

# You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

## Chapter 161 - 165

As she trembled, Yuliana quickly retracted her gaze, not daring to face him.

She had Margaret's backing. Plus, this was not entirely her idea. Matthew might not like it, but he should not take it out on her.

Yuliana smiled at Sienna before she turned around to leave. She was not worried about whether or not Matthew would give Sienna a lift home, for she was sure he would do the gentlemanly thing and not abandon the lady.

Sure enough, he started the car and slowly left the Tyson residence.

For a while, silence fell between the two. The atmosphere in the car had gone stagnant.

The journey to drop off Sienna would only take ten minutes, more or less. If the woman did not use this chance to confess, she would have lost her advantage and wasted the arrangement the Tysons had made for her tonight.

"Matt, I'm sorry for disappointing you tonight. It may not be entirely my fault, but I'm one of them who ruined your birthday, so I can't shirk the responsibility."

Sienna tilted her head and glanced at Matthew, whose stern and stony profile sparked fear within her.

This man is too cold, too stoic, and beyond intimidating.

While they were alone in the car, Sienna recalled the exact moment she decided she wanted to make Matthew hers. She had to admit, the determination and perseverance she used to have in the face of adversity were far from enough to capture his heart. She had severely underestimated him.

Obviously, what the Tysons did today was not to Matthew's liking. In extension, she was not to his liking too.

Tonight was not a good time to strike.

However, such an opportunity was hard to come by. She rarely had the chance to show her face in front of Matthew or interact with him.

In fact, it would take a lot more to conquer someone like Matthew.

Matthew did not respond to Sienna's apology. She had expected that would be the case, and thus she could not help but let loose a sigh.

"Matt, I believe you may have started to hate me, am I right? "But I can't change my mind about you. It's your birthday today and, while it's true we came as per your mother's invitation, the other ladies and I... we'd like to get to know you. We all want a chance to be with you. Even though we may fail, we have to try. "To be frank, they say men have a desire for conquest. Well, women have it too. A good man like you, Matt, naturally attracts many women who want to gain your favor. I am no exception.

"You may not believe it even if I say so, but I got to know you a long time ago. "Not from the mouths of others. I met you once at a business forum held in D City. I was instantly captivated by your charm. You were so outspoken and well-mannered. At that time, I believed you were even better than those other seniors in the business world. I've begun to admire you since then. "After that, many more people mentioned you to me. Then, I met Yuliana and, through her, I got a chance to meet you in person."

Sienna paused. She had said so much. She had been so straightforward and bold as to confess her feelings in front of Matthew.

Unfortunately, her courage failed to gain Matthew's affection.

The car came to a halt.

"Ms. Grande, this is your stop."

Matthew reminded Sienna to get down from his car. Only then did Sienna realized they had reached her destination. She glanced at Matthew as her heart froze.

Nevertheless, Matthew did not waver one bit.

"Matt, I hope you can take me into consideration."

Matthew finally gave his reply, but he did so facing the windscreen and the road ahead, with no plans to look Sienna in the face.

“Ms. Grande, I cannot accept your admiration, and I don’t intend to. Goodbye.”

Sienna had never received such a direct refusal. The man in front of her had no intention of reciprocating or accepting, any bit of affection.

Sienna’s face gradually paled. She tugged at her seat belt, which instantly loosened, and then she got out of the car. Soon after that, Matthew’s car drove away at top speed.

At that moment, Matthew thought of no one but the woman waiting for him at Zen Highlands. He imagined her charming smile as she served him dinner and celebrated his birthday with him.

Gentle warmth finally arrived to replace the impassive thoughts.

Because of his eagerness, Matthew reached Zen Highlands within twenty minutes.

Clarissa heard the sounds of his engine. She had everything in place. Together with Mrs. Lawson, they switched off the lights in the house. Outside, Matthew smirked when he saw the lights go out.

Is she planning to sing me a birthday song?

Matthew was very much looking forward to it. He opened the door and stepped into the foyer. Amid the darkness, Clarissa walked out holding a cake with several candles lit. Behind her, the staff of Zen Highlands followed, singing a birthday song.

When the song ended, Clarissa was already in front of him with the celebratory cake.

“Happy birthday, Uncle Matthew. Come on, make a wish, and blow out the candles!”

Matthew arched his eyebrows. He did not make a wish. Instead, his burning eyes landed on Clarissa’s delicate face.

“Clare, only you can make my wish come true.”

In an instant, Clarissa felt her face burn as she blushed a furious red.

Cheekily, she beamed at Matthew. Since there were people around, she did not say anything to him. Instead, she blew out the candles on his behalf.

If I blow the candles, does that mean I'm the one who'll make Uncle Matt's wish come true?

Only Clarissa herself knew the answer to that.

After the lights came on, everyone presented Matthew with their gifts. Regardless of the costs, they were all equally precious because a lot of thought was put into getting them.

Matthew accepted them much more willingly. Compared to the party at the Tyson residence, he preferred it here.

After thanking them, Clarissa cut the cake and distributed the pieces to the lot. The food which she spent the whole day preparing was also made available to everyone. Mrs. Lawson, who managed to read the room, led the party-goers to dine at another area in the house.

Matthew and Clarissa waited until the two of them were alone. Then, the woman smiled, walked closer to him, and took the initiative to put her arms around his waist.

"Uncle Matthew, I've waited so long for you."

She fawned and whined, sending a tingling sensation to his heart.

Matthew placed his hands on the woman's waist, lowered his head, and engulfed her lips in his. He had longed for this little woman very much, but he still had to restrain himself. They stayed like that for a while before he let go of her. He patted her buttocks once while his eyes stared lovingly into hers.

"Let's eat. I'll have committed a terrible sin if I leave you starving, my dear Clare."

Clarissa giggled as she blushed.

They walked to the dining area hand in hand. After they sat down, Matthew surveyed the variety of food on the table, touched by Clarissa's sincerity.

At the Tyson residence, other than a bunch of women, the meals were prepared by the housemaids, and he had absolutely no appetite for those. No one cared about how hard he

worked. No one cared whether he was tired or hungry. They were only interested in pairing him up with all sorts of women, hoping that he would fall in love with one of them at first sight, get married, and have children. Who really cared if he was exhausted and in need of a good meal?

Having returned to Zen Highlands, Matthew truly felt at home.

Clarissa had made every dish from scratch, and they all looked and smelled amazing. It might not be a romantic candlelight dinner, but it was enough to soothe his loneliness.

Matthew did not ask for much. He was not looking for a partner with high social status or the so-called 'perfect match'. All he wanted was a woman to love, and who loved him in return, and they would spend the rest of their lives together.

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

Clarissa's cheeks felt warm under Matthew's burning gaze. She lifted her head to level her eyes at him, her own glinting with delight.

Matthew's thin lips curled upwards as he smirked.

"I just want to look at you."

"Quit fooling around. Eat up. Aren't you hungry? Have you eaten?"

"No, I've been leaving room to taste your cooking."

As he said that, Matthew picked up his fork and dug in.

Clarissa did not talk much, but she paid close attention to Matthew's tastes.

Matthew ate to his heart's content, a sense of warmth having washed over him. With a look at Clarissa's cheerful expression, he rose from the table with her hand in his.

"Do you want to go for a stroll? Stargazing, perhaps?"

There you go again.

Clarissa twitched her lips. "Stargazing? It's the middle of winter, Matt. I've spent the whole day cooking. I'm tired. I'm going upstairs for a shower. You can go for a stroll, or take a rest if you like."

Matthew arched his eyebrows. "How about a shower... together?"

"Get out of here!"

Clarissa rejected him unceremoniously, but actually, she was extremely nervous. Her heart was racing. She wanted to go upstairs not only for a shower but also to get herself ready.

Matthew knew Clarissa would refuse. He chuckled helplessly to himself, finding the outcome rather regretful.

He softly pinched her cheek, lowered his head once more, and kissed her on the lips. In between breaths, he asked her in a raspy voice.

"Clare, I thought you said 'soon'? How much longer do I have to wait?"

Clarissa's eyelids began to twitch. She quickly shoved Matthew aside. "Don't rush it," she said.

Then she dashed up the stairs in an attempt to conceal her panic and agitation.

Matthew shook his head and laughed at her reaction. Every time this topic came up, she always seemed to be avoiding it, like she was hiding something. He feared that her promise was simply perfunctory.

Matthew thought, let her be then. If she wants to save herself for our wedding night, I'm fine with that too.

He would just have to stay abstinent in the days leading up to that, otherwise suppressing his urges would be problematic.

And so Matthew stayed downstairs. He scrolled through his phone and dealt with some work. Occasionally, he looked at photos of the woman which he had re-downloaded, his gaze darkening.

At the same time, after Clarissa was finished with her shower in the bathroom upstairs, she found herself staring at the three sets of nightwear she had laid out, all of which were equally sexy and sensual.

Racked with indecision, she was also unsure about how she should face what might happen next.

Actually, if we're really doing it, I don't really have to wear this kind of sexy lingerie, right? But if I don't, would Matthew think I'm not fun? Not sexy?

Clarissa felt conflicted as she scanned her choices. She was anxious as well, afraid that Matthew would come up at any time.

Gritting her teeth, she finally picked one at random and put it on, followed by a nightgown. She quickly put the other two away, climbed into bed, and nervously waited for Matthew's arrival.

Eventually, she heard the sound of the bedroom door creaking open, and Matthew's steady footsteps approaching the bed.

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

### Chapter 162

Matthew walked into the bedroom but didn't hear Clarissa's voice.

Thinking that she was still in the shower, he sat down in the living room instead. He suddenly felt the urge to smoke as he hadn't had a cigarette in a long time, but after hesitating for a while, he chose not to smoke.

He remained calm as he pondered over what his father had said to him earlier today about marriage.

He was absolutely sure that he wanted to marry Clarissa, but it was clear that she hadn't completely opened her heart to him.

Even if he suggested marriage to her, she wouldn't agree to it.

Moreover, it would cause an argument within the family.

Matthew had never felt that he was old, but ever since he met Clarissa, he hated the fact that he was born ten years before she was.

Those ten years now felt like wasted time to him. If he were born around the same time as she was, he could have spent those ten years courting her, and he wouldn't have to worry about not having enough time with her at his current age.

The thought of this made Matthew let out a long sigh of despair.

Meanwhile, Clarissa, who was lying on bed at that moment, had heard him open the door.

After waiting for a long while, she wondered why he didn't enter the room.

Feeling anxious, she asked in a delicate and trembling voice, "Matthew? Are you there?"

Matthew's thoughts were instantly interrupted by her voice.

He quickly got up and pushed his trifling thoughts to the back of his mind, then walked into the room and said, "What—"

His sentence got cut off when he saw Clarissa tightly covered in her blanket.

With a smile on his face, he walked up to her bed and asked, "How come you're in bed this early?"

His dark eyes exuded a loving aura as he stroked her hair gently while touching her cheeks.

However, he soon noticed that the glimmer in Clarissa's eyes; she looked a little different.

The first thought that crossed Matthew's mind was that she wasn't feeling well, so he touched her forehead with the back of his hand and asked, "What's wrong? Are you feeling alright?"

Unexpectedly, Clarissa grabbed his hand, then whispered to him as her face reddened, "I'm alright. Quickly take off your clothes and come into bed with me."

"Huh? Why?" he replied.

"Just hurry up. I have something to tell you," she said.

Matthew didn't get moving immediately but simply stared at Clarissa instead. When she avoided eye contact with him shyly, a burning thought suddenly surfaced in his mind.

His dark eyes seared with a passionate flame.

Without saying anything further, he immediately undressed and got into bed facing her back.

His lips brushed across her ears as he whispered in a low-pitched voice, "Clare, what's on your mind?"

Clarissa gritted her teeth, then slowly turned around to face Matthew.

She felt his breath getting heavier by the second, and she could hear their heartbeats accelerating synchronously.

That very moment, only the sound of their heavy breathing and thumping heartbeat could be heard.

She looked passionately at Matthew as he put one hand around her waist and the other on her face. Her eyelashes fluttered as she let out a soft moan.

"Matthew, I agree," she whispered.

"Hmm?" he said in a choked voice.

"Clare, what did you say? I didn't get you clearly," he added.

Biting her lip, Clarissa didn't dare to make eye contact with Matthew.

She looked away as she repeated herself a little louder, "I agree."

Matthew's heart skipped a beat when he heard what she said.

All he could think about right now was putting on his best performance with his leading lady tonight.

Without saying an extra word, he pulled Clarissa close to himself, pressing their bodies together. His desire for her was already burning wildly even though they hadn't started doing anything yet.

Clarissa's heart started pounding so rapidly that she felt as though it almost jumped out of her chest. Her entire body tensed up that very moment.

"There's nothing to be scared of, Clare. I promise I'll be gentle." Matthew stroked her back gently as he kissed her forehead, trying to make her feel relaxed.

Despite the flame of passion in his chest, he managed to control his urge to act. Instead, he hugged her and said softly, "Clare, did you decide on this a while ago? Is this supposed to be my real birthday present?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"Clare, thank you for trusting me so much..." he answered.

Feeling a little embarrassed, Clarissa laid her hands on his chest and instantly felt the heat of his body radiating onto her palms.

"Clare, since you got prepared a long time ago, does that also mean you watched that video to prepare for today?" Matthew asked.

She felt extremely embarrassed by his question and couldn't help but pound his chest repeatedly.

"Stop it. How could you possibly still remember that?" she said shyly.

"Hahaha... alright, I won't bring it up anymore. That video wouldn't help much anyway. I am your man, and I know what to do," he said smugly.

Right after that, he flipped her over and pinned her down with his body weight, then started kissing her deeply.

After a brief moment, he took a look at the bathrobe she was wearing and quickly pulled it off. Unexpectedly, she was wearing another layer underneath.

While Matthew was caught by surprise, Clarissa continued to avoid eye contact with him.

“Clare...” he moaned.

“Shh, don’t say anything.” She covered her face with her hands and didn’t want to listen to what he had to say.

Though her adorable actions amused him, he agreed to keep quiet.

The thin chiffon dress she was wearing underneath evoked a strong reaction in Matthew. His face turned completely red, almost matching the color of her dress. On the other hand, Clarissa continued to cover her face as she trembled, allowing him to do whatever he wished. Nevertheless, he managed to retain complete self-control of himself.

Slowly, he leaned towards her and kissed every spot of her body gently.

Then, the room gradually became filled with passionate cries and moans as the two made love to each other.

After their act of romance, Clarissa soaked herself in the bathtub while Matthew changed the bedsheets.

He then carried her out from the bathtub like a baby and lay her down on the bed again, kissing her forehead intimately.

Although Clarissa was exhausted, she didn’t fall asleep easily.

Matthew ran his hand over her bare back and caressed her lovingly.

“Does it still hurt?” he asked.

“It hurts,” she responded in a whiny voice.

“I promise it won’t hurt again the next time,” he said.

Clarissa was rendered speechless.

Is this what all men usually say?

She bit her lip and thought about the size of his manhood. Would it really not hurt anymore the next time?

She didn't seem convinced.

But Louisa did say it should feel more pleasurable each time...

Although Clarissa doubted what Louisa had taught her about sex, she could only judge for herself after the next time.

As Matthew leaned in to kiss her again, he felt the sudden urge for a second round. Before they knew it, Clarissa was moaning and crying, unable to resist his lustful desires.

Right after that, she fell asleep soundly through the night.

If it weren't for her hunger pangs, she would have continued sleeping for many more hours.

She sat up and gently rubbed her aching body, then put on her clothes and went downstairs. To her surprise, she saw Matthew on the phone in the living room.

As soon as he saw her, he immediately wrapped up his phone call and walked over to hug her. He then sat her down on the sofa with his arms around her shoulders.

His slender fingers swept across her face as he asked, "Are you hungry? Mrs. Lawson is heating up some food for you right now. Are you still feeling pain anywhere? I can ask a doctor to come over if you are still not feeling well."

Angry and embarrassed, Clarissa pounded his chest and glared at him. "Stop talking, will you?"

Matthew was amused by her reaction; it seemed that she still hadn't gotten past her shy phase.

He yielded to her and went along with what she said. "Alright, alright, I'll stop talking. I'll listen to whatever you say."

Clarissa snorted in response but was clearly still very shy. His intimate gestures were similar to those before they had sex, but the deep, passionate look in his eyes was completely different.

This made her feel extremely shy, especially when she thought about how their bodies were entangled with each other the night before.

How embarrassing!

She quickly turned her head and looked away.

"Alright, I'm hungry. Let's eat," she said.

"Okay," he agreed.

Matthew carried Clarissa down to the dining room but did not let her sit on her own chair. Instead, he sat her down on his lap and offered to feed her.

"Come on, have something to eat," he said while holding a mouthful of food before her.

Clarissa scrunched her brows in response, indicating her opposition to his actions.

Nevertheless, Matthew couldn't help but continued smiling. He was simply in a very good mood.

"Can't I feed you, my dear Clare?" he asked cheekily.

"No, I can feed myself," she said bluntly.

"I think it's better if I feed you though," he said.

Getting short on patience, she grabbed his face and gave it a hard pinch.

"Matthew, if you keep this up, there won't be a next time," she said sternly.

He immediately understood what she meant by "next time" and replied innocently, "Darling, don't be like this. You make me feel so helpless."

Since Clarissa snorted and continued glaring at him angrily, he had no choice but to give in to her.

As he put her down on her own chair, he expected her to give him a kiss.

# You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

## Chapter 163

It wasn't that Clarissa didn't like being clingy; Matthew was simply too cheesy for her liking.

She felt more comfortable with the dynamics of their relationship prior to sex, and his corny actions right now made her feel rather awkward.

After they finished eating, Matthew put his arms around her again and showered her with all sorts of affectionate gestures.

He couldn't keep his hands off her and had to maintain some form of skin contact at all times. It was as though he couldn't live without having physical intimacy and skin contact with her.

Clarissa wondered if it was natural for men to act this way after sex.

Is a woman's physical body all that matters to them?

Feeling uncomfortable at this thought, she pushed Matthew away when he leaned in to kiss her again. Then she frowned and stared at him deeply as all sorts of emotions flashed across her eyes.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

Clarissa scoffed. "You are being extremely intimate and clingy today. It feels as though all you care about is my body."

Matthew was stunned by her remarks, but he soon understood what she was referring to.

“Clare...” he said gently as he continued hugging her. “That’s not true. If all I care about is your body, I would have left you right after we had sex.”

“Don’t you dare!” she threatened him.

He chuckled in response. “I was just explaining myself. But really, if all I care about is your body, I wouldn’t be here right now waiting patiently for you to accept me.”

She thought about it and was convinced by what he just said.

He then added, “The most ideal state of love is when both the body and mind are intertwined. What we have now is perfect, and I absolutely love what we share.” He nibbled on her ear and continued, “I can’t hold myself back anymore, and all I can think about right now is how to treat you well...”

“Okay, I get what you’re saying. You can stop talking now, alright?” Clarissa interrupted him out of embarrassment.

She finally understood where he was coming from.

“Are you sure you understand me?” Matthew whispered in her ear with a cheeky smile on his face.

Clarissa gave him an angry look and pushed him away. “That’s enough!”

Not wanting to reciprocate his playful gestures any longer, she got on her laptop and messaged a few of her colleagues from the studio.

Matthew continued to stay by her side, and although he didn’t say a word, he kept gazing at her with deep, passionate eyes.

Clarissa felt uncomfortable at first, but she quickly learned to disregard his idiotic gaze.

Meanwhile, the discussion in her group chat was heating up.

The trailer for the TV series “The World” had just been released recently, and many fans seemed to respond positively to it especially since Clarissa was the screenwriter. They liked the fact that the series was adapted closely from its original novel, but they did not have many nice things to say about Shermaine.

One of the fans commented: I don't know why, but I've never liked Shermaine Smallwood. She just doesn't look suitable to be the female protagonist.

Another one commented: I think she's fine. She is a professional actress after all.

A third user said: The news about her fiancé was outrageous. Seems like it was just a publicity stunt. See how it suddenly fizzled out? She said their wedding date was going to be soon, but where is he now?

Someone then replied: Yeah. If two people are going to get married, the man must at least respond. I am from D city, and I know quite a bit about her fiancé's background. He is a prominent figure in D City, and it is impossible that he would just disregard her wedding announcement like that. If they were really getting married, do you think Shermaine would be permitted to maintain her active career in showbiz? It's so obvious her announcement was fake. I also heard that the family of Shermaine's so-called fiancé organized a birthday banquet with the intention of looking for a suitable partner for him. All the ladies from the upper echelon of D City attended the banquet. Haha, seems like she's just a concubine to the king.

The same person commented: Yo Emma, Number Two, aren't you going to join in the fun?

Emma replied: My grandma's neighbor said her daughter works for the Tyson family and she helped out at the banquet that night. Big spoiler, the king is actually so handsome that ladies can't keep their legs close when he's around..."

Another user replied: Seriously?

The user named Number Two immediately posted a blurry picture of a handsome guy.

Several users raved about how handsome he was, then Clarissa casually turned to look at Matthew.

He chuckled and asked, "What is it?"

She hesitated for a while before saying, "How did your family celebrate your birthday when you went home?"

Matthew's eyes twinkled as he laughed. "Why are you suddenly asking me this?"

"I'm just asking out of curiosity," she answered.

"Well, they had some tricks up their sleeves but I wasn't interested, so I left as soon as I could," he said.

Clarissa grinned. "Tricks? You mean they tried to match-make you?"

"You know about it?" He approached her but was pushed away coldly.

"You think I wouldn't find out just because you didn't tell me?" she questioned him.

"Clare, nothing happened. They did try to match-make me but I didn't participate in their games, and I came back as soon as I could." Matthew tried to pacify her.

"So what if you didn't play along?" she said irritably.

He smiled and rubbed her nose with his slender finger, saying, "You actually trust me, don't you? Just let that go, will you? It didn't mean anything to me, and nothing actually happened."

"Easy for you to say." Clarissa brushed him off.

I would have been fine if I didn't find out. But now that I did, the mere thought of it makes me feel uncomfortable. I can't just ignore it and look past it.

She then furrowed her brows and glared at him fiercely. "They even call you the king. So how many concubines did you choose?"

Matthew smiled helplessly, then sat her down on his lap. He held her face and gave her a kiss before saying, "Clare, I'm not a king, and you're no concubine to me. You're the only one I need and I'm lucky to have you."

That very moment, Clarissa realized that he had become a smooth-talker lately, and she had no idea where he learned how to talk like this.

Suddenly, a thought crossed her mind, prompting her to ask him, "Have you been reading my novels lately?"

Without any hesitation, Matthew nodded.

"You're not allowed to read my books. Please don't read them anymore," she said in embarrassment.

The thought of Matthew reading her novels gave her goosebumps, and she felt like erasing that image from her mind.

He raised a brow and asked, "Why not?"

"Please just don't," she insisted.

"That's not fair. How come other people get to read your novels but not me?" he challenged.

"It's simply too awkward. I'm embarrassed alright?" she admitted.

Matthew chuckled but did not give in to her demands immediately to tease her further. "But I am able to understand your thoughts and ideas from your writings. Moreover, I enjoy the topics you write about."

"Ahhhhh..... okay stop talking, please. Are you intentionally teasing me? What have you read so far?" she snapped back.

Clarissa had forgotten what she wrote about in her earlier articles, and she felt awkward knowing that Matthew actually read through them.

He smiled and avoided her questions, then said, "Whatever it is, I find your articles interesting. You cannot control what I choose to read."

Though she was infuriated, she had no choice but to give in to him at this point.

I have to look through my old articles when I have the time. They better not be about cheesy lovers staring at each other under the stars.

Ellie waited for two days before she finally asked Clarissa to meet up with her.

She wanted to ask in person whether Clarissa and Matthew progressed to the next stage of their relationship on his birthday.

Clarissa happened to be going to the studio that day. After she woke up from a long nap, she grabbed a quick bite and prepared to head out.

She usually drove her own car, but since Matthew had a collection of cars idling in the garage, she decided to use one of his cars.

She headed to the garage and chose one of the less flashy cars. Just as she got into the car, a box on the passenger seat caught her eye.

She opened the box and saw a familiar-looking tie inside.

Without giving it much thought, she put the tie back into the box and started driving.

When she reached the basement of Tyson Corporation, she thought about the tie and decided to put it in her handbag.

At the studio, she went straight to Ellie's room instead of heading to the top floor.

"Oh my, you look so different..." Ellie said as soon as she spotted Clarissa.

Clarissa blushed slightly and interjected, "Alright, stop making such a fuss."

"I'm not making a fuss. There really is something different about you. Hmm, should I call you Aunt Clare instead? Hahaha..." Ellie teased her.

Clarissa retorted without hesitating, "Well, there are many candidates lined up to be your aunt. You never know who will end up being your aunt. It's too early to say for sure now."

Ellie was startled. "Wait, you know? Did Uncle Matt tell you?"

"No, he didn't. I found out by myself. Did Matthew meet anyone special during his birthday banquet?" Clarissa asked.

## You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 164

"Someone special?"

Ellie's heart sank. She hurriedly shook her head in denial. "No, of course not."

Seeing her friend's guilty reaction, Clarissa immediately understood what was going on.

It's true, then.

How special is that girl?

Why would the tie she gifted Matthew be in his car?

Perhaps Matthew took it and put it in his car.

Don't tell me that girl was in the passenger's seat herself.

At that thought, Clarissa's expression darkened.

Carefully, Ellie asked, "Clare, you know Uncle Matt adores you. No one else is special to him. Don't overthink things. This is nothing important."

Clarissa let out a sarcastic laugh and fished out the necktie from her bag.

Once Ellie spotted the necktie, she fell silent.

"Looks like I was right. I thought someone from your family had gifted it to him, but apparently not."

Ellie couldn't refute her statement.

Uncle Matt, I tried to help you, but you were too careless. I can't continue lying for you.

Clarissa placed the necktie back in her bag and sat down. Her perfectly made-up face was crinkled up.

Ellie immediately coaxed her on behalf of her Uncle Matt. "Clare, this isn't his fault. It's my grandma and mom's doing."

She revealed, "You had no idea how bad they were. Uncle Matt remained expressionless the whole time and ignored everyone. In the end, my mom forced Sienna into Uncle Matt's car. I was so furious when I saw that. Besides, that Sienna was so shameless as she refused to

leave his car. Uncle Matt couldn't drag her down, could he? Actually, I feel sorry for him. My mom was seriously embarrassing."

Ellie didn't go into the details about how her parents used Matthew's marriage for their own profits and goals. After all, one shouldn't air one's dirty laundry in public.

Even so, she felt embarrassed about it.

Knitting her brows together, Clarissa sighed. "They are worried for him. I get it."

The corner of Ellie's lip lifted in a sneer. "They know what they are doing. I can't explain further, but Uncle Matt told Grandpa he gets to decide who he marries. Grandpa agreed to his request readily. Don't worry. This won't happen again. At least for the time being."

"Mm." Clarissa nodded in understanding.

The Tysons had always been concerned about Matthew's marriage. They were merely taking action now.

A thought occurred to her. They won't urge him now, but Matthew can't brush them off forever, could he?

Matthew and I have to face the truth one day. Will we break up or go through it together? Clarissa couldn't help but fear the arrival of that day.

"Clare, Uncle Matt is serious about you. You'll be my Aunt Clare for sure. We're friends, but Uncle Matt's no longer young. You should be planning for your future now. Perhaps you can consider marrying him in the future."

As Clarissa raised her brow, Ellie grinned. "I know you feel insecure, but think about it. I'm sure Uncle Matt wants to marry you. He's being considerate."

Clarissa fell silent after Ellie mentioned Matthew. She seemed deep in thought.

After saying that, Ellie didn't give time for Clarissa to ponder over her words. She immediately changed the topic and asked nosily about Clarissa's sex life.

There was no way Clarissa would share something that intimate with her. Besides, Matthew was Ellie's uncle.

As Clarissa refused to reveal anything, Ellie was disappointed and chided her.

No matter what she said, Clarissa remained tight-lipped.

Nevertheless, Clarissa wasn't about to head home. She planned to have fun all day as she was not in a good mood.

Linking arms with her, Ellie brought her to their favorite beautician. After all, women loved shopping and getting facials.

They spent hours inside and exited, feeling utterly refreshed. Of course, if one ignored Ellie's giggles and Clarissa's shy retorts, it would be a perfectly relaxing time for them both.

Ellie was still laughing uncontrollably after they came out.

"Ellie Tyson, can't you stop laughing? Is it that funny?"

"No, it's not funny. Well, I didn't expect to see that."

Clarissa glared at her friend angrily. Just now when they were having a massage, she didn't realize there were scratches on her back. She thought hiding those in front would suffice, but there were more marks on her back. Upon seeing that, Ellie started guffawing madly. Even their masseurs were trying hard to hold back their laughter. Clarissa wished the earth could swallow her up right then and there.

After laughing her heart out inside, Ellie still couldn't restrain her laughter.

Clarissa shot her a warning glance, causing her to stifle her laughter. However, the glee in her eyes remained.

When they reached the exit, the sky was dark. As it was winter, the sun had gone down earlier than usual. It was only around 5 p.m.

Clarissa wasn't planning on returning home. She went to the car park and told Ellie, "Let's go to dinner. Later, we shall go the karaoke."

Ellie shrugged. "Anything for you, Aunt Clare."

Clarissa shot her a grin as they entered the car. Before they could leave, a young lady alighted from the car next to them.

Sienna glanced at them briefly. When she arrived earlier, she was surprised to see this car. Recognizing it as Matthew's car, she waited here to see if he would come. After a short wait, the car owner came. Instead of Matthew, she saw two young women.

One of them was Ellie Tyson. The other one was the gorgeous young lady which picked the necktie that day.

To Sienna's surprise, the young lady was the one who took the driver's seat instead of Ellie. She even whipped out the car keys from her bag.

Sienna thought Ellie was driving Matthew's car, but it didn't seem like it.

After Clarissa entered the car, Sienna got off her car and went to say hello to Ellie.

She knocked on the window and glanced at Clarissa before greeting Ellie with a smile.

"Ellie, fancy running into you here."

Ellie didn't seem glad to see her.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

Sienna merely smiled. "I just want to say hello. Miss, do you remember me?"

Clarissa gazed at her without a word. So it's her.

Ellie was shocked. Her sixth sense told her something was off.

Immediately, she uttered, "If there's nothing, bye."

Clarissa wasn't in a hurry to leave. She looked at Sienna thoughtfully. Both women seemed interested in each other.

"Yes, I do. You bought a necktie. I bought one, too. Mine was intended to be a gift. Was yours a gift, too? Did the receiver like it?"

Sienna giggled. "Yes, it was a gift. You know who the receiver is. It's Ellie's uncle. You're Ellie's friend. I believe you know who he is."

Ellie frowned. "What nonsense are you talking about? Gift? Stop being desperate. Uncle Matt doesn't even like you. Sienna, stop wasting your energy. There's no way you'll end up marrying him."

Sienna was upset after hearing Ellie's retort.

However, Ellie was Matthew's relative. Tamping her irritation down, Sienna consoled herself that Ellie was still an immature child.

"Ellie, you're not Matt. Besides, we don't know what will happen in the future."

"Ms. Grande." Suddenly, Clarissa spoke. "You're right. We can't predict the future. But, I agree with what Ellie said. You won't marry her uncle."

Sienna was stunned by her sudden outburst. She was still in a daze when Clarissa started the engine and drove out slowly.

Before leaving, Clarissa declared, "By the way, the necktie you picked doesn't suit him."

With that, she sped away.

Sienna gazed at the car fading into the distance as her gaze narrowed.

Meanwhile, inside the car, a heavy silence hung in the air.

It was an awkward situation.

After a while, Ellie coughed and said, "Clare, that was awesome!"

"Ha!" Clarissa snickered.

Ellie continued chuckling awkwardly.

"How did you get to know Sienna?"

“That day, we were in the same shop when I was picking out the birthday gift. We picked similar designs. That was why I immediately knew it was her when I saw this necktie in his car. D City is small, huh?”

Ellie let out an awkward laugh. “Well, that’s a coincidence!”

She soon realized that wasn’t the right thing to say and corrected herself. “No, I mean, fancy crossing path with a rival!”

Clarissa tilted her head and gazed at Ellie, who was fidgeting nervously. She couldn’t hold herself back and burst into laughter.

“Forget it. This has nothing to do with you. Look at how terrified you are. Besides, am I that terrifying? I thought you said I’m a good-natured person?”

Ellie relaxed visibly and started grumbling.

“Yes, you’re good-natured and rarely get mad. We’ve been friends for years, and I’ve never seen you get mad. But after you started dating Uncle Matt, your true colors started showing. When you get upset, you won’t say anything. I can feel my heart trembling in fear whenever you glance at me. Imagine how scary that is.”

Clarissa smirked. “I’m not scary.”

“Well, something like that. A barking dog doesn’t bite...” she trailed off when Clarissa glowered at her.

“I’m sorry, Aunt Clare.” Ellie apologized at once. “Forgive me!”

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

### Chapter 165

Indeed, Clarissa rarely gets mad.

Back then, she had gone through so many hardships that nothing would upset her anymore.

Growing up, she had seen many people arguing over various matters. Some even ended up hitting each other. Whenever she saw something like that, she'd think it wasn't necessary to act that way. Couldn't they mull over it and calm down?

But when it was her turn to experience something similar, she realized a bystander would always be clear-minded.

Clarissa couldn't even control herself.

She flew into a fit of rage and seethed with jealousy in an irrational manner.

Of course, Clarissa knew she should trust Matthew as he wouldn't cheat on her. Yet, she couldn't control her emotions. All she wanted to do was to yell at Matthew or beat every woman who lusted after Matthew to a pulp.

In reality, she couldn't do so.

The most she could do was to make a subtle jab at Sienna, like what she did earlier out of impulse.

After arriving at the karaoke, they booked a private lounge. Clarissa sang her heart out while Ellie sat beside her helplessly. The former was singing absent-mindedly, her attention elsewhere. In the end, she started singing tunelessly. She'd stop singing suddenly and resumed after remembering the lyrics.

Ellie dared not stop her and hurriedly sent Matthew a text so he'd bring her home.

When Matthew arrived, he stepped into the room without a sound. Ellie pointed at Clarissa, who had her back against them. She scurried over to him and explained softly about the necktie and them bumping into Sienna earlier. Then, she exited the room swiftly.

Matthew and Clarissa were left alone in the room. The latter had no idea about it.

Suddenly, someone hugged her from behind. Clarissa immediately struggled to free herself. She knew who it was, but that knowledge didn't stop her from trying to break free from his grasp.

Matthew tightened his grip until she finally stopped struggling. As the noisy music played on, he inched nearer to her and whispered in his deep voice. "Clare, are you mad?"

As Clarissa said nothing, he knew she was upset.

Matthew's lips curved up in a smirk. He went to the monitor and switched it off. Silence filled the room immediately.

He returned to her and bent down to meet her gaze.

The young woman was scowling unhappily. Even if the private lounge they were in was dark, he could sense her suppressed fury.

Sighing, he parted his lips to say something when someone wailed next door.

"Let's kill this love! Rum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum..."

Matthew's lips twitched in annoyance.

Clarissa nearly burst out laughing because the person next door was singing horribly out of tune.

Soon, someone yelled out. "Stop singing! You're killing me! Please just stop!"

"Clare, I—"

Clarissa held her belly as she convulsed in laughter. The yells and horrible singing continued outside.

As for Matthew, well, his words stuck in his throat.

Feeling frustrated, he massaged his temples and took her hand.

Rising to his feet, he told her. "Let's go home."

"No. I paid for the room until the next morning. I don't want to waste my money."

Clarissa's scowl returned to her face. She proceeded to pick the next song in an attempt to go against him.

Before she could start singing, Matthew whispered in her ear.

“Fine, we can do it here. That will be interesting. Clare, this will be our first time here. Perhaps we can try doing it in a foreign place.”

After hearing his declaration, Clarissa stood up, her face devoid of expression. She grabbed her bag and jacket before heading for the door.

At the sight of her swift exit, Matthew smirked and caught up to her.

Clarissa headed for the driver’s seat, but Matthew picked her up and threw her into the backseat before she could protest.

As a result, Clarissa floundered around and threw punches at Matthew for a long time to vent out her jealousy and frustration until she ran out of energy.

When she calmed down, Matthew smiled faintly and pulled her into his embrace.

“Are you done with your tantrum?”

Clarissa huffed. “As if it was my fault!”

She poked Matthew’s chest forcefully to show how upset she was.

“It was your fault. How dare you blame me for throwing a tantrum? Matthew, because of you, I was upset for the entire day! My heart has been aching until now. It’s really unbearable. I can’t even breathe properly.”

Clarissa wasn’t lying. She was so angry that it felt like there was a lump in her chest. Of course she’d feel out of breath.

Right now, as she glared at Matthew, her eyes blazing in anger, Matthew couldn’t help but feel a twist of desire low in his body.

Succumbing to his desires, he lowered his head to give her a kiss, but she turned her head away.

Chuckling lightly, Matthew took her chin to stop her from escaping.

He was about to kiss her again when Clarissa pressed her lips together stubbornly, refusing to kiss him.

Left with no choice, Matthew rubbed his lips against hers before releasing her.

“Clare, it was all my fault.”

The only way to reconcile with her was to admit his mistake.

Clarissa snorted and ignored his apology.

Matthew let out a soft chuckle and explained, “Clare, Sienna is Yuliana’s colleague. Her brother-in-law is someone who can help Matthias advance in his career. That was why Yuliana welcomed her warmly. It was obvious why she wanted to match us up.”

Matthew fell silent after his explanation. Clarissa could sense his displeasure.

This was the first time she had heard about this, but she felt sorry for him.

Both his brother and sister-in-law had an ulterior motive for showing their concern about his marriage. Perhaps this was normal for a family as rich as theirs, but Matthew wasn’t happy about it.

Clarissa softened and flung her arms around his neck. She pursed her lips and gave him a kiss.

“Don’t be upset. I know you don’t like Sienna.”

Matthew brushed his fingers across her cheek. Oh, she’s softened. As his fingers trailed down to her lips, he leaned in for a kiss. But suddenly, Clarissa’s expression fell. She put a hand between their lips.

“You’re upset. But why did you allow her to enter your car? And why did you accept her gift?”

Matthew chuckled silently. Well, my ploy to gain her sympathy didn’t work. She’s smart, huh?

Clarissa harrumphed while waiting for his reply.

Arching a brow, Matthew explained what happened that night.

“So, Clare. Be good. Give me a kiss.”

“What does this have to do with kissing me? You can’t...”

I just want to kiss her. So what?

After arriving home, Matthew brought her into the bedroom and tossed her onto the bed.

Clarissa panicked instantly. She sat up, but the man immediately pinned her down.

Frowning, Clarissa shoved him angrily.

“I still haven’t recovered.”

Her cheeks were as red as a tomato. We just did it earlier. Why is he still horny?

Matthew saw through her and chuckled. His seductive voice got to her as he kissed her earlobe gently.

“Clare, let’s try it again. You’ll be fine. If you feel unwell, let me know and I’ll stop immediately. Will that do?”

“No.”

Matthew cracked up. “Well, you don’t call the shots.”

“Then why did you keep asking me?”

After that, Matthew successfully ravished her in bed.

Even when Clarissa pleaded for him to stop, he went on relentlessly.

Clarissa was too young to realize men were liars in bed.

Meanwhile, after taking a jab from Clarissa, Sienna wondered if she was Matthew’s girlfriend.

She thought Matthew had made up an excuse, but that girl was obviously seeing her as a rival in love.

Sienna was careful enough to not make a rash judgment. Perhaps it was a coincidence or misunderstanding.

After that, she mentioned this girl to Yuliana.

Of course, she didn't reveal her doubts.

"Yuliana, I met Ellie at the mall yesterday with another young girl. I said hello to her."

"Oh, really?"

Yuliana was slightly concerned as Ellie wasn't friendly to Sienna back then. Did Sienna mention this because something bad happened?

Sienna didn't realize her concern and continued. "The girl was really pretty. Was she Ellie's friend?"

"Oh, you're talking about Clare. They went to the same school and are close friends."

"Really? They seemed to be on close terms. Does Clare know Matt? She was driving Matt's car."

"Yes. Matthew adores Ellie. I think she must've bothered him again."

Yuliana didn't react to the piece of news, so Sienna was relieved. I must've imagined things. But something felt off. That girl's gaze was full of hostility and mockery.

Sienna was deep in thought, so Yuliana asked, "Sienna, did anything happen after Matthew sent you back home? My mother-in-law is concerned and kept asking about you."

"Everything went well, Yuliana," replied Sienna with a smile.

"Really? That's great. I knew Matthew will like someone as brilliant as you."