

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

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Those who knew the things that had occurred between the duo couldn't wait to figure out Clarissa's response.

Meanwhile, Yaala noticed the odd responses from the bigshots around her ever since Clarissa showed up and joined them.

Therefore, she was shocked because Clarissa seemed to be acquainted with the powerful figures. As a matter of fact, they seemed to be close acquaintances.

Evidently, it was a challenge from Jeremy. He wanted to force Clarissa into submission and confronted her in front of others.

Matthew cast an indifferent gaze at Clarissa with his abysmal pair of eyes that seemed to hold an entire universe in it. He behaved nonchalantly in anticipation of her reply.

"Ms. Zaha, can you introduce me to the celebrity over there? I have always been a huge fan of his! Can you please get him to take a photo with me?" Clarissa beamed and diverted Yaala's attention.

Yaala was taken aback by the non-relevant request. Seconds after she snapped out of confusion, she stated, "O-Okay... S-Sure..."

Before she could grasp the situation, Clarissa had dragged Yaala along with her and made their way over to the celebrity's side. Clarissa ended up behaving timidly like an embarrassed child.

Jeremy and the rest of his party were left behind, rendered speechless by Clarissa's response.

That's it? Is she going to ignore him and pretend he isn't here?

Cough!

Jeremy couldn't handle the awkwardness due to Clarissa's unexpected response—it was beyond his expectation for Clarissa to think out of the box. She actually ignored the question that was directed at her.

He was intimidated and dared not look in Matthew's direction.

Yarick had long departed with the influencers he had brought along with him. He knew it would be better to stay away from Matthew for the time being. To be precise, it would be wise to neglect Matthew until the conflict he had with Clarissa was resolved.

Jeremy caressed his nose embarrassedly and said, "Matt, I think the celebrity they're talking about is the on-the-rise actor. However, he's way younger than Clarissa. He's nothing more than a brat, so you don't have to be worried."

In short, Jeremy implied the celebrity wasn't a match for Matthew in multiple different aspects. Clarissa had merely approached him to have some fun.

In the end, Clarissa started wrapping her arm around the celebrity's shoulders in front of others with a bright grin. Her glistening pair of eyes gleamed in excitement because she was head over heels for him.

Things had gotten inexplicably awkward.

Jeremy dared not say anything else because he was afraid things would spiral out of his control soon.

He found Yarick's statement accurate. Clarissa was a cold-hearted woman. In fact, cold-hearted might not be enough to justify her cruelty.

I guess I'll have to leave the rest to Matt and stop being a busybody!

Jeremy glanced at Matthew and noticed the latter almost crushed the goblet. Although he had been trying his best to suppress his emotions, he couldn't stop himself from emanating a menacing aura, intimidating those around him. Jeremy couldn't take it anymore and headed elsewhere with his partner.

He secretly prayed Matthew wouldn't lose his cool and went berserk in front of others. After all, Jeremy was the one who had requested Yaala to conduct the birthday banquet. If things headed South, he would have a hard time explaining himself.

“William, I’m impressed by your role as the prince! You have no idea how good-looking you are! Most importantly, your acting is spot on! Forgive me for being frank, but you look so much more handsome in person! I’m a huge fan of yours!”

Clarissa started behaving like a hardcore fan of William. She felt a strong urge to cradle the handsome man in her arms.

On the other hand, William was fond of Clarissa due to her gentle temperament. He complimented Clarissa for a job well done as the screenwriter.

Occasionally, Yaala would join the duo’s conversation, but she noticed the most attractive man of the banquet wouldn’t stop looking in their direction.

To be precise, he couldn’t move his eyes away from Clarissa.

When Yaala recalled Clarissa had neglected Matthew on purpose, she was certain something fishy was going on between the duo.

Nonetheless, she couldn’t figure out the sort of relationship the duo had with one another.

Matthew is Shermaine’s fiancé, whereas Clarissa is merely a trivial screenwriter. She’s nothing more than a close friend of Justin, isn’t she? Could it be...

Yaala started ruling out the possibilities in her mind. Judging by the passionate gaze the man had when the woman showed up in front of him, she knew something was off.

Tsk! Tsk! This is getting increasingly interesting!

After a short while, William excused himself and engaged in a conversation with others. Clarissa felt embarrassed because she had been keeping him to herself for such a long time. When she turned around and caught the odd look of Yaala, she responded with a sheepish grin.

“Ms. Zaha, what’s wrong? Is there something on my face? Has my make-up smudged?”

Yaala shook her head and started sizing Clarissa up over from head to toe. A few seconds later, she turned around and looked at Matthew, who was quite a distance away.

Clarissa decided to play dumb and asked, "Ms. Zaha, your birthday is quite some time away, isn't it? Aren't we at least a few weeks away from your actual date of birth?"

"Well, can't we celebrate in advance? Since we're going to be occupied with different things soon. I thought it would be better to hold a birthday banquet when everyone had a relatively free schedule! I gotta make the most out of the banquet, aye?" Yaala dead-panned her reply.

"H-Haha... You're being pretty humorous tonight, Ms. Zaha."

"Actually, it's the truth. I'm able to generate a fortune by holding this birthday banquet."

Jeremy was the one who insisted on holding the birthday banquet. Apart from financial gains, she managed to do Jeremy a favor and get him to owe her once.

Indirectly, she had secured an opportunity in a lifetime for herself, and all she had to do was to play along with the man with deep pockets.

She finally figured out the reason he brought up the request to hold the birthday banquet out of the blue.

It turned out Clarissa's relationship with Matthew was the sole reason the grand birthday banquet was held in the first place.

Clarissa's values in life were completely ruined when she heard Yaala's realistic statement.

"You're not shocked, are you? If I'm getting married in the future, I'll throw another grand wedding ceremony to generate a fortune! You know what? This is easy cash, easier than spending our time producing movies!" Yaala added with a smirk.

Clarissa showed Yaala a big thumbs up.

When Yaala was about to say something, she was dragged away by someone. Since Clarissa had nothing to do, she started drinking and savoring the dishes that were served. Throughout the entire session, she could feel the man's gaze. Although most of the guests weren't aware of Matthew's actual identity, they knew he must be an influential figure since Jeremy and Yarick had to take him seriously.

Since the mysterious figure wouldn't move his eyes away from an unknown yet ethereal-looking woman, the guests noticed Clarissa's presence and started imagining things.

To get herself out of the embarrassing situation, she walked out of the banquet hall. Otherwise, things would get to the point of no return should he keep staring at her.

Holding on to the train of her evening gown, she made her way past the guests and strode in the direction of the balcony. The moment she walked out of the heater-equipped hall, she started shivering when she felt the chilling breeze.

Even though she couldn't stop shivering, she felt afresh like never before. She finally had a chance to take a breather and collect her thoughts.

She would always overthink things in the evening. It took her a lot of effort to restrain herself from being overwhelmed by the tidal waves of emotions associated with her relationship with Matthew. Clarissa had been having it tough, pretending to be an indifferent woman around Matthew.

The gorgeous scenery of stars shining bright in the pitch-black sky seemed so surreal as though it was a painting.

Achoo!

Clarissa caressed her nose after she started sneezing. She thought it would be better for her to leave the balcony.

However, she could feel a warming sensation on her shoulders and neck when that particular thought crossed her mind. She caught a whiff of an awfully familiar scent.

She was startled for a short while. When she turned around, her eyes came into contact with Matthew's abysmal pair of eyes.

For the first time over the past few hours, she decided to stop avoiding his gaze.

Clarissa removed the man's jacket and handed it back to him. "Thanks, Mr. Tyson, but that won't be necessary. I'll be leaving soon."

Things got awkward because he refused to take it back when she tried to hand it back to him.

Smirking, Clarissa cast the jacket in Matthew's direction.

He had no intention to take it back. As a result, it slid down his body and fell to the ground.

Clarissa couldn't be bothered by it at all. When she wanted to return to the banquet hall, she walked past Matthew and stepped on his dinner jacket. It seemed to be unintentional, but she paused for a few seconds before stepping forward.

She had made up her mind to leave, but she wouldn't get to leave because of the man behind her.

When she was a step away from the hall, Matthew wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her backward, causing her to fall in between his arms.

Clarissa's face puckered. As a result of the man's powerful grip on her wrist, she almost coughed up the food she had savored.

They were in an intimate posture as Matthew supported her back, causing her to start squeezing the muscles of her inner thighs, back, and buttocks.

He leaned over and ran his lips across her ears. However, he remained silent throughout the entire session. All she could feel was the man's heavy breath by her ear.

Clarissa mustered her strength to shrug Matthew off, but she was merely a powerless woman as compared to the strong man.

She had to give up. A few seconds of silence later, her heart skipped a beat when she heard the man's hoarse and seductive voice.

"Finally decided to stop struggling?"

Her legs almost turned to jelly, but she tried her best to get a grip on herself. She refused to be vulnerable in front of him.

She put on a strong front and demanded, "Mr. Tyson, if you don't move away from me, I'm afraid I'll have to shout for help."

“Why don’t you go ahead and give it a try?”

She took a deep breath and asked, “Mr. Tyson, do you think things will turn out differently? Aren’t you afraid the guests will tell your fiancée you’re holding another in between your arms? I have nothing to lose.”

“I’m so sorry to share this with you, but I don’t have one as of now.”

“Are you going to pretend Shermaine is dead?”

“She’s alive and kicking, but I’m telling you I don’t have a fiancée.”

“Are you trying to deceive me again?” Clarissa got infuriated and raised her volume, confronting the man.

“It’s not my fault if you fall for words, isn’t it?” Matthew replied nonchalantly and made himself clear in a serious manner.

“Ha!” Clarissa responded with a scornful look.

She retaliated against the man and pinched his arms with the nails she had been keeping for some time without holding back. The infuriated woman wished she possessed the impregnable nails of a vampire, capable of ripping the man behind her into pieces within seconds.

Perhaps it was due to the nature of her job as a screenwriter. She started imagining the blood and gore scenes of the movies she used to produce some time ago. Immediately after she snapped out of confusion, she stopped herself and slightly unfastened her grip.

“Please let go of me, Mr. Tyson! Although I’m not a smart woman, I won’t allow you to mess with me and treat me like a child! I will never go back against my words! Since we have broken up, it’s over between us! Please stay away from me in the future! How many times do I have to repeat myself, Matthew?”

Clarissa wasn’t aware of the changes in Matthew’s expression since he was behind her. However, she could feel his heavy breath as he started panting heavily.

She paid no heed to the man's odd behavior and tried to shrug him off once again. Since he didn't even budge, she started pinching and punching him, going berserk to express her suppressed frustration, behaving like a maniac.

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Clarissa could struggle with her might, but she couldn't pry free from Matthew's arms.

In the end, she fell limp in his arms, heaving in exhaustion. With her messy hair and crumpled outfit, she was all flushed.

Finally, she stopped struggling. However, to her surprise, Matthew released her.

Clarissa was about to leave when Yaala walked over. Seeing the former's disheveled appearance was like catching them red-handed.

More so when the male protagonist's coat was lying on the ground, and the female protagonist's dress was messy. Her face was meanwhile flushed...

It looked as if what had gone on here before had been quite intense.

"Hehe... I'm sorry for the sudden intrusion."

"Not so, Ms. Zaha. You've misunderstood..."

Clarissa felt like crying. She wanted to stop Yaala from leaving, but she halted and hurriedly tidied herself up.

She turned her head and looked fiercely at Matthew. She also stared at Matthew's coat that fell on the ground, which seemingly added insult to her injured pride.

Matthew's expression was indifferent, however, a smile seemed to have flashed across his gaze.

As Clarissa turned to leave, he growled softly, "Clare, I don't agree to your proposed break-up."

Pausing, Clarissa turned her head and raised her eyebrows. Those beautiful eyes that were staring back were full of mockery and coldness.

"So? For me, when I said break up, I mean it seriously."

"Okay then," Matthew agreed yet uttered another surprising statement, "I'll just pursue you once more."

"Who gave you the right to say that? You're someone else's fiancé!"

"Clare, would you listen to me? What have I done exactly? I'm not anyone's husband, much less anyone's fiancé. But I'll say this: in the future, I'll be your husband. And that's for sure."

"..."

Clarissa cursed secretly in her heart. What a shameless man.

Even though she did not utter those words, her cold eyes seemingly conveyed the message.

She uttered, "This has nothing to do with me. I don't want to know either."

"Good. I won't mention it anymore then. You just have to accept my pursuit."

"Fat chance!"

Clarissa decided not to waste any more time arguing with him, hence she lifted her skirt, turned, and walked away.

As she left, Matthew stared at her back until her silhouette disappeared from his sight. After a long time, he finally bent down and picked up his coat, only to find fresh footprints on it.

Jeremy, who happened to be standing near, initially had not wanted to peek at the whole going-on. Seeing Matthew walking out, he could not help but asked, "Hey, Matt. Such a dirty coat. Might as well chuck it away. Why are you still carrying it?"

"Clare did this to the coat."

Matthew's reply caught Jeremy off guard.

Woah. Why's Matt acting like an idiot here?

Jeremy fidgeted uncomfortably as his expression twitched. He was at a loss of what to say and could only give a dry laugh. "Hehe," he uttered awkwardly, his eyes fixated on the coat while feeling a certain pain at the sight.

...

Meanwhile, Clarissa, with a slightly red face, walked up to Yaala awkwardly.

"Ms. Zaha, it's not what you think."

Yaala formed a smile, "Well, I actually don't want to be nosy. After all, someone like Mr. Tyson can be quite charming. However, his relationship with Shermaine..."

"I'm not his mistress," Clarissa firmly stated.

Seeing there was no one nearby, she whispered to Yaala, "Well, I was in a relationship with him. But knowing of his relationship with Shermaine, I broke up with him."

Yaala seemed to understand the whole situation.

Someone powerless like Clarissa was the one who always suffered in this kind of situation.

Yaala sympathized with her, even felt sorry for her.

"So Mr. Tyson is a two-timer?" she ventured.

Clarissa froze in silence, before muttering, "He's not that kind of person."

Yaala raised her brows, confused with Clarissa's reply. Does she still want to defend him?

She couldn't let go of the whole thing yet, could she?

Feeling embarrassed by Yaala's look, Clarissa meekly said, as if she was confiding to an older sister, "I won't accept him ever again. Yet I still believe in his upright character. His affair with Shermaine probably isn't as scandalous as the outside media make it to be. No matter what, I've already broken up with him. I'm not looking to get back together with him either. I know this sounded like a contradiction but surely you can understand what I mean, right?"

Yaala sighed.

Of course, I can understand. How can't I?

But this naive girl before me obviously still can't let go of Matthew Tyson. Sure, she may have said that she doesn't want to rekindle the relationship. But with her soft heart, and Mr. Tyson's persistence and perseverance – they will surely get back together sooner or later.

As for the affair with Shermaine, Yaala did not believe in Matthew's character at all, unlike Clarissa.

Mayhap it is not the question of character. Rather, due to the positions of these people in society, marriages for them are simply avenues to advance their interests. Even if he really does love Clarissa, what could that entail?

Could he really marry a nobody like Clarissa?

Even Yaala felt troubled by this question in her mind.

She was at a loss of what to say.

"Clarissa, I hope you can keep your pure heart all the way to the end."

After all, she herself had seen too many ladies who had lost their pure hearts. In fact, hadn't she lost hers a long time ago?

Therefore, even though this statement was easier said than done, what needed to be said must still be stated.

Clarissa smiled, "Ms. Zaha, I understand perfectly what you mean."

As their conversation came to an end, Clarissa did not tarry around for long. She left and called for a ride home with her mobile phone. Returning to her apartment, she took a shower. After that, she went out to the balcony and looked down. Sure enough, the car appeared downstairs yet again.

Clarissa smirked and went to bed.

Ring...ring...ring...

Her phone's ringtone rang. Seeing an unfamiliar number, she picked up the call.

"Hello, who's there?"

"I'm downstairs!"

A man's bassy voice echoed from the end of the line. In the dark of the night, the voice sounded sultry.

Clarissa snorted in her heart. Why isn't he passive anymore?

"Oh, anything?" Clarissa asked in a cold tone before adding impatiently, "If there's nothing I'll hang up now."

"I want to see you."

"No can do."

"Okay. Go sleep then. Good night, sweet dreams."

Clarissa almost choked. That's it?

Hanging up the call, she did not comprehend why Matthew had meant by such a succinct call.

No matter what, she decided not to care and lay down to sleep.

The very next day, Clarissa woke up on her own after a good night's sleep. Swiping her phone lazily, she went to her kitchen, heated up some milk, and ate a simple breakfast.

The sun was shining bright today, adding a bit of comfortable warmth to the weather outside which was growing colder.

Since there was nothing to do these few days, she decided to go off for some leisurely stroll. Four years of college in D City, she had not even visited any famous or historical spots around the city. All her time had been spent either studying or making money. Therefore, she had never been to the most famous places in D City at all.

Since she was in such a good mood, she decided to dress up. Putting on a loose blue shirt, a pair of white trousers, and a small hat, she also decided to loosen her hair. After tinting her eyebrows, eyes, and lips with makeup, the charming and cheerful girl stepped out of her home and sauntered off.

Since she had all the time in the world, she did not call for a taxi but rather decided to take the bus.

As soon as she reached the bus stop sign, the all-familiar black car appeared once again.

The black car parked itself next to Clarissa. With the car's window wound down, Matthew's nonchalant and handsome face attracted the attention of passers-by.

Only Clarissa chose to ignore him.

"Clare, get in."

I don't know this man. I haven't heard anything. I'll just pretend not to see...

Matthew got out of the car. His slender figure stood in front of Clarissa, exuding an air of handsome temperament.

"Do you want to get in on your own, or shall I carry you in?"

"Mister, I don't know you... Ah..."

Before Clarissa could finish her sentence, she was scooped up in a princess hug and bundled into the car.

As the car's window rolled up, she shrieked, "Help! I've been kidnapped! Human trafficker..."

As the car drove away, two girls standing nearby at the bus stop were eyeing the whole scene jealously while whispering busily among themselves.

“What a handsome man! So cool! Such dominant masculinity! I’m practically green with envy! Oh, how I wish such a scene from the novels would happen to me too! Where’s my knight when you need him?”

“If only you possess a charming face like that girl’s, I’m sure you’ll experience the very same treatment.”

“Off with you!”

Meanwhile, trapped in the car, Clarissa realized that her screams were futile, hence she gave up.

Her cute face was solemn and composed. Dissatisfaction and frustration were clearly written all over her look.

Her eyes were glaring sternly at Matthew.

Unfortunately, Matthew’s stoic expression and cold eyes conveyed no emotions.

Failing to elicit any reaction, she sternly said, “Mr. Tyson, I should point out that this is clearly an act of kidnapping.”

Ignoring her statement, Matthew raised his brows and asked instead, “Where are you going?”

“The palace.”

As Clarissa finished speaking, she twitched her brows to show her annoyance and to make her point, “Where I go is none of your business. Let me off here right now! I’ll go on my own. I don’t need your ride.”

“To the palace then,” Matthew curtly instructed the driver.

“Do you even hear me? I’ve said that I don’t need your ride!”

“I’ve heard you. It just so happened that I’m heading there too.”

“You... Mr. Tyson, you’re really free, aren’t you?”

Matthew turned and looked at Clarissa intently, “Currently, in order to woo you, I’ve decided to make time even when I’m busy.”

“ .. ”

Clarissa felt speechless, even as her heartbeats quickened.

Turning to look at the passing sceneries, she avoided looking at Matthew and tried to calm herself as well as her heart down.

Matthew noticed her ears turned red. His lips curved into a slight, satisfied smile.

The moment they arrived at their destination, Clarissa quickly got off the car and ran away without saying a word to Matthew.

Reaching the ticketing booth, she queued up to buy her entrance ticket. Even though it was a weekday and not even a holiday, there were still plenty of tourists around.

Fortunately for her, the place was not crowded. Finding herself alone, she calmed down and started strolling around leisurely. Sightseeing and sauntering, she started snapping scenic shots and selfies. With her beautiful face and graceful figure, she soon attracted the attention of some people who wanted to chat with her.

“Hey there, pretty. Here all alone? Where are you from...”

Clarissa rejected the advances with a smile. After all, she was not here to find any sort of companionship.

After walking around for a long time, she could feel her tummy grumbling. She exited the palace and stood under a shade, pondering where to go to grab some grub.

“Done sightseeing? Let’s go.”

Her wrist was suddenly yanked forward as she felt herself being led away.

Surprised, she could only yell angrily at the man who was walking in front of her, “Matthew! You... Why do you keep stalking me?”

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Despite her protests, Clarissa was taken to a meal by Matthew.

Served with an assortment of delectable dishes at Skylight Restaurant, Clarissa decided to put a halt to her complaints.

After all, her grudges and dissatisfactions were directed at Matthew and not the delicious foods served.

Upon filing her tummy, Clarissa got up and asked the waiter for the bill.

Quickly, the manager approached in person and looked at Matthew awkwardly.

Staring directly at the manager, Clarissa demanded, "Stop looking at him. We've decided to go Dutch for this meal. What's the total?"

Receiving a look of acknowledgment from Matthew, the manager smirked and revealed a number.

Clarissa's eyelids twitched upon hearing it.

Ouch, such pain.

At such a price, even splitting the bill would cost her a small fortune.

She reluctantly pulled out her credit card while trying to keep her cool smile all the while.

"Okay then. Lead me to the cashier counter to foot this bill."

"It's okay. I'll do it for you."

Having taken Clarissa's card, the manager turned and walked out of the private lounge.

Meanwhile, she could only patiently wait.

She tried her best to ignore Matthew, nonchalantly lowering her head to browse her phone to pass the time.

Of course, the slight commotion had attracted unwanted attention from diners around. She could feel gazes fall on her, thus making her extremely uncomfortable. Clarissa prayed in her heart that the manager would come back quickly, or she might have to go out on her own.

“Clare.” The moment Matthew’s magnetic voice called out, she could feel her heart beating feverishly.

Trying to remain calm, she chose not to answer.

Since Clarissa did not respond, Matthew’s slightly twitched, perhaps from annoyance. Taking out a cigarette, he lit it between his fingers, took a deep huff, and puffed out a cloud of smoke.

The smell of smoke whiffed into Clarissa’s personal breathing space. This was what she was accustomed to: the smell of Matthew.

Slightly disturbed, she heard him said, “Just so you know. The rumors between Shermaine and I were orchestrated by the Smallwoods.”

Clarissa could not help but smirk. She could clearly see that the scandal did have the Smallwoods orchestration written all over it. However for him to act on the same page as the Smallwoods intended, could it be that his hands were tied?

As if reading her mind, Matthew continued to explain, “During that period, mother used her illness as a pretext to get Shermaine to visit her often. And every time mother asked me to pick her up, she and her doctor would cook up some lies to deceive me.”

With that revelation directly from his lips, Clarissa started to understand the whole situation.

Yet, she could not do anything nor have any say should the Tysons wanted Shermaine to be their daughter-in-law so much.

He continued, “That was also why I went to Moranta with her so she could receive treatment. Besides, the Wynters were exerting pressure on me. As a friend, I had to go visit her. That was it. I never did anything else other than that.”

Matthew had never treated Shermaine more than a friend.

It was the Smallwoods who sneakily tried to confirm their marriage through the rumors. The Wynters had turned a blind eye to their actions.

Previously, Matthew held back because of his brother, Matthias. He didn't have a fallout with them and ignored the rumors circulating out there. After all, those rumors were unfounded. Matthew was already coming up with a plan to deal with the problem, so he wasn't bothered at all.

Matthew was sure he could deal with the Wynters, but he had forgotten that Clarissa would misunderstand after reading the news. Besides, Ellie's interference caused him to miss his chance to explain to her. He didn't know this would happen.

Even if the Wynters tried to pressure him into listening to them, he handled them confidently while trying to find a way out. After all, he knew he had total control over the situation.

Just like he was sure the young lady would end up being his.

Hmm, contrary to my expectations, Clarissa is behaving too calmly.

Matthew took another puff of his cigarette and flicked it casually. As the ash fell into the ashtray, his gaze narrowed.

The young lady remained unfazed after hearing his explanation.

Licking his teeth, Matthew asked, "Clare, don't you have anything to say?"

Clarissa looked up and met his gaze.

"I have nothing to say."

With that, she rose to her feet and strode out of the private lounge. The manager was heading back with her card, so she took it from him and left without hesitation.

The moment she exited the room, a pair of stunning couples came toward her.

As Clarissa's gaze landed on the lady, she recognized her immediately. Isn't this the pretty celebrity with an innocent image who's quite popular recently?

Look at the tall and burly man beside her. He's different from the elegant Matthew and charming Jeremy. Wow, he's smoldering hot. His arm is around her waist. I think he can snap her in two if he wants.

They brushed by each other in a matter of seconds.

They should've been strangers, but as Matthew caught up to her, the man glanced at Clarissa and smiled knowingly.

Matthew seemed to know this man as he inclined his head politely.

After they left, the celebrity asked her male partner.

"You know them?"

After they entered the private lounge, the man pulled her into his lap and caressed her gently. "That was Matthew and his girlfriend."

"Oh? He decided to partner with you because of her, right?" the lady exclaimed. "No wonder. Look how pretty she is. If I were a man, I'd want to ravish her."

A flash of displeasure appeared in the man's gaze.

He lifted her chin and nibbled her lips. After a long silence, the lady's lips became swollen. She wiped her lips and hissed in pain. However, she didn't seem to be pissed off. Instead, she straddled him seductively. Her actions and words were the total opposite of the innocent image she showed to the public.

"Didn't I satisfy you? Hmm?" Her hands trailed over his chest. "You're so horny. I'll feed you after dinner, alright?"

Before leaving the private lounge, Clarissa had already booked a ride. She ran out and got into her ride immediately. Finally, she got rid of Matthew.

After what had happened, she wasn't in the mood for shopping anymore and decided to head home.

Clarissa took a nap and worked briefly on her laptop. When she went to her balcony, she saw the black car parked downstairs again.

He's too free, huh?

Perhaps he's doing this on purpose so I'll forgive him. He knows I'll notice his car.

Hmph!

This is the first time he's doing this.

What a sly fox.

Anyway, he can do whatever he wants. I have plenty of time to spare. But he's a president running a company. Let's see who will stand till the end.

Meanwhile, Matthew indeed couldn't spend all night here. He was bombarded with phone calls and emails constantly.

Soon, another phone call came in.

"Mr. Tyson, did you get her back? As your partner, do you want some suggestions from me?"

It was the beefy man Matthew had bumped into earlier.

Anger zipped past Mathew's eyes.

"Mr. Shaw? No need. I don't appreciate becoming a kept man."

The man scoffed. "Well, my lover allowed me to live off her. Mr. Tyson, even if you desire, I don't think Ms. Quigley will allow you to do so."

Matthew's gaze darkened in displeasure. Even if the man couldn't see Matthew's reaction now, he knew the latter must be brooding now.

Mr. Shaw couldn't have been more delighted.

Back then, they were the top among their peers but hated each other immensely.

Even though they had partnered up now, they still despised each other.

“Well, Mr. Tyson. If you don’t want to listen to my advice, I won’t waste my time.” He promptly changed the topic. “Let’s talk business. My family discussed the positions which originally belonged to the Wynters, and we agree to your conditions. We’ll offer you something in return, of course.”

“I know you won’t let such a good opportunity go to waste.”

“Ha! You make it seem like you’re generous. We can get those without your help.”

“But you’ll have to pay a bigger price to achieve that.”

Mr. Shaw harrumphed. “Fine. This is beneficial to both of us. I can’t believe you were so ruthless to the Wynters. All they did was force you to marry a gorgeous lady. Why did you refuse it? Matthew, I never knew you were such a loyal man.”

Matthew ignored his tease.

Actually, it wasn’t about them forcing him to marry Shermaine. The conflicts had accumulated over time, causing him to burst out at the right timing.

“You’re still planning to drag them down. If the Wynters find out, they’re going to skin you alive. You might not be afraid, but don’t forget she’s your weakness.”

Matthew arched a brow. “Mr. Shaw, is that concern I hear?”

“Scram!”

The line was cut abruptly. Matthew placed his phone aside and looked up where Clarissa was. She’s so nonchalant, huh?

Matthew didn’t remain there for long. Soon, his car sped away.

The moment Matthew’s car left her building, Clarissa hurriedly put on some makeup for a fun night out.

She had just invited Damon and Ellie to a bar tonight to relax and also inspire her writing.

Oh, and also to drink her sorrows away.

She met up with Ellie and had dinner before heading to a popular bar.

Stepping in, they immediately heard the deafening volume of the music and noisy crowd. The neon lights shone on the writhing mass on the dance floor, pulsing in sequence to a heavy bass beat.

Clarissa took a seat. When the others were busy chatting or searching for a target, she had already downed a lot of drinks.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 124

Ellie went to the dance floor and danced for a while before coming back to their booth. She realized Clarissa had finished the drinks they ordered and was trying to find out if the pretty cocktails were delicious.

"This colorful drink seems delicious. I want another one. Oh, and this red one, too."

Damon was there, so Ellie wasn't worried.

Clarissa watched as Ellie made some sexy moves on the dance floor clad in only a minidress. After seeing her moves, a few men gathered around and tried to flirt with her.

Suddenly, Clarissa asked, "Damon, why don't you like Ellie? You've known her since childhood. Shouldn't you be childhood sweethearts?"

Damon froze instantly as though he had choked on something. Obviously, he wasn't interested in Ellie romantically.

"We can be siblings, but she's not my type. I don't think I'm her type, too."

"Oh? Am I your type, then?"

Damon nodded honestly.

"Yes. I thought you were stunningly beautiful the first time we met. After getting to know you, I realized how adorable and soft you are. You're exactly my type."

Clarissa shook her head. "Damon, don't love me. I'm not as good as you imagine."

"Perhaps I'll stop loving you in the future. But I can't be sure about that. I can't stop myself from loving you now. Why don't we give it a try? After all, we're both single now!"

Clarissa shook her head vehemently.

"No need for that. I'm in love with someone else."

Damon already saw this coming. "Is he that good?"

"No. He's an old scoundrel."

Damon let out a chuckle at the sight of Clarissa was holding her glass and complaining about the man. She might be criticizing him, but she can't forget him.

I don't know if she's drunk now, but I can be sure her mind's fuzzy now.

Damon took the glass from her and comforted her. "If he's that bad, why don't you forget him? This is a place where we can forget our worries. Let's dance. Vent out your frustration, and you'll soon forget about him."

Clarissa's eyes sparkled under the lights. Her eyes seemed misty and alluring. With her parted lips and stunning looks, Damon couldn't stop his heart from fluttering at the sight of her natural appeal.

"Really? Can I forget him?"

Damon felt his throat tightened. He looked away hurriedly and spoke flatly, "Yes. As long as you lose yourself in the crowd, you will forget him."

"Really?" She giggled. "I shall go dancing so I can forget him."

Clarissa stood up, her body swaying dangerously. Luckily, Damon grabbed her arm to steady her. She flashed a wide grin and pried him off before heading toward the crowd.

Actually, Clarissa didn't know how to dance.

The alcohol had provided her courage. Normally, she wouldn't act this recklessly. With the help of alcohol, even though she knew what she was doing, she squeezed her way through the crowd boldly and swayed crazily to the music.

Clarissa felt like a fool whose body was swaying uncontrollably on the dance floor. She might be a novice dancer, but men were still interested in her as she was a gorgeous beauty. Soon, a few men surrounded her like sharks circling their target.

Alas, Clarissa knew nothing. She was lost in the thumping beat of the music.

Ellie had already left the dance floor by now. She was sipping on her cocktail and watching Clarissa's antics calmly.

Damon was shifting anxiously. "Ellie, why don't you bring Clare back? Look at those men."

Ellie shook her head. "Why don't you do that yourself? I think this is a wonderful opportunity for her to relax, though. There are countless men in the world. Look, they are vying for her now. Let her enjoy. If you want, you can join those men and compete for her hand."

Damon was indeed upset. He used to be a playboy squandering his life away, but recently, he had been putting up an act in front of Clarissa. If it wasn't for Ellie's reminder, he would've forgotten he used to be a playboy, too.

Feeling aggravated, he dashed over to Clarissa without hesitation.

Ellie let out a snort and plopped back into her seat. Although she claimed Clarissa needed to relax, she still kept an eye on her friend's condition.

Suddenly, someone appeared in her gaze. Ellie froze in disbelief. She shut her eyes and opened it again, but the person was gone.

Huh?

Ellie was wondering if she had seen him mistakenly when the man appeared without warning again. He walked past her booth and went onto the stage.

Utterly astounded, Ellie jolted to her feet. She considered going after him but thought the better of it. Leaning back into her seat, she saw the man picking a madly dancing Clarissa up before striding out.

The other men tried to stop him, but it took only one glance from him to intimidate them all.

Ellie couldn't help but chuckle at the sight. When the man walked past her with Clarissa in his arms, he gave her a sharp glance. Ellie cowered back in fear as her smile faded away.

It took a while for Damon to return to their booth. Clearly, he was still in shock.

"Ellie, your uncle is..." he trailed off.

Well, Matthew's possessiveness was evident to everyone.

Damon still hadn't recovered from the shocking sight.

Ellie scoffed. "You saw it, right?"

"How could it be him?"

Ellie shrugged. "I was as shocked as you when I first found out about it. Well, nothing is impossible. Uncle Matt is an eligible bachelor, while Clare is strikingly beautiful. They look stunning together."

Damon gazed at Ellie and recalled how both women fought previously.

"I thought you were against them dating each other?"

As her lips twitched, Ellie answered, "Times have changed."

Damon fell silent, trying to process the piece of news.

Meanwhile, Matthew left the bar with Clarissa in his arms. The latter knew it was him, so she put up a big fight. Even after he brought her to the car, she continued clawing and yelling like a wild beast.

But of course, the man pinned her in the backseat easily. She couldn't move an inch under his control.

As her limbs were pinned down, only her mouth was free. Clarissa was panting heavily by now, exhausted from her efforts.

Soon, her eyes lit up with enthusiasm. She proceeded to glare at Matthew with her most vicious expression ever.

Matthew was in a disheveled state by now. His shirt was crumpled. There was even a shoe print on his shirt. Even so, there was still a domineering and sexy air about him.

Clarissa's gaze landed on his collar. After all her clawing, his collar was now unbuttoned, exposing his collarbone to the air.

"Enjoying the view?"

Matthew's voice rasped by her ear, sending a shiver right down from her ears to her toes and everywhere in between.

"Damn you. No one's staring! Scum, let me go! You're kidnapping me. You can't do this! I want to go back there! Gimme my freedom! I demand liberation!"

Clarissa was spouting nonsense by now. Matthew had never realized she was capable of using terms like "liberation". It all boiled down to one thing.

Clarissa blurted out. "You have no right to control my life!"

Matthew nearly burst out laughing, but he was still upset.

Clarissa couldn't move. Nevertheless, she stood her ground and clenched her teeth in anger. Her eyes were glaring at him as though she wanted to kill him.

In the end, Matthew couldn't stop himself from curling his lips up.

He leaned closer to her.

"Clare, can I have the right to control your life?"

It took Clarissa a while to realize what he meant.

Swiftly, she admitted defeat, albeit rather reluctantly.

“Matthew, if you dare hurt me, I’ll hate you for the rest of your life!” she declared.

At her words, Matthew’s heart clenched anxiously. Seeing how stubborn she was, he sighed and released her. He then pulled her into his arms and gave her a tight hug.

“Clare, I won’t do anything without your permission.”

“Let me go now. I don’t want to see you.”

“Are you still mad at me?”

Matthew patted her back consolingly, but Clarissa twisted her body, refusing to let him touch her.

“Why would I be mad? Matthew, stop wasting time. It’s over between us.” She repeated impatiently, “It’s over! Don’t you get it?”

“I got it.”

Matthew met her eyes gloomily. “It might be over, but I want to start all over again now.”

“I disagree.”

“You used to act the same way back then by rejecting me. But in the end, you accepted me nonetheless.”

Matthew was full of confidence.

To his surprise, Clarissa sneered, “Yes, I accepted you back. Look what happened after that. I won’t allow myself to make the same mistake again.”

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 125

Matthew felt his heart sank into despair.

His face clouded over, but he refused to let her go.

He let out a ragged breath. "Clare, that will never happen again."

Alas, Clarissa ignored and refused to believe him.

She started struggling to free herself again. "Let me go. I said, let me go!" She screamed. "I don't want to see you! What do you want from me?"

Matthew couldn't believe how stubborn she was.

He had to cave in and give her a ride back home.

Clarissa proceeded to lock him outside the minute she reached home.

Left outside alone, Matthew leaned against the wall and lit up a cigarette in frustration.

Meanwhile, Clarissa finally quietened down in her house. She sprawled on the sofa lazily and started sobbing without a sound. As her mind was in a stupor, she gradually fell asleep in a battered heap.

The next morning, naturally, Clarissa woke up with a stiff neck. Her nose was blocked, and she was suffering from a splitting headache from last night's events.

After all, she had drunk her heart out, caught a cold, and fell asleep on the sofa accidentally. She sat up unwillingly and prepared a heat pack for herself while cursing Matthew inwardly. It was all his fault!

She cursed him from head to toe silently before feeling much better.

As Clarissa was lazy to prepare lunch, she decided to order delivery food. Soon, her delivery food was here.

"Ms. Quigley, your food is here."

Hesitantly, Clarissa took the delivery from him. It wasn't until she had closed the door that she realized something. "Wait. I haven't even ordered anything yet!"

Confused, she glanced at her phone and confirmed that she hadn't placed her order.

The food delivery she had just received was packed nicely with Skylight Restaurant's logo on it.

Clarissa's lips twitched in annoyance. It was clear who had placed this order for her.

Right then, her phone rang with a call from an unknown number. After she blocked Matthew's number, he'd use different numbers to call her every time.

As Clarissa was afraid of missing out on other calls, she had to answer every single time.

"Who is it?" she demanded irritably.

Matthew's gentle voice sounded over the phone. "Clare, I've ordered your favorite dishes. I just want to confirm that you've received the delivery."

"What delivery?"

"You didn't receive anything? I'll ask them to make another delivery."

Clarissa was no match for him.

She replied unhappily, "Stop teasing me. I received the delivery. Bye!"

After cutting the line, Clarissa wolfed down the food like the wimp she was. She couldn't waste the food, could she?

For the next few days, as Clarissa remained at home, she received the same treatment from the man.

By then, she couldn't help but suspect that Matthew was keeping an eye on her.

Even so, she refused to talk to him or give him a call. He's that patient, huh? Let's see who gives in first.

The first one to give up will be the loser in the game.

After returning from the film studio, Justin met up with Clarissa.

Besides him, Yaala, Quentin, the assistant director, and the screenwriter joined them as well.

It wasn't easy for everyone to gather, so Clarissa was excited.

"Director Yates, can I come to visit during the post-production stage?"

Clarissa was interested in film production, including post-production.

"Of course. You can come anytime."

Quentin joked, "Director Yates, you obviously favor Clarissa over us!"

Yaala knew the reason behind this. "He's favoring talent. Clarissa, are you seriously planning to be a director yourself? You don't have to worry about the script. Of course, you can assemble a team yourself and learn everything from Director Yates. When you've made up your mind, remember to inform me!"

"Ms. Zaha, you made it seem really easy. It's too difficult for me. I'm just being curious. Perhaps I can write a novel about directing a film in the near future. Anything can be writing material for me. I'm just an author, nothing else."

Clarissa wasn't about to venture into the directing business. She was just curious.

Throughout dinner, everyone chatted merrily. Yaala and Quentin spilled out the complaints they had about the director in a teasing manner. Soon, everyone followed suit and voiced their complaints. Justin was no longer stern like he was during filming. He merely grinned and accepted their criticisms humbly.

Later, they started gossiping and discussing recent popular celebrities. As the older generation in showbiz, they lamented how the younger generation was lacking in potential.

After dinner, Clarissa spotted the familiar black vehicle at the entrance of the restaurant. She immediately frowned.

When Matthew got off the car, Yaala raised a brow knowingly.

Justin greeted him with a smile. "Matt, fancy running into you here."

Those who heard him would surely be able to read between the lines.

Matthew's icy gaze softened when it landed on Clarissa.

Quentin, however, was puzzled by their interaction.

"Mm. It's not a coincidence," uttered Matthew in a low voice.

He had come here purposely to pick her up.

Chuckling, Justin returned. "Matt, are you that free? Jeremy told me you rarely show up at work recently."

"Everyone, I'll take my leave now."

Clarissa bade goodbye to everyone hastily, preparing to leave.

Justin shrugged as Clarissa rushed to hail a cab.

An affectionate smile appeared on Matthew's face as he caught up to her.

The rest watched silently as Matthew and Clarissa were involved in a tug of war. In the end, Matthew resorted to force. He carried her on his shoulders and brought her into his vehicle before speeding away.

Those who were in the know were laughing silently. But of course, they were also concerned. Those who didn't know anything before this finally understood what was going on.

Especially Quentin, who thought Justin favored Clarissa because the former wanted something from her. Seeing this sight, he stopped making wild guesses. Turns out he was nice to her because of Mr. Tyson.

In the car, Clarissa was about to fly into a fit of rage but tamped down her irritation. She remained silent the entire journey back home.

Her strange reaction caught Matthew by surprise. He thought she would be kicking up a fuss by now. The sudden silence caused his heart to thud uneasily.

When they arrived at her house, instead of leaving immediately, Clarissa spoke calmly, "Matthew, will this go anywhere?"

"Yes," came Matthew's reply.

"I don't think so."

Clarissa put up a serious front and met Matthew's gaze.

Matthew felt himself being transported back to the day where she rejected him harshly at the airport. No, she seemed harsher and calmer today.

"You want us to get back together? Sure. I can do that. We'll break up for the third time and reconcile again. But, what's the point of doing that? I no longer love you. Even if we get back together, I won't fall back in love with you." Her voice held steely resolve. "Why won't you believe me? I know you want to change my mind, but I don't have the courage to go back to you. I remained in D City because of my mother and work. I've promised her that I would start over again and meet other men."

Keeping her cool, Clarissa continued, "I hope you'll stop coming after me. I believe you have a reason for everything you did. Perhaps I did misunderstand you after reading the groundless rumors and news, but everything is in the clear now. I can't restore my feelings just like that. I've fallen out of love with you. If you force me to be with you, and I fake my feelings just to achieve that, what's the purpose?"

As Matthew's expression hardened, Clarissa cast her gaze down.

“Matthew, it’s over for real. I wasn’t playing hard to get. I sincerely hope you can meet someone better than me. It might not be Shermaine, but you have plenty of choices. I’ll also meet someone who shares the same passion as me. Please, just set me free.”

Matthew fell silent for a long while.

As a heavy silence hung in the air, Clarissa waited patiently for his answer.

“You’ve fallen out of love with me? You want me to set you free so you can pick another man?”

When Matthew finally spoke, his voice was so icy that Clarissa felt a chill creep down her spine. As his sharp and oppressive gaze landed on her, she nearly stopped breathing.

Slowly, she forced out a reply. “Yes.”

Silence resumed.

Deep down, Clarissa sighed silently. She knew she’d anger Matthew this way, but she didn’t want to drag things out.

Clarissa was telling the truth when she said she wasn’t trying to play hard to get. After what had happened, she was terrified, and no longer wanted to keep things ambiguous with Matthew.

Hence, even though she was forced to lie, she held back her feelings and made a clean break.

She was determined to cut all ties with him.

As Matthew said nothing, she pressed on.

“Matthew, besides knowing that you’re rich and handsome, I know nothing else about you. I don’t think that’s true love. You’re bossy and horny, so we never really talked about our feelings. To think of it, I agreed to be your girlfriend to feed my vanity. That isn’t true love.”

Clarissa was on the verge of giving up when Matthew finally answered, “As you wish.”