

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 111 - 115

When Clarissa woke up the next morning, she finally saw Matthew who was sleeping next to her.

Facing her with his slightly bent body, one of his long arms was resting on her waist. She scanned his face slowly inch by inch, from his broad forehead, thick eyebrows, long eyelashes, masculine nose till his seductive lips and jawlines. My goodness! He's still breathtakingly good-looking even when his hair is messy!

Clarissa was at a loss for words as she was bewitched by his stunning look.

She heaved a soft sigh and had to admit that the man's stunning features were really irresistible for her.

"Why are you sighing?"

The man asked abruptly with his charismatic and husky voice as his groggy eyes slowly opened. At that very moment, Clarissa felt her heart skipped a beat.

Look at the charming pair of eyes! I seem to love him more from this moment onward!

Clarissa gaped without realizing, mesmerized by his exceptionally charming side which was totally different from his usual look.

At the sight of Clarissa's adorable expression, Matthew's lips lifted into a smile as he chuckled. Holding her delicate chin, he leaned closer and kissed her lips passionately.

Clarissa tried to push him away as she had not yet brushed her teeth.

Anyway, he hasn't brushed his teeth as well. Why should I worry about having bad breaths? Feeling relieved, she kissed him back affectionately too.

It was already half an hour later when both of them finally woke up from the bed. The simple kiss earlier actually led to a steamy session on the bed, and Clarissa had to fulfill Matthew's special request.

When they were having breakfast later, Clarissa glared at the culprit who caused her hand to feel sore.

"Clare, how about I feed you?" the man raised her brows and asked her straight as if he was unaware of her displeasure.

Clarissa shook her head at once and yelled, "I don't want!"

Lowering her head again, she switched to hold the spoon with another hand silently. Matthew smiled meaningfully at her and kept glancing at her with a glint of mischief in his eyes.

Clarissa decided not to waste time arguing with him, as she was going back to the film studio in the afternoon. They were supposed to seize the chance to spend every moment with each other before that. It was really not worth it if they ended up having a conflict!

After breakfast, both of them just stayed at the Zen Highlands. They watched a movie and again had some more steamy moments. Clarissa even shared with him about her moments while on a film shooting session with the crew.

It was a relaxing moment for Matthew as Clarissa leaned idly to him, muttering about her activities there, her friendly colleagues, and some interesting discoveries... Even so, she totally did not mention anything about Shermaine.

Matthew avoided mentioning Shermaine in front of Clarissa as well. However, he knitted his brows, recalling what the Tysons and the Wynters were discussing after Hannah's birthday party the night before.

It was really obvious that both families intended to match-make Shermaine and him, but none of the families had mentioned anything yet.

Matthew did not clarify anything in front of them as there was really nothing between Shermaine and him. Apart from that, both the Tysons and the Wynters were really close with each other. Matthias and Jacque were having political collaborations with each other.

Hence, it was not appropriate for him to take a stand impulsively, fearing that both families would end up in a disastrous dispute.

Shermaine had shared with him on moments related to the crew as well, but hers was apparently a different version from Clarissa's. Clarissa's version revolved around the jubilant and harmonious moments with everyone on the crew, yet Shermaine emphasized to him how Justin and the others bullied her. She looked pathetic when talking about how Justin pressurized her on behalf of Clarissa as he had a feeling for her. Does Justin have feelings for Clare?!

"Ouch! Why did you pinch me?"

Clarissa raised her voice and struggled to pull out her hand. Rubbing the painful spot on her wrist, she stared at Matthew with great displeasure.

Matthew only came to his senses when Clarissa raised her voice.

He raised his hand and brushed Clarissa's wrist gently, then locked his fingers with hers as he gazed intently at her.

"Clare, I really don't like it when you keep talking about Justin."

Clarissa could not help chuckling. So he's actually jealous of Justin?

With her head tilted, she asked deliberately, "You're worried that both Justin and I will slowly fall for each other, aren't you?"

Matthew's eyes darkened as his face fell. He was very serious at the moment and did not intend to joke about this at all.

"Will you?" he asked with profound cold in his voice.

Matthew's cold tone suddenly sent a chill down her spine. She quickly squeezed a sweet smile in order to cheer him up.

"Do you think I'm a woman who's easily drawn to any man?"

Clarissa's eyes widened as Matthew remained silent. She glared at him and asked unhappily, "Hey, Matthew Tyson, you really think that I'll behave like that? Don't you trust me?"

There was undoubtedly a sense of rage in her tone. It was as if she was warning him by glaring at him with her pair of bright round eyes. If he dared to nod his head, she would not let him off easily.

Matthew finally softened and embraced Clarissa with his arms. Lowering his head, he tried to please her by kissing her forehead, tip of the nose, and finally her seductive lips.

"Of course I know that my dear Clare is not that type of woman."

Clarissa pinched his arm purposely as a punishment.

"If you really know, why did you give me that fierce look?"

"It's because you kept mentioning about Justin."

"I'm at the crew every day and deal a lot with the director. Of course I will mention his names when talking about the crew. If can, I wish to talk about you all the time. Yet we really have limited time for each other."

She could hardly see Matthew during daytime as he was always occupied. Even during weekends, he had limited time to accompany her.

Clarissa was not grumbling; she was just telling the truth.

They did not really understand each other well as they had limited time to be together.

"Hmm..." Matthew could not really think of any words to respond.

He started to ponder about Clarissa's words.

Clarissa actually did not mind much about this. She turned to lean against Matthew's chest and changed the topic.

"Have you met Ellie recently and have a chat with her? How's she at the moment?"

Looking into Clarissa's smiling eyes, he answer placidly, "No."

"No? Didn't meet her? Didn't have a chat with her?"

"Yes." Matthew replied casually.

"You..."

Clarissa was displeased and bit her lips. "I think I better give a try myself instead of relying on you."

She took out her phone and called Ellie.

To her delight, Ellie answered the phone this time.

When Matthew leaned closer, Clarissa pushed him away. Upon hearing Ellie's indifferent tone, she asked tactfully.

"Ellie? Finally, you're willing to talk to me. Are you still angry? Don't be angry anymore."

At the moment, Ellie was speechless with the scene at home. Hannah was having a great time with her grandparents in the living room. Kayla and her husband were also engaged in a pleasant conversation with her own parents. Shermaine was also seated next to her mother, with an attractive smile on her face. The two families were apparently getting closer to each other.

She mocked at Clarissa abruptly, "Clarissa, are you regretting already?"

"Ellie, what do you mean?" Clarissa asked quizzically.

"I want you to break up with Uncle Matt now."

"Ellie, I'm sorry. I can't break up with him."

Upon hearing her answer, Matthew's eyes lit up and stroked her back lovingly with satisfaction.

Ellie snickered again at Clarissa's response.

“Humph! Alright, I bet you’ll surely regret later.”

She hung up her phone after that.

Clarissa felt down instantaneously. Her eyes were red-rimmed and she almost burst into tears.

Matthew immediately wrapped his arms around her and comforted her.

“Clare, don’t be sad. You still have me.”

Deep in his heart, Matthew told himself not to let Ellie off easily by teaching her a lesson. How dare she instigated Clare to break up with me!

I’m really disappointed with her. I’m her uncle, yet she chooses to sabotage instead of being supportive of my relationship?

Clare is so upset because of her. I will think of a way to get her to pay and teach her a lesson!

Even so, the most important thing is to console Clare and cheer her up at the moment.

Like a pitiful little girl who was abandoned, Clarissa grabbed hold of Matthew’s shirt and pressed her forehead against his chest. After quite a while, she finally broke the silence and said, “I’m fine. It’s not Ellie’s fault, too. It’s actually our fault. She’s reacting like that just because she’s really concerned about me. Please don’t do anything that will upset her.”

Clarissa thought about this after she managed to calm herself down.

“You’re still speaking up for her? She totally didn’t think of you.”

Ellie had definitely done something very wrong by talking Clare into break up with me!

Clarissa raised her head and looked at Matthew. “I know she’s really mad at both of us being in a relationship. I’m actually still wondering why. Perhaps she feels that I’m not worthy of you?”

It never came across her mind that Ellie would be so agitated and mad at her for such a long time after knowing that she was in a relationship with Matthew.

Ellie might be a materialistic person as well and actually feels that a marriage must be between two people who were compatible in terms of family statuses and background.

Clarissa was becoming more baffled with the whole situation.

If that is the reason, does it mean that Ellie would never approve me of becoming Matthew's partner? I'm her best friend, yet she can never accept me in becoming a member of her family and Matthew's spouse?

Clarissa's heart sank at the thought.

If even Ellie can't accept me, what more to say other members of the Tysons?

Pinching her delicate chin, Matthew asked with furrowed brows, "What are you thinking about? You look really pale."

Heaving a silent sigh, Clarissa shook her head and said, "Nothing. I'm just feeling upset and disappointed."

It was useless for her to be disappointed. She could not change the fact that she was not born to a prestigious family like the Tysons, yet she never felt inferior. She put in a lot of effort all this while and was actually proud of herself for being financially independent. Apart from that, she could even support her own family financially. If the Tysons could not accept her, there was nothing she could do.

Yet Clarissa was really disappointed and depressed for losing such a great friend like Ellie.

"Uncle Matthew," Clarissa stared into Matthew's eyes and asked, "If your family can't accept us being together, what will you do?"

Matthew squinted and instinctively tightened his grip on her chin. "Tell me, what should I do?"

Clarissa furrowed her brows and replied, "This is your problem, not mine. You shouldn't throw it to me."

She really disliked the way Matthew asked her back.

What can I do? The right to decision lies in his hands, isn't it?

Nonetheless, Matthew leaned closer to her and replied in a low voice, "This is not solely my problem. I'll do as you like. Clare, the decision lies in your hands."

Clarissa replied sarcastically, "Alright! Since the decision lies in my hands, will you agree if I want you to cut ties with your family? You don't have to answer me as I foresee that you will not. You just hope that I can make some promises, right? That I won't give up on us no matter what? I'm sorry, I'm not the type of person who will sacrifice blindly for love. If I have tried my best to work on the relationship but to no avail, then there's no point for me to hold on to it any longer."

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Chapter 112

Clarissa's mood turned more sullen after she stepped onto the plane.

She did not wish to get into a fight with Matthew.

She hated the fact that she had just ruined the weekend by speaking "the truth".

Prior to her departure, Clarissa wanted to kiss him goodbye, but the man just returned her a perfunctory peck on the cheek.

He knew what I said to be true. Sometimes the truth hurts but that doesn't mean that I should start lying. He is always the more rational one and should know this better than anyone else. Besides, he only has himself to blame for this obstacle between us! What right does he have to be mad at me? Urgh!

After she arrived at her hotel, Clarissa called Matthew to check in with him. However, the man's aloof attitude had gotten under her skin again, causing her to reciprocate in bitterness before hanging up the phone.

Who does he think he is!

Brushing her unpleasant phone call with Matthew aside, Clarissa sorted out her stuff in the hotel room before heading out to check in with Justin. She also brought with her some snacks from D City to share with the crew.

Clarissa went into Justin's room to catch up with him and a few other crew members regarding the filming progress. She was told that not long after she left, Shermaine, too, had taken some time off to go back to D City. They were said to have come back to the set around the same time.

Upon hearing that, a strange feeling flashed across Clarissa's mind, but she did not dwell on it.

As they were leaving Justin's room, he stopped and asked Clarissa, "When you were at D city, did Matt mention anything?"

"What is it?" She was baffled by Justin's question.

Justin shook his head and smiled in return. "Oh, it's nothing. I'm just afraid that Matt may be mad at me for keeping you here."

Clarissa let out a chuckle; her brows arched in a way that was refreshingly pleasant. "This is my job. There's nothing he can say about it. Besides, I've never complained once when he gets busy with his work. It's an era for gender equality now!"

"Yeah, you're right."

After sending Clarissa off, the smile on Justin's face faded away as he walked back into his room.

His expression grew grim as he recalled his earlier conversation with Jeremy and felt bad for Clarissa.

Clarissa inevitably bumped into Shermaine when she was on her way to send some garments for the set.

"Ms. Smallwood, here's your new costume."

Shermaine turned around and gazed at Clarissa. Her eyes appeared more slanted and apparent than usual due to the makeup.

Clarissa thought something was discernible in Shermaine's eyes.

Is that...probing? Or suspicions in her eyes?

Without intending to engage with Shermaine, Clarissa was quick to leave the room and was glad that the woman did not come after her.

“Mindy, come here,” Shermaine called for her assistant. This was yet another new assistant of hers.

The assistant who answered to the name “Mindy”, was Sasha Parks. But she did not bother to correct Shermaine.

“Yes, Ms. Smallwood”

“I need you to...” Shermaine then told Sasha what to do in a lowered voice.

Sasha thought it was a very peculiar order from Shermaine.

Nevertheless, she still carried out her order dutifully, considering it was not something illegal or harmful to anyone.

Clarissa, on the other hand, was unaware of what had taken place.

Instead, her attention was partly occupied by all sorts of gossips flowing out from the crew members.

For example, award-winning actor Quentin MacNeish actually had a girlfriend; an actress with impeccable public image spoke nothing but vulgar languages off-screen. She apparently cursed so much she could pass for any neighborhood thug.

Yaala was right when she said that all actors only put up a show on-screen for the benefit of the public. When they are not in front of a camera, they will swear, fart, joke, and have fetishes like ordinary people.

Clarissa thought Yaala’s observation was quite spot on. The more she was exposed to the showbiz environment, the more she felt intrigued by it.

Clarissa was not interested in becoming an actress herself. Rather, she thought she might try writing a showbiz-themed romantic comedy novel in her next project. It would be something different from her usual style, but not too heavy.

On that note, she had been busy keeping an eye out for gossips during her free time on the set. She even went out of her way to treating the crew members to meals and drinks just so that she could get them to spill the beans.

Nevertheless, gossip was a two-way street: people, too, had been gossiping about her in the studio.

There were rumors regarding the relationship between Clarissa and Justin. Because of Justin's special treatment of her, all the staff members also treated Clarissa like a special guest. When workers from another studio came for a visit, they would not fail to get their curiosity thirst quenched with gossips about Clarissa. When they realized that the screenwriter was such a beautiful young lady, they seemed convinced that she deserved the special treatment from the director.

As with all rumors, this one started to spread swiftly.

Meanwhile, another piece of news had also started to gain traction in D City.

It was reported that Matthew and Shermaine were very close to tying the knot. This potential union was widely anticipated to have a synergetic effect on both the Tysons and the Wynters family businesses. The most recent hearsay being circulated was that the two of them had already privately engaged. The initial speculations started to gain momentum when more news emerged that Shermaine Smallwood had made multiple appearances in D City of late.

Given her role as the supporting actress in the film, Shermaine's part was not as much as the lead actress. As such, she had taken time off from the studio to attend many public events with Matthew in D City. Those in the upper-class circle were now convinced that they were a pair.

Although many in the showbiz circle dared not disclose the personal life of an award-winning actress, some media still chose to risk it.

One media company had decided to expose the identity of the man behind Shermaine. Multiple articles with photos of Shermaine and Matthew arriving and leaving together on public events had made instant headlines on many social media platforms.

The news went off at midnight like a bomb and was keeping many people awake.

But Clarissa was not one of them; she had slept through the night.

It was not until the next day when she entered the studio did she realize the atmosphere was different from usual.

Clarissa could hear the crew members exchange hushed whispers in every corner. But before she could make out their content, Justin ordered everyone to zip their mouth and mind their own business.

Nevertheless, the director's executive order did not manage to shut all the windows.

Clarissa finally caught wind of the rumors and fished out her phone to start scrolling on internet news articles.

She had not logged into her Twitter account since morning. When she did so with a trembling hand, she was met with an overwhelming coverage of Matthew and Shermaine's pending nuptials.

This time, it was no longer some blurred pictures with largely speculative suggestions; they were all of high resolution that no one would have mistaken the two of them for other people.

Matthew and Shermaine could be seen walking shoulder to shoulder or arm in arm in the photos. Moreover, a few prominent Twitter account holders also joined the others to verify the news. Since the two families were compatible in terms of finance and business scale, the majority opinion was that the union would serve to optimize both the families' businesses in the foreseeable future.

There were a few versions of the reason behind this union. It was either out of true love or purely due to business considerations – any of which was capable of sending Clarissa down the river of heartbreak.

Still scrolling the news articles of Matthew and Shermaine, Clarissa recalled the last time she was back in D City. So, on Hannah's birthday celebration back then, the two of them were already unofficially engaged? Was that the reason Matthew came back so late that night? That will also explain why Matthew got so worked up when I spoke about the stark difference in our family backgrounds. No wonder Ellie said I'll regret this.

Finally putting down her phone, the woman smiled bitterly to herself.

Actually, I have no regrets. We've already been through this. I already knew what I was getting into from the start. It's just that, I didn't expect this day to come so soon. And Matthew didn't even bother to tell me the truth. Is he planning to only notify me on the day of their wedding?

"Clarissa, are you okay?" Justin walked up to her and asked.

Clarissa looked up and smiled at him. Well, look at me, I can still smile.

"I'm okay. I suppose you already knew, didn't you?"

Justin and Matthew were good friends. Clarissa believed Justin was already aware of this.

"Clarissa, I don't think you should take this kind of entertainment news seriously."

"You're right. So, I've decided to wait for Matthew to give me a final answer."

Seeing as Justin was hesitating to say something, Clarissa continued to speak, "That's okay, Justin. I'm well aware of our differences. Even if this means breaking up with Matthew, I won't feel sorry for myself."

Justin's eyes dimmed for an instant as he gazed at the woman before him. "Clarissa, I think you're perfect."

"Thanks, Justin. You're too kind. I'm really fine. You should get back to your work."

No crew members dared to disturb the two as it appeared they were gazing at each other in an affectionate manner.

It was not until the two walked away that the staff's mood lightened up and convinced themselves that Justin and Clarissa were into each other.

Shermaine was in an elevated mood the next day; she smiled at everyone and accepted a slew of congratulations offered to her as she waltzed into the studio.

Buoyed by the good news, Shermaine even managed to exchange some pleasantries with Yaala and a few other supporting actresses.

Clarissa was the only one whose presence still elicited a strange yet inexplicable look in Shermaine's eyes.

Clarissa wondered if Shermaine had already learned of things between her and Matthew.

Oh, well. If she knows, she knows. The fact that she's still so joyful only proves that the rumors are probably true. It seems like now I've become the outsider in this relationship. How about that...

"Ms. Quigley, you look very beautiful today."

Clarissa was rendered speechless by the smiling woman's casual remark. Even those standing within earshot also had their jaws dropped upon hearing the same.

Shermaine Smallwood is giving compliment to Ms. Quigley?

This is weird...

Clarissa tried to suppress her emotion but the corner of her mouth still twitched a little when she spoke, "Thanks, Ms. Smallwood. That's very kind of you. We've heard of your good news. Congratulations to you! When did the engagement take place? And have you decided on a wedding date?" Clarissa tried to probe.

Shermaine, on the other hand, took the questions for real and replied shyly, "Thanks so much. We just got engaged not long ago. But we have yet to set a wedding date. It will be soon though. We're thinking about the end of the year. You're so young and beautiful; I hope you'll meet someone soon!"

Clarissa's heart sank when she heard the reply.

It's all true then. They really are getting married. And yet, I seem to be the last to know.

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Chapter 113

Clarissa was still waiting for an explanation from Matthew. Or alternatively, an official breakup notice. Anything was better than just plain waiting.

As the woman was still staring out in a daze, another Tyson showed up from the corner of her eyes– it was Ellie.

“Ellie?” Clarissa was so startled to see Ellie’s presence in the studio and was lost for words for a few seconds.

“What are you gaping at? Am I not welcome here?”

Ellie feigned arrogance. She looked very different from the last time Clarissa saw her; her hair was longer now, the ashley-gray hair was now natural black. Her refreshing look resembled a cute college girl.

Despite that, the tone of her voice was not so pleasant.

But that did not concern Clarissa as she ran toward Ellie and whined like a child, “Ellie! Oh, I’m so glad you’re here. You have no idea how much I miss you...” She was now hugging Ellie tightly.

Ellie tried faintly to pry open Clarissa’s arms that were now wrapped around her like a boa constrictor. Failing which, she just pouted her lips a little in protest.

Clarissa knew in her heart that Ellie’s mere presence here was a good indicator that she had forgiven her.

Clarissa took leave from Justin and the two left the studio.

After returning to the hotel, the two friends were seated across from each other quietly before Ellie finally broke the silence. “I told you to break things off with him before but you refused. Now, look at you. Dare I say I told you so?”

Seeing her good friend keeping her head down, Ellie felt a pang of guilt surged in her chest. She chastised herself for choosing her words poorly for that was not her real intention.

“Actually...” Clarissa slowly replied with a bitter smile on her face. She was unexpectedly calm and composed. There was no crying hysterically, no complaints or similar emotional display one would expect from someone in her situation.

Ellie's heart ached when she looked at the woman before her trying so hard to hold it together.

"Ellie, I have no regrets for falling for Matthew. There's never any guarantee that two persons who are in love will last forever. It's just that, with all the news about them getting married, I still haven't received a call from Matthew. So, I think he probably has already broken up with me in his heart."

"Son of a b*tch!" Ellie cursed angrily.

"You shouldn't have started things with him. You'll still have gotten something in return if you did that for money. But you didn't! And look at what he's doing to you now——"

More curses flowed out of Ellie's mouth as though it was not her most respected uncle she was badmouthing about.

When she finally stopped to catch her breath, she saw a smile on Clarissa's face and threw a pillow in her direction. "What are you laughing at, you moron? Why didn't I find you to be so generous before?"

Clarissa caught the pillow and replied with a grin on her face, "I'm just happy that you still care so much about me. I take it that you've forgiven me?"

"That's not true. I'm still mad at you, Clarissa Quigley."

Clarissa walked toward her friend and sat down next to her. She then wrapped her arms around her and leaned her head on Ellie's shoulder as she spoke, "Thank you, Ellie."

"For what? For introducing you to Uncle Matt?" Ellie replied sarcastically.

That night, Clarissa finally received a call from Matthew.

They used to video call each other every night before they went to bed. But because of the row they had a few days before, no one was willing to break the ice since.

She thought that Matthew was still sulking like a child, while she was too proud to swallow her pride. So they had not exchanged a word for the last few days.

However, Clarissa would not have guessed that the reason Matthew did not call was because he was busy engaging with another woman.

When Matthew finally called, she carried her phone and came to the hotel courtyard. The air was frosty on the line as Clarissa answered the call but did not utter a word. She was waiting for Matthew to say something.

Matthew fell silent for a moment before he finally spoke, "Is there anything that you want to say to me?"

The man's voice was still the familiar dulcet and pleasant tone to Clarissa's ear. But now, she no longer allowed herself to be immersed in that voice.

Her voice was cold and emotionless when she replied, "Shouldn't it be you who has something to say to me?"

The line went momentarily quiet again before Matthew said, "Clare, please try to believe me."

Matthew's succinct reply had instantly warmed up the frozen heart of hers. She had hardened her heart to prepare for the worst, but upon hearing his sincere plea, her heart slowly softened.

Despite her repeated reassurance to others that she was doing fine, her heart had been in wrenching pain.

It was more so after Shermaine's admission to the engagement rumors. But a small part of her still harbored a faint hope that Matthew would refute those news.

And now, she needed to build up her confidence in him once more.

With that thought, Clarissa's voice turned softer when she replied, "Okay, I believe you. But can you tell me what's going on? Shermaine admitted to me that you and her are already engaged. I'm all ears now."

Matthew massaged his temple, thinking where to start.

It involved many complicating factors that included parental coercion, the close ties between the two families, business, and political decisions. Things could play out very differently depending on every move Matthew made now.

The fact that Matthias was in a fluid position right now made the matter trickier for him to handle.

It was difficult to explain to an outsider about all the interconnecting factors affecting his decisions.

Matthew had devised his own plan, but he was not sure if Clarissa would understand.

“Clare...”

“What is it?”

“There’s a lot of conflict of interests involved in this matter for you to fully comprehend, nor are you expected to understand. I just need you to understand that I’ll take care of it, and I won’t be marrying Shermaine.”

“So?”

“So, forget about what you saw from the news. They will soon die down after a while. By then, people will start chasing after some hotter news.”

The initial light of hope dimmed down rapidly in Clarissa’s heart the more she listened to Matthew’s explanation.

All that he can explain to me is to forget about the news?

Clarissa might not fully comprehend the business interests involved, but she could pretty well form a conclusion from this: It was impossible for Matthew to set things straight and publicly denounce the rumors right now.

Clarissa grew silent as this fact dawned on her.

She could not see the tiresome look on Matthew’s face on the other end of the line, nor could she appreciate all the effort Matthew was making back in D City.

He could be facing a lot of dilemmas, but she would not understand. Just as he would not understand how insecure she felt about their relationship right now.

Such is our distance.

At one point, Clarissa had contemplated the idea to just end the relationship. But she could not bring herself to utter such words.

After the two ended the phone call in silence, Clarissa stood still in the courtyard for a long time. She seemed lost in her own thoughts.

As the night grew longer, the noises in the hotel did not subside. Being so close to the studio, there were always people moving about in the middle of the night as crew members exchanged shifts.

Clarissa's daze was interrupted by the noises coming from inside the hotel. The cold autumn wind had finally awakened her body.

As she turned around to walk back to her room, Clarissa bumped into Shermaine in the hotel lobby.

Clarissa was going to ignore her and head back to her room, but Shermaine was not ready to let her go as she called after her cheerfully, "Ms. Quigley, you're still up? Since I also can't sleep, care to have a chat with me?"

Clarissa stopped in her tracks and looked at Shermaine. They then found a place and sat down together.

This was the first time the two women spoke peacefully to each other.

Clarissa suspected that Shermaine might already know her relationship with Matthew and was waiting for her to say something.

However, Shermaine's questions were those of inconsequential things such as Clarissa's age, birth date, place of origin, and what did her parents do for a living.

Clarissa answered Shermaine's questions half-heartedly, but she increasingly thought it was strange for her to ask these questions as though she was checking out her identity registration.

"Ms. Smallwood, if I don't know you better, I'd have thought that you're detailing my identity registration."

Shermaine continued to smile brightly as she replied, "Oh, I'm only trying to make conversations with you to kill some time. I didn't know that we are of the same age. I think it's great that you have achieved so much at such a young age. Are you planning to continue your work in D City for the foreseeable future? I bet you are. With Justin as your devoted supporter, I'm sure we'll be seeing each other a lot in D City."

"Well, it depends." Clarissa frowned and gave an ambiguous reply.

The ultimate deciding factor will be Matthew and how things pan out with him.

"I heard that your mother is also in D City?" Shermaine continued to ask.

"Who told you that?" Clarissa raised her eyebrow.

"Oh...I actually forgot." Shermaine lowered her head momentarily before she looked up again and said smilingly, "I bet your mother is a beautiful woman, too, since her daughter is so charmingly pretty."

"You're too kind."

"That's nonsense, you're truly beautiful!" Shermaine exclaimed.

Seriously, what is wrong with this woman? Is she so intoxicated with euphoria her personality also undergoes a drastic change?

"Ms. Smallwood, I think I'll turn in now. Please get some rest yourself," Clarissa said and dashed back to her room.

Ellie awoke drowsily when Clarissa entered her hotel room.

"Did you just come back from outside? Have you been crying?" Ellie asked while sitting up straight and checking on Clarissa.

"I'm fine. I was on the phone just now."

"With Uncle Matt? What did he say?"

Clarissa smiled grimly. "Not much. He only asked me to believe him."

"Pfft! That jack*ss!"

Ellie could not contain herself as she continued, "Clare, there's something you must understand. Even with people as powerful as Uncle Matt, there are times when they have no choice but to be strong-armed into doing things they don't like. I've witnessed a lot of this growing up. That's why I've been saying to you to just let him go while you can."

Clarissa sat on her bed and looked out the window for a while before she finally said, "Ellie, do you really think there's no hope at all for me?"

"My dad is very close to the Wynters. I was told that he may be advancing in his position in the company. But it's more complicated than that as it involves other people. All in all, it's corporate nonsense and maybe I'll be forced into doing such things in the future."

The girls grew quiet at the same time, knowing in their hearts that they might never live out the ideal love dreams they each had in the mind.

"Ellie, I think I'll wait."

Ellie frowned and sighed. "It's up to you."

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 114

Ellie thought that Clarissa was just a persistent and obstinate kind of person.

But in fact, Clarissa could also foresee the consequences she would have to face if she kept waiting like this. That being said, she kept on waiting because she was still a tad bit irritated.

Although she was unsure if waiting was the right thing to do, she simply wanted to dawdle and observe what would happen.

The next day, Clarissa woke up with a cold and was feeling queasy. The strong cold wind she was exposed to for a long period of time last night was probably the reason why she got sick.

Meanwhile, Ellie left the film studio first thing in the morning to go back and make sure everything was fine. If anything had gone awry, she would be able to inform Clarissa immediately.

When Clarissa arrived at the set, the shoot was already happening. Since her lightheadedness was still lingering, she rested on Jamie's chair for a while. Her rest was short-lived as she was soon called to help out with the shoot.

During her work, Clarissa started sweating abnormally and was soon drenched in cold sweat. Her hands and legs also started shaking uncontrollably.

Deep down in her heart, she knew that something like this was going to happen sooner or later since she didn't exercise regularly before. Because of that frail body of hers, just having a cold was enough to deplete all her strength, deterring her from doing her work.

I need to start exercising more in the future.

Actually, Clarissa had told herself the same thing many times before but she never had the conviction to keep exercising.

In the resting room, Jamie was done changing and was ready for her final shoot. In her last scene, she needed to act out the death of the princess after the nation was invaded.

"I can't believe today is going to be my last shoot. To be honest, I'll really miss playing my character." Jamie let out a sigh.

With her pale face, Clarissa looked at her and smiled before querying, "Are you deliberately complaining out loud in the hope that I would take pity and give you more screen time?"

"Of course not, Ms. Quigley. I wouldn't dare. However, if you don't mind, perhaps you could give me more scenes to play in your next film?" asked Jamie.

"Okay. If you promise to be nice toward me, I'll let you be the female lead for my next film," replied Clarissa.

"Really? O great Ms. Quigley, whatever is it that you want me to do, I'll make sure to get it done..." Jamie looked like she would deign to do anything.

Gazing at her expression, Clarissa chuckled and said, "Okay, enough fooling around. The next scene you're going to play will require you to be strapped onto the wire work. Also, there'll be an explosion in the scene so be prepared and stay focused."

Jamie was touched by Clarissa's caring reminder to her as she responded, "I love you so, so much, Ms. Quigley. What should I do with this intense feeling I have right now?"

"Move along now. I'm straight," Clarissa clarified.

"But your beauty is dazzling and I just can't get enough of it. What say you if I change my sex?" asked Jamie.

Miffed, Clarissa pushed away Jamie, who was being a nudnik to her. Since the scene they were going to film was an important one, almost every actor and actress was present on the set, including Yaala and Quentin. This was the final scene left to shoot in the film studio. After this, they would have to film in the desert and other various settings.

During the shoot, all of the actors were cautious and alert in the midst of the fights and explosions. Even though they were strapped onto the wire works, their safety still wasn't a hundred percent guaranteed.

"Don't worry, we have life insurance. Not to mention it's a hefty one at that," Yaala joked around.

"I'd rather the life insurance not be used even if it meant that I'll be in a loss. I still have my parents and kids to take care of." Quentin let out a smile.

"Look at that exemplary attitude of yours!" A few of them continued to joke around.

In the meantime, Yaala noticed that Clarissa's face was getting paler. Worried, she frowned and asked, "Are you not feeling well? Why didn't you get some rest?"

Clarissa feign a smile and answered, "No, I'm fine. It's just a cold."

"I'll get my assistant to buy you some cold medicines later," Yaala offered.

“Thank you, Ms. Zaha.” Clarissa accepted her kindness.

“What are you being so polite?”

Yaala was very fond of Clarissa. Although they were not super close, Yaala felt relaxed and comfortable being around Clarissa.

Not to mention that Clarissa was such a cute-looking girl with a down-to-earth personality.

After Jamie and Quentin left, Yaala took a seat beside Clarissa and glanced at her intently.

“Do you have something you want to talk about?” Yaala queried.

“What?” Clarissa was stupefied while Yaala was just smiling at her.

“Why do you sound so surprised? Anyone could tell that you were feeling down just by looking at you. People are just shy to approach you and ask you about it. I saw that you and Shermaine were chatting last night. Is this about her?” Yaala made a guess.

Clarissa shook her head and answered, “No, it’s about me.”

“Ah, I see. Nevertheless, Shermaine was in high spirits these few days. Did you notice that she’s been paying more attention to you?”

Clarissa was also perplexed by Shermaine’s behavior these past few days.

“Yes, but I don’t know what’s going on with her either,” Clarissa uttered.

It probably doesn’t concern Matthew, or else Shermaine wouldn’t be smiling now.

Clarissa was still trying to wrap her head around the reason behind Shermaine’s sudden behavioral change.

“She didn’t make things difficult for you right?” asked Yaala.

Clarissa shook her head before replying, “Ms. Zaha, if she did try to mess with me, I would have done something about it. You know that, right?”

"If she really did mess with you, she would've done so inconspicuously. That woman is quite cunning."

It would seem that Yaala had dealt with Shermaine in the past.

Curious, Clarissa wanted to ask Yaala a few questions of her own but was interrupted by the director. The director wanted the actors to check whether or not it was safe to continue filming the last few segments of the scene.

Feeling bored to death, Clarissa lay down and was starting to get drowsy.

"Ms. Quigley? Can you lend me a hand?"

Clarissa was startled by the shy girl in front of her. She instantly got up and said, "Yes, of course. What do you need from me?"

"I'm sorry to bother you, Ms. Quigley, but the extra that we hired is nowhere to be found. Since the shoot is already ongoing, we can't impede the whole shoot just for her. Can you be a substitute for her? Her role is just a palace maid. You might not even be caught in the camera," the girl requested.

"Okay, I'll do it. However, I'm clueless as to how a palace maid should act, walk, and things like that..." Clarissa replied.

"Don't worry, I'll guide you. So, it's like this..."

Clarissa followed the girl to the changing room to put on the maid outfit. After hearing the intricacies of the role from the girl, she was relieved to learn that the role was a rather simple one. Knowing that her face might not even be caught in the shoot, she relaxingly agreed to be an extra for the very first time.

As the director started shooting, everyone was getting tensed up. Clarissa watched as the main leads redo their scene again and again as the director was unsatisfied with their performance. Tired from standing too long, she leaned on one of the big pillars of the building.

Around her were a few other extras that were hired. Since they knew Clarissa was the screenwriter of the film, they all flocked around her and started chatting with her.

"Ms. Quigley, I think that you are way more attractive and capable compared to the main leads. Why didn't you consider entering showbiz? There's already a plethora of people who are fans of your work. You'll become way more famous if you had acted in them. That being said, you are already quite famous on the internet now."

"I don't like exposing my face to the public. I earn my living using my scripts, not my face," Clarissa explained.

"As expected of the great Ms. Quigley. You're so confident and talented."

"Yes, I think so too. Ms. Quigley is also very kind..."

The extras kept on showering her with compliments. Embarrassed, Clarissa quickly got herself out of there.

While the main leads were quibbling over something, Shermaine's face was starting to get pale. After resting for a while, they continued the shoot. Those who were supposed to be dead in the scene continued to play dead. Meanwhile, Shermaine and Yaala were lifted up again using the wire works. Quentin, who was acting like a limping person, still looked dashing on camera. Jamie on the other hand was lying on the ground, with blood coming out of her mouth...

Glaring at this quagmire in front of her, Clarissa found it rather amusing.

She tried her best to hold back her laughter as they started shooting again.

Clarissa started to get dizzy as she was overwhelmed by the different shots they had to take.

Suddenly, a loud and piercing scream was heard by everyone on the set. The scream was so high-pitched that everyone felt like their scalp was going to fall off. Hearing the scream, Clarissa winced and fell onto the ground as someone had yanked her by the side. Following her fall was intense pain as if her heart was being drilled.

However, it would seem that she wasn't the only one who got hurt as there were also all sorts of commotion behind her. As she looked behind her, she saw that crowds of people were surrounding someone who was wailing in pain.

"Ms. Quigley, are you okay? Ah... Your arm is wounded-"

Clarissa turned her attention toward her arm and realized that the extreme pain she felt just now was caused by a big wooden board falling onto her arm.

After being assisted to her feet, she was still confused about the current situation as she slowly strode forward.

Soon after, the ambulance together with the doctors arrived on the scene. However, the doctors seemed to have their hands full treating the other person. And so, Clarissa was sent directly to the hospital with a cab.

Having arrived at the hospital, Clarissa was getting more conscious and aware of her surroundings. Her arm was wrapped with a splint after being treated to keep her arm in place. Due to the cold she had, Clarissa started to get dizzier to the point where she just passed out.

When she came to her senses, it was already the next day.

In the ward, a few other patients were having a discussion about yesterday's incident, whereas Clarissa had only known about it just now.

"The august actor, Shermaine had an accident at the set yesterday. Her wire work snapped... Got hurt – Came back to D City. The shoot was canceled... Too dangerous to continue... "

Shermaine was injured? It must've been very serious. She even went back to D City.

Lying on the hospital bed, Clarissa was lost in her thoughts.

Not long after, a person came rushing toward her. The person was one of the female extras that was standing beside her yesterday.

"Ms. Quigley, sorry to disturb you just after you've woken up. I came here as fast as I could after I've finished my shoot just now. How are you feeling? Fortunately, the doctor said that the injury on your arm wasn't serious but you'll still have to refrain from moving it too much. So, are you going back to the hotel or?" she queried.

"Yeah, I'm going back to the hotel."

Clarissa was very grateful to the girl. Upon arriving at the hotel, she gave the girl a small fee for helping her.

After that, she went on to find Justin but was told by the assistant director that he had already gone back to D City.

Although some parts of the film were not able to be filmed, the shoot must continue on. The assistant director was shooting the parts of the other actors while waiting for Justin to return.

Hearing that Clarissa was injured, the assistant director was rather shocked. Nonetheless, the assistant director gave her permission to take a break.

After packing her luggage, Clarissa checked out of her room and went to D City instead of going back home.

She carried her luggage and went back to the apartment on her lonesome. Clarissa rested for a while at her apartment before calling Matthew.

However, Matthew didn't answer the phone.

Clarissa had a weird feeling about this, so she decided to send Matthew a message which stated that she was going back to D City on her own.

The whole afternoon had past and yet there still wasn't a reply from Matthew.

Clarissa let out a sigh and finished her takeaway dinner. Sitting by the window in her room, she contemplated outside her window in silence.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 115

Ellie spent a long time glaring at Clarissa's arm.

As she was about to say something, Clarissa cut her off. "I'm okay. I even informed you as soon as I got back here. You don't need to worry so much. The only thing that's troublesome for me is not being able to move my arm as much. But luckily, I can still use my other arm. See? I'm not crippled."

"You-"

"I'm fine!" Clarissa interrupted Ellie again before smiling naturally at her.

Ellie let out a long sigh and took a seat.

"You sure your arm is fine? To be honest, I'm still a bit perturbed. How about this? I'll arrange a meeting with an orthopedist at the hospital later," suggested Ellie.

"That's enough. There's no need to get so worked up about this. Trust me, it's only a bone fracture. It's my arm so I would know," assured Clarissa.

"No, you must listen to me," Ellie insisted.

With no other choice, Clarissa was dragged by Ellie to the hospital. Damon also tagged along with them as they met up at the hospital. After seeing the head doctor of orthopedics, the vise that had been gripping their chests finally loosened a little as the doctor confirmed that Clarissa's injury wasn't severe.

"Are you two satisfied now? You guys are just overreacting."

Peeved, Clarissa even blurted out profanities as she was being escorted by Damon and Ellie out of the hospital.

"We are not overreacting. The well-being of your arms and hands is of utmost importance for a writer as famous as you. So of course we would be more cautious," Damon responded solemnly.

Ellie gave him a big thumbs up, agreeing with his statement.

Clarissa on the other hand, shook her head sullenly.

After that, the two of them sent Clarissa back to her apartment.

Damon drove off after arriving at the apartment while Ellie followed Clarissa up to her room to help her unpack her luggage.

Sitting on the bed, Clarissa watched as Ellie opened her wardrobe. There were a few men's clothing hanging inside of it. Despite seeing that, the two of them were reticent about it.

“Clare, you can finally get some rest now and let your arm heal. You don’t need to bother with the crew anymore right? Just take it easy and forget about the crew for now. By the way, I’m moving in to live with you for the next few days so that it will be easier for me to take care of you. Oh, I almost forgot. I also had someone prepare bone soup for you to help with the recovery of your arm. And also...”

“Ellie, I can’t seem to contact Uncle Matthew.”

Before Ellie was done nagging, Clarissa interrupted her. Ellie was stunned in place after hearing what Clarissa said.

“Yesterday when I came back here, I gave him a call and even sent him a message, but he didn’t respond to either one. Do you have any idea where he is? Are you able to contact him?” Clarissa added on.

Livid, Ellie turned around and retorted, “Why are you trying to contact him? In moments like this you’re still thinking about him? Are you mad or something?”

Clarissa was awfully calm after being confronted by her.

“I’m trying to contact him so that I can officially break up with him,” Clarissa replied apathetically.

Ellie’s anger quickly deflated like a punctured balloon.

“If I really can’t get in touch with him, I’ll just break up with him through text. I’ve already sent a message telling him we should break up back when I was in the hospital,” said Clarissa.

Crouching on the ground, Ellie continued rummaging through Clarissa’s luggage only to find a few clothes in it.

After a while, she uttered, “He accompanied Shermaine to Moranta to get treatment. They took off yesterday and might still be very busy. That’s maybe why he didn’t reply to you.”

But there’s also a good chance that he simply didn’t want to reply to me, right?

Clarissa was talking to herself in her head.

“Was Shermaine’s injury serious? I was in a daze when it all happened, so I don’t exactly remember how badly hurt she was.”

Since she went to Moranta to get herself treated, her injury must’ve been quite serious.

“I don’t know much and I don’t intend to care. Anyway, she went straight to Moranta yesterday. That shameless woman also insisted Uncle Matt to accompany her. Even my Grandma, she-”

Ellie suddenly stopped halfway through her sentence.

“Nevermind, you don’t need to know about this. Since you’ve broken up with him now, there’s no need for you to care about it anymore.”

Yeah, you’re right. We’ve already broken up.

Clarissa pondered for a while and decided to leave her relationship with Matthew behind once and for all.

Although she didn’t break up with Matthew in person, she was glad it went like this instead.

Ellie helped Clarissa up from her bed and carefully assisted her to the bathroom. Upon closing the bathroom door, Clarissa’s phone, which was on top of her bed, suddenly rang.

Ellie took a look at it and saw that it was Matthew who was calling her.

She instinctively took Clarissa’s phone outside and answered it there.

After Clarissa got out of the bathroom, she saw that Ellie was packing her clothes back into her luggage.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“Now that you’ve broken up with him, you shouldn’t live here anymore. I know you’ll be too shy to live with me so I’ve found you another apartment to live in through Damon’s help. The apartment is already ready for you to move in. Since you don’t have many belongings here, we should take all of them there now.”

Clarissa paused for two seconds before smiling at Ellie. Surprisingly, she didn't deplore Ellie's proposal.

"Okay."

The two of them quickly left. In the meantime, Damon was waiting for them at the new apartment he found.

Damon didn't pry into the reason why Clarissa suddenly wanted to move to another place. As her stalwart friend, he only did what he was asked and found her a nice place to live in. Damon also ordered takeaways for the three of them at the new apartment.

Since Clarissa couldn't drink alcohol yet, she could only watch as Damon and Ellie drank their alcohol. She also listened in on their conversation about the daft things they did when they were young.

Time flew by quickly and it was already late at night. After Clarissa fell asleep, Damon and Ellie exited the apartment and went downstairs.

"Don't bother asking. She just broke up and is still a bit shaken by it. We should find attractions that are fun and bring her there, okay?" suggested Ellie.

"Okay." Damon nodded in agreement.

"Right, then I'll leave the arrangements to you. And by the way, don't mention Shermaine in front of us, got it?" reminded Ellie.

Damon let out a short sigh. "I'm fully aware that you dislike her, so of course I won't mention her. Aren't you the one who is bringing her up right now? Not to mention, Shermaine is part of my uncle's family."

"Humph, as long as you get my point. And also, don't tell anyone about Clare's whereabouts. If anyone asks you about it, pretend that you don't know, understand?" instructed Ellie.

"Who would possibly ask me about it?"

Ellie didn't bother explaining to Damon.

After a few days had passed, Clarissa was taken outside by Ellie and Damon to have fun even though her arm was still an inconvenience. That being said, her two friends compensated for that by helping her with basically everything. Clarissa was actually quite pleased being spoiled by them.

The only weird thing was that her phone hadn't rung at all.

Clarissa inspected her phone to find out whether it was working properly or not. After seeing that it was in fact functioning properly, she came to the conclusion that there just weren't many people who cared about her.

A month later, Ellie and Damon, together with Clarissa, came back from overseas and went straight to the hospital.

Clarissa's arm was finally free from the splint that was binding it for so long.

As she was shaking her hand, the doctor smiled and advised her, "Although your hand is fine now, you shouldn't be too reckless with it."

"Yeah, you better be careful with your arm. You'll have to drink more bone soup if you fracture it again."

Clarissa responded while pouting, "Bone soup again? I've already suffered for a whole month drinking bone soup after every meal I ate. Didn't you notice that I got fatter? I'll vomit if I drink anymore."

As the three of them were walking toward the exit, Damon joked around and said, "Actually, maybe we should change it to stewed trotter next."

Clarissa gave him a minatory look, "Damon, you're tired of living, huh?"

She seemed like she was about to clobber him up. Damon hurriedly ran away from her while Ellie was holding Clarissa back and laughing at the same time.

The three of them looked very happy and carefree.

This was what young people should act like.

Sitting in his car, Matthew was observing them from a distance with a cigarette in hand. He narrowed his black eyes to look closely at Clare's bright smile which he hadn't seen for quite a while now.

His hand flinched as the cigarette's stub burned his skin.

After he stubbed out the cigarette, Clare had already left in a car.

"Mr. Tyson?"

Having not yet received any indications from Matthew, the driver reminded him.

"Let's go," Matthew answered.

Matthew bumped into Clarissa back at the airport and had been tailing her up until now.

As to why was Clarissa's arm injured, he had no idea. Since he couldn't contact her for a whole month, he also didn't know how long she was injured.

The one thing that he knew was that Ellie was the one hindering him from contacting Clarissa. That being said, he wasn't sure if Clarissa was in cahoots with Ellie or not.

Night eventually came and Clarissa had personally prepared a feast for her buddies.

It was the first time that Damon ate something this delicious in his life.

"Clare, can you take care of me from now on? I'll promise you anything that you want as long as you cook for me every day."

In the past month, Damon realized that he was still in love with her. That was why he would sometimes tease her and it had actually turned into a habit of his. Even if his love was unrequited, they could still remain best friends. But ideally speaking, he would prefer dating her.

"You want Clare to be your personal chef? No, not on my watch."

Ellie condemned his request.

Clarissa smiled and said, "Stop fooling around. If you want me to cook for you, you'll have to wait till when I'm free. Now that my arm has recovered, I'll be occupied with work again. I've had enough fun these past few weeks, so it's time for me to focus and get back to work."

"If you want to work so much, then go ahead."

"But I'll need to stop by the set of Princess first," Clarissa stated.

"That place again?"

"Yeah." Clarissa nodded.

"I managed to find the time to contact Director Yates. He told me that I could go there anytime I want after my recovery."

As Clarissa mentioned Justin, Ellie was fraught with a sense of guilt, but she bravely took the initiative to admit her mistake.

"You already knew that I messed with your phone, right? However, I don't have any bad intentions. I told your friends that your arm got hurt and that you needed some rest. They didn't have anything particularly urgent to inform you about. I've also sorted out everything with Mr. Justin. He didn't seem to have anything important to tell you either."

Although Ellie didn't bring up the part about Matthew's phone call, Clarissa was probably aware of it.