

# You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 116 - 120

Clarissa only realized that her phone wasn't working after quite some time.

Nevertheless, it wouldn't be a problem that she didn't reply to her friends' greetings once and a while.

If Matthew called her, she wasn't sure what she had to say to him. To be exact, she didn't have anything to say to him.

Clarissa flashed Ellie a smile of relief.

"I know. Don't worry because I didn't take it to heart. However, I should really start working after spending much free time."

"When will you leave?"

"I haven't decided yet. It will probably be in two to three days after Yael and I wrapped up our job."

Damon couldn't help but ask, "Filming is rather interesting, right? Can I go with you?"

Clarissa said smilingly, "You can be there but not with me. Besides, you've to get Director Yates's permission because he doesn't like to see someone who is not involved in filming around. If Director Yates is pissed off, please don't say that I let you in."

Once Clarissa finished, Ellie kicked Damon and scolded, "Forget it. Clare has to be there for work. Why do you want to go with her and cause trouble? Alright, time to dismiss and go home."

Ellie exchanged a glance with Damon as she spoke. Damon instantly understood that he didn't have to follow Clarissa because Ellie was not worried about Clarissa now.

After going home alone, Clarissa cleaned herself up and began to organize her plan.

She had a video chat with Grandma and told Grandma that she had a break-up. Grandma didn't dwell into it, probably because she knew that her granddaughter was upset about it.

"It's not a big deal. Since you are such a good girl, it is his loss for not appreciating you. Besides, he's rather old for you. You can definitely get a better and younger boyfriend next time."

Clarissa laughed and replied, "Yes, great minds think alike. I'll date another younger and more handsome man and bring him back to visit you."

"Sure! You have to act faster!"

After ending the call, Clarissa contacted Hilary and asked to meet up with her.

Hilary seemed to have a comfortable life. Before they could even start chatting, she brought Clarissa to a beauty salon.

"Women must give the best treatment to ourselves, particularly you who look gorgeous. I mean, you've to count on your good looks to get a good man in the future. By the way, what are you working on lately? I haven't asked you about it."

"Oh, nothing much. I'm now writing and publishing articles from time to time."

"Writing articles? How much money can you make by doing that? I advised you to get married as early as possible, but you didn't listen to me. This time, you really have to heed my advice. By the way, Zach is planning to look for a good match for Yvonne. I can grab the chance to pick some good candidates for you. Since you're so beautiful, I'm sure you can marry a successful man."

"Sure, you can proceed with that."

"Really?"

Hilary was surprised that Clarissa was willing to cooperate.

"Are you serious? You're not lying, are you?"

Clarissa answered seriously, "I'm serious. However, I have to leave this place for some time. You can make the arrangements after I've returned."

Clarissa understood that Hilary wouldn't give up if she couldn't introduce some men to her.

Hence, she decided to let Hilary fulfill her wish. Besides, she was determined not to accept anyone as her boyfriend anymore. Hilary would eventually lose her patience and stop introducing other men.

"It's settled then. Don't you lie to me!"

"Sure, I won't lie to you. But will Yvonne be angry?"

"How can she be angry? I tell you what, she is now very obedient, though it might only be an act. I think she learned the lesson last time because Zach was really pissed off. Her grandma and relatives also educated her. As such, she is obedient now ever since she returned."

"Do you trust her?"

Clarissa definitely didn't believe that she changed. After all, she understood that a leopard couldn't change its spots.

Hilary smiled as she stared at her own face, which looked gorgeous after the facial.

"It doesn't matter if I believe her or not. I mean, I can put up with her as long as she doesn't cause trouble. Besides, I'm not afraid of her."

"Anyway, you should be cautious."

"Don't worry. I'm not an idiot. Also, I grabbed this chance to get a lot of things for Jonathan..."

Even though she stopped short of telling her, Clarissa knew what she was getting at.

Meanwhile, Hilary was apparently in a good mood and went shopping with Clarissa.

At night, they went to a restaurant for dinner. Deep in Hilary's heart, she hoped to compensate Clarissa as she didn't do much for Clarissa as her mother. Nonetheless, Clarissa wasn't touched by it.

"This is a high-end restaurant. I bring you here to get some new experience. You haven't been to such a high-end restaurant, have you? Don't be afraid. Hold your head high and be confident. I'll bring you to such places more often. Besides, I'll bring you to various high-end banquets and introduce you to the upper class. When you eventually become well-known in the circle, I'm sure you can marry an even more successful man than me. When you've time, I'll bring you to take part in courses about etiquette and physique..."

Clarissa gave her a perfunctory nod. Deep in her heart, she only wished to finish the food as soon as possible and leave.

Although she had only been with Hilary from afternoon till now, Clarissa felt that she had been pushed to her limits.

It was a waste of time talking to Hilary. Since Hilary was only interested in marrying into a wealthy family, Clarissa could hardly bear with her any longer.

When they finally finished the meal and were ready to go, Hilary wanted to touch up her makeup in the ladies' room.

Clarissa had no choice but to wait for her outside.

"Ms. Quigley? Hehe... what a coincidence to meet you here."

Clarissa was startled to see Shermaine. Since there wasn't anyone around her, Clarissa immediately calmed herself down.

"Ms. Smallwood, it's a coincidence indeed. How do you feel now?"

Clarissa greeted her out of courtesy.

On the other hand, Shermaine's lips curled as she replied, "I'm fine."

As Clarissa looked at Shermaine's smile, she felt that Shermaine's face seemed to be a little weird.

Could it be that she underwent plastic surgery after she was injured?

I think her face wasn't injured, was it?

Speaking of which, Clarissa still wasn't sure which part of Shermaine's body was injured and how serious her injuries were. After seeing her in person, Clarissa felt that she looked fine and didn't seem to have severe injuries before.

After all, her arm had recovered in just a month. Clarissa guessed that she wouldn't have such a speedy recovery if she had severe injuries.

However, why did she go overseas for treatment if she wasn't severely injured?

As such, Clarissa was rather clueless about it.

Nevertheless, she soon felt that the truth had nothing to do with her.

She flashed Shermaine a smile, and both of them didn't utter a word anymore.

"Clary, let's go."

When Hilary came out of the restaurant, Clarissa nodded at Shermaine and said, "We'll get going. See you, Ms. Smallwood."

Hilary came up to Clarissa and was shocked to see Shermaine.

"Are you... Shermaine Smallwood?"

Shermaine's eyes sparkled for a while as she saw Hilary, but she hid it well.

"Who is she?"

"She's my mom. So sorry, we've to get going because we're in a rush."

Clarissa dragged Hilary to leave the place once she finished.

She was worried that the longer she stayed here, the more likely Shermaine would expose her identity—a screenwriter.

However, Hilary still looked back and yelled, "Hey, why are you in a hurry? I haven't had the chance to look at Shermaine closely. She's beautiful and one of the best actresses! It's the first time that I see Ms. Smallwood. Do you know her? What a surprise that you know..."

Clarissa pushed her into the car when she was babbling non-stop.

On the other hand, Shermaine clenched her fists when Clarissa and Hilary were leaving. It was as though she was pondering over something.

Early in the morning, Clarissa had finished packing her belongings. She went downstairs to call a cab.

Nevertheless, a low-profile black car, which wasn't supposed to be here, appeared before the cab arrived.

Clarissa was dumfounded as Matthew hopped out.

It had been a long time since she saw this man. As such, she used to think that she would be unfazed at his presence.

Nonetheless, the moment she saw him, her heart still uncontrollably skipped a beat.

She pretended to get her luggage and looked across the road, hoping that the cab that she called would arrive by now.

She hoped to treat him as a mere stranger but could feel the immense heat exuded from his gaze.

Matthew got closer and closer until he stood next to her.

"Going to the airport?"

Clarissa didn't respond.

She used to imagine the moment when they met again: She would casually greet Matthew like a stranger. She would probably smile at him too, just like an old friend who had let go of their past misunderstanding.

However, she didn't imagine their encounter to unfold in such a way: She didn't talk nor respond to him as though she was still mad at him.

In fact, it was the worse way of reacting to him, yet she couldn't control herself.

When a cab approached them, Clarissa glanced at the number plate. Once she confirmed that it was her cab, she dragged her luggage and walked toward it.

Suddenly, he grabbed her wrist firmly, and so she couldn't move her luggage at all.

She glanced at Matthew coldly and warned, "Let me go. I'm in a rush. Mr. Tyson, what you're doing now would amount to harassment. I can call the police."

Matthew's gaze deepened as he furrowed his brows.

"I'll give you a lift to the airport."

"It's okay. My cab has arrived. Let go..." Clarissa said sternly.

At the same time, she tried very hard to wriggle her arm free and ignored the pain, though he was grabbing her arm hard. In fact, she wished to avoid being touched by him at all costs, even if it meant breaking her arm.

Because Matthew could sense her determination, he glared at her threateningly. Although her heart skipped a beat, her fury far exceeded her fear, helping her wriggle free successfully.

Immediately, she dragged her luggage and hopped in to leave the place.

Matthew stared at the car for a while but soon got into his car and commanded, "Follow it."

No matter how hard Clarissa tried, she couldn't get rid of him.

Matthew successfully stopped her at the airport.

Unexpectedly, Clarissa sneered when her gaze met Matthew's.

"Mr. Tyson, we broke up, yet it wasn't a matter of life and death. Why are you pestering me? Do you want me to say it clearly? We broke up, and I'm tired of being with an old man like you. Got it?"

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Matthew's eyes flickered once he heard it.

He slightly ed his fingers by his sides and stared at Clarissa squarely.

Clarissa was startled. She lowered her head and avoided his gaze. Deep in her heart, she told herself not to feel nervous and to face him calmly.

"Are you tired?" he said icily.

Clarissa deliberately let out a laugh before she replied, "Yes, I'm tired. What's wrong? Am I not allowed to be tired? Besides, what's the point of pestering me? Why don't we break up on good terms? Don't tell me that the famous Mr. Tyson couldn't let go of a woman."

Once she said it, Matthew slightly raised his eyebrow. Then, he took a deep breath and stared at her again.

"Clare, I'm giving you a chance to take your words back."

"Ha!" Clarissa snickered, "What if I don't take my words back? Mr. Tyson, or should I call you Uncle Matthew, how old are you? Since you're not young anymore, why can't you do things quickly and decisively? Let me say it one more time— We broke up. That's all."

Unperturbed, Matthew pursed his lips and kept staring at her squarely, as though he wanted to devour her.

Clarissa remained hard-nosed and didn't want to give in. Besides, her lips curled into a smile that exuded coldness and provocation.

"Clarissa, I've solved a lot of problems this month."

"That has nothing to do with me."

She looked at Matthew calmly but wasn't interested to know what Matthew did in this month.

On the other hand, he was shocked by her nonchalant and emotionless gaze.

After a while, Clarissa said calmly, "What you did is none of my business. Alright, let me get this straight—I don't love you anymore. Why don't you believe me? In the past, I would probably break up with you out of anger because of someone else. However, this time around, there are no other reasons behind it. I just don't love you anymore. Also, since we dated for such a short time, it's impossible that we deeply love each other. Even I can't convince myself that I love you. In short, my feelings for you are gone. Anyway, there's no need to be upset because we are going back to the way we were before. Thank you so much for taking care of me for all this while, Uncle Matthew. Nevertheless, our relationship ends here."

Matthew didn't utter a word even after Clarissa finished.

Instead, he kept staring at her with his dark and piercing eyes.

With a smile of relief on her face, she turned around and walked toward the security checkpoint.

Tears trickled down her cheeks uncontrollably when she was leaving.

She hid her feelings very well, so much so that she almost believed she didn't love Matthew anymore.

Nevertheless, she was confident that she could eventually wipe him from her mind.

"Clarissa, you can do it. It's normal to feel heartbroken because he's your first love, but you can endure it," Clarissa talked to herself to cheer on and comfort herself.

Meanwhile, a man, who sat beside her, put down his book and handed over a piece of tissue to her.

Clarissa was in a daze. The next moment, she took it from him and murmured her thanks.

"Thank you."

The man flashed her a smile but didn't utter a word. Then, he continued to read his book.

After Clarissa wiped her tears and kept the tissue, the man glanced at her and asked, "My lady, did you just break up with your boyfriend?"

Clarissa pursed her lips awkwardly.

"It's not unusual to break up with someone. Well, I always broke up with my girlfriends, and I was the one who usually got dumped. It's not a big deal. I've gained more and more experience over the years about how to be a better boyfriend. Well, you're so beautiful. Could it be that you were dumped by your boyfriend? My goodness! I'm sure the man... or the woman was blind. Hehe... I'm an open-minded man and understand that true love shouldn't be constrained by age or gender. You don't have to be shocked. By the way, I haven't introduced myself. I'm Joshua Ferguson, an illustrator. May I know what do you work as? Wait, let me guess it myself. Are you a model? An actress?..."

Initially, Clarissa thought that this man was aloof and wouldn't talk much.

It turned out that she was completely wrong about him.

Ever since the conversation started until they got off the plane, Clarissa was bombarded non-stop by the chatterbox.

He was extremely talkative and didn't stop after they got off the plane. Even when they exited the airport and were about to get a cab, he asked where she was headed and if they were going to places in the same direction.

As such, Clarissa couldn't help but take a deep breath once she said goodbye to Joshua.

How could such a chatty man exist in this world?

What kind of a species is he from?

After arriving at the hotel, she put her things in the room and called Justin. Justin told her that his crew just completed the arduous filming in the desert and returned. Hence, she went to meet up with them after getting some rest in the hotel.

Justin and the rest were delighted to see Clarissa. As everyone hugged her, Justin secretly observed her. He was relieved to see that she looked rather well.

Actually, Clarissa was still a little despondent about breaking up with Matthew.

Nevertheless, she was aware that it wasn't the time to talk about private matters. Also, Justin suffered losses because of Shermaine's delay.

Fortunately, the shooting for Shermaine's scenes was basically completed, and the rest would be added when she got better. On the other hand, the scenes in the desert mainly involved the male and female protagonists. They loved each other even more after a near-death experience in the desert. Besides, there would be some fight scenes here as well.

The biggest problem the crew faced was the environment of the desert because it was troublesome to send their equipment to the area.

Yaala reminded Clarissa in advance to prepare everything for wind and sun protection. As such, she wrapped herself with layers of clothes once she entered the desert. However, her body was still covered with sand and dust, especially because it was the windy season now. Shooting at night was challenging because the night was extremely cold. Hence, it was the first time that Clarissa encountered difficulties at such a level.

Given that the crew couldn't go back and forth to the hotel every day, they often set up tents outside. As such, she almost became a sandwoman.

At night, Clarissa was shivering in the cold. She couldn't chat with anyone over the phone as there was no signal at all. Nonetheless, she was deeply shocked once she looked up at the starry sky from the tent.

Under the vast starry sky, human beings seemed particularly small. It was as if any trouble or pain could be healed after witnessing the beautiful scenery.

At this moment, Clarissa settled her mind and stopped thinking about anything.

After a while, Yaala sat up and said in a slightly hoarse voice, "Can't sleep?"

"Yup. The scenery is breathtakingly beautiful."

"It's not bad to be buried here after I die."

Clarissa replied affirmatively, "Indeed."

After Yaala laughed softly, both of them stayed silent for quite some time.

Then, Yaala heaved a sigh and said, "Ms. Quigley, there are plenty more fish in the sea!"

Clarissa couldn't help but chuckle. "Ms. Zaha, how do you know that I broke up with someone?"

"Well, I took a wild guess. Anyway, did you just admit it? You have broken up with your boyfriend, haven't you?"

Clarissa was rendered speechless. "Yes, I broke up with my boyfriend, but it happened quite some time ago. So, I'm fine now. Also, you were right when you said that there are plenty more fish in the sea. I won't be crushed just because of the break-up."

"Very well. By the way, I have a friend who is considered an artist. Let me introduce him to you after we return."

Clarissa said helplessly, "Ms. Zaha, I'm not interested in it for now."

"It's okay. You guys can be friends! That settles it!"

Yaala lay on the bed to sleep once she finished. On the other hand, Clarissa sighed gently and lay on the bed too.

She looked at Yaala, who hadn't fallen asleep, and said gently, "Ms. Zaha, I'm really not in the mood to engage in a relationship with another man for now. Besides, my ex-boyfriend... He was too nice... I might..."

What is it?

I might not forget him?

I might still love him?

Clarissa wasn't sure what she had to say. However, her heart still wrenched once she recalled the man.

Yaala opened her eyes and said, "I understand. But Clarissa, after a long time, you will realize that a relationship couldn't survive the challenge of time no matter how deep it was."

“Maybe.”

Ellie seldom went home nowadays unless her family ordered her to go back.

The main reason she was reluctant to go home was that they always mentioned Shermaine.

As such, she was disgusted by it and pitied her best friend.

Ellie was given the order to come home today because Margaret wanted to arrange a marriage for Matthew.

“I’ll not be engaged to Shermaine.”

The family members were initially delighted at the proposal but were shocked as Matthew rejected it coldly.

On the other hand, Ellie looked at them icily and continued to have her food without interrupting them.

She wasn’t triggered by it anymore, for Matthew to be engaged with Shermaine or not was none of her concerns now.

On the other hand, Margaret glanced at her son in disbelief.

“Matthew, what did you just say?”

“I will not be engaged to Shermaine.”

“You...”

As Margaret was fumed, Yuliana immediately comforted her, “Mom, please don’t be angry and listen to what Matthew has to say.”

“Matthew, explain it.”

George wasn’t as emotional as Margaret. In fact, he seldom gave his opinion about family affairs after he retired. Nonetheless, he wanted Matthew to explain his decision this time.

Matthew glanced around the living room icily and said, "Mom asked me to try getting along with Shermaine, and I did. Spending time with her for a month was my limit. When mom threatened me with her life, I submitted and did as she wished. However, I can give you my answer now. You don't have to wait for half a year because I'm going to say no right now. Shemaine and I can't possibly be together."

"Not possible? Matthew, are you trying to infuriate me?"

Margaret was apparently pissed off and raised her volume as she spoke. Back then, she used her bad health condition as a pretext to threaten Matthew to be with Shermaine. When Shermaine was injured, she asked him to go to Moranta along with Shermaine. With all her effort, Margaret thought that they would have feelings for each other. She was excited about the prospect of their marriage and even discussed it with Hannah.

Much to her surprise, Matthew refused to marry Shermaine!

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Margaret couldn't believe that Matthew would reject something that was almost confirmed.

She held in her anger and questioned Matthew, "Did you say I forced you to be with Shermaine for a month? Did you also say you don't have feelings for her at all?"

"That's correct."

"Okay, let's say that I really forced you to do so, but you should also consider the relationship between the Wynters and us. If you refuse to marry her, do you think the Wynters will let it drop? Matthew, you can't treat your marriage as a child's play," Margaret confronted him with a threatening tone.

However, Matthew refused to budge on his opinion. "Mom, Matthias, and I will take care of our relationship with the Wynters. Everything can eventually be solved as long as all of you are not meddling."

“Did you say “meddle”? Matthew, I’m doing all this because of you! Tell me, is Shermaine not good enough for you? Why on earth are you willing to solve all the troublesome matters instead of being with Shermaine?”

What would his motive be?

As soon as Margaret asked the question, a thought seemingly flashed through her mind.

“You are in love with another lady, aren’t you?”

Does he refuse to be with Shermaine because of another girl, even at the risk of jeopardizing the relationship between the two families?

Matthew did not answer nor deny it.

Margaret was rather upset. “When did it start? Was it before or after you met Shermaine?”

Regardless of the answer, Margaret would be infuriated by it anyway.

After all, she had jumped to the conclusion that an unknown woman “seduced” her son had made him disobedient.

However, Matthew was determined not to tell them anything about Clarissa.

Hence, he ignored her question and said, “Please stop matching me up with Shermaine. As for the Wynters, Matthias and I will solve the ensuing problem to maintain our relationship.”

Everyone was silent once he finished.

Meanwhile, Margaret poked George’s arm, hoping that he could say something.

“Matthew, do you think it will be that easy to solve the problems?”

George knew that it would be a difficult task because their relationship was complicatedly intertwined with various interests.

“Dad, Mom, please don’t worry about it.”

At this time, Matthias interrupted, "Matthew and I know what we have to do."

George was deep in thought as he looked at Mathew. He knew that Matthew was opinionated and wouldn't allow anyone to meddle in whatever he wanted to do.

Also, he knew that Margaret coerced Matthew to try being with Shermaine to match-make them. She even went to desperate lengths to fake illness so that Matthew would go to Moranta with Shermaine.

However, all of Margaret's busy work didn't bear fruit in the end.

On the contrary, the situation became more problematic because of what she did.

After a while, George said, "Alright, your mom and I won't meddle in it for now. However, both of you will have to bear the consequences regardless of what the Wynters would do in response."

As Margaret wanted to add something, George shot her a glance as a warning to stop talking.

Despite her anger, she had no choice but to hold her tongue.

Margaret finally berated George after Matthew left, "Why did you stop me? Do you know that I mentioned to the Wynters about their engagement ceremony just yesterday? But look at Matthew! What should I do now?"

Meanwhile, George furrowed his brows as he was a little irritated.

"Why were you that impatient? I mean, everything turned sour because of your wishful thinking."

"Was it my fault? I did it for Matthew's own good. I mean, Shermaine is a perfect girl. Besides, I didn't force him to accept her when Matthew refused to be with her in the past. Nevertheless, Shermaine eventually became part of the Wynters. Since we are on good terms with the Wynters, wouldn't Matthias enjoy more resources if Matthew and Shermaine can be together?"

"Were you planning to sacrifice Matthew for Matthias? How could you play favorites?"

"Was I playing favorites? I wanted the best for Matthew too."

"Would you fake illness to threaten him if you wanted the best for him?"

"I... You didn't oppose it, did you?"

"I really thought that you were sick!"

I..."

On the other hand, Ellie was annoyed by their buck-passing.

When she went upstairs to return to her room, she passed by her parent's room and heard their conversation.

"So, did Matthew refuse to be with Shermaine because of that lady? I thought he and Shermaine were together. My goodness. I never thought that it was not the case."

"All of us can tell that it was Shermaine's unrequited love. I mean, when did Matthew ever smile at her? The Wynters are actually well aware of it but doesn't want to tell the truth. Besides, the Smallwoods even added fuel to the fire by spreading rumors about the marriage between the Tysons and the Wynters."

"When Shermaine was only part of the Smallwoods, their marriage isn't necessary. Now that she became part of the Wynters, it wouldn't be good to you if Matthew is still that stubborn. Will you really allow him not to marry Shermaine? He might be lovesick, but how can he ignore what might happen to you? You can't afford to fall out with the Wynters at this juncture..."

"That's enough."

Matthias seemed to get impatient. "Stop the nonsense. This is about Matthew's happiness. Since he's not willing to marry her, how can we force him into it?"

"But..."

"Enough. Let Matthew and I handle this. Also, don't talk any nonsense to Mom. I know what's on your mind, but we can't be that selfish."

Yuliana fell silent and didn't dwell into it anymore.

After a while, Ellie left and returned to her room to ponder over it.

Her phone had made a notification sound for a while before she grabbed it and took a look.

She received two pictures: One of them was the beautiful starry sky, while the other was Clarissa covering herself up in layers of clothes.

After looking at the pictures, she felt like giving Clarissa a call. However, she soon hesitated because she wasn't sure what she ought to tell Clarissa. Her mind was in turmoil.

It had been a month after the crew completed shooting for scenes in the desert. After that, Clarissa followed the crew to different places. The crew finally returned to the film studio, where Shermaine had to take part in shooting for the last scene.

However, Clarissa didn't go to the film studio but returned to W City.

Catherine's heart wrenched when she saw that Clarissa had tanned skin and looked slimmer. As such, she asked Jenny to prepare all sorts of delicacies for Clarissa.

On the other hand, Clarissa wasn't troubled by the fact that she had tanned skin and lost weight. Instead, she felt better because of her tight schedule throughout the film shooting.

She had a comfortable life at home for several days, so much so that she was a little reluctant to return to D City.

In the end, she had to depart to D City anyway because Hilary asked her to be there.

"You promised me that you will join blind dates that I arrange for you."

Clarissa carried her luggage into her house. Once she took off her shoes, she sat on the couch and heaved a sigh of relief. "I remember it, and that's why I'm back in D City now. But you should at least let me get some rest for a day, shouldn't you?"

"Why do you have to get some rest? I'll invite a candidate for you tonight. Hurry up and put on some makeup. I'll inform you about the time and location once the details are fixed."

Hilary didn't give her time to rest nor allow her to refuse the blind date.

Clarissa heaved a sigh as she couldn't do anything about it. Then, she lay on the couch and closed her eyes to take a nap.

However, she still got up to put on some makeup when night closed in.

Clarissa chuckled when she saw her tanned skin. Thinking that it would be funny to meet someone with tanned skin, she decided not to apply any powder on her face.

She put on a loose sweater, a skirt, high-heels, and a windbreaker. Although her outfit was fine, she purposely put her hair in a bun to fully expose the tan on her face.

Finally, she met the man based on the time and location given by Hilary.

Both of them smiled and began to introduce themselves.

The man was a little surprised once they met but soon looked nonchalant. Meanwhile, she quietly chuckled but tried to conceal her emotions.

"Ms. Quigley, you seem to be quite different from the one I saw from the picture. I hate to say this, but one could easily get deceived by pictures nowadays."

The man appeared to be ridiculing her.

"Besides, the filters that many women use nowadays are superb. Although you are already a beauty, I'm sure you'll look even more gorgeous with a filter. Also, I suggest that you can opt for facials to look more beautiful."

Nonetheless, Clarissa flashed him a faint smile and replied, "Mr. Goldstein, I'm sorry. I forgot to tell you that my skin tone is hereditary. All of my family members have dark skin. So, I'm afraid facials can't help much."

"Hehe... Is that so? What a shame."

"I think having dark skin is nice anyway!"

"Hehe... Yes, those with dark skin look healthy."

As they hardly exchange words, Clarissa waited for the man to ask to leave.

Just as she expected, Mr. Goldstein soon said that he had to leave in advance.

She heaved a sigh of relief once he left. Then, she went to the ladies' room and was prepared to go home. Suddenly, a thought flashed through her mind: she wanted to have a takeout. After all, she wasn't in the mood to have dinner earlier on.

Unexpectedly, she met a familiar man at the corner.

She tried to pretend not to see him, yet he wasn't aware of her intention. To be exact, he wouldn't care even if he knew it.

"Aren't you Clarissa? It's been a long time! When did you return to D City?"

It was difficult to ignore Jeremy's distinctive voice and looks.

He seemed to be interested in glancing at her from head to toe. After a while, he chuckled once he saw her dark-skinned face.

"Clarissa, Justin really doesn't have a soft heart for women. Did you stay in the sun with him for a long time? My god, how could a gorgeous face suddenly turn into this?"

"Mr. Smallwood, it's been a long time. I did it because it was part of my job, but I like it anyway. Don't you think I look healthy?"

"Tsk! It's ugly."

Jeremy didn't even mind his words.

As her mouth's slightly twitched, Jeremy laughed and said, "Hey, I'm just kidding. You're beautiful regardless of your skin tone."

"Thanks. I think so too."

"Are you going back after dinner? Are you alone?"

Clarissa let out a smile and replied, "Nope. I'm here with a friend. Mr. Smallwood, I'll get going."

“Don’t be like this,” Jeremy pulled her arm and continued, “Since we haven’t met each other for quite some time, why don’t we spend some time together? Besides, you know those in the private lounge...”

Before Jeremy finished, she suddenly twisted her arm to wriggle free from him. Then, she refused his invitation and hastily ran out of the place.

As Jeremy glanced at his own finger, he snickered and shook his head. Was she afraid to see someone here?

## You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 119

Jeremy returned to the private lounge and took a seat quietly after taking a peek at Matthew with a timid smile.

On the other hand, Yarick focused on finishing his meal because he couldn’t be sure of the things he should talk about.

Lately, the bad-tempered Matthew was in a foul mood. Although they didn’t talk about it, they knew the reason behind Matthew’s frustration.

Therefore, the moment Matthew asked them out for a meal, they showed up without a second thought. The session ended up being awkward since they dared not talk about other things.

Yarick couldn’t stand the awkward silence anymore. He got curious because Jeremy seemed to be in a great mood and was all smiles after he returned to them.

“What’s with the smile? Have you gotten lucky and picked up a bill on your way back?”

Jeremy picked up the cutleries with a bright grin on his face. He replied nonchalantly, “Nope, but I have encountered a long-lost friend of mine.”

“Who is it? Do I know this friend of yours? Why didn’t you get your friend to join us?”

It was one of Yarick's attempts to keep things alive because he had enough of the awkward silence. He wouldn't mind having another person around to get himself out of the awkward situation.

"Oh! I'm talking about Clarissa! She's a friend of yours as well, isn't she? I think she's here with her friends, but I think she has—" Jeremy beamed his reply.

Turning around and looking in the direction of the entrance of the private lounge, Jeremy chuckled as a certain someone had disappeared in the corridor.

Meanwhile, Yarick started at Jeremy open-mouthed after Matthew's departure because he couldn't be sure if he was right.

"Jeremy, was that Matt who had sprinted out?"

Jeremy shrugged his shoulders and replied nonchalantly, "Who else could it be?"

"He's very fast..."

Jeremy continued savoring his meal. He was equally stressed and couldn't bring himself to finish his meal when Matthew was around.

Therefore, since the source of his distress had departed, he decided to finish his meal as soon as possible.

Yarick was finally in the mood to finish his meal because things were no longer awkward in the lounge. He felt a self of relief and crossed his legs, leaning against the chair while serving himself a glass of wine.

"Have you seriously encountered Clarissa?"

"Mmm... Judging by her look, I think she's here for a blind date with someone."

"A-A blind date?"

Yarick choked on his drink. After coughing vigorously, he sighed. "Is she approaching another man when Matt has gone to great lengths for her? Tsk! She's such a heartless woman! Perhaps that's part of a woman's nature, huh?"

“Speaking of which, I didn’t expect Matt would take the extra miles for her,” Jeremy added.

Yarick couldn’t help but express his regret over the things Matthew had done. They were shocked by the things Matthew had sacrificed in order to call off his engagement with Shermaine.

“To be honest, I don’t think I will do such silly things because of such a heartless woman. It’s just not worth it, isn’t it?”

Jeremy rebuked, “I guess he’s the only one to judge if it’s worth it at the end of the day. If he thinks it’s worth his time and effort, there’s nothing we can do about it, right? After all, you’re not as capable and as loyal as Matt.”

“Hmph! I still think Clarissa is but his source of distress! Matt should have stayed away from her!”

“Oh! Shut up! Let’s keep this conversation between us, okay? Clarissa may soon be our best friend’s official spouse!”

“Duh? I’m just sharing my honest thoughts with you!” Yarick replied with his lips twitching unwittingly.

After they wrapped up their conversation, they went dead silent for a long time. Staring at the entrance, Yarick broke the silence and asked, “Is Matt going to leave us behind?”

“What do you think?”

Yarick suggested, “I guess it’s time for us to leave? Oh my God! You have no idea how intense the past hour has been! I couldn’t even enjoy my meal because I was on pins and needles! I was afraid Matt would bring up something out of the blue and was constantly on the lookout. It has been such a long time since I last spend time with a woman. Do you know what I have to go through? Ugh!”

Truth be told, Jeremy shared a similar feeling, but he wasn’t as agitated as Yarick.

The two miserable friends brought themselves out of the private lounge and thought of visiting different pubs to satisfy their physiological needs, getting a few ladies to join them for some fun throughout the night.

Unfortunately, the duo encountered Matthew at the entrance when they were about to leave.

Matthew, who was right next to the entrance, puffed on his cigarette and seemed extremely depressed, emanating a disheartening presence.

Jeremy and Yarick's hearts sank when they saw their depressed friend—they would have to call off the plan they had in mind again.

After they saw him, Yarick signaled Jeremy to approach Matthew and figure out what happened to him. Jeremy had no choice but to brace himself.

He asked, "Matt, didn't you get her? Why don't you drop by Clarissa's place and pay her a visit? Do you want me to send someone to go after her?"

Actually, it wouldn't be much of a challenge to get their hands on Clarissa's address. Matthew could easily get his hands on it, but Jeremy indicated the former should drop by the woman's place and approach her in person.

In spite of Jeremy's suggestion, Matthew remained silent with his abysmal pair of eyes flickering in disappointment.

Yarick had to keep Jeremy company because there wasn't anything he could do about it.

"You guys should leave," Matthew stated and set the seemingly pathetic duo free.

Be it he would drop by Clarissa's place in person or continue sulking over the miseries she had brought upon him. They knew they should stop getting in Matthew's way.

...

Meanwhile, as soon as Clarissa returned to her place, she received a call from her mother.

After she picked up the call, a middle-aged woman's voice could be heard, asking excitedly, "Clary, how did things turn out? Mr. Goldstein has yet to revert back to me, but what do you think?"

Hilary couldn't wait to figure out the outcome of the blind date.

Clarissa chuckled when she recalled the time she spent with the man. "Mom, can you believe it? He actually picked on my look and called me a horrendous woman."

"Are you serious? You're definitely above average in terms of look! Clary, please tell me it's not one of your lies to deceive me."

"Why would I deceive you? If you have any doubts, why don't you approach the mediator? He started picking on me because my skin has a relatively darker tone after I spent most of my time under the sun lately. Pardon me for being honest, but I think he has irrationally high standards."

"What the heck? If you're a horrendous woman, I guess the rest of the women on this planet have no right to consider themselves pretty! Hmph! I was never fond of him either! He's merely a stingy nouveau riche! I'm afraid you're going to suffer for the rest of your life if you get into a relationship with that nouveau riche. Don't worry, Clary. Let's call it a day and take a breather for the time being. I want you to take good care of your look and impress the next candidate I have for you!"

After the conversation with Hilary, Clarissa cast her phone aside and giggled before making her way into the bathroom.

Minutes after she took her shower and returned to her room, she noticed she had a missed call. Her eyes gleamed when she took a peek at the caller. However, she decided to ignore the call.

She initiated a video call session with Ellie and shared the first thing she had to go through after she made her way back to D City was a blind date with a stranger. Clarissa made fun of everything and shared the hilarious experience and odd behaviors of Mr. Goldstein with Ellie.

"Ellie, how I wish you were there to witness his disgusted look when he started picking on me! Hahaha! I guess he must be thinking I was just another gold-digger who had approached him for his wealth! Hahaha!"

Clarissa went on and on for a long time, but Ellie, who was on the other end of the call, seemed to be relatively dull.

"What's wrong, Ellie? Did something happen?"

Ellie fell silent for a few seconds before asking in return, “Not really. Aren’t you tired? You have just gone on a blind date right after your flight touched down. Haven’t you always been against the blind date your mother has set you up?”

“I’m still pretty much against the idea, but if I don’t give in to her demand, she won’t stop pestering me. Since I have given it a try, I guess she’ll give up on trying anything silly in the future. It’s not a big deal—it’s just a meal with a stranger. Eventually, she’ll give up.”

Ellie muttered her reply, “Oh... I guess that’s not a bad idea...”

Judging by the dispirited tone of Ellie, Clarissa knew it would be better for her to wrap up the conversation. After another few minutes, she hung up the call and decided to call it a day.

Heaving a long sigh, she returned to her bed and tucked herself in.

Actually, judging by Ellie’s hesitated response, she knew the thing the dispirited girl had in her mind, but she decided not to talk about it.

She had made her way back to D City because of the promise she had with Hilary. Otherwise, she wouldn’t stay in D City either.

As soon as her mother surrendered, Clarissa would make her way back to W City and play the role of a filial digital shut-in by her grandmother’s side. Apart from her work, she didn’t want to be bothered by anything else.

Speaking of which, I guess it’s time for me to put on some whitening mask. I can’t show up in front of others with this sun-skinned skin.

...

Ryler asked Clarissa out for a session in person once he made his way back to D City.

They decided to meet in a desolate club. The moment Clarissa showed up, she teased, “Mr. Cooper, do you know what I have to go through to reach here? I was on pins and needles and had to be on the lookout because I was afraid paparazzi were after me!”

Ryler served Clarissa a cup of aromatic tea.

“Since when have you learned to enjoy a cup of tea? Anyway, it’s great! It smells wonderful!”  
Clarissa was delighted.

“I’m glad you like it. Grandma told me you’re no longer in a relationship. Is it true?”

Clarissa rolled her eyes because Ryler brought up the topic she wished to avoid the most.  
“Yes, what about it? Are you going to gloat over my misfortune?”

“I’m actually quite happy because I have the chance since you’re single again,” Ryler replied with a grin

Clarissa took a sip of the aromatic tea and savored the lingering scent of it.

“Ry, since you have brought this up, I’ll be frank, okay? Things will never work out between us because you’re, at most, a brother from a different mother of mine.”

Ryler responded with a self-deprecating smirk because he had been anticipating her rejection all along.

“Since you can’t take my joke, I guess I’ll stop messing around with you. You better not regret your decision, okay? You’re going to miss out on the most sought-after celebrity in showbiz! Do you know how many people are lining up just to spend a night in bed with me? You should consider yourself lucky and appreciate your one and only opportunity!”

“Ry, if that’s the case, why are you still single?”

After exchanging glances, they burst into laughter. They could make fun of their past because they had moved on.

Eventually, Ryler talked about Clarissa’s movie production experience with Justin. He was glad to figure out she managed to impress Justin.

Over the cup of tea, they caught up with one another and talked for a long time. Halfway through their session, someone knocked on the door.

A few seconds later, Yarick walked into the private lounge and exclaimed, “What a coincidence, Clarissa!”

Clarissa secretly rolled her eyes and resented D City for being such a small city. Literally, she would encounter her acquaintances wherever she was.

“Hello, Mr. Payne!”

The duo in the lounge greeted Yarick simultaneously, but Yarick ignored Ryler and had his eyes glued to Clarissa, behaving enthusiastically.

“Join me for another cup of tea, Clarissa! Why didn’t you contact me beforehand? I’ll get my men to keep an eye on you and waive the entrance fee for you in the future! When are you leaving? I’ll get them to pack you your favorite tea!”

“Thanks, but no thanks, Mr. Payne. Your hospitality won’t be necessary. I’m merely here once in a while.”

“Huh? Please don’t be so polite whenever you’re around me!”

After being courteous for a few minutes, Yarick asked out of the blue, “Are you guys done? If you’re done, why don’t you leave us alone, Ryler? I have something regarding the tea to talk about with Clarissa!”

Those present in the private lounge were conscious it was but an out blunt lie.

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

### Chapter 120

Clarissa had no idea if it was merely a coincidence or if she had been tailed since the moment she departed.

A few days ago, she encountered Jeremy. Yarick showed up in front of her out of the blue and said it was merely a coincidence. Perhaps she might run into another man in the near future.

Clarissa had no intention to waste her time with him either.

"I'm not really a tea-enthusiast, and I don't think I have much to offer, Mr. Payne. I believe it's best to keep your precious tea to yourself. Ryler, let's go."

When she was about to leave, Yarick got anxious. He couldn't allow her to leave just yet.

Since he happened to meet her by chance, he had to give his best to keep her grounded for as long as possible.

"No, Clarissa! Ryler can leave whenever he wants, but not you!"

Ryler arched his brows and got in front of Clarissa because he thought Yarick was up to no good. After all, as one of the heirs of the wealthy families, they had a lot of odd kinks.

"Mr. Payne, if Clarissa has accidentally offended you, please do me a favor and forgive her for once. She's but a foolish and innocent woman. I don't think—"

Yarick couldn't stand it anymore. He started yelling at the top of his lungs, "This has nothing to do with you! Get out of my way, Ryler! I need to talk to Clarissa! Also, stop misperceiving my intent with that filthy thought of yours. I don't have the guts to try anything silly, even if I have the desire to. I believe that's enough! It's time for you to leave!"

The defensive Ryler refused to believe Yarick. In the end, Yarick turned to Clarissa and said, "I think it's not necessary for me to justify the reason I'm here, right? I believe you know what I'm up to. Can we please talk about it?"

Ryler was baffled because the arrogant Yarick made it sound like a humble request to get Clarissa to spare him some time.

Nonetheless, Clarissa dead-panned her reply with a poker face and rebuked, "Mr. Payne, I don't think there's anything for us to talk about. Please stop putting me in a tight spot, okay? Haven't you and your kind always been pretty half-hearted? Don't you think you're embarrassing yourself by getting in my way?"

Excuse me? Are you sure you're not the cold-hearted one?

"Ryler, I believe it's time for us to leave."

Seconds after she announced their departure, she dragged Ryler out of the private lounge.

Yarick went after the duo immediately, but he brought himself to a halt after he stepped out of the lounge.

He saw Matthew in the dark, with gloomy expressions looming over his handsome face. Therefore, Yarick knew it was time for Matthew to be in charge.

“Matt, you know what? Just abduct her and bring her back to your place. Teach her a lesson in bed! I’m sure she’ll learn to behave herself!” Yarick turned around and suggested.

Matthew remained silent, but Yarick got increasingly worked up and anxious on his friend’s behalf.

“As long as you sort out the misunderstanding with her and tell her the reason behind your decisions, she’ll definitely return to you!”

Casting a wrathful gaze at the departing figures, Matthew didn’t even flinch and remained a straight face.

Yarick ran out of methods to deal with Matthew and headed over to Jeremy’s place to talk about the incident right after Matthew’s departure.

“Jeremy, there’s nothing else I can do about it! You know what? I asked Matt to rush over to my store because Clarissa was there! However, when he reached my store, he refused to strike up a conversation with her...”

Yarick started complaining about the things he had been keeping to himself all this while. The session lasted for about thirty minutes before he decided to stop.

“No! Jeremy! We can’t allow Matt to continue sulking at his predicament! If this goes on, Clarissa will run away with another man! You need to think of something to bring them back together!”

Jeremy gave it a thought for a short while. A few seconds later, he announced, “I have just the perfect plan for that.”

On the other hand, after Ryler brought Clarissa back to her place, she didn’t get out of the car.

She was certain he would inquire about the things that had happened. Therefore, she decided to tell him the truth.

“It’s about my ex-boyfriend. However, I have moved on from the past, so you don’t have to worry about me.”

Ryler frowned and related her words to Yarick’s statements. He thought of something and asked, “Did the man bully you?”

“No? Do I look like such a weak woman? I won’t allow others to get the better of me, okay?” Clarrisa rebutted with a confident smile, but Ryler refused to believe her.

“You’re not completely wrong, but it’s merely a piece of cake for the man, who’s able to intimidate Yarick, to pick on you, isn’t it? Clare, why don’t you tell me the truth? Judging by Yarick’s reply, it sounds like the man is trying to get you to return to him. If that’s the case, are you sure you’re able to hold your ground? Why have you guys broken up in the first place?”

Clarissa had no intention to talk about the past. Therefore, she brushed it off and said, “What happened in the past doesn’t really matter anymore. I have moved on and will never allow others to get the better of me. Why don’t you go home? Your phone has been ringing for some time. I’m totally fine, okay?”

Ryler couldn’t suppress the urge to give her one last heads-up after she alighted from the car. “Clare, no matter what, I’ll always be here for you, okay? Since you consider me a brother from a different mother, tell me if you need me. I’ll teach those who try to pick on you a lesson.”

She had just alighted from the car, but she turned around and cradled him in her arms to express her gratitude.

“Alright, Mr. Cooper!”

She finally returned to her home after the man departed and disappeared into the bustling streets.

After she returned home, Clarissa was overwhelmed by the built-up fatigue. She felt disheartened whenever she was alone.

When she approached the window, she took cover behind the curtain, staring at the car downstairs.

Ever since she made her way back to D City, she knew the car had been following her everywhere she went. Whenever she returned to her place, the car would pull over downstairs for some time.

Clarissa decided to play dumb and behaved as though she wasn't aware he was there because his actions were meaningless. She had made up her mind to move on from the past.

...

In the evening, Clarissa put on a simple yet elegant dress and dolled herself up, highlighting her ethereal-looking facial features and slender figure.

It would be perfect if she could stop shivering.

"It's so freaking cold..."

It was early winter. After she alighted from the cab, she couldn't stop shivering due to the cold.

In the first place, it wouldn't make any sense for her to put on such an exposing evening gown in wintertime.

She trotted across the streets and scurried into the hotel. Once she walked into the lobby well-equipped with heaters, she felt as though she had been brought back to life.

Clarissa boarded the elevator and brought herself up to the second floor, but when she tried to enter the banquet, a handsome man got in her way and stopped her.

"Miss, I beg your pardon, but I'm afraid you have to show me your invitation card."

Clarissa's jaw dropped open when she heard the man's words. She stuttered, "E-Er... I don't have once because a friend of mine has invited me..."

"Where's your friend? Why don't you get your friend over to bring you into the hall?"

“Oh! Sure! Please give me a moment! I’ll have to make a call!”

Holding on to her phone while making the call, Clarissa exchanged glances with the man and responded with an awkward smile because no one picked up the call.

The man returned the favor and smiled courteously.

“I’m so sorry, but my friend isn’t picking up her phone.”

“It’s fine, Miss. Why don’t you wait for her over here?”

Clarissa had no choice but to stand at the entrance. Staring at her phone, she sent numerous text messages and made countless calls to reach her friend.

Countless invited guests strode into the banquet hall. She had no choice but to lower her head in embarrassment.

All of a sudden, she detected a pair of black leather shoes. A tall man showed up in front of her. When she raised her head, she caught a glimpse of the man’s handsome face and an abysmal pair of eyes.

Clarissa was startled because he wouldn’t stop staring at her. Immediately, she looked elsewhere to avoid his gaze and stepped aside to get out of his way.

Fortunately, the call got through after she picked up her phone and made another call.

“Ms. Zaha? I have reached the entrance of the banquet hall, but I’m not allowed to enter the hall because I don’t have an invitation card with me.”

A woman’s voice could be heard from the other end of the call. “Oh! I’m so sorry, Clarissa! Please hold on for a short while. I’ll send someone to show you the way in at once!”

“It’s fine. I’ll be waiting at the entrance.”

After Clarissa hung up the call, she walked past the man in front of her and returned to the man at the entrance. “Sir, someone will be here for me soon.”

The man at the entrance was intimidated by the tall man behind Clarissa because of his stern gaze. He stuttered in return, “O-Okay…”

“Hi! Are you Ms. Quigley?”

“Yes.”

“Please follow me, Ms. Qui – M-Mr. Tyson?” The person who had shown up to lead Clarissa into the hall noticed Matthew was right behind her.

He turned around and rushed over to welcome Matthew with a flattering look. “Hello, Mr. Tyson! It’s an honor to have you here with us today! Why didn’t Yaala mention anything about your presence? Allow me to express my utmost apologies for not welcoming you as the host of the banquet. Please come with me, Mr. Tyson! I’ll get Yaala over to keep you entertained.”

Clarissa was speechless because the man, who had shown up to lead her into the hall, started showing Matthew the way in instead.

Oddly, Matthew ignored Clarissa and made his way into the banquet hall.

Clarissa snorted to express her frustration. She asked the man that was at the entrance, “Am I allowed to enter the hall yet?”

He replied with a courteous smile, “Please, Miss.”

Clarissa’s eyes widened in disbelief as soon as she stepped into the lavishly decorated and well-illuminated banquet hall.

As one of showbiz’s bigshots, a lot of renowned figures from the industry had been invited to celebrate Yaala’s birthday. Upon a simple glance, top-notch celebrities, who always made it to the headlines, were present. Clarissa could barely name every one of them, but she was overwhelmed by those good-looking guests’ presence. She felt a strong urge to approach the celebrities for a photo because most of her favorite celebrities were there.

Fascinated by the surrounding things, Clarissa behaved like a timid little girl who had barged into her father’s office. She was easily intimidated by the guests who tried to greet her. Therefore, she responded with a simple nod and smile.

However, since she was there alone, she had to keep herself entertained with a glass of wine. She tried to approach Yaala, but when she found her, she noticed Yaala was right by the side of the man who irked her the most.

Most of the bigshots from the upper echelon were around the host of the banquet. It wouldn't be much of a challenge to figure out they were in the middle of a flattering session.

A few minutes later, Jeremy showed up and approached the party with a few ladies by his side.

Meanwhile, Clarissa didn't even have the chance to deliver her wish and give Yaala the gift she had prepared beforehand.

In hope of delivering the wish and gift she had prepared, Clarissa wouldn't stop looking in Yaala's direction. However, the latter was engaged in a conversation with different guests.

All of a sudden, Yaala beckoned Clarissa over when she recalled a certain something. "Clarissa, come over here..."

Clarissa strode her way over without further ado. She decided to pretend she wasn't acquainted with the people by Yaala's side.

"Ms. Zaha, happy birthday! Here's a gift for you! I hope you'll like it!"

"Thanks, Clarissa! The things you have in store for me never disappoint me."

Yaala hugged Clarissa and said, "Come here! I'll introduce you to—"

Looking at Clarissa in the eyes, Jeremy got ahead of Yaala and stated, "You don't have to introduce us to one another, Yaala. Clarissa is a close acquaintance of ours."

Clarissa replied indifferently, "Hello, Mr. Smallwood."

"Well, I guess I'm Mr. Smallwood, huh? If that's the case, so be it. What about this man over here?" Jeremy asked, looking at Matthew.