

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 131 - 135

"Thank me?"

Matthew leaned backward lazily and laughed the same mocking laugh that Clarissa was so familiar with.

At that moment, she could feel his anger.

Her heartbeat quickened, and she habitually shrank her neck.

"Do the same as what you did last night with Mr. Longman?"

Clarissa did not reply.

Instead, she breathed deeply, holding in her rage.

She knew that this man was infuriated, and she had no wish to quarrel with him.

Pursing her lips, Clarissa lifted her head and said, "Mr. Tyson, I have no obligation to explain anything to you. I suppose last night was a lesson for me, but I am eternally grateful that you helped me out. I shall not bother you anymore. Bye!"

Clarissa was afraid that it would end on an unhappy note if she stayed any longer.

Though she and Matthew broke up, she did not want every meeting with him to be unpleasant and awkward.

This time, she was pleased with her own response.

Clarissa, you have done well. This is the correct way, so classy and eloquent.

She showered herself with words of encouragement as she strode toward the exit.

But the moment she stretched out her hand and touched the doorknob, a large hand slammed on the door panel abruptly, and her whole body was spun around. All she saw was darkness, and her jaw hurt as someone held her face by the chin.

Matthew's raspy voice came over her breath, full of fury.

"Clarissa, how dare you?"

"What did I... Mm..."

Before she knew what was happening, her delicate lips were sealed while her mouth was invaded.

Clarissa felt giddy, as if there was no oxygen left in the room. In no time, her body went limp, and Matthew held her in his arms. Leaning on him helplessly, she had no choice but to let him have his way with her.

Sometime later, she was pinned on the bed, her body freezing with her blouse opened up. Her lips were finally free, but the man was passionately kissing her body and giving her shivers as his lips lingered on her.

Clarissa's whole body was flushed, and she stretched out her hand in embarrassment, shoving Matthew away.

"You... Get away from me..."

It was just a gentle push, and Clarissa was not sure if she meant it, but this slight movement stopped Matthew completely.

He lay on her bosom motionlessly for a long time, then suddenly got up and turned around before heading outside.

Embarrassed, Clarissa quickly dressed up.

Her emotions were like a roller coaster, and she did not know what to do next.

Bang!

The door was closed from the outside.

Startled, she hurried out of the room, but there was no trace of Matthew anywhere.

Was she disappointed?

Clarissa had to admit that she was.

Dumbstruck, she stood in the room for some time until someone knocked on the door.

She walked over to find that it was a waitress who brought her a set of clothes, including undergarments.

After changing into the clothes, Clarissa left the hotel.

However, she had to settle the bill for the room before she did so.

Initially, Clarissa was feeling disappointed, but now, she was simply bothered by the high hotel rate. What is so special about this hotel that one night costs so much? If I had known that it cost so much, I would have lingered a little longer. Besides, shouldn't Matthew be the one paying for the room?

While blathering to herself, Clarissa reached home.

Immediately, she called Hilary and managed to get through after some difficulty. But the moment the call connected, her mother asked her about Mr. Longman.

Clarissa told her everything that had happened the previous night.

But Hilary did not find any problem with that. "Clary, Mr. Longman came back from abroad. If you guys are into each other, just go to bed with him. Why are you so stubborn? Besides, didn't you say that he is pretty good? He only did that because he likes you, and it's not like he drugged you. To be honest with you, Mr. Longman asked someone to tell me that you are not suitable for him. He thought that you agreed to be with him, so he invited you for a drink and took you to the hotel. It was wrong of you to get someone to beat him up. If you don't like him, why did you meet him so many times? And why did you go for a drink with him?"

Hilary spoke at length, and her conclusion was that Clarissa was in the wrong.

The patience Clarissa had for her mother finally ran out.

"Are you done?"

Clarissa's tone became cold. "Who do you think I am? A whore who just goes to bed with anyone? , Instead of being worried when your daughter was almost taken advantage of by a stranger, you actually think I was wrong for fending for myself? Do I have to sleep around in order to please you?"

"You foolish girl! That's not what I mean—"

"You should know perfectly well what you mean. Aren't you trying to marry me off into a wealthy family? Do you think that a loose woman would get to marry into a rich family? Did you marry into a rich family by sleeping around?"

"You... You..."

Hilary was so furious that she stuttered.

On the other hand, Clarissa regretted the words she had spoken out of rage the moment they escaped her lips.

Aware that she had gone overboard, Clarissa quietened down for a while, and then she apologized.

"I'm sorry, Mom."

"You silly girl. I did it for your good, didn't I?"

"I know, but it's not what I want. Mom, let me be honest with you. Your ideas won't work. Just look at all those girls who want to marry rich. Do you think wealthy men are idiots? There are tons of girls who are prettier than me. Why would a rich man choose me over them?"

"What do you mean?"

"You must understand this. I'll prove myself so that a man will admire me for my capability, not my looks. After that, we will see how it goes."

"You are right, but you must hurry while you are still young. You have to..."

"I understand. That's why I'm looking out for men while I'm working on myself, so I hope you will stop pressuring me."

After talking to Hilary, Clarissa was relieved.

Finally, the matter with Hilary was settled.

In the following days, Clarissa followed Justin to learn during the day, and at night, she coded so that her time was fully occupied and she had no spare time to think about Matthew.

This was the first time she felt heartbroken after a breakup. Even though she thought about him all the time, she was not allowed to look for him.

Whenever she could not sleep in the middle of the night, a battle between logic and feelings would take place in her mind.

Perhaps one day, she would get used to it.

...

Clarissa had been in D City for some time, and the weather here was freezing, which made her miss her hometown, W City, very much.

Alas, this city did not give her a sense of belonging.

She did another photoshoot for Ellie's new products and made a live broadcast. By now, her "Miss Clare" persona was already well-known online and in the live broadcast industry, but she rarely appeared in public, so it was difficult to meet her. One could only leave a message on Ellie's online shop to make an appointment with her.

The live broadcast this time was more successful than the previous one because it was first announced online.

After the live broadcast, Ellie was too excited for words as the sales rose to a new high.

"Clare, are you really leaving?"

Clarissa had wanted to leave several times, but she stayed on because Ellie could not bear to part with her.

“This time, it’s for real. I have nothing going for me in D City. Besides, the weather is getting cold, and my grandma is not in good shape. The cold weather tends to make her health worsen, so I’d better go back and look after her.”

Ellie had no way of arguing with that.

“Alright, then. But you should leave after the weekend so that we can spend some time together.”

Clarissa agreed to it.

During the weekend, Ellie and Clarissa went window shopping and eating out happily.

But when night came, Ellie brought Clarissa to a gathering, which the latter was oblivious to. When they arrived, all the people she knew were there, including Matthew.

Immediately, Clarissa wanted to leave, but Ellie stopped her.

“Oh, don’t go. If you leave, it just means that you haven’t got over it yet. Clare, if you haven’t, just reconcile with Uncle Matt then. Don’t worry. This time, you have my blessings.”

Clarissa frowned at Ellie.

It’s obviously a ploy by Ellie.

Clarissa could only go along with it, so she went inside begrudgingly.

“Clarissa, I heard that you have been following Yates during this period of time. Have you learned a lot? Yates, I’d say, Clarissa has become your apprentice, hasn’t she?”

Justin merely chuckled. “I’m no mentor.”

Clarissa did not reply as she sensed that Jeremy and the others were teasing her.

As she tried to take a seat, Ellie and the others shoved her to Matthew's side, leaving her no choice but to sit next to him.

Clarissa felt a little uneasy, but before she could leave, Matthew got up first. With an icy expression, the man, who exuded an imposing aura, walked to the other side and sat down.

His reaction surprised everyone.

At first, they were trying to bring the two back together, but to their surprise, Matt was the one who was unwilling.

They exchanged glances while Clarissa's face fell. Lowering her head, she looked at the phone as if she could not care less about Matthew.

The atmosphere became so dense that it was almost palpable.

As the expert at breaking the ice, Jeremy quickly changed the subject, and everyone started talking and laughing, putting the earlier events to the back of their minds.

"Justin, when is the premiere of your new movie?"

"Most probably during the New Year holidays."

"New Year holiday season. Will the box office hit a billion?"

Naturally, Justin was not sure as no director could accurately predict their own box office.

"I can't tell how much we can sell, but I can foresee some profit. It's possible that we may win some awards."

"Tsk tsk, Clarissa's script. I heard Yates say that it has depth. Clarissa is really amazing. She's young, beautiful, and talented, as good as our Matt. When Matt was twenty, he was the rising star in D City's business world. Of course, he is already a prominent figure now, but when he was young, he really surprised the business community. If you two really get together, you will have a child in the future. Won't the child be a prodigy?"

"That's right. I think so too. Come on, give us a child prodigy. We are all waiting!"

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 132

Clarissa did not know how to react.

These people had deliberately brought her and Matthew together, not to mention, everything they talked about always leads back to them.

Have a child prodigy together?

Clarissa felt somewhat helpless and shot a furtive glance at Matthew, only to see an indifferent look on his face, as though he wasn't listening to them at all.

She withdrew her gaze as thoughts flooded her mind.

Jeremy narrowed his eyes a fraction. Ladies usually dig Matt's proud and cold demeanor, but under current circumstances, he shouldn't keep acting like an arrogant d*ck, not if he wants to get back together with Clarissa.

As the atmosphere turned awkward, Jeremy spoke up once again.

"What do you think, Matt? Both you and Clarissa are so smart. Can we expect you two to give us a super-smart little godson?"

This time, the question was aimed directly at Matthew.

In the private lounge, everyone was staring expectantly at Matthew. As long as he spoke, their plan would go smoothly.

They believed that he only needed to coax Clarissa a little bit and this conflict would be resolved. Hence, they wanted to see Matthew's reaction first.

Except for Clarissa, everyone else was waiting for Matthew's answer.

She was the only one scrolling through her phone with her head bowed, looking like she couldn't care less what his answer was.

As for Matthew, he lifted his gaze unhurriedly at Jeremy's question and drummed his fingers on his thigh.

Then, he parted his lips and spoke in a cold voice.

"What does my child have to do with all of you? Stop asking stupid questions, Jeremy."

His reply was like a bucket of ice water.

Silence ensued and the atmosphere grew thick with tension.

Done saying his piece, Matthew stood up and left the private lounge.

After he left, things didn't really take a turn for the better.

The few of them exchanged wary glances, having already glimpsed Clarissa's expression. Unfortunately, she was wearing an unreadable expression that prevented them from figuring out what was going through her mind.

These two are really hopeless.

Justin chuckled to break the awkward silence.

"Jeremy, enough about Matt. I heard that your family has given you an ultimatum. You can choose not to marry, but you must give them a child, something like that? Tsk, I think they've accepted that you can't give up on your precious forest. You should quickly do your part and have a child so that your elders will stop worrying."

"What? A child? If they want one, they can just pick one up from the streets for all I care."

Jeremy would never go along with his family's wishes, and of course he had said this without giving it much thought. Little did he know that his casual comment would one day come true.

Of course, this would only happen later in the future.

Everyone loosened up considerably as they talked about family matters.

However, Clarissa started to get bored.

After Matthew came back, it was her turn to go out.

Seeing Matthew that night showed Clarissa that there was no reason for her to stay anymore.

She initially planned to leave in a few days, but at that moment, she immediately used her phone to book a flight back to W City the next morning.

There was nothing left to hold on to.

Clarissa turned around, planning to bid Ellie goodbye and call it an early night. When she reached the door to the private lounge, she spotted Matthew and Shermaine.

She paused but didn't turn back from where she came. Instead, she chose to hide just around the corner. She wasn't trying to eavesdrop, but she just didn't want to run into the two of them like this.

"Matt, why are you rejecting me? I thought you'd finally admitted to our relationship when you stayed in Moranta to accompany me during my treatment. Why, Matt? Do you know how much I want to marry you? Do you know how long I've been waiting for that moment?"

"Matt, even if you don't have feelings for me, our marriage will bring benefits to both our families."

Shermaine poured out her feelings, but Matthew remained impassive.

"Shermaine, I'm sure you know why I accompanied you to Moranta and everything else I did there."

Indeed, Shermaine knew why. At that time, she was also aware that Esther was only pretending to be sick.

When Matthew pointed that out in a cold and sharp tone, Shermaine's chest tightened painfully as humiliation and anguish swept through her.

"Matt, I don't believe that you don't have any feelings for me."

"I only see you as a friend."

"Fine, even if that's the case, aren't you afraid the Wynters will be upset that you're calling off the wedding just like that, Matt?"

"Is this a threat I hear?"

Matthew finally looked Shermaine in the eye, but his gaze made Shermaine feel as though she was plunged into ice-cold water and was drowning.

Her heart leapt to her throat and she took a subconscious step backward as panic filled her eyes.

Due to her heels, she lost her balance and shrieked in alarm.

Still hiding in the corner, Clarissa's heart clenched nervously, but she did not look at them.

Soon, the sound of Shermaine's sobs reached her ears.

"Matt, you still like me and care about me, right? I love you, Matt. I really do. Can we get married, please? Even if... Even if one day, you find a woman you truly love, I won't mind and I'll even give you my blessings. But now, just give me a chance to love you. Please?"

Right then, Shermaine was hugging Matthew tightly.

Clarissa didn't catch Matthew's answer, so she turned around slightly and took a peek.

Her heart instantly sunk to the pit of her stomach.

Suddenly, she felt that she was being ridiculous. Why am I even hiding here?

She took a deep breath, turned around and left quietly.

However, after she left, Matthew forcefully shoved Shermaine away.

"Shermaine, it's impossible between us. From now on, stop wasting your time on me."

Matthew was about to leave when Shermaine abruptly raised her voice and threatened, "Aren't you afraid, Matt?"

Afraid?

Matthew naturally knew what Shermaine meant.

Despite that, his face remained expressionless and he never once faltered in his footsteps.

As Shermaine watched Matthew's retreating figure, her aggrieved gaze flashed with a hint of resentment.

Why? Just how can I make Matthew fall in love with me?

...

"Huh? Clare left already!"

By the time Ellie received Clarissa's text, the latter had already hopped into a taxi and was quite a distance away already.

As soon as she announced this, everyone looked at Matthew in unison.

The air around Matthew seemed to drop a few degrees in temperature.

Yarick, who was sitting closest to him, immediately bolted from his seat and shifted further away from him.

"Pfft..."

Never one to mince his words, Justin chuckled and remarked, "Seriously, Matt? You refused to lower your ego when she was here. Now that she's gone, what's the point in getting all broody?"

As soon as he said that, Matthew cast a deadly glare at him.

Justin shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "Forget I said anything."

Then, he turned to the side and deliberately asked Ellie, "Ellie, I recently heard that that kid Damon is making some serious advances on Clarissa. Do you think it's possible Clarissa might feel that younger men are easier to communicate and connect with?"

Ellie had the urge to say something that would provoke her uncle, but seeing the murderous look on his face, she quickly dismissed that thought.

In a soft voice, she replied, "Yeah, Damon is making advances on Clare, but she hasn't accepted him yet."

"Oh? Well, persistence is key and it applies to women as well. Besides, Damon isn't too shabby. I think he and Clarissa would make a lovely couple. Don't you all agree?"

Yarick mentally gave Justin a thumbs-up. You've got some balls of steel there, bro.

Jeremy wasn't as bold as Justin, but he still went with the flow and added, "Clarissa's single now. Besides Damon, I'm pretty sure that many more outstanding men will try to court her. Perhaps she'll be taken again very soon."

Bang!

Matthew abruptly slammed his glass down.

Everyone fell silent, watching as Matthew got up, grabbed his coat and left.

"Pfft..."

After Matthew was gone, Ellie couldn't stifle her laughter any longer.

She never knew that her uncle was a man with an ego the size of the earth.

In Ellie's heart, her Uncle Matt had always been her lofty elder. He was decisive and omnipotent, which was why she greatly revered him. Of course, after the matter involving Clarissa, she gradually discovered another side to her uncle. However, at that moment, Ellie's whole impression of Matthew had been overturned.

It turned out that her uncle was just a man. When in the face of love, he did stupid things just like any other man would.

After Ellie's laughter died down, she stated, "If I were Clare, I wouldn't want to get back together. I mean, look at how arrogant Uncle Matt behaved."

Everyone else nodded in agreement.

Having tried their best to patch things up between those two, they believed that time would heal them.

Unbeknownst to them, Clarissa had decided not to allow Matthew to dictate her life anymore.

When Ellie woke up late the next day, Clarissa had already arrived in her hometown.

While they were on a video call, Catherine came over to say hi to Ellie and exchanged a few words with her.

"I'm freaking mad at you, Clare. Even if you wanted to leave, you shouldn't have left without saying goodbye. Did you think we were gonna eat you up or something?"

The sun hit just right where she was lounging leisurely by the window in her room, and she could feel all her stress melt away.

"Technically, I'm still here. Did I tell you? Being home feels so good. The weather's getting chilly here..."

Needless to say, Ellie understood why her best friend had left.

She sighed inwardly, feeling rather sorry for both Clarissa and her uncle.

However, there was nothing she could do now that things had turned out this way.

In the following days, Clarissa lazed around the house and wrote whenever she felt like it. Meanwhile in D City, Ellie frequently video-called Clarissa and told her about work and also Matthew being pressured by the family. Even though Shermaine was no more, there were still many other women vying to become his wife.

In regard to this, Clarissa only laughed it off and gave no other response.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 133

"Aren't you getting up yet, Clare? You stayed up late again last night, didn't you? I told you staying up late is bad for your skin. You should at least go out and get some exercise. Come now, it's time to get up. You're going out with us today..."

Catherine came into Clarissa's room early in the morning and woke her up. After some nagging, Clarissa finally clambered out of bed.

"Ughh. You guys go ahead without me, Grandma. I need to write, remember?"

"There you go again with the same old excuse. It's not like it'll be the end of the world if you stop writing for just one day. I'm meeting some neighbors in the park for some exercise. You should come with me."

Clarissa tousled her hair and whined, "I don't wanna go."

She leaned against the headboard with a head of disheveled hair, not at all like the pretty little fairy Ellie often called her.

Since this was her own home, she couldn't be bothered about her appearance.

Catherine grinned and said, "You have to come whether you like it or not. I already promised them I'd bring along my beautiful granddaughter."

Clarissa immediately grasped her grandmother's intentions.

The latter was going to utilize the opportunity of her return to introduce a potential boyfriend to her.

Clarissa couldn't disobey her grandmother's orders, so although she was reluctant, she followed the latter out nonetheless.

Catherine's friends were all old ladies. Upon seeing a lively young girl like Clarissa, they immediately focused all of their attention on her, asking her detailed questions and offering

to introduce their sons or grandsons to her. Some even outright asked for her phone number, hoping to bring her into the family as soon as possible.

Clarissa felt lightheaded from being at the receiving end of their enthusiasm.

Fortunately, they began their exercise after a while. She joined them for a while but went to find a shady spot later on.

It was great that Catherine and her friends exercised daily as it kept their mental and physical health in good condition.

After slipping away, Clarissa scrolled through her phone to read some news, gossip, and trending topics – something which had become a daily routine for her.

Suddenly, she sprung to her feet in shock.

The abrupt action caused the bag to fall from her lap, but she didn't seem to notice it. With her eyes never leaving her phone, she frantically scrolled down as she read the piece of news.

“Tyson Corporation... Casualties... Corruption...”

He's in trouble!

That was the only thing on Clarissa's mind. She turned to run, but when she thought of her grandmother, she hurriedly snatched up her bag and ran toward the group of old ladies first.

They were taken aback by the apprehensive look on her face.

“What's wrong, Clare?”

“Grandma, I've to go to D City now. My friend is in trouble.”

Seeing how anxious she was, Catherine expressed her understanding but squeezed her hand to remind, “Go ahead, but stay calm, Clare. Don't panic.”

Clarissa drew in a long breath before leaving in a haste.

With only her backpack, she rushed to the airport and bought a ticket to D City.

In the waiting hall, she fished out her phone and called Ellie, who didn't hide the matter from her.

"You saw? Everything's fine, don't worry."

Despite Ellie's assurance, Clarissa raised her voice, clearly panicking.

"Fine? Things have already escalated to this point. How can everything be fine? Ellie, don't try to play things down with me. News of this is making the headlines everywhere. I mean, there are casualties! And there's also financial fraud involved? What in the world is going on? How can you not tell me something this huge?"

Ellie stayed silent for a while, seemingly unable to find the right words.

Clarissa sighed loudly and said, "I'm going to D City now. Is he... okay?"

Ellie hesitated for a moment before replying, "I don't know. I haven't seen him at all since this happened and neither has he come home. Perhaps he's busy handling the aftermath."

Worry gnawed away at Clarissa upon hearing that.

On the other end of the line, Ellie lowered her voice slightly and said, "I think it's a good idea that you're coming. Actually, I don't know how this matter will impact Uncle Matt. For as long as I can remember, Tyson Corporation has never experienced something as serious as this."

Clarissa's heart squeezed painfully in her chest and she didn't say much. After ending the call, she spiraled into a state of anxiety and worry, but mostly heartache.

Upon disembarking the plane, Clarissa quickly took a taxi to Ellie's studio. After meeting up, Clarissa got her to contact Matthew.

However, he seemed to be unreachable.

He didn't pick up his calls and couldn't be found anywhere. They managed to contact Donnie, but he had his hands full as well.

Before hanging up, he tactfully expressed that his president did not wish to see anyone at that moment.

Not just Clarissa, but Ellie was also very disappointed.

“Clare, maybe my uncle really is busy. And his pride doesn’t allow him to meet anyone now.”

Clarissa felt her heart breaking for him. Later on, Ellie contacted Jeremy and the others as well, but they did not disclose Matthew’s whereabouts.

“Clare, I think all we can do right now is sit tight and wait. Just stay here for now and see how this all pans out. Besides, there’s nothing we can do even if we manage to see my uncle now.”

Yeah. Even if I get to see Matthew, there’s nothing I can do to help him.

Clarissa felt dispirited.

Ellie couldn’t bear to see her this way, parting her mouth to speak. But in the end, she still clamped her lips shut and withheld her words.

“Clare, why don’t you go back to your place first?”

Clarissa shook her head. “I’m going to look for him.”

Without waiting for Ellie’s response, she dashed out of the studio.

As for where she was going to look for him, she did not mention. Ellie awkwardly retracted her outstretched hand that had only managed to grab air.

She shook her arm and huffed. Fine, forget it.

Clarissa went to her apartment first. When she didn’t find him there, she went to Zen Highlands.

Matthew wasn’t there either, but she didn’t go anywhere else and just waited at Zen Highlands.

During this time, she tried calling Matthew, but her calls couldn't get through.

Just like that, she ended up staying in Zen Highlands again. This time, she wasn't forced but had come of her own volition. However, it was under such heart-rending circumstances.

...

It had been three days since Clarissa came back to D City and she had stayed in Zen Highlands ever since.

The news about the incident seemed to have been suppressed, no longer as chaotic as before.

However, no news did not mean that the matter was resolved.

In the past three days, Clarissa could not eat or sleep well and had become very haggard. In spite of that, she was more worried about how Matthew was coping.

It was no secret that Matthew was a proud man. In Clarissa's heart, he was invincible and unsurpassable, but after something this major happened, the company descended into chaos. Even so, all she could think of was the devastating blow Matthew must have suffered, causing her to feel even more distressed.

How is Matthew going to get through such a major setback?

She could only imagine what he was dealing with at that moment.

"Ms. Quigley, aren't you going to bed yet? It's very late already."

Julia was worried upon seeing Clarissa still awake in the middle of the night.

Clarissa had been like that for a few days now. Julia did not know what was going on with Matthew, but the way Clarissa looked made her feel restless.

Clarissa shook her head. "I'm going to wait for a while longer. Don't worry and just go to bed first, Mrs. Lawson."

Julia sighed dejectedly and turned her head back to her room.

Sitting on the sofa alone, Clarissa waited patiently.

When she started to nod off, the sound of a car engine reached her ears.

She immediately jumped up from the sofa and ran out barefooted. As soon as she reached the foyer, the door was opened from outside.

And there stood the familiar man she had waited so long to see.

She drank in his tall and upright figure, as well as the sharp and cold expression on his face.

However, there was fatigue lining his features.

Finally seeing Matthew after such a long time, rather than rush forward, Clarissa found herself coming to a stop a distance away from him.

She stood frozen in the foyer for a long time, not knowing what to say let alone what to do.

Matthew, on the other hand, brushed past her in a cold and distant manner.

He tossed away his coat and sat on the sofa, pinching the bridge of his nose feeling weary.

In a low and slightly hoarse voice, he asked, "Why are you here? Is there something you need?"

In an instant, Clarissa flushed with embarrassment.

However, this wasn't the time to turn and walk away because of his indifference.

Clarissa approached him and stood beside the sofa. "Are you... okay? I saw the news on the internet."

"I won't die any time soon," Matthew answered monotonously, but still did not look at Clarissa.

He leaned back on the sofa with his eyes closed, manifesting signs of exhaustion.

Clarissa remained at the same spot, lost for words all of a sudden.

The silence stretched until Matthew opened his eyes and sat upright, his keen eyes landing on her.

For some reason, his brows furrowed slightly and a hint of displeasure flashed across his face.

Clarissa immediately tensed up and subconsciously wiggled her toes. Only then did she feel the coldness seeping into the soles of her feet, making her feel slightly uncomfortable.

“Put on your slippers,” Matthew reprimanded just as she was thinking about it.

She quickly went to put on her slippers before taking the opportunity to sit opposite Matthew.

After settling down, Clarissa finally mustered up the courage to meet Matthew’s dark eyes.

“I don’t know how things are at your company, but in this world, there is no problem that cannot be solved. Besides, you’re so capable, so you’ll definitely be able to handle it. A momentary setback doesn’t mean your life is a failure. When I started writing last time, I kept failing miserably, as in no one read my work. Later on, I slowly gathered experience and reflected on my past mistakes so that I could write better. After that, I slowly gained popularity, but even then, I couldn’t be sure that every one of my works would be a guaranteed success.”

Will he be able to catch my drift?

Matthew did not speak. Instead, he lit a cigarette and narrowed his eyes to study her through the cloud of smoke.

Faced with his unnerving gaze, she anxiously added, “Such is life. It’s not always smooth-sailing. Sometimes, setbacks help us to scale new heights. You’re older than me and have more life experiences, so you definitely have a better perception of things than I, right?”

When Matthew remained silent, Clarissa’s mind went blank.

She fidgeted her fingers as the air seemed to condense around them.

A long moment later, Matthew finally drawled in a magnetic voice, "Are you worried about me?"

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 134

Clarissa stiffened slightly.

This is easy. I mean, we're friends, of course, I'm worried!

That was what she thought, but looking at Matthew's current demeanor, the undercurrent in his tone, and the way his gaze was boring into her, she did not know if it would be a good idea to speak her mind.

"I..."

"No. You're not."

A sneer tugged on Matthew's lips as he tapped the ash off his cigarette with a slender finger. Then, he drew in another puff before speaking in a barely audible voice, "You pity me."

His affirmative tone and the unconcealed mockery in his eyes instantly enraged Clarissa.

Clarissa shot up from her seat. Having worried sick for the past few days, she had a wan complexion and prominent dark circles on. However, her anger had replaced all trace of exhaustion from her face. She was exuding a murderous aura as fire danced in her eyes.

"Matthew Tyson! It's almost been a week since I learned about what happened. I asked everyone, from W City to D City, who might know your whereabouts. Every day, they were so worried about you and worked their heads off for you. But me? I couldn't do anything else other than to wait in Zen Highlands. I couldn't sleep at night because I was worried sick about you! All that because I pitied you?!"

Clarissa was fuming and her voice grew sharp as she questioned him in a confrontational manner.

Even so, she wasn't done venting out her frustrations.

"Did you say I pity you? Pray tell, what's there to pity about you? Have you gone bankrupt? Are you penniless? Are you living on the streets begging for scraps? Or are you handicapped and can't make a living for yourself anymore? You live in a villa, run your own company, possess assets worth billions, and have a wealthy and powerful background. Even if you go bankrupt and run out of money, you can still make a comeback. There's nothing about you that I would pity. Besides, I'm not that idle. My time is probably equivalent to thousands of words and I would spend all that just to pity you?"

Matthew was speechless.

"W-What are you looking at? Yeah, it's only a few thousand words, but that's still money! Although it's nothing compared to what you earn, it still fits the bill for me."

Clarissa ran her fingers through her hair, trying to ease her embarrassment for acting so condescending earlier.

Matthew gazed at Clarissa in silence. The layer of bitter contempt encompassing him seemed to vanish just then. He had only lashed out like that because of his wounded pride.

As Clarissa stared at him, albeit expressionless, her anger faded away in an instant.

In her heart, she came up with all kinds of excuses for Matthew's behavior toward her, then willingly conceded defeat in their silent battle.

Releasing a sigh, she walked toward Matthew and sat beside him.

"We're all very worried about you, but I believe that this is only a temporary drawback. Ellie said that ever since you took over Tyson Corporation, you've hit all kinds of snags but came out victorious, so it's impossible you'd be bested by this single incident, right? Also, I thought about it. First, it was the problem with the real estate under Tyson Corporation, and then there was the demolition accident, followed by the corruption rumors. I don't care whether they're true or not, but it can't be a coincidence that these things happened one after the other. It's very likely that this is all part of a conspiracy."

Matthew grunted lowly before stubbing out his cigarette and muttered, "It's late. You should get some rest."

Without saying anything else, he got up and went upstairs.

Clarissa felt dejected. After using so many words to express her worry for him, all she received in return was Matthew's apathy.

Despite her disappointment, at least Matthew had finally appeared and seemed fine. But then again, a proud man like him would never show his weakness easily even under such circumstances.

Clarissa sighed again before returning to the guest room.

Unfortunately, she still couldn't sleep. Before long, the sound of light footfalls outside broke through the silent night.

Clarissa got out of bed and opened the door. Poking her head out, she could vaguely see light coming from the living room. She hesitated for a moment but did not go out in the end.

It wasn't until the wee hours of the night that she sensed him go upstairs. Once again, silence blanketed the villa.

The next day when Clarissa woke up, she quickly went out only to find that Matthew had already left.

"Ms. Quigley, did you and Mr. Tyson fight last night?" Julia asked with concern, having just finished preparing breakfast.

Clarissa winced with the color creeping up her cheeks. "Mm. What time did he leave?"

"Very early. Ms. Quigley, I noticed that Mr. Tyson doesn't look too well. Why don't you try talking to him? No matter how busy he is, he still has to take care of himself!"

Clarissa was plagued with worries as well, but she did not know how to care for him anymore.

She always had to be mindful of hurting his pride, worrying that he might misunderstand her words. All in all, she was in a bind.

Not in the mood to eat breakfast, Clarissa only ate a few bites. After deliberating for a while, she called Ellie.

"I saw him yesterday, but he didn't say much. Do you know how things are going at his company? Is the company still in a precarious situation?"

Ellie's voice sounded grave on the other end of the line.

"I heard from my family that it's a rather serious matter. Although it's not serious to the point of bankruptcy, the company was still dealt a huge blow. This was likely an intentional act against Uncle Matt, and all signs point to Shermaine and the Wynters. Like what the f**k? Just because Uncle Matt doesn't like her? Did she really need to go to such lengths? This is simply too much! All the more reason Uncle Matt shouldn't marry her, seeing as she's such a vile woman!"

Clarissa's heart lurched painfully. So, Shermaine is the one behind this.

Clarissa couldn't describe the emotions raging through her, but guilt and fear stood out the most.

As Ellie cursed at Shermaine on the other end of the line, Clarissa tuned most of it out. Her mind was preoccupied with thoughts about how serious of a predicament Tyson Corporation might be facing.

And to overcome this predicament, Matthew had to choose between his happiness and his company.

Clarissa felt a stabbing pain in her heart and tears welled up in her eyes.

She might not fully understand what kind of man he was, but she was certain that he would not yield to such a threat for the sake of his company.

Doesn't Shermaine love him?

How could she do this?

How can she bear to see the man she loves endure the humiliation of being threatened?

Clarissa couldn't wrap her mind around it. She loved Matthew as well, and if she were in Shermaine's shoes, she would never be able to bear threatening Matthew this way. Because she loved him, all she wanted was for him to be happy.

Thinking about how Matthew was being threatened like this, Clarissa wanted so badly to give Shermaine a hard slap.

Her eyes reddened and tears trickled down her cheeks.

...

Matthew only returned to Zen Highlands close to dawn.

Just as he had expected, the lights in the living room were still on.

Matthew remained in the car for a while. After smoking one last cigarette, he got out and entered the villa.

In the living room, he saw Clarissa's petite figure lying on the sofa with a blanket over her body, seemingly asleep.

He immediately trod softly and cautiously approached the sofa.

Leaning down slightly, he noticed a lone tear rolling down her cheek.

His brows drew together, but before he could react, she reached out to hug him, causing him to fall on top of her.

Then, she buried her face into his neck and wept silently.

As hot tears pooled on his neck, Matthew felt his heart wrench in his chest. He was dazed for a split second and his eyes flickered with frustration, but soon, he wrapped his arms around her.

"Why are you crying?"

Clarissa cried for a while longer before forcing out through her sobs, "I'm worried about you."

Matthew's pursed lips twitched slightly because of her answer.

But, he concealed it well.

He adjusted his position and scooped Clarissa into his arms.

As both of them sat on the sofa, she hugged him tightly and buried her head into his chest, refusing to lift her head up.

“You’re crying because you’re worried about me? Or is it because you think I’m so incompetent that I’ll go bankrupt and live on the streets soon?”

Clarissa whipped her head up at that and refuted, “No, that’s not it. If anyone can find a way to solve it, it’s you.”

Her red-rimmed eyes gleamed with tears, while her nose and cheeks were flushed from crying so much. However, the confidence in her gaze was apparent as she stared at Matthew.

She believed in him with everything she had.

“Then why are you crying?” Matthew asked in a deep voice, using a slender finger to brush away the tear escaping from the corner of her eye.

“I’m crying because I can’t understand how she could bear to do this to you.”

Matthew fell silent. “You know?”

“Mmm, Ellie told me today.”

“What are your thoughts about it, then?”

After the waterworks stopped, Clarissa blinked rapidly to clear her bleary eyes and stared at Matthew.

“I think that Shermaine went overboard. She doesn’t know how to love you at all. Forcing you like that is simply despicable. If she really loves you, how can she bear to push you into making a choice like this?”

Matthew’s dark eyes shone.

“Then, what choice do you think I should make? My company is facing an unprecedented crisis and might very well be finished for good. I’ll be left with nothing. Even though I’ll still

have the Tysons' support, I won't take a single cent from them. If I don't choose Shermaine, I'll lose everything. On the contrary, if I choose her, then I'll still be that competent and invincible Matthew Tyson you know me as."

Clarissa knew what Matthew was getting at.

She widened her eyes in shock. "You're going to choose Shermaine? But a woman like her doesn't really love you. Even though you'll get to save your company, it'll be at the expense of your happiness."

"So, are you saying I should choose to lose everything?"

"No, that's just one of the possible outcomes, and it won't matter even if you're left with nothing. With your capabilities, you'll be able to rebuild your empire. Besides, you still have me. I have some savings too. Even though it's not much, it can still be used as start-up capital. Worst comes to worst, I'll just sell a few more copyrights. Money can be earned, and you can still become that competent and invincible Matthew Tyson you used to be."

This was the choice Clarissa would make.

After hearing her elaboration, Matthew's lips curved into a faint smile.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 135

With her arms around Matthew, Clarissa noticed the smile playing on his lips and suddenly felt embarrassed.

To dispel her embarrassment, she added as an afterthought, "Maybe I've oversimplified things. I know starting a business isn't that easy, but I stand by my opinion and hope you can follow your heart. The way Shermaine is forcing your hand just makes me sick."

Matthew finally spoke, "So, you want me to choose you, and not Shermaine."

Clarissa stiffened in his arms. Though embarrassed, she still nodded in response.

Right after nodding, she quickly shook her head and emphasized, "Not choose me per se, but to follow your heart. Of course, if you want to choose Shermaine and fortify your company by forming a strong alliance, I have no objections."

Her last few words greatly contradicted her feelings.

Matthew grasped her chin and rubbed her lips with his thumb, speaking in a mirthful tone.

"Indeed, Shermaine can bring me the benefits of a strong alliance. Are you sure you don't have any objections?"

When Clarissa heard what Matthew said, the green-eyed monster reared its ugly head. Jealousy coursed through her veins, in fact, she was oozing with it.

Even so, she remained stubborn. "If you choose to compromise on something as important as your marriage with a woman who threatened you, then, I don't have any more to say."

She could only blame herself for having poor character judgment.

"Pfft... And you said you didn't have any objections. You were clearly making a jab at me, no?"

"No, I wasn't."

Matthew leaned forward until their noses touched and their breathes mingled. Clarissa subconsciously held her breath, having not used to be so close to him for a long time.

Most importantly, she knew where things were heading.

Matthew tilted his head a little so that his lips grazed hers when he spoke again.

"Are you sure about that?"

"I'm—Mm..."

Unsurprisingly, her words were cut off by his kiss.

Matthew wasn't going to rush through this long-awaited moment. He kissed her sensually, dragging it out to allow them enough time to rekindle the romance between them.

After a long while, Clarissa lay in Matthew's arms, panting softly.

Just then, Matthew's sexy voice came from above her head.

"Does this mean we're back together, Clare?"

Clarissa did not answer. Isn't he asking the obvious?

Matthew was undeterred by her lack of response.

"Clarissa Quigley?"

Oh, and now he's even calling me by my full name.

Clarissa snapped, "No!"

As soon as she denied it, Matthew squeezed her waist.

Ouch! He's such a brute!

Clarissa drew in a painful breath, finally raising her head to give him a long, withering look.

"You've already kissed me. Plus, I've been staying in Zen Highlands for so many days now. What do you think? Do you even need to ask?"

The corners of Matthew's lips finally lifted up, evidently satisfied with her answer.

He loosened his grip and stroked her back dotingly. Then, he lowered his head and rubbed against her cheek.

Gone was the indifference from the night before as he asked in a gentle and deep voice, "Did you miss me, Clare?"

For such a long time, Clarissa did not once look back after walking away from what they had.

He had also heard from Ellie that she did not even give any response when she was told about his blind dates.

Matthew finally understood what his friends meant when they said that once triggered, a woman could become more heartless than a man.

And he was at his wit's end because of that.

Thank God...

She still cares enough about me to come back, or God knows what I'd do to this little woman.

Clarissa's heart softened upon hearing his voice.

"Of course I missed you."

"Did you now? You seemed to have no problem walking away from me, but now you're saying you missed me?"

His words were said with obvious discontent.

Clarissa giggled softly and looked up to pout adorably at him.

"Well, since my dear Mr. Tyson treated me so coldly, there was no reason for me to stay, right?"

"I treated you coldly? Hah!"

Matthew let out a humorless laugh as his eyes flashed with indignance.

Clarissa sighed inwardly. This man may look mature, but he's as petty as they can be.

We've only just made up and he's already digging up the past?

Clarissa cupped Matthew's face and solemnly looked into his eyes.

"Matthew, men shouldn't be so petty. You could easily lose me if you get so caught up in the small details."

"Are you still thinking of breaking up with me?"

This was more threat than a question.

His tone seemed to insinuate that she would be taught a lesson if she gave him an answer he did not like.

"Well, I can't give you a definitive answer at the moment. No one can ever know how life will turn out. If I promise to be with you forever, can you guarantee that in a year or perhaps ten, you wouldn't be bored of me and fall for another woman?"

"I can!"

His answer came without hesitation.

Clarissa's mouth twitched. That's a bold statement!

Well, that makes one of us.

Seeing as Clarissa kept silent, Matthew pressed her down on the sofa, putting her at a complete disadvantage in this position.

Is he physically subduing me now?

"Your reaction greatly upset me, Clare."

So, it's my fault again?

Clarissa's mouth twitched again, but Matthew abruptly bit down on her bottom lip, causing her to yelp in pain.

She whimpered. "It hurts..."

Matthew snorted coldly. "Make sure you remember then."

Remember what?

I really can't promise that this thing between us will last forever.

However, before she could refute, Matthew's lips found hers again. This time, he was rough and relentless, so much so that Clarissa wouldn't be able to forget even if she tried to.

...

Clarissa was roused from her sleep because of the weight bearing down on her.

The moment she moved her arms, they were pressed above her head. Following that, her body was swiftly flipped over and her pajamas were ripped off. Before she knew it, she was at his mercy.

After what seemed like an eternity, she lay limp in bed while the sound of running water came from the bathroom.

Her whole body was sticky with sweat. A while later, she turned over and bundled herself with the blanket, then sat up while struggling to lift her eyelids.

With a towel wrapped around his waist, Matthew came out to see a groggy Clarissa.

His usually piercing gaze instantly softened.

He walked over and bent down to kiss her, but she nimbly evaded him.

All trace of sleepiness seemed to vanish from her as she exclaimed, "I haven't brushed my teeth!"

Matthew chuckled. "You didn't either when you kissed me just now."

Clarissa frowned cutely and whined, "Well, you forced me."

"Mm, but you enjoyed it."

"Get lost!" Clarissa's yelled, mortified.

Unfazed, Matthew leaned closer. Bare from the waist up, his chiseled muscles glistened with perfection. As he inched closer, Clarissa's heart began to race at the sight of his well-defined chest.

She pushed against his chest while blushing furiously. When blistering heat shot up her palm, she tried to withdraw her hand, but couldn't as it was held in place by him.

Matthew continued advancing on her. Some water droplets from damp hair fell to her cheek and slid down her neck all the way into her cleavage, making her shiver in response.

Matthew's hot breath tickled her ear as he said huskily, "Clare, when will you let me really..."

The rest of his sentence was barely a whisper, but Clarissa heard it nonetheless.

She shrieked and shoved Matthew aside. Like an overactive little monkey, she jumped up from the bed with the blanket wrapped around her and made a mad dash to the bathroom.

After being pushed aside, Matthew lay on his back on the bed and burst out laughing.

In the bathroom, when Clarissa heard his laughter, she started giggling as well.

He and his perverted thoughts, but I'm glad he's in a better mood now.

During this period of time, stress had been eating away at him. She couldn't help him with career-related problems, but she hoped to bring him some joy in life.

Even if he was really left with nothing one day, she would still remain by his side.

However, the question he had whispered into her ear just now sent her into a frenzy.

Both of them often shared a bed and were familiar with each other's bodies, but at the end of the day, they still had not done the last step. In fact, Clarissa was deliberately putting it off. As for when she would be ready to take things to the next level, she herself did not know, but she thought it would be better to let nature take its course.

...

Clarissa went downstairs to see a cheerful Julia serving breakfast.

At the dining table, Matthew looked reinvigorated in a tailored blue suit, the previous cloud hanging over his head completely swept away. At that moment, he looked energetic and unbelievably charming.

Clarissa walked to the table, but before she could sit, Matthew reached out and tugged her onto his lap.

“Hey! Don’t start. This is the dining table. “

Matthew kissed the corner of her mouth first, then wagged his brows and teased, “Don’t start what?”

“This is so cringey!”

“I don’t think so.”

Clarissa fumbled for words before blurting out, “I’m starving, so talk less, eat more.”

“I’ll feed you.”

Clarissa was utterly dumbfounded.

She sighed and grumbled, “Matthew, can you stop being so clingy? We have all the time in the world, okay? Can you please just let me finish my breakfast in peace? I’m starving! I haven’t been eating well these days and I didn’t eat since last night until now. I’ll starve to death at this rate, or is that your plan all along? To starve me?”

Matthew chuckled deeply, using a slender finger to draw a path from her cheek to her neck, and further down.

“I guess you really haven’t been eating well. They’re smaller already.”

“Matthew Tyson!” Clarissa yelled, peeved and blushing all over.

She pushed him away and walked to the other side to sit down. Bowing her head, she refused to look at him as she bit into her food with force, pretending that she was biting him instead.

From time to time, Matthew would look at her with eyes that were still burning with desire.

Needless to say, Clarissa struggled throughout the meal.

Fortunately, Matthew left for the company after breakfast.

Meanwhile, in Zen Highlands, Clarissa felt a pang in her heart when she thought about how Matthew was out there shouldering all the burden on his own, but here she was, completely powerless to help him.

Plagued with worries, every time Matthew came home, Clarissa would treat him with gentleness and patience. Besides doing her best to shower him with tender love, she even put up with his shenanigans.