chatting casually.

However, Ellie wasn't letting go of an opportunity to make fun of Shermaine.

"Shermaine, we were just asking Uncle Matt if he likes you and he replied no!"

The Tysons glared at Ellie but she couldn't care less.

"See, Uncle Matt has already said so. So why do you still keep coming to my house?"

"Ellie! Is that the way I taught you how to treat our guests?" Matthias exclaimed. Being an astute leader of the company, his presence was astounding. It was Ellie's greatest fear whenever he displayed sternness.

"Go back to your room immediately."

Ellie squirmed. Even though she was afraid of her father, she was still happy about what happened earlier.

"Hmph!" she expressed disdainfully and went up the stairs quickly.

After that, the adults resumed their conversation and ignored whatever that had happened. However, Matthew remained cold and distant as he refrained from talking much.

Later that day, Shermaine insisted on staying at the house. She had meals together with the Tysons and chatted with the elders for quite some time. Ellie was annoyed at how thick-skinned the woman was.

"Matthew, Shermaine is leaving. Why don't you send her off?"

“Uncle Matt doesn’t even like her, why are you asking him to...”

Ellie held back and pursed her lips when Matthias stared at her. Upon seeing Matthew getting up and was ready to send Shermaine home, Ellie uttered instantaneously, “Uncle Matt, I need to go out as well, please send me too.”

Ellie successfully got into the car and became the ultimate third wheel. Throughout the journey, whenever Shermaine wanted to say something, Ellie would interject instead. Under such circumstances, Shermaine wasn’t able to have any alone time with Matthew all the way to the Smallwoods’ home.

Upon seeing Matthew’s car leave, Shermaine was infuriated at Ellie. That little brat kept getting in my way and even ridiculed me the entire day.

Shermaine had been patient with Ellie countless times but she wasn’t going to put up with her anymore this time.

She turned around and entered her house. Upon seeing her parents, she pretended everything was fine and did not tell them what happened at the Tysons. However, deep down inside, she had started thinking of ways to take revenge on Ellie.

“Uncle Matt, just send me over to Clarissa’s. I won’t be going home!”

That day, Matthew was in the driver’s seat while Ellie was sitting next to him in the passenger seat. Ellie sent a voice message to Clarissa. “I’m going over to your place in a bit Clare. Let’s go out and have some fun tonight.”

“Where are we going?” Clarissa’s voice was crisp and calm.

Matthew’s eyes twinkled.

“Shermaine ruined my mood last night but now I’m feeling better. I’ll invite the girls from my office, plus Damon and the rest, let’s have a fun celebration tonight. Go and get ready, wear something nice and we shall have the best night ever!”

“Haha... You seem rather happy, what’s the occasion? Didn’t you meet with Shermaine when you went home today? How can your mood still be so good?” Clarissa chuckled.

“Haha. Well, let’s just say something good happened. I’ll tell you when I arrive!”

“Something good? Could it be that your Uncle Matt isn’t going to marry Shermaine anymore?”

Upon hearing that, Ellie took a glance at Matthew and smiled awkwardly.

“Uncle Matt, I was just ranting to Clarissa about that and there’s no secret between us, so don’t think of it as Clare’s fault! It’s my own wrongdoing, I’ll stop talking about your matters from now on. Please forgive me this time, alright?”

Matthew was indifferent after hearing that. Then in a low voice, he uttered, “You told her that I will be marrying Shermaine?”

“No, I was just ranting to her. Besides, there is news about you and Shermaine on the internet, right? Not to mention we heard from her that you’ll be picking her up last night, so Clarissa and I might have misunderstood that.”

Matthew fell silent and didn’t say anything after that.

Ellie was still nervous that Matthew might be blaming her seeing that he remained silent until they reached Clarissa’s apartment.

“Well, Uncle Matt, I’ll take my leave then.”

His car remained on the spot even though Ellie had gone into the building.

Upon entering the house, Ellie couldn’t help but pat her chest and said, “That was so scary, so scary.”

Clarissa was amused when she saw her best friend’s frightened expression. “What happened to you? Were you chased by a monster?”

“Not a monster, it’s Uncle Matt.”

“What?”

Upon seeing Clarissa becoming more anxious than her, Ellie couldn’t help but chuckle. “Why are you afraid of Uncle Matt? Haha... But it’s true that he’s usually quite stern and that’s intimidating.”

"Your... Your Uncle Matt sent you here?" Clarissa stuttered. "So our voice messages earlier, he..."

Ellie smiled gleefully and replied, "Haha... Yes, Uncle Matt heard everything."

Clarissa's face turned pale.

"Haha... Are you scared? Don't worry, it has nothing to do with you. Uncle Matt would only blame me, so you have nothing to worry about. Now, let me tell you, something exhilarating happened at my house today..."

Just then, Clarissa's cell phone rang.

Her face changed upon taking a look at it. She grabbed her cell phone hurriedly and said to Ellie, "It's someone from my company." Then, she went out to the balcony and shut the door before picking up the call.

Why is she being so mysterious? And why would she need to stay away from me to pick up a call?

Ellie felt something was off and she decided to question her later.

While standing at the balcony, Clarissa answered the call nervously. "Hello?"

"What's with the hello? Don't you know it's me?"

Matthew was clearly annoyed.

Clarissa frowned. "Mr. Tyson, what's the matter?"

"Ha!" Matthew let out a sarcastic laugh.

Clarissa was furious. Why is he laughing like that? She retaliated, "Ha-ha!"

Clarissa was already feeling all sorts of negative emotions from within and she wasn't happy at all. Couple that with how the man was speaking to her, she was even more determined to not show her weakness at all.

“Mr. Tyson, just be frank with me. There’s no need for you to sneer like that. By the way, I don’t want to repay the favor anymore. I think it’s too small of a gesture for me to cook for you and I believe that you wouldn’t mind that either. After all, I’m just a nobody. Besides, you’re the almighty Mr. Tyson, you could have any food you want, you don’t have to settle for my simple dishes. Therefore, I wouldn’t dare to cook another meal for you. Of course, if you see me as someone ungrateful, I may very well be that type of person. In addition, if you don’t agree with me working in Tyson Corporation, I’ll stop writing about my article. I hope that I’ll have nothing to do with you anymore in the future.”

“Are you done talking?”

Matthew was sitting in his car downstairs while listening to her words and about how she wanted to have nothing to do with him. He was curious about how she looked like at that moment.

Nonetheless, he could imagine her trying her best to cover her true emotions by putting on a serious face with a sorrowful look in her beautiful and gentle-looking eyes.

Little did she know that every time she mentioned not having any connections with him, Matthew would have the urge to bully her.

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

### Chapter 64

“Yes, I am done.”

Clarissa knew exactly what she just said herself. Also, she knew how difficult it would be for her to utter those words.

That was why she reeled off everything in a breath and did not let Matthew interrupt her.

However, it was too late to regret since things were already done.

Certainly, she would not regret it anyway.

“Sure!”

Matthew finally answered in a deep voice.

He then replied coldly, "Come and take your things tonight."

"I'll do it tomor-"

"No! Since you're leaving, don't waste my time."

He rang off instantly. Standing on the balcony, Clarissa felt rather hurt.

He did not even give her a chance to explain.

In fact, women were usually very melodramatic. Although she told herself that she would leave him for good no matter what, she still wished that he would make her stay.

Since when have I become such a fake? Clarissa scoffed at herself silently.

She pushed open the balcony door and came back in. Although she was trying to hide her emotion, Ellie still noticed her dejection.

"Clare, what's wrong?"

She shook her head. "Nothing much. I had a disagreement with a colleague at work. It's alright."

"Are you sure? Why are you hiding from me if you're only talking to your colleague? Are you... seeing someone recently?"

Clarissa chuckled, "That's impossible! I mean, have you ever taken a good look at me? Besides, even if I am really dating someone, I wouldn't hide it from you."

Thinking that she had a point, Ellie nodded.

"That's true. You don't have the time anyway!"

To change the topic, Clarissa hurriedly asked, "What was the good news again?"

"Oh, yeah! Take a seat, 'cause you're in for a treat. Haha! Just the thought of it makes me crack up... Didn't I tell you that Shermaine came over to my place today? When she stepped in, I was about to..."

Then, Ellie told Clarissa about what happened that morning gleefully.

"Haha... I told you it's absurd! You should've seen the look on her face. Well, it's her fault for gossiping around like some nasty b\*tch. I knew Uncle Matt doesn't like her at all! Hah! Serves her right..."

"What do you think, Clare?"

Clarissa did not know how to react after hearing what Ellie said.

There were regrets, nonetheless. But what was done had been done, and she could do nothing to change it.

After a while, she returned a faint smile. "Uncle Matt doesn't like Shermaine for sure. But still, it does not mean that they are not getting married. Everyone in your family loves her! What more, both of your family had known each other for so long, so I can see a possibility in an arranged marriage."

"That's impossible. Knowing Uncle Matt, no one can force him to do what he doesn't want to."

"Even if it's not Shermaine, someone else will still marry Uncle Matt. Isn't that pretty much the same?"

"It is, but I will be happy as long as it's not Shermaine. Even all those women who had gone on blind dates with Uncle Matt were all better than her."

Clarissa shook her head and sighed.

Matthew's future wife certainly had to be a good match for him.

"Hey, it's a good day today, so why don't we go shopping? We'll meet them up for lunch and hang out later. C'mon."

Ellie did not think much about it and urged Clarissa.

Moreover, Clarissa was not in a rush to take her things at Zen Highlands. Since she was going to do it later that night, she decided to hang out with Ellie before leaving.

In less than two hours, Clarissa and Ellie's hands were full of their purchases of the day, especially Clarissa – she completely indulged herself and bought a series of apparel, accessories, handbag, and makeup products. Ellie was rather surprised as she had rarely seen Clarissa act this way.

When they found a place to take a break, Ellie could not help asking, "Clare, what happened to you? I have never seen you shop so much in my entire life. Haven't you always said that it was a waste of money?"

"Oh, is that a lot?"

Clarissa looked at the shopping bags and laughed awkwardly.

"I... Um, it was just an impulse."

"Impulse? Are you sure? You're acting really strange today!"

Ellie studied Clarissa's expression carefully. She was trying to find out the reason behind her odd behavior.

The corner of Clarissa's lips twitched as her fingers raked through her hair uneasily.

"Nothing much. I mean, it's the time of the month. You'd certainly understand."

Is that so?" Ellie asked while looking at her quizzically.

"Yes. Why are you still doubting me?"

Even after a few times of reassurance from Clarrisa, Ellie was still feeling skeptical.

That night, they invited some people from Ellie's workplace. Meanwhile, Damon also brought a few of his friends along with him. More than ten of them gathered around as they had fun and ate. At that point, it was almost like a party.

Even though it had been a long time since Damon last saw Clarissa, they acted like normal friends when they met each other.

During dinner, everyone got excited and started drinking. Clarissa inevitably became their target as she was the prettiest girl around. Seeing this situation, Damon swooped in and saved the day by drinking whatever was coming her way. When the rest noticed Damon was so protective over her, they started cheering for them.

Fortunately, Ellie stopped the crowd, and it helped Clarissa to feel less awkward. Although Clarissa was just a tad tipsy, her brain was still fogged up by the amount of alcohol she drank.

Seeing that Ellie had stopped the fun, the crowd went towards the private room and continued there instead. After a while, Clarissa started to calm down. She was sitting in the corner with a beer in her hand, and beside her was Damon, who was watching the rest of the people singing.

“Clare, is there someone you like?”

Clarissa did not answer for a while. Just as Damon thought that she did not hear him, he suddenly heard a faint “Mm-hmm” from her. The voice was almost inaudible among the loud sound of laughter from the crowd.

Nonetheless, Damon still heard it loud and clear.

Smiling bitterly, he answered, “Well, he is a lucky man.”

For a moment, Clarissa remained silent as she took a sip of the beer.

Then, she muttered slowly, “Damon, you’ll find a better girl. She’ll like you, and you’ll like her back. That is the true meaning of happiness.”

Damon was a rather carefree man, so he grinned and said, “I hope that is the case.”

They clinked their glasses and continued drinking in silence.

No one noticed how much alcohol they had drunk together. When Ellie looked around, she found Clarissa leaning against the couch with a few empty beer bottles by her side. She was fast asleep with her head tilted upwards.

Although Damon was not drunk just yet, he had drunk quite a lot too.

“Damon, why did you make her drink?”

Hearing that, Damon shook his head and laughed. “Am I that type of person? Clare kept drinking, so I thought she is a good drinker.”

“Hah! As if! As far as I know, she rarely drinks. Besides, no one forced her to drink tonight, so why did she drink so much? Why is she acting so weird today?”

Ellie sat over and helped Clarissa up.

“Did she tell you anything just now?”

Damon’s eyes glimmered, but he denied instantly. “She wouldn’t even tell you, so how would I know?”

“Well. Forget about it then. I will send her home now. Clare, Clare, wake up. Let’s go home...”

In a daze, Clarissa opened her eyes, only to be greeted by a blurry figure. Since the lighting in the room was very dim, it took her a while to bring everything back into focus.

“Oh, okay...”

She did whatever Ellie told her to do. Being drunk had made her extraordinarily obedient.

Yet, Damon was worried, so he sent them into their car. After that, he went back into the room again to drink. For some reason, he was in the mood to get completely drunk that night.

As for Ellie, she had used up all her energy to help Clarissa get into the elevator and back on her bed in the apartment.

Just as Clarissa was placed on her bed, she sat up suddenly and darted towards the bathroom. “Ueghhhhh... Bluerghhhh...” The sound of the aftermath echoed between those tiles.

After she was done, she washed her face and walked out of the bathroom. Then, she sat at the side of her bed in a daze.

Watching her series of actions, Ellie was thinking if Clarissa had regained consciousness.

"Clare, are you sober now? Do you know who I am?"

Clarissa smiled at her best friend. Even after all that, she still looked beautiful with her eyes shining bright.

"I'm alright, Ellie."

Ellie breathed a sigh of relief after hearing that. "That's good. You should take some rest."

"Alright, Ellie. Are you staying for the night? Or are you going home?"

"I'll be heading home as I have something to do tomorrow. Will you be alright alone?"

"Yes!"

Ellie did not think much and left Clarissa's home.

After Ellie left, Clarissa sat there blankly for quite some time. All of a sudden, she remembered something and got out of the house without changing her clothes.

Fortunately, she could still remember to call for a cab through her cellphone. After she got in the car and told the driver the address, she remained silent while her eyes stared ahead blankly.

It was only lucky for Clarissa to get a cab in the middle of the night. What more, it would be extremely dangerous for a beautiful woman like her to go out this late at night. Upon reaching Zen Highlands safely, she rang the doorbell.

On the other side of the door, Matthew had been waiting for her the entire night. As he saw her standing alone in front of the gate from the intercom, he was infuriated.

He drove to the entrance furiously. When he saw her standing in a daze at the front gate, he wanted to yell at her.

"Get in!" Matthew shouted towards Clarissa.

He was trying to control his anger as he commanded in a deep voice.

Clarissa opened the car door obediently. The moment she got in, the car accelerated immediately, and her body shivered as she leaned against the car seat.

Matthew still ignored her when they had arrived at his house. Meanwhile, Clarissa followed behind him slowly as he entered.

Once they got in, Clarissa rushed into the room she stayed in and packed her things quietly. When she headed out of the room, Matthew was sitting on the couch while glancing in her direction coldly.

Her wet hair was strewn across her shoulders, and her face seemed rather pale without any emotions. Some parts of her clothes were soaked too. At that moment, Matthew noticed that there was a faint scent of cigarettes on her and a noticeable smell of alcohol on her breath.

He frowned and slightly twisted his fingers.

Seeing that the woman was about to leave, he then called out to her.

“Clarissa, stop right there!”

Clarissa stopped abruptly. She turned around as she heard his stern voice and gazed at Matthew.

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

### Chapter 65

Matthew arched a brow at Clarissa, who was still in a daze.

“Are you going to leave now?”

She gave him a nod.

“Do you know what you’re doing, Clarissa?”

She nodded again.

Something glinted across Matthew's gaze as he beckoned her over.

Indeed, she went over to him obediently.

A faint smirk played on his lips. What a little fool.

Is she drunk?

"Come here!"

Clarissa rejected him right away. She seemed to have awoken from her drunken stupor.

"No!"

Matthew raised a brow. Is she sober or drunk?

"Come here!" he insisted.

Under his insistence, Clarissa's expression fell. She pouted and flung her bag reluctantly.

She wasn't her usual self tonight.

Hence, Matthew concluded she was intoxicated.

"Clare?"

He called her name endearingly.

Clarissa harrumphed in displeasure. "Stop calling my name. I don't like that. Don't call me that, Matthew."

"You don't like that?"

Matthew let out a low snicker and stood up. He went over to her and pulled her in for a hug.

Clarissa leaned into his arms obediently. She was frowning as her cheeks puffed up adorably.

Matthew felt his heart softened at the alluring sight.

Lowering his head, he pinched her jaw and caressed it tenderly.

“Clare, why are you unhappy?”

“You bullied me.”

“When did I do that? You’re my all-time favorite, remember?” said Matthew.

He even gave her a peck on the lips.

Clarissa touched her lips and declared, “No, don’t kiss me without my consent!”

“But I consented!”

“Oh...”

Clarissa didn’t refute his words and accepted the fact quietly. Suddenly, she shoved him away.

“Don’t hug me. You should hug Shermaine instead.”

Matthew snorted at her reaction.

He studied the woman, his interest piqued. Clarissa was showing her genuine emotions tonight. She wasn’t drunk but relaxed due to the after-effects of having alcohol. Her usual pent-up emotions were vented out tonight. Look, she’s being jealous.

“Are you jealous?”

To his surprise, Clarissa nodded. “Yep. I hate you and Shermaine. I hate the fact that you’re getting married.”

Matthew’s heart skipped a beat at her honesty. He was pleased.

She’s being herself tonight, right?

Beaming, he leaned over and wrapped his arms around her tightly. Planting a kiss on her forehead, he asked, "Clare, do you like me? Do you like Matthew?"

"Yes, I do. I like him very much!"

Matthew sighed in pleasure. After all, it was a rare sight to see her confessing her feelings to him.

"Then, I won't marry Shermaine."

"Really?" Clarissa met his gaze innocently. "That's good."

"Are you happy now?"

Clarissa gave a nod, but promptly changed her mind and shook her head. "No, I'm not happy."

"Why?"

"Cos you're going to marry someone else."

"Someone else?"

"Yep. Ms. Cole, Ms. Windsor, Ms. Leeroy..."

It took Matthew a while to realize those ladies didn't exist in real life. She was referring to the status and background of the upper class.

It occurred to him that Clarissa wasn't jealous of Shermaine. Instead, she was worried he might need to marry someone of his class.

Well, she's overthinking.

Picking her up, he brought her to the sofa and placed her in his laps. This was the only time she wouldn't reject his advances.

He brushed his palm across her waist and brought her closer.

“Clare, who do I need to marry to make you happy?”

Clarissa fell silent at his question.

The corners of his mouth turned up as he reached out to tickle her jaw. At the tickling sensation, Clarissa cowered back and giggled innocently. Her tinkling laughter caused Matthew to tense up, feeling the urge to do something.

Anyhow, she was trapped in his embrace. His gaze darkened with desire.

“Clare,” his voice turned low and seductive.

“Mm?”

Clarissa stopped laughing and tilted her head adorably. Her gaze was fixated on him intently.

“Damn it!”

Matthew could no longer hold himself back and devoured her lips in a deep kiss.

After the kiss, it was difficult for him to stop halfway. Matthew pinned Clarissa on the sofa while she let out a faint mewling sound, which nearly drove him nuts.

It took every ounce of his self-control to step back and turn away from Clarissa, trying hard to suppress his desire.

As he recalled how docile she was underneath him, he took a deep breath and told himself this wasn't the right time.

She's barely conscious. I want her to succumb to me willingly.

“Matthew!”

Clarissa suddenly attached herself to Matthew's back and flung her arms around him.

“My head hurts,” she complained softly.

Matthew shut his eyes, forcing himself to remain calm. He grabbed her arms, lifting her up in the process.

“Time to go to bed.”

“I want to sleep with you!”

Matthew swallowed nervously.

Does she want to torture me?

He pulled her away and reminded her, “Clare, if you sleep with me tonight, you’ll regret it tomorrow morning.”

“No, I won’t. I like sleeping with you.”

“No!”

Clarissa started wailing, “I knew you don’t like me even though you’ve kissed me before! You are a big bully! Liar! I knew you were fooling around with me!”

Speechless, Matthew carried her in his arms and headed upstairs.

Clarissa snuggled into his warm embrace and giggled in joy. “Uncle Matthew, you’re my favorite!”

Matthew’s throat went dry, but he didn’t stop and strode into the bedroom. After throwing her onto the bed, he spun on his heels to leave.

“Sleep. I have something else on.”

“No! Stay with me!”

Clarissa caught his sleeves and cajoled, “Uncle Matthew, stay with me!”

Her hand behind the man twitched restlessly. He was about to lose control.

“I want you to—Ah!”

Before Clarissa could finish, his entire body weight came crashing down on her. She let out a gasp before he covered her mouth in a dizzying kiss.

Matthew was advancing like a ferocious beast.

“Clare, I...”

Suddenly, he heard a snore.

Matthew stopped in his tracks, at a loss for words. In exasperation, he flipped over and rested his head on his palm as he watched her sleep peacefully. An affectionate smile appeared on his lips.

“Girl, look how obedient you are right now.”

During the day, she was stubborn and refused his advances. Right now, he couldn't help but smile at how adorable she looked in a drunken stupor.

Matthew adored both sides of her personality.

Look at how quiet she is. I wonder how will she react tomorrow morning?

That will be interesting!

Clarissa felt her head throbbing dully. With her eyes close, she reached out to massage her temples with furrowed brows.

Soon, another pair of hands took over and massaged her temples gently.

The only person who could share a bed with her was Ellie.

It felt good and she exclaimed, “Ellie, you are the best. Thank you!”

“Haha...!”

A man's low chuckle caused her eyes to snap open in disbelief.

It wasn't Ellie.

She immediately shrieked, "Ah—Mmph!"

Her yell was cut short by Matthew's kiss. Retreating in fear, she mumbled, "Mmph, mmph...!"

Matthew towered above her and flashed a cheeky smile. "Clare, surprise!"

Clarissa bristled and gave him a deadly stare.

Sensing her mood, Matthew shook his head.

"Clare, you insist on sharing a bed with me last night. You hugged me and refused to let me leave. It happened. Have you forgotten everything?"

Clarissa was someone who'd black out after drinking.

She couldn't remember anything about last night's events. However, Ellie had once told her she'd wear her heart on her sleeves after drinking over her limit. Therefore, it seemed plausible for her to insist on sleeping with him.

Clarissa's heart sank guiltily. She blinked and was about to deny everything. After all, her memory from the previous night was blank.

Nevertheless, when she met Matthew's sharp gaze, she stopped herself in time.

As Matthew had released his grip on her, she dashed out of the bedroom like nothing had ever happened.

Matthew didn't stop her from leaving as she was already in his clutches.

Clarissa munched on her sandwich anxiously, her eyes fixated on the table. She could sense Matthew's fiery gaze on her during breakfast.

In the end, Clarissa couldn't take it any longer. She looked up and glowered at Matthew vengefully.

"Are you done? I couldn't remember anything!" she declared. "Fine. I admit I might've done that. You were right! Will you stop staring at me now?"

“Good. You finally admit it.”

Matthew smirked and rested his cheek on his hand lazily.

“Clare, my answer is yes about your request.”

“Huh? What request?”

The man merely laughed.