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You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 266 - 268

"At the hotel?" Matthew asked suspiciously.

His question sent a chill up Clarissa's spine. "Are you here too?"

"No."

She heaved a sigh of relief. "Okay. I'm sleeping, so let's talk tomorrow."

Before she could relax her guard, he continued, "I was there."

He must be feeling upset that I wasn't in my room when he came earlier.

She bit her lower lip, a little taken aback by his harshness.

Clarissa came clean with him immediately. "I'm hanging out with my friend. It's late now, you should get some rest."

"I know all your friends. Tell me, who are you with? And where are you now?"

She was feeling guilty.

"Tell me, where exactly are you now?" he repeated, sounding intimidating.

Memories of the brawl at the bar flooded into her mind. She knew Matthew would hear about it eventually.

"I'm at the hospital."

Thirty minutes later, Clarissa was waiting at the entrance of the hospital with her trembling hands in her pockets as she stamped her feet impatiently.

Then, a black car stopped in front of her.

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She pursed her lips when the tall man got out of the vehicle. "My friend is asleep. Let's talk outside his room."

Matthew gave her the once-over. After he assured that she was all right, he stared at her unhappily with his profound eyes.

"What happened?" he questioned.

She slowly lowered her head to evade his eyes.

They hadn't met each other for two days. The air was thick with tension. Instead of showing his care, he interrogated her like a criminal.

Despite that, she spat everything that had happened to her that day, including her encounter with Winston.

"That's it. My friend was beaten because of me, so I need to stay beside him. Not to mention, I have to thank Luke for saving me. Hmph! I will never forgive Winston Warren for this!"

Clarissa knew she didn't have the means to deal with Winston. She would have to ask Matthew for the favor, but she couldn't muster the courage to bring it up since he was giving her the cold shoulder.

He said nothing after she was done talking. Suddenly, he turned away, lit a cigarette, took a drag, and blew clouds of smoke out.

She glared daggers at him.

He's smoking instead of saying something! Does he have to act this way?

She snorted and fell into a moody silence.

Matthew's hands were shaking uncontrollably as he tried to contain his rage to avoid scaring Clarissa.

Initially, his anger was directed at her, but the moment he heard someone abusing his woman, he wished he could strangle the culprit. Regardless of how he felt, Matthew thought

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it was wiser to keep their conversation to a minimum. That would reduce the chances of them getting into another fight.

He took another long drag to calm himself before turning around to face her.

“Go back to the hotel now. Just hired a caretaker.”

The moment she heard that, the anger she had bottled up a while ago exploded.

“This is none of your concern. Besides, I can’t just leave my injured friend behind. Mr. Tyson, thank you for coming. But you can leave now.”

Matthew grabbed her elbow just as she was leaving.

“Clare, stop making a scene. I just-”

“I’m making a scene?”

Her anger ratcheted up another notch. How dare he pin all the blame on me!

“What do you mean by that?” Clarissa shrieked. “Are you saying that I brought this upon myself? Fine! I deserved everything for making a scene. Tyson, let go of me now! You jerk, hands off!”

She kicked his shin hard and broke free from his grasp. Then she stomped back into the hospital, leaving a clueless Matthew at the entrance.

He massaged his temples, deep in thought.

Did I say something wrong to offend her? Was I wrong to ask her to go back to the hotel?

Like most men, Matthew thought women were unpredictable with their constant mood swings.

After a while, he finally returned to his car and said to Donnie, “Hire a caretaker to look after Clarissa’s friend. Also, I want you to run a background check on Winston Warren and placed the information on my desk tomorrow.”

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He didn't want to put more pressure on her, so he took his leave. He would meet her again after her anger subsided.

Meanwhile, in the ward, Clarissa was sobbing after being wronged by Matthew had wronged her. They had been together for so long, but he had never broken her heart like this time.

It was late at night, and she was crying to herself in the corner with no one to comfort her.

He left without even comforting me. I guess he must be really irritated and upset with me. The pain in her heart intensified.

Indeed, they hadn't spent much time together in the past three years.

I know it has been hard on Matthew with Grandma opposing to our relationship. He's a proud man. It's a wonder he could put up with the illegitimate status with his family for so many years. Why is he suddenly so distant? Am I no longer worthy of him? He might even have another woman in his wife now.

At that moment, Clarissa was immersed in a world of doubt and anxiety.

She waited up for him at night. Each time there was a knock on the door, her heart raced, expecting to see Matthew. Instead, the nurse walked in and she forced a smile on her face.

The following day, Joshua awoke and was surprised to see her puffy eyes. "Rissa, what's wrong? Did you cry?"

Suddenly, she burst into a fresh bout of tears.

"Rissa, I get it. I know you like me and you're worried about me. You cry because you feel bad, right? I appreciate it. Don't worry, I'm totally fine. It's just a broken rib. I'm happy that you've finally opened up your feelings. Please don't cry. I promise I'll never let you down. I'll love you and protect you. I..."

He misunderstood her. For some reason, she found him amusing.

"Enough. Stop being delusional. I'm crying not because of you."

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“Then what are you crying for? Did your husband abuse you? If he makes you cry, leave him. He’s not the right man for you. Rissa, divorce him. I’ll treat you better than him.”

Suddenly, the door burst open. They instinctively turned their attention in that direction, and Clarissa’s expression changed immediately.

Joshua raised his brows. “Who are you? What the hell are you looking at? How dare you look at my woman? Get out now!” he roared at the intruder.

The man was none other than Matthew, who overheard their whole conversation from the other side of the door.

He shot Joshua a murderous glare. “Clarissa is mine!”

“Rissa, is he your husband?” Joshua asked in surprise.

“No.”

“Great, I’m glad he’s not. I’m confident in myself, but if this man is your husband, I don’t think I can beat him.”

Clarissa stared at Matthew, her expression sour.

He met her eyes and asked, “Should I show him our marriage certificate to prove I’m legally your husband?”

“Why not?” she replied. She didn’t take his words seriously.

At that, Matthew pulled out a document from his suit pocket.

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Chapter 267

What’s that? Oh, the marriage certificate. The one from three years ago.

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Clarissa had not seen her marriage certificate in a long time and had almost forgotten that she was a married woman.

Of course, only Matthew and I know about this. Oh right, my part-time lawyer, Yael, and Tyson Corporation's chief lawyer Hector too.

Clarissa's mouth twitched.

"Matthew, do you carry your marriage certificate everywhere with you?"

The man in question raised his eyebrows as if to ask, "Is there a problem?"

However, she could not deny anything. No problem. Of course not.

Feeling somewhat guilty, she remained silent and avoided his gaze.

On the other hand, Joshua widened his eyes. "Is that a marriage certificate? Can I see it? I haven't seen one before."

Feeling helpless, Clarissa asked, "Is that your main focus, Joshua?"

Upon hearing her words, he came back to his senses and quickly composed himself.

"Oh, right, that's not the point. But the point is, Rissa, he really is your husband. I don't really want to provoke him, so I'd better quit first."

He's a good man who knows how to read the room.

Matthew smirked in satisfaction and looked over at Clarissa, but was she rolling her eyes at Joshua instead. How hopeless! He's admitting defeat before he even tried. No wonder he can't find a girlfriend.

Matthew put away the marriage certificate, then walked in and sat down, not the least bit looking as if he was there to care for a patient. He acted as if he was in his territory, his movements powerful and graceful.

"Clare, you've stayed here all night. You must be tired too. Go back and rest. I have a caretaker here anyway."

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However, she still had some anger left in her and wanted to vent it out. Yet, even though Matthew made it a point to come over, she would not let him off easily.

With a calm expression, she ignored Matthew, looking at Joshua as she said, "What do you want for breakfast? I'll get it for you."

Despite Clarissa's "warm" concern, Joshua felt the air turn cold as a dangerous aura filled the surroundings. He had never felt that cold before.

He chuckled awkwardly, then said, "It's fine. Let her go and buy it. I'll eat anything."

He then asked his caretaker to go and buy him some food.

However, it meant that only the three of them were left in the ward. Instantly, Joshua felt the air become more suffocating.

As long as Matthew was there, he felt as though he could not breathe properly.

If things continued the same way, Joshua would suffer from frostbite first before his injury even healed.

"Um... I..."

He suddenly spoke weakly, interrupting the strange silence between the other two people.

Then, when suddenly faced with the unusual stares from both of them, he awkwardly tried his best to seem as small as possible before he said, "I want to sleep. I still don't feel very well. You guys should leave and don't disturb my rest."

Since the patient was already chasing his visitors out, Clarissa had no other reason to continue staying there.

She left the room first, and Matthew soon followed after.

Just as they exited, Matthew grabbed Clarissa's wrist and pulled her hard into his arms. His other hand grabbed tightly onto her slim waist, making her unable to move at all.

"Let me go..."

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Clarissa pretended to struggle, of course, without success.

Matthew then lowered his head as he leaned into her face. His breath tickled her cheek, hot and intimate.

“Clare...”

His voice was low and firm.

“Still angry?” he asked.

She snorted coldly then glanced away, not wanting to meet his gaze. She clearly did not want to bother about him.

However, regardless of how angry she was, things were fine as long as explanations were given.

But I can't handle it. I'll just stay silent like this till the end.

Helpless, Matthew leaned further in, nosing her cheek. His voice softened and had an additional tone of compromise.

“Clare, I really didn't mean anything else when I said those words last night. I wanted you to head back to the hotel and rest well. If I'd said something wrong or didn't realize my problem, could you please tell me? If you tell me what I did wrong, I'll definitely correct it. If you don't say anything and just sulk like you're doing right now, I still won't know what I did wrong. Then, wouldn't your anger be in vain? In that case, I might still upset you because of the same thing in the future.”

Clarissa asked coldly, “Are you threatening me?”

Wow, look how innocent he thinks he is!

“Clare, Darling. That's not what I meant. Look, you're overthinking again.”

“Yeah, okay, I love to overthink. Happy?”

Matthew was speechless at that.

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Why is she getting angrier the more we talk?

He felt helpless, for he really could not understand why she was angry.

It's really tough being a man.

Of course, he could never speak his mind.

He sighed and kissed her on the forehead before he laughed lowly. "Clare, you've really wronged me."

After speaking, he did whatever he could to show her exactly how pitiful and wronged he was. Gradually, Clarissa began to smile slightly. As she met his soft gaze, she became softhearted.

However...

Her eyes were still swollen.

When she suddenly recalled how badly she had cried the previous night and how her mind had been wandering off wildly, she felt uneasy.

Her expression abruptly turned cold again as she pushed Matthew away.

"I'm going back to the hotel."

Who cares if he's pitiful. Is he as pitiful as I am?

Moreover, Clarissa had already forgotten that she was his wife. However, seeing the marriage certificate had made her even more confident. Even if what she imagined was true and he really wanted to dump her, she would take half his assets before getting divorced.

Humph!

With her chin held high, she strode proudly out of the hospital.

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Matthew still did not understand anything as he watched her proud, leaving back. Everything from her previous anger to her arrogance then was really all incomprehensible to him.

After sending her back to the hotel, he did not disturb her rest.

Subsequently, he left after she had eaten.

Since he still had some time, he needed to deal with those reckless men.

Elsewhere, Winston had not been able to snatch Clarissa away from Luke. Thus, in addition to his anger, Winston was actually more frustrated because he could not get her.

Perhaps Clarissa was not all that desirable. However, time and time again, he failed to get what he wanted. Therefore, the longing he had for something he could not obtain was very obvious.

That night, he left the bar dejectedly and went home only to get scolded by his wife. The angry Winston then headed to see Mimi, otherwise known as the internet-famous Misty.

Misty was then more of an escort who had been with many men. As long as they had the money, she was willing to sleep with them. Therefore, Winston, who was both rich and could invest in films and dramas, was someone that she could not miss out on. After a session of sex, he began to talk to Misty, who was lying beside him, about Clarissa.

“Misty, if you help me get her, I’ll let you be the female protagonist. How about that?”

What he offered was actually what Misty wanted.

Disregarding her naked body, she rolled over and sat on him, deliberately rubbing her body on his. Thick makeup was still intact on her face.

“Do you mean it, Mr. Warren? What movie? What kind of female protagonist? You’d better not lie to me...”

He laughed, once again aroused by her body, but suppressed his desires first as he rubbed and squeezed her body with his big hand.

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"A new movie I invested in. It's about youth love, called something like Folding Youth. Have you heard of it?"

"Really?" she became more excited as she continued, "If it's really this movie, then you have to promise me, Mr. Warren, that I'll be the female lead. You can't go back on your words."

"Haha... I'm the investor, so I have the final say. But, only after I've gotten that woman. Come, tell me, how sure are you that you can help me?"

She smiled and bent over, rubbing her chest against his body. Then, she deliberately lowered her voice, seducing him.

"Mr. Warren, she's my cousin. Does it look like I don't have the means to? Back when she wanted to marry rich into the Tyson family, I was the one who wrecked her plans. Compared to that, bringing her to your bed is a piece of cake. I'll get someone to knock her out and send her over to you, then you can do whatever you want to her."

"Ha! You make it sound so simple. Do you think I can't do that? Why would I need to come to you then?"

"What do you mean?"

"She has Luke behind her. Do you know who he is?"

Of course, I've heard of him before.

"She's now Luke's woman? That can't be, right?"

"Why not? I didn't succeed this time only because Luke stopped my plans."

"But Luke has so many women. She's merely one of them. Moreover, he can't be by her side every second of the day, right? Isn't it enough to get someone to kidnap her when Luke's not there? Once you've slept with her, so what if she tells Luke? She'll be nothing but a harlot. Would he cause trouble with you over a woman like her? When that time comes, you can easily solve the problem by finding him some better women."

As soon as he heard her plan, he smiled and held her chin, smiling wretchedly.

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“Tsk, Mimi, I didn’t expect you to be so cruel. She’s your cousin! Back then, you ruined her marriage into the Tysons, and now you’re doing this to her. How big is the grudge you have for her?”

“Hate? Haha... No, there’s none. I just can’t stand to see her living well. Or are you pitying her now and don’t want to take action anymore?”

“How’s that possible? Since she belongs to Mr. Tyson, I really want to try her for myself.”

Winston became more excited the more he thought of Clarissa. Even though he could not sleep with her then, he still had a woman ready in front of him. He rolled over, trapping Mimi underneath his body. Then, he imagined Clarissa’s face in his mind and gave in to his sexual desires.

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 268

It was already dusk when Clarissa woke up in the hotel.

She pulled the blankets to herself and leaned against the headboard as she stared blankly into space for a while. Then, she got out of bed lazily and walked into the bathroom.

After washing her face and ordering dinner, she ate, then called Joshua to ask about his situation. He replied that he was doing good.

Hearing his answer, Clarissa relaxed. However, instead of going directly to the hospital, she sat in a daze.

At that moment, she was no longer imagining things. Instead, she was thinking of the marriage certificate.

Three years ago, Matthew had only mentioned it casually they went to get their marriage certificate.

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At that time, it was both a gamble and a happy kind of risk to her. As a result, she had even planned to celebrate the occasion the day they got the certificate. However, Matthew had gone on a business trip after that, so the couple lost the joyful feeling of getting their marriage certificate and only focused on preparing for their wedding.

Since they were getting married anyway and weddings were usually held after a couple got the certificate, she did not tell her grandmother about it. Furthermore, Matthew did not tell others that they were officially married.

To them, the certificate was merely a symbol of their strong feelings, such that they would persevere through the obstacles or suffering that stood in their way.

It was a promise that they would always stay together. For Clarissa, it was a promise full of determination and devotion.

Never would the couple have thought that things would turn out that way after that. As it happened, the most unforgettable birthday in her life was also the one that she least wanted to remember.

After a series of events such as being humiliated, making promises, leaving, and going back home. They had long forgotten about the marriage certificate due to all the conflicts and agitation.

Moreover, her grandmother would only get even angrier, and the Tysons would probably become more agitated if they found out about their registration and may even force them to get a divorce.

Thus, the issue with the marriage certificate was left behind. When she got pregnant later, her grandmother did not force her to abort the child after she found out. Subsequently, she gave birth, slowly recovered, raised the child, and went back to work...

The past three years could be considered the busiest years in Clarissa's life. She did not have time to worry about her future with Matthew. Moreover, her child and work had taken up most of her life. Especially when she first started raising her child and went through confinement, she had cried from the stress as she was unable to get used to it. In short, her life was in a mess then. When her child first called her "Mommy," she was so touched. Soon, he grew up and became a cutie...

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She never had the luxury to have much time to think things through, recall past events, or plan for the future.

As her child was already over two years old, it would be time to go to preschool after his birthday next year. Therefore, Clarissa had been looking through various preschools.

However, the best educational resources were, of course, in D City.

If not for anything else, Clarissa still had to think for her child. She had to consider where he would be going to school. What kind of education he would receive, the type of classmates he would interact with including friends he would make, and the surrounding environments. All these were issues that she had to take into consideration.

Initially, she had not considered those issues since she thought that her child was still young. Yet, in the blink of an eye, he had grown so much, and she had to start thinking about those matters.

Particularly, when she and Matthew were giving each other the cold shoulder. Although he did not say anything, she knew what he was thinking.

There are limits to one's patience. Even though Matthew loved me deeply, maybe he has had enough of my attitude?

Clarissa sighed deeply, her eyes falling on the scenery outside the window. The city lights had turned on, shining through the entire night sky.

However, no matter how long she thought about it, she still had no conclusion.

Composing herself, she put away her thoughts and left to visit Joshua at the hospital.

At the same time, Winston was dreaming of how he would make Clarissa his while his arms were wrapped around Misty. Naked, they lay on the big hotel bed together.

Suddenly, a knock on the door woke both of them up.

Annoyed, Misty went to open the door with only a bathrobe over her body, as if she did not mind her naked state. Then, just as she opened the door, a group of people pushed their

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way in while yelling, allowing no time for an explanation before they started to beat Misty, then Winston, who was still on the bed. They did not hold back their attacks.

Neither Misty nor Winston could fight back, they could only screaming for help as they tried to dodge the attacks. However, their actions did not help them escape.

In the end, when they were almost on the brink of death, they were thrown onto the bed naked and rearranged into various poses before being taken photos of...

After that, the group of men moved quickly without any hesitation. Without saying anything, they left as soon as they were done.

Not long after, a middle-aged woman then rushed in with a group of men. As soon as she saw the adulterous pair on the bed, her men started to beat them up again.

As she walked out, she left them a sentence.

“Winston Warren, I’m going to divorce you.”

Of course, Winston, who had been thinking about getting a divorce for many years, was finally able to get what he wanted. However, what he did not know was that his divorce would not be a pretty sight as he expected.

In reality, his wife had long planned out everything and had prepared herself. The properties had all been transferred, and even if Winston found out about that, there was nothing he could do even if he chose not to divorce her any longer. It was a shame that she had evidence of all his dirty deeds in the past. Thus, he would face time in prison if he did not agree to the divorce.

In the end, he had gotten a divorce and was also left with nothing to his name.

Moreover, the ex-wife who originally said she would not report him immediately went back on her words and reported him right after the divorce. Consequently, even after he became bankrupt, he would be spending the rest of his life in prison.

Of course, this was only something he knew in retrospect. At that moment, Clarissa had no idea that Winston had already been dealt with in secret.

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She could only guess that after Matthew found out about Winston's doings, he would certainly not let him off easily. Hence, she did not pay much attention to anything else.

When she exited the hospital, Matthew's car was still there by the entrance waiting for her.

He stood beside the car, his slender figure standing upright as if he was completely immune to the cold night winds.

On the other hand, Clarissa was so cold that she was hopping in the same spot to warm herself up, which did not make for a pretty scene.

Is it because Matthew is generally a very cold person and hence, he's resistant to the cold weather?

Just as Clarissa's thoughts were running wild in her head, Matthew hugged her and gently pushed her into the car.

As soon as she sat down, Matthew wrapped his large warm hands around her fingers to warm them up. In no time, her heart warmed up too.

Clarissa did not speak. She was just afraid that if she spoke, she would fight with him again.

Moreover, the quiet atmosphere between them was just right for that moment.

Back at the hotel, Matthew held her hand as they walked inside. Unexpectedly, in the hotel lobby sat a man who had been waiting for her for a long time. It was Luke.

When he saw her and noticed how Matthew's hand was holding hers, his unwavering thoughts were instantly crushed.

No way. Why is he here after all these years? Didn't he already break up with Clarissa three years ago?

"Mr. Harrison?" Clarissa said, just as a series of various emotions flashed across Luke's face.

Luke looked over at Matthew, who had a gloomy and warning look in his eyes. Instantly, a chill ran down Luke's spine.

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“Haha... What a coincidence, Ms. Quigley and Mr. Tyson.”

Not knowing what to say, Clarissa bit her lip. Is this really a coincidence?

However, regardless of the truth, she did not want to have anything to do with him.

After nodding as a form of greeting, she then walked to the elevator with Matthew and headed upstairs.

Luke stood in place as he watched their backs. He wanted to reach out and ask her not to leave but could only clench his fist and turn around before he stuff both hands into his pockets. There were mixed emotions in his eyes as he smiled and left the hotel.

After Clarissa and Matthew entered their room, she still did not say a word. She simply changed her clothes, then took a shower...

Matthew was still there when she was done washing up before going to bed.

Too lazy to chase him away, she walked into the bedroom while looking at her phone. She simply did not want to talk to him, thus ignoring his existence.

Yet, Matthew’s dark eyes never left her since the beginning.

The moment she got into bed, he finally stopped keeping quiet and sat on the side of the bed as he looked at her lying down.

Clarissa turned around, and looked away from him.

Resultantly, he reached out and pulled her over. However, she simply pressed her lips together and closed her eyes in response.

Unable to hold it in any longer, he laughed softly. His hot breath brushed over her ears, moving slowly and covering her earlobes in the hot, damp air. As a result, her body started trembling.

Noticing her reaction, Matthew chuckled again.

“Clare, I was wrong. Don’t be angry, okay?”

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However, intending to ignore him, she neither responded nor opened her eyes.

Nevertheless, he had many ideas to get her to react. His large hands soon moved around on her body slowly. At first, she could still resist it, but when his hands slowly made their way into her clothes, she grabbed his wrist to stop him. Then, she opened her eyes and glared at him unkindly. In a bad tone, she questioned, "Why were you wrong?"

"I said the wrong thing."

"What did you say wrong?"

He pondered for a while, then replied, "Everything."

Anyway, it's fine as long as I admit that I was at fault. I'm not going to think in detail about exactly which sentences I said wrong.

Upon hearing his reply, Clarissa knew that he did not really know.

However, she also knew that she was being unreasonable.

Essentially, they were both in the wrong.

She pushed his hand away and sat up, then tidied her clothes and looked him seriously in the eye.

"Matthew, do you not want to wait any longer?"

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