

# You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

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Indeed, the crisis at Tyson Corporation was the Smallwoods and the Wynters' doing.

However, they only intended to exert some pressure on Tyson Corporation, thus impacting Matthias and the Tysons.

Subsequently, they would exert more pressure on Matthew, leaving him with no choice but to agree to marry Shermaine.

Even if he refused to marry Shermaine right away, at least it would give the two of them a chance to improve their relationship first.

But after executing their plan, the outcome was completely out of their expectations.

Tyson Corporation's crisis was spread all over the news and many of the reported details were nothing like what they had imagined.

Demolition accident? Corruption?

We aren't the ones behind this!

Shermaine was panic-stricken after finding out about this.

Asking her mother was pointless, so she went straight to the Wynters' residence. The moment she stepped into the house, she saw the gloomy look on Jacque's face. Upon her arrival, his face darkened even further.

Meanwhile, Hannah had guilt and regret written on her face.

Shermaine's heart missed a beat and she banished any thoughts of questioning the Wynters.

She was wearing a sad and apologetic expression on her face, but she quickly kept her emotions in check and trod with caution.

“Grandma, Uncle Jacque, I’m sorry. This is all my fault.”

She did not know what the Wynthers was discussing before she arrived, but it probably had something to do with the crisis at Tyson Corporation.

Since I’ve apologized, they won’t blame me for this, right?

Sure enough, her red-rimmed eyes as well as the anxiety and remorse lining her features tugged at Hannah’s heartstrings.

“Don’t cry, Shermaine. It’s not your fault. Who would’ve expected something like this to happen? Not even I did. Jacque, don’t blame Shermaine. At that time, you also agreed to teach Matthew a small lesson, right?”

When Jacque heard his mother’s words, he couldn’t help but refute angrily, “Yes, I did, but I certainly did not agree to let those people be the ones to do it. Didn’t I say to let me handle this matter? But you just couldn’t wait. Now, look at what happened. The Tysons and us-”

He choked on his own words, barely holding back his temper as he spoke.

The more he thought about it, the angrier he got. Our family is closely tied to the Tysons. If something were to happen to them, do they really think that the Wynthers can walk away unscathed?

Everything’s a mess now. Regardless of the final outcome, we’ll be at risk of falling out with the Tysons, and it’s all because of Shermaine.

In fact, I’m the one who stands to lose the most if this really happens.

The Wynthers’ plan had utterly backfired on them.

The consequences Jacque would suffer from falling out with the Tysons would be worse than the current predicament the Tysons were in.

As Hannah looked at the distress her son was in, remorse overwhelmed her.

“It’s all my fault, Jacque.”

“Uncle Jacque, please don’t blame Grandma. Grandma only did it for my sake, so if you want to blame someone, blame me. I don’t know what happened, but if you’re mad at Grandma because of the matter regarding the Tysons, then it’s completely my fault. Grandma, I’m so sorry for implicating you.”

Tears streamed down Shermaine’s face as she spoke and it was a pitiable sight.

Sadness washed over Hannah and she started crying as well.

Jacque’s wife, Sandra, had remained quiet this whole time.

However, the sight of Shermaine and Hannah hugging while crying together grated on her nerves.

For so many years, Sandra had carried out her duties in the Wynter family to perfection. She respected the elders and cared for the children, not to mention looking out for her husband, never once causing him any trouble.

Back then, when her sister-in-law, Kayla, eloped with James, it had caused the family quite a lot of trouble.

However, it was no use dwelling on the past. At present, the family was reunited, but she never expected Kayla’s daughter to be a troublemaker just like her.

To marry a man who clearly had no interest in her, she resorted to using all kinds of underhanded means.

Sandra despised women like her the most and her resentment grew when they had sought Hannah’s support and implicated Jacque after the stunt they pulled on the Tysons backfired.

Kayla and her entire family are so revolting.

When Sandra perceived the heartache on her husband’s face as he watched his mother crying, she quickly spoke up before he went soft on them.

“Mum, Shermaine, crying now is useless. Since things have already gotten to this point, we should focus on finding a solution instead. Jacque, you should meet with Matthias first and take care of the matter. Hannah, you shouldn’t worry about these things at your age. Jacque

and I will handle it. By the way, isn't it the holidays now? Clark said that he wants to bring you back to the countryside to relax and enjoy the fresh air. Alright, here's the plan. When Clark gets back, you should let him take you out for a bit. Moving around is good for your frame of mind."

The purpose of Sandra's suggestion was to temporarily separate Hannah from Shermaine's family, lest Kayla tried any tricks to win Hannah over again.

This way, the matter would be left to Jacque and her. Naturally, she did not plan to help Shermaine with anything either.

And of course, she made sure to keep her thoughts to herself.

Hannah agreed with Sandra's suggestion. After all, she was no longer the decision-maker in the family and she should feel lucky that her daughter-in-law took the bigger picture into consideration.

On the contrary, Shermaine's heart sank at her aunt's words. Aunt Sandra seems like she has my best interests in mind, but why do I feel like she doesn't actually like me?

Her gut was telling her that she would be getting the short end of the stick by handing this matter over to Sandra.

As expected, within a few days, the news regarding Tyson Corporation was sealed off. Shermaine knew nothing about how things were going on their end, let alone the situation between her and Matthew.

She visited the Wynters several times, but Hannah had already been brought out by her grandson, while Sandra and Jacque used work as an excuse to avoid meeting her. Even when they did, they would brush her off and avoid answering her questions.

Shermaine went to see the Tysons a few times as well, but they, too, found various excuses to steer clear of her.

As though forsaken, everywhere she went was a dead end.

She returned to the Smallwood residence, but there was nothing her mother could do either. Once again, depression took over her and she bawled her eyes out. Due to her father's limited abilities, he could not touch the Tysons. Hence, their plans went up in smoke.

Shermaine had never suffered such a blow before.

She couldn't bring herself to accept this outcome. Unless things were set in stone, she would not stand idly by and admit defeat.

...

"Grandma, we're back together again," Clarissa revealed during her video call with her grandmother.

Naturally, Catherine was happy to hear that, but she still asked, "Then, why did the two of you separate before? It's fine if it was a misunderstanding, but if it's a matter of principles, then I don't approve of your reconciliation."

Clarissa hurriedly explained, "Of course it was just a misunderstanding. There was some trouble at his company, so I got worried. After coming here, I realized that we still felt deeply for each other. He's been working on solving the issues at the company these few days. I don't know if how it's going, but if he fails to resolve it and goes bankrupt, I'll still stay by his side. I really love him, Grandma."

Catherine sighed inwardly when she heard her granddaughter's confession.

Indeed, girls are soft-hearted creatures.

But it sounds like that man's company is facing bankruptcy because of some problem.

Catherine was a little unhappy as no grandparent would want their grandchild to be with such a man.

Unfortunately, Clarissa had always had a mind of her own. Hence, getting her to come back was like asking a fish to walk on land.

"If he really goes bankrupt, what are you going to do? Support him?"

"Yes! I'll be the breadwinner!"

Catherine chuckled. "You silly girl. Unless he's a spineless man, he'd never allow you to support him. Anyway, I may not be very knowledgeable, but this bankruptcy matter isn't that simple, is it? Don't lose hope just yet. Back then, I remember you telling me how capable he

is. If that's true, I doubt he'd go bankrupt so easily. Don't overthink it and look on the bright side. Perhaps things aren't that bad as you think they are," Catherine reassured her granddaughter.

After chatting a while longer, they ended the video call. Since Clarissa couldn't help Matthew, she mindlessly browsed the internet for news regarding the real estate demolition and the corruption case among other things.

The more she searched, the more horrified she became.

In the end, she suffered a mild panic attack and shut down her laptop.

Even so, she felt restless. Because she couldn't directly ask Matthew, she had to find someone else.

She asked Ellie first, but the latter did not know much either. Clarissa was afraid that she might unintentionally leak Matthew's company secrets if she were to ask someone else.

Consumed with worry, Clarissa wasn't in the mood to do anything else.

Fortunately, Yael called to talk about work-related matters. Only then did Clarissa regain her senses. Yael is a rather reliable person. Perhaps I can consult her about this.

After the two of them met up, Clarissa did not give Yael the chance to bring up work, directly bombarding her with questions about the crisis at Tyson Corporation.

"Yael, something this serious happened at Tyson Corporation. Do you know if they've encountered anything similar to this in the past? Will they be able to pull through? Will anything bad... happen to Matthew?"

Clarissa's anxiety grew with every question that left her lips.

Meanwhile, a crease had formed between Yael's brows before her shrewd eyes glinted slightly.

"Clarissa, what made you think that Tyson Corporation is in danger?"

"Huh?"

Clarissa was stumped by her question. "I just read it from the news before. I can't believe something this big happened, not to mention they happened one after another. I heard that the stock prices have taken a nosedive too. There's even financial fraud involved. How can the company not be in danger?"

Yael raised her brows and asked, "Did Mr. Tyson personally tell you that he might not be able to overcome this hurdle and go bankrupt?"

Clarissa blinked twice before answering, "Uhm... Yeah!"

"Okay, I understand."

"What exactly is it that you understand, Yael?"

Clarissa found Yael's behavior to be more peculiar by the second. Suddenly, suspicion rose in her heart and she began to doubt her own speculations.

Yael fell silent for a while before saying, "Clarissa, I have no comments on how serious or dangerous the situation at Tyson Corporation is. What I can tell you is Mr. Tyson's net worth, how many real estates Tyson Corporation is involved in across the globe, and also how widely spread their influence is. Hmm... where should I start? Maybe from the time Tyson Corporation was still in the retail industry..."

"Uhm, no... I-It's fine."

Clarissa stopped Yael from continuing.

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Clarissa stopped Yael from continuing.

The corners of Yael's mouth twitched. "There's actually no need for me to tell you because you can search the internet for a rough idea about all this, or maybe you can browse Tyson Corporation's website. You'll find many of their accomplishments there."

Clarissa didn't know what expression she was wearing, but it was definitely not a pleasant one.

She finally understood why she had always felt that something was off about this whole matter.

Come to think of it, wouldn't Tyson Corporation be able to suppress the media from reporting about such a huge crisis, if there was even one, to begin with?

Of course, news and public opinion isn't all that important.

But ever since I came to D City worried sick, Ellie had always been very vague, saying that the family was in a mess and that the company was even worse off. Nonetheless, that's only what she said. I've never seen her actually doing anything about it. Instead, she's been busy at the studio every day.

Meanwhile, Jeremy, Yarick, and Justin are all Matthew's close buddies. When I contacted them, they also said that the company was in a perilous state and that they didn't know where Matthew was or how he was faring. If it was really as serious as they made it sound, wouldn't they have been more worried about him? Wouldn't they have given him a helping hand or something? And if I remember correctly, Jeremy has some business dealings with Matthew. If Tyson Corporation was really facing a crisis, shouldn't Jeremy be affected too?

At that time, Clarissa had been too busy worrying about wounding Matthew's dignity and whatnot. Hence, she did not dare to ask too much and chose to care for him in other ways.

Right then, she realized that everyone had only verbally expressed their concern, but did not take any real action.

True friends would never stand by and do nothing in times of need.

These new discoveries made Clarissa realize that she knew too little about Tyson Corporation.

Then and there, she took out her phone and searched for various information about Tyson Corporation, becoming fully immersed. During the whole time, Yael quietly sipped on her coffee and occasionally processed her emails.

After a long time, Clarissa heaved a sigh, prompting Yael to look up at her.

“Mm... I’m guessing this was Mr. Tyson’s ploy to gain pity points?”

Clarissa grimaced in embarrassment. Knowing that Matthew did it on purpose, it was inevitable that she would lose her cool.

Yael did not pass any more remarks. After she finished discussing work with Clarissa, they parted ways.

When Matthew returned to Zen Highlands that night, Clarissa wasn’t there to welcome him like usual.

The lack of her gentle care startled him slightly, but when he saw her busying herself in the kitchen, his heart instantly eased. Warmth oozed in his chest and he shrugged off his coat before slowly walking into the kitchen to hug her from behind.

Clarissa paused for a split second but otherwise did not behave unusually.

She bowed her head to continued chopping vegetables to cook. Although her movements were slightly restricted by his arms around her, it wasn’t that big of an issue.

Only, she hadn’t uttered a word since he came back.

Matthew dipped his chin to rub it against her cheek affectionately, peppering her with kisses before asking in a low drawl, “Why aren’t you saying anything? Are you unhappy?”

Clarissa wanted to be happy, but she couldn’t quell the simmering anger in her.

She smiled half-heartedly. “I’m busy cooking. Stay out of my way first, or do you not want dinner? Quickly go get changed...”

Matthew chuckled unsuspectingly and patted her head before leaving the kitchen.

By the time he came down in a beige V-neck thin sweater paired with grey trousers, Clarissa had finished cooking and placed the food on the table with Julia’s help.

At the dining table, Clarissa even offered Matthew a gentle smile.

"You've been working so hard these past few days. Is everything going well? Don't tire yourself out. Worst comes to worst, just ditch the company and follow me back to W City. I'll support you, how's that sound?"

Matthew grinned. "Sure."

Clarissa looked down at her food to suppress the anger in her heart.

She was able to rein in her temper throughout the meal, leaving Matthew completely oblivious to the brewing storm in her.

Both of them sat on the sofa after dinner. Matthew touched Clarissa from time to time, kissing her and doing all sorts of intimate gestures. Then, Clarissa started probing him while cocooned in his arms.

"Has the problem at the company been resolved?"

Matthew paused and rested his chin on her shoulder, rubbing against her and answering in a deep voice, "I'm still working on it."

"Will you go bankrupt? I never expected that there would be a problem you can't tackle, seeing as you're so competent."

"Haha... Well, I'm still human. Just like you said, life isn't always smooth-sailing and there will always be setbacks."

"Yeah, that's what I said. So, you really can't solve it? Will you really go bankrupt?"

"Mm... It's possible."

Matthew even sounded troubled when he said this.

Clarissa's mouth curled upward a little and the flames in her eyes burned brighter.

He's still pretending?

Clarissa abruptly stood up from his arms and pinned him with a hostile stare. "Since you're going bankrupt soon, I don't want to be with you anymore. Did you really expect me to support you once you've become a pauper? Don't you feel ashamed? Even I feel ashamed

for you. So, forget about it because the one I want is the rich and all-powerful Matthew Tyson.”

With that, she swiftly turned on her heels and went upstairs to pack her stuff.

Everything happened so fast that Matthew was left dumbstruck.

Half a minute later, his expression changed subtly.

Soon, Clarissa came down with her backpack, looking like she was really going to leave.

Matthew drummed his fingers on the armrest. It wasn't until she passed by the living room that he quickly got up and held her back.

Clarissa had a unpleasant look on her face, scanning him from head to toe with apparent disdain in her eyes.

“Let go of me, Matthew. You're on the brink of going broke. Why are you still grabbing onto me? Let me go...”

Matthew broke into a doting smile and pulled her backpack off her before placing it down. Then, he forcefully enveloped her in his arms, clasping her waist with one hand while holding her arms in place with the other.

“How can you bear to leave me when I'm broke? Are you really so cold-hearted, Clare?”

“Ha! You? Broke? You're a b\*stard, Matthew Tyson. You're still lying now?”

Matthew went silent for a moment.

I knew it. This woman wouldn't say all of this for no reason.

Ah, it seems like my ruse has been unraveled.

Despite that, Matthew remained unbothered, lowering his head to find Clarissa's lips, but she dodged it with a displeased grunt.

"Let go of me, you penniless pauper! Go live on the streets on your own. I'm not that stupid..."

"Of course, my dear Clare is anything but stupid. Look, you saw through my ruse, didn't you?"

"What ruse are you talking about exactly?"

With her head raised, Clarissa clenched her teeth and glowered at him, waiting for him to admit to his mistake.

She looked like she was a second away from biting him to death if he still did not admit.

Matthew sighed in his heart. "The one where I would supposedly go broke and become a pauper?"

"Matthew Tyson!" Clarissa roared at him, finally releasing her bottled-up anger.

"Yes, that's me. Don't be mad, Clare..."

Matthew stroked her back comfortingly, not knowing what else to do.

Or maybe I should shut her up with a kiss?

As soon as the idea popped in his mind, Clarissa reached out to clamp a hand over his mouth, having seen through his thoughts.

"Don't even think about it! Hah! Joke's on me for being stupid..."

Clarissa laughed with self-mockery. "I admit that I was ignorant. I mean, Tyson Corporation going bankrupt? Haha... You and those friends of yours were probably laughing at me, right? Laughing at what an idiot I am. If I'd told someone that Tyson Corporation was on the verge of bankruptcy, what a massive joke it would be, huh? No, I'm the one who's the joke here. The news that wasn't immediately sealed off was part of the plan, wasn't it? You wanted me to see it and you were oh-so certain that I'd come to find you? I really am an IDIOT! I can't believe I fell for your lies. You're a b\*stard, an a\*\*hole, a d\*ckhead..."

In the end, Clarissa didn't even know what she was saying anymore. The words that came out of her mouth were incomprehensible, but her gaze on Matthew remained fierce.

After she had used up almost every cuss word in the dictionary, Matthew picked her up and placed her on the sofa. Then, he handed her a glass of water.

“Thirsty? Drink some water first, then continue...”

Clarissa glared at him, but she couldn't deny that she was rather thirsty.

After gulping down the whole glass of water, she parted her lips to speak, but words failed her as she looked into the smiling eyes of the handsome man crouched before her.

Exasperated, she reached out to violently tousle his hair, then pinched his cheeks, distorting his usually cold face into funny shapes. Only then did the frustration in her heart ease a little.

She even had to purse her lips to hold back a smile because his face indeed looked hilarious just now.

Crouched in the same position, Matthew placed his hands on her knees and inched closer toward her face.

Then, he puckered his lips and kissed the edge of her mouth first.

He chuckled lightly when her lips turned downward in displeasure again.

“You're right, when the company ran into a problem, I didn't get someone to seal off the news and even deliberately blew it out of proportion. This was to mislead my opponent, so the more exaggerated, the better. And the crisis at the company was also for someone else to see.”

As for who that person was, Matthew did not say, nor did he elaborate on his plan.

Clarissa came to understand that she wasn't his main target.

I knew it. Matthew would never fool around when it comes to his company, not for me.

I was obviously being delusional.

Disappointment and embarrassment crept into her heart.

As if reading her thoughts, Matthew continued speaking, "Clare, you were my main goal in this plan."

Clarissa's mouth twitched, obviously skeptical. "You expect me to believe that? I only stumbled into your ploy by accident and you simply played along."

Matthew laughed. I wasn't playing along – I was killing two birds with one stone.

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When Matthew stood up, he carried Clarissa to his lap and hugged her tightly despite how awkwardly she tried to struggle free from his grip.

He even pinched her cheeks to force her to look at him.

However, after meeting his deep gaze, she forgot about her rants and complaints.

Pursing her lips, she remained quiet.

He lowered his head and tenderly kissed her forehead. Then, he spoke with a deep voice, "Clare, no matter what I did, I know you still have feelings for me. So since we made up, can you not fuss about breaking up anymore?"

"Hmph! Are you sure that I won't break up with you anymore?"

Well, I would be lying if I wanted to do it again. But can't I be angry with him for setting me up?

As if he had seen through her, Matthew curled up his lips and leaned closer, teasing her, "Clare, Darling, don't be mad. I'll do whatever you want except breaking up."

He was actually very forgiving of her.

Nonetheless, he could still tolerate it when she started throwing tantrums. However, it would be a challenge if she wanted a break-up because that would mean her ignoring him for practically the rest of his life.

Clarissa wrinkled her nose. Alright. Nothing else matters anymore since we made up. Besides, what can I do about it anyway?

With a sigh, she irritably pushed away his smiling face when their gaze met.

“Stop looking at me, 'cause you're annoying! I mean, what else can I do? It doesn't really matter anyway.”

Mathew chuckled darkly. “In that case, we'll consider it my fault this time. If you just so happen to recall this at a later date, I'll be willing to bear with whatever consequences that may occur, and I won't make any noise about this. Alright?”

“Hmph! What do you mean by 'consider it your fault time'? It is your fault!”

“Yes, yes. It's all on me.”

Clarissa was eventually satisfied as she couldn't let him get away so easily.

Fine. I'll deal with him later, then.

“I won't forget about this!” She warned with a grave expression.

Matthew smiled. “Alright.”

She suddenly felt that she should record everything he did to upset her from the day they met until now.

Thinking about this, she quickly took out her phone and recorded this matter in her notes.

Matthew looked at the woman who was excitedly typing on her phone. Knowing what she was doing, he sighed exasperatedly. Digging up the past is not something men would typically do, but alas, women are particularly good at it.

Meanwhile, Clarissa was furiously typing away on her phone as she thought about her past with Matthew. Let's see... where shall we start?Hm... The first meeting – him being too frigid?

The second – being suspicious of me?

After that, he intentionally tested me and even introduced his friend to probe me...

Everything in the past popped out of her mind like it only happened yesterday.

Of course, she wasn't afraid of Matthew reading through it. It was probably because she wanted him to know that she remembered everything, anyway.

At first, Matthew could still bear it, but the more he read, the more he felt that this woman was too petty.

In the end, he snatched her phone away and started getting intimate with her as he felt that it would be more worth it to make up for the time lost.

And so, Clarissa began her journey as the domineering president's girlfriend again.

When it was time to start the new winter clothing photoshoot, Ellie apologized to Clarissa and tried to please her future aunt.

"Don't be mad at me anymore, Aunt Clare. You know I had no other choice because Uncle Matt is a major shareholder of my studio, so I was compelled to do that..."

She was taken by surprise by how Ellie addressed her.

Seeing that, her friend teased her even more.

"Aunt Clare, please don't be angry anymore. It's my fault. Don't be mad for the sake of our long-lasting friendship..."

"Ellie, stop calling me that." Clarissa refuted in embarrassment, "If you say it one more time, I'll get mad and won't do the photoshoot anymore."

"Hahaha... alright. Promise me you won't be mad."

Clarissa snorted, "I wasn't anyway."

"Now that's more like it! What is there to be mad about when you're so fortunate to have both love and a career? So, I was hoping you could hurry up and finish the photoshoot for me... Actually, I think you look prettier now that you're in love. We can definitely increase our sales with such a lovely face of yours after the live broadcast. Ah, how lucky is Uncle Matt..."

"Ellie!" Clarissa yelled in embarrassment, and Ellie quickly shut her mouth.

Shortly afterward, the two had let it go.

While having their meals, Ellie told Clarissa about the matter.

"I really don't know much, but I've heard a thing or two from Mr. Jeremy. He said they were using this to find fault with someone, but I have no idea who that 'someone' might be. However, I suspect that they were likely to go against the Wynters or to teach them a lesson. Hence, we can't let them threaten us just because of Shermaine's matter! Besides, Uncle Matt is the man! I don't know how he did it, but he managed to solve the crisis by kicking out the troublemaker within the company and counterattacked the Wynters. Not only that, but he even found a helper of some sort. This means he's even set a few traps!"

Clarissa bit her lip and was deep in thought. And here I was, thinking that Matthew is incompetent. I'm such an idiot!

Seeing Clarissa's worried expression, Ellie laughed silently as she felt sorry for her friend.

Little did she know that she's been played like a fool by Uncle Matt ever since the beginning.

Looks like "Aunt Clare" here had really fallen into his trap...

Nonetheless, Ellie would definitely not remind Clarissa about this.

"We'll see if Shermaine still dares to cling to Uncle Matt this time. Hmph!"

"Well, there will still be other women besides Shermaine. Didn't you say that your grandmother made him go on a blind date?"

Ellie became awkward and quickly explained, "That was just to annoy you, but of course, it backfired. Like who would know if you weren't jealous just one bit?"

"Then why did you give me all the specific details? You told me about her family, job, age, looks, and you even informed me the place of their blind date."

Clarissa looked at Ellie with a tight-lipped smile. That somehow made Ellie uneasy, and cold sweat soaked her back.

Left without a choice, she could only explain under Clarissa's glare, "Well, it happened once or... twice? You know how my grandmother can be. She made Uncle Matt meet up with her, but you know he would never like her. He just wanted your attention."

After hearing it, Clarissa's troubled expression turned into a frustrated sigh.

"You don't have to put it that way. I know that the Tysons wanted someone who has a similar social status."

"That's not true. It's just Grandma who's behind all this, but to be fair, she doesn't know that Uncle Matt likes you. However, since she already likes you so much, she will be overjoyed if she knows that you're her daughter-in-law-to-be. Besides, there aren't many single ladies at that age around her, so don't worry about Grandma too much when you and Uncle Matt decided to be official."

Still, Clarissa shook her head. "That wasn't what you've told me before. Didn't you say they only wanted a marriage of convenience? You don't have to assure me about your grandmother as nothing is set in stone. Besides, I don't want the public to know about our relationship yet."

"Oh... that's fine too since you're still young. It's not that urgent..."

In all honesty, Ellie wasn't confident in what she just said.

My grandmother may like Clare as my friend, but it doesn't necessarily mean that she'll like the idea of her being the daughter-in-law. I mean, they're not exactly the same thing, so her decision may vary.

Nevertheless, Clarissa didn't tell Matthew about her conversation with Ellie.

Worrying too much feels terrible enough. Besides, I just made up with Matthew. I'm not ready to face future problems yet. Besides, we may have broken up before we even

encountered them. For now, let's just do our best to love each other. It's still too early to think about it anyway.

While Clarissa was entering her honeymoon phase, Shermaine was still suffering.

She had lost the support of the Wynters, and they wouldn't be as keen to help her marry into the Tysons. In fact, the Wynters themselves were in a crisis, so nobody would even care about her.

At that moment, Shermaine felt like she had been abandoned.

Moreover, her only way of relying on the Wynters failed, so it would be even more challenging for her to approach Matthew from then on.

She could only accept the reality reluctantly.

Hence, she became very ill-tempered, and she would have a fit whenever something went wrong.

As a result, the people around her distanced themselves from her. At the same time, Lizzie had even resigned as Shermaine's manager.

But who would be willing to help Shermaine?

Thus, Lizzie couldn't bear it any longer.

Even at that stage, Shermaine had rejected plenty of offers, with the reason that she would be married soon. Meanwhile, Lizzie was focusing on the growth of another artist. Hence, when Shermaine had hit a stump in her relationship and wanted to start working again, she realized that there were no opportunities left.

Filled with rage, Shermaine rushed to the workplace of the other artist and slapped her, clearly ignoring the consequences. Unfortunately, her arrogant behavior had been videotaped.

Unwilling to back down, the artist fought back and made a scene.

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Clarissa learned of Shermaine's fight as soon as she went on social media.

There were even photos and videos of her fighting, and it was very unpleasant to the eyes.

No one thought that Shermaine would have such savage behavior, and her indulgent attitude toward the artist was clearly videotaped. Her intense gaze and menacing expression made those who were watching broke out in a cold sweat.

Clarissa was astonished that she would behave that way in broad daylight.

Of course, Shermaine's agency quickly suppressed the scandal and took immediate action.

The company responded that the scene was fake as they were just a shooting scene. However, they didn't disclose the film contents.

As a matter of fact, Shermaine and the artist had also declared that the plot was just for shooting purposes.

Although it appeared that way on the surface, nobody knew what really happened.

Outsiders didn't know that Shermaine had trouble with the Tysons and the Wyncers about her marriage to Matthew. After all, she still had her family's support, and others assumed that she was still the fiancée of Tyson Corporation's president. Hence, she couldn't be easily offended.

As Matthew's friend and Shermaine's boss, Henry naturally knew the affairs between the two.

Nevertheless, public and private affairs should be separated.

"Shermaine, I can't do anything about you and Matthew, and I know that you're in a terrible mood. However, since you are our contracted artist, everything must be done according to

the contract. If you want to ruin your image, let us know beforehand to save all the hassle. And if you want to quit, you can do as you please.”

As the foreman of the entertainment company, he had connections with his subordinates, and Shermaine was closest to him.

Nonetheless, Henry was serious when it came to business.

Hearing that, Shermaine pulled a long face.

Even so, she could only swallow her grievances as she didn't dare to offend him.

“Since you want to work, then I'll arrange more tasks for you during this period. Your manager has already received instructions, and she'll make arrangements for you if you go back to her.”

Henry didn't want to waste time on her, so he made himself clear.

The poor woman could only leave reluctantly.

She was extremely bitter as she lost Matthew's support, and Henry had treated her coldheartedly.

After leaving the office, Shermaine headed to Tyson Corporation, ignoring the fact that there might be paparazzi following her.

Even if Matthew did not want to meet her, she would do all she could to use him to patch up her reputation.

When she reached the office building, the security guard let her in as he knew her. As for everyone else, they assumed that Shermaine was Matthew's fiancée, as reported in the news earlier.

Therefore, no one at Tyson Corporation had stopped her. As to whether she would be able to meet Matthew was a different story entirely.

Meanwhile, the paparazzi keeping guard downstairs had already spread the news about Shermaine going to Tyson Corporation.

The news of Shermaine seeking help from her fiancé after being bullied was all over the internet.

Shermaine Smallwood's Anchor

As soon as the tabloids were released, they immediately went viral.

People were naturally busybodies, especially paparazzi. Earlier, they had released a column about Shermaine bullying a newbie actress, but now she appeared to be seeking comfort from her fiancé. They even added that the actress who was beaten up was afraid that the president of Tyson Corporation would go to great lengths for Shermaine.

Yet, only Shermaine herself knew that she didn't even get to see Matthew at all. She only waited alone in the guest room for a long time before leaving.

When Matthew got off work, Clarissa was still sitting on the wool carpet in the living room while working on her computer and checking her phone.

Seeing that he had come back, she only glanced at him coldly and then resumed her attention towards her phone.

Matthew raised his eyebrows in confusion. Thus, he also sat on the carpet in front of the woman and tried to kiss her.

"Go away."

Clarissa dodged and avoided his touch. Furrowing her eyebrows, she took her computer and sat on the couch instead.

I don't want to sit with you! Stay away from me!

He grinned. Instead of pouncing on her again, he leaned back and stretched out his slender legs to touch hers.

"Tell me, what's the matter? Even if you're punishing me, shouldn't you at least talk to me?"

Clarissa snorted, "Punishment? Who am I to do that?"

"Pfhhh... No one else dared to except you, Clare."

He childishly nudged her with his feet. "Come on, tell Uncle Matthew what upset you, and I'll help you solve it, alright?"

"You... Ugh! You're shameless!" She blushed in embarrassment and glared at him.

She was used to calling him Uncle Matthew, but the way he said "uncle" carried a darker meaning that differed from the original.

For some reason, he made it sound so wrong.

Matthew smiled lightly and longingly stared at the woman's bashful expression.

"Clare, what did I do? Why would you say that? Uncle Matthew is just worried about you."

"Shut up!"

Knowing that Matthew was just teasing her, she became even more frustrated.

She snapped, "Don't you know? Hmph! Everyone knew that Ms. Smallwood fought with someone earlier, so she went to seek you for comfort. What a great fiancé you are, Mr. Tyson! Didn't your fiancée vent to you? She must have suffered a lot."

He immediately understood what she meant.

However, he didn't expect that Shermaine looking for him would end up in the tabloids.

Thus, he clarified, "I didn't meet Shermaine."

"Well, you can say whatever you want; nobody will know the truth anyway." Clarissa smiled thinly.

Matthew couldn't help but chuckled after hearing that.

"Clare, what are you blathering about? Don't you believe me?"

She pouted at him. "I do trust you!"

This woman is so troublesome. With a sigh, he went towards her and pulled her into his embrace.

“It seems like you don’t. Tell you what – why don’t you ask Donnie or check the surveillance tapes?”

Truthfully speaking, Clarissa believed Matthew.

She was just upset that Shermaine went looking for him earlier.

Because to the rest of the world, Shermaine was his fiancée, and that was the cold, harsh truth.

“Fine. I believe you.”

Nonetheless, he still didn’t let her go. He leaned in to give her a kiss and asked softly, “Clare, Darling, are you jealous?”

She rolled her eyes and quickly admitted, “Duh! What about it?”

Isn’t that obvious enough?

“Nothing. I’m just glad to hear that.”

Matthew gave her a peck on the lips. After parting for a while, they started kissing again – only this time, it was more intense.

“No need to be jealous. I only have you in my heart.”

Following that, they became fully embraced in a passionate lip-locking session.

Since only both of them knew the truth, she didn’t care about others who were in the dark.

For them, it was just another scandal involving Shermaine.

The long break came, and Clarissa wanted to return to W City to be with her grandmother, but Matthew would not let her.

He only gave her two options – to visit her grandmother along with him or go on a vacation together.

Out of the two choices, she was more inclined to the trip in all honesty.

Eventually, she made the decision.

She would go on a trip with him first, then visit W City a few days later without him. This was the perfect plan for her.

The first day of her long break came, and off they went on their trip.

Since it was her first time flying first-class, she was thrilled to enjoy this luxury, thanks to Matthew.

However, her excitement soon turned into frustration when one of the flight attendants kept bothering Matthew.

“Mr. Tyson, what would you like to drink?”

“Mr. Tyson, would you like some desserts?”

“Mr. Tyson...”

“Mr. Tyson...”

Hello? I’m sitting right here!

Eventually, she understood the flight attendant’s true intentions, and her good mood was ruined.

When Clarissa saw that the lady was heading their way again, she suddenly leaned in to Matthew and tugged at his arm.

Before the flight attendant could call Matthew’s name once again, Clarissa intentionally acted coquettishly towards him.

“Mr. Tyson, Mr. Tyson... Mr. Tyson-”

Her seductive voice melted his heart.

The flight attendant was startled at this, and she glared at Clarissa in envy.

Nevertheless, Clarissa ignored her.

Meanwhile, Matthew was staring at Clarissa intensely, with his heart thumping in his chest. Only he knew that her voice turned him on.

He squeezed her tiny hands tightly and spoke with a deep, hoarse voice, "Clareeee."

Clarissa became bashful under his longing gaze.

But when she saw that the flight attendant was still standing there, she immediately became competitive. The next moment, she had already put on a seductive expression and was smiling coquettishly.

"Calling you Mr. Tyson is quite fun. I thought calling you that will bring some benefit. Otherwise, why would they call you that every time they see you?"

"Hahaha!" Someone laughed at her remark.

On the other hand, the flight attendant became awkward and left.

Clarissa then stopped smiling and glared at Matthew. When she wanted to head back to her seat, he squeezed her hand tightly, refusing to let it go.

She couldn't help but say coquettishly, "Oh, let go of me, Mr. Tyson."

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

### Chapter 140

"Let go of me, won't you, Mr. Tyson?"

Her alluring voice was like a current flowing through Matthew's whole body that awoke him. At that moment, he was imagining all the bad things that he would do to her.

His longing gaze glared at Clarissa's body, igniting his burning desire.

When she felt his scorching glare, her cheeks flushed, and her body became stiff as she couldn't resist it anymore.

She could only turn around her head to avoid eye contact since she couldn't pull her hand away from him.

Despite her ignoring him, Matthew leaned in and whispered into her ears, his deep voice itching her.

"Clare, I really want to..."

Although he didn't say the word, Clarissa knew what he meant.

Not knowing whether she was shocked or turned on, she trembled fiercely, and her whole body was igniting with a fiery passion.

All of a sudden, she felt his warm breath against her earlobes which instantly paralyzed her. Then, he started exploring her body with his hands daringly.

Clarissa was at a loss for words at his bold actions.

"Matthew, we're on a plane."

She lowered her voice and tried to calm him down.

"Hmm. You're lucky that you're still on the plane. Otherwise..."

Otherwise, what, you sicko?

Were you seriously thinking of doing it in the plane?

No way!

She immediately dismissed her wayward thoughts and moaned pitifully.

"I was teasing you earlier because of that flight attendant! Who knows what would happen if I weren't by your side, hmm? I wonder if she would pounce on you like a starving wolf?"

Matthew clicked his tongue and pulled her into his arms.

Taking advantage of the situation, he pinched her cheeks and wanted to say something. However, he couldn't help but kiss her when he saw her puppy-dog eyes and her slightly pursed lips.

After a deep kiss, Matthew tried his very best to put out the fire within him as he put his forehead against hers, their breathing slowly in sync.

Clarissa then calmed herself down and muttered softly.

"Matthew, c-control yourself."

She could feel the blood rushing through his veins, awakening every senses in his body to full alert – especially the one in his pants.

Matthew smirked. "You're the one who tempted me in the first place..."

"I didn't! I only called you Mr. Tyson. How is that seducing?"

He responded in a deep voice, "Hmm?"

It is!

Though her face was flushed crimson red, she knew she didn't, and it was his fault for not being able to control himself.

"Can you let me go now?"

Clarissa looked up and met the flight attendant's gaze.

The corners of her mouth twitched. Matthew saw it, smiled lightly, and hugged her. "Nope. People are watching. If I let go, isn't she going to pounce on me instead? Won't you be jealous?"

"She wouldn't!"

As a matter of fact, they both know that it wouldn't actually happen.

However, Clarissa did not let go of Matthew in the end. She simply found a comfortable posture, leaned in his arms, and hugged his waist firmly. Then, she closed her eyes while enjoying his warm embrace.

"In that case, I'll be taking a nap in this state. Wake me up when we're there."

Smiling tenderly, he lowered his head and kissed her forehead.

"Alright. Don't worry; no one will be able to snatch me away from such an overprotective woman like you."

She blushed and glared at him, then closed her eyes and slept peacefully.

In less than two hours, the two had reached their destination.

Compared with the cool and dry weather in D City, they felt the heat as soon as they landed.

When they reached the airport, Clarissa changed into something more comfortable and suited for the weather.

When she came out, Matthew saw her dressed in an off-shoulder romper that not only showed off her slender legs but also her fair and delicate shoulders. Her hair was up in a messy bun which exposed and accentuated her nape, and her beautiful face drew a lot of attention.

His fingers twitched subconsciously at sight, and he squinted his eyes sharply.

Clarissa was utterly unaware of it, however. With a bright smile on her face, she strode quickly toward him and said, "I love the beach! It's so refreshing. But I forgot to bring my swimsuit. I'll buy one later when I have the chance. Did you bring yours?"

Matthew did not answer her question. Instead, he pulled her against him and nibbed her shoulders lightly.

"Ouch-"

She frowned and looked at her shoulder, only to find a red hickey that appeared soon after.

“Matthew! What have you done? Are you mental?” she yelled at him furiously.

“I’m scared that you’ll catch a cold...”

“What?”

Before she could connect the dots, he had already placed a coat on her.

She glared at him. “It’s a hundred degrees out here! How could I catch a cold?”

When she was about to take off Matthew’s coat, he grabbed her shoulders tightly and smirked wickedly.

“You’ll definitely catch a cold wearing this little,” he emphasized firmly.

At that, she finally understood what he meant.

She pouted in dissatisfaction and glanced at him. “What is wrong with you! Everyone here dresses in this way! And they’re dressed even more skimpily! Do you have to be such a control freak?”

“Well, those women don’t belong to me, but you do. So I have to.”

Clarissa was speechless, and she muttered a silent curse under her breath.

Under his piercing gaze, she could only scoff at him and walk out of the airport with a coat over her shoulders.

Their hotel room was an oceanfront luxury suite. Thus, as soon as they reached the room, Clarissa forgot all about her frustration and what happened earlier at the airport as she gaped in awe at the breathtaking landscape. Then, she sat by the private pool excitedly and splashed the water while appreciating the view.

“This is stunning...”

With arms outstretched as if she was embracing the sea, she took a deep breath with her eyes closed and a smile on her face.

Her mood significantly improved after that. When she turned around, she found him leaning against the door and gazing at her tenderly.

For a moment, he was flabbergasted by her captivating smile.

This feeling was unlike the one before, though he couldn't explain how.

He could only feel his heart thumping wildly in his chest as if it was trying to escape from his chest.

The next thing he knew, he had already walked to her side, kissing her fiercely under the bright sun.

There was a pool and the ocean, but she still lacked a swimsuit.

Since the hotel did sell swimwear, Clarissa chose a one-piece swimsuit. Well, Matthew can't complain this time.

However, the cashier handed her another piece at the checkout.

She eyed Matthew after realizing what he had done.

"I don't want this."

"This man has already paid for it."

"I'd like to return it, then."

"I'm sorry, but you can't."

Clarissa was rendered speechless.

Before she could change into her swimsuit in the hotel room, Matthew approached her from behind.

“Clare, this piece is more suited for the private pool...”

She sneered silently. I know that... But I won't wear it!

“I don't want it... Weren't you just saying that I wear too little? Look at the swimsuit that I bought! It covers everything...”

He grinned mischievously. “Do you need my help?”

“No, thanks.”

It was not the first day she had known Matthew.

However, she still put on the tiny bikini that he bought in the end.

Standing in front of the mirror, she couldn't help blushing and immediately wrapped herself with a towel.

While she was debating with herself, he was waiting for her outside patiently.

After all, he had all the time in his hands, so there was no rush.

She knew it was inevitable, so she finally left the room. However, he had already started swimming in the pool.

Clarissa couldn't help gaping at his tanned skin and toned figure.

Oh my...

She covered her reddened face while her heart raced like crazy.

Since she didn't know how to swim, she could only sit beside the pool and paddled lightly.

Just then, Matthew came over and tickled her feet.

“Hahaha...”

She laughed as it was ticklish, yet at the same time, her towel was yanked off. Embarrassed, she tried to snatch it back, but Matthew suddenly pulled her into the water.

The landlubber screamed frantically, and she could only cling to him for life. She didn't care how close they were at that moment as she was scared to death.

"Matthew, you jerk! Get me up there right now!"

She yelled desperately, but his evil smirk grew wider.

I swear he's evil!

At that moment, she wanted to punch him in the face, but she was too afraid to let go, so she could only cling to him in despair.

"I'm scared..."

"Don't be scared, Darling. I'll teach you how to swim, okay?"

"No! I don't want to!"

"But I want to teach you, so what should we do?"

Clarissa glared at him. I knew it! This is a trap.

Since she couldn't use her limbs, she sank her teeth into his shoulders as payback.