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You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 263 - 265

Nonetheless, such a blatant move in a hotel would only be regarded as flirting.

Despite struggling wildly and screaming at the top of her lungs, Clarissa merely attracted a casual glance from others. After all, what did it matter if she wasn't a willing participant? Who would be willing to interfere and bring trouble upon themselves?

Indeed, the most horrifying thing in the world wasn't the discovery of various despicable deeds – it was the discovery of men's apathy toward those deeds.

In other words, the most terrifying thing was men's indifference.

Clarissa knew she would be fine since Yael would be back soon, but being hugged for even a second by Winston in such a manner truly had her on the edge of breaking down.

She had merely struggled for a few seconds, but it felt like the longest time in her life. While Yael had yet to return, Winston urgently whispered threats into her ear.

"You'd better know your place. If you go along with me, I'll propel you to even greater heights by investing in every single work of yours. You can even film them however you like. Otherwise, I'll ensure that you'll no longer be able to stay in this industry..."

"Buzz off!"

"Haha, you're really making life difficult for yourself, Ms. Quigley. How naive of you!"

The intoxicated man's expression abruptly turned vicious, his threatening gaze derisive.

At long last, Clarissa managed to snag a pen from her bag. In an instant, she ruthlessly jabbed it at him. On the heels of that, a blood-curling scream echoed in the lobby. Shuddering, everyone swung their gazes over, only to see Winston clutching his arm that had the pen protruding from it. At that sight, they all flinched. Ow, that looks excruciating!

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Winston's eyes blazed scarlet and teemed with viciousness. He charged toward her as though a moment away from strangling her to death.

Terror-stricken at the threat in his eyes, Clarissa backed away several steps.

At that precise moment, a sneering voice that was obviously colored with smugness rang out.

"I was wondering who it was, and I'm surprised it turned out to be you, Clare. What a coincidence! I haven't seen you in many years, but I never expected you to have stooped so low. There are actually men interested in you despite being a reject? But well, I guess that makes sense. You're indeed beautiful with your superb looks, so men would certainly flock to you. Alas, those men have no idea that you're merely a used wh*re!"

Looking over her shoulder, Clarissa saw that the person mocking her was none other than Mimi, who now went by the name Misty.

Despite the chilly winter, the woman was only wearing a tight and revealing mini skirt. Her breasts seemed to have increased in size, and her countenance was also seemingly different from the Mimi of the past.

Indifferent, Clarissa neither refuted her words nor got up in arms.

Merely regarding her cousin as invisible, she spun on her heels and strode away.

"Hey! Stop right there, b*tch! You injured me, yet you want to simply leave just like that?"

Winston seemed to be in such pain that he was on the verge of committing murder earlier, yet he was stopping Clarissa in the next moment. Hence, it was apparent that her assault didn't hurt him all that much.

Clarissa's lips curved into a cold arc. "I'll foot the doctor's bill, Mr. Warren."

"F*ck you! Do you think I've got no money that I need you to pay for the doctor's bill? Who do you think I am that you're simply leaving after injuring me? Mark my words! I'll make your life a living hell! Don't dream of surviving in this industry anymore, for I'll have you begging me for mercy on your knees sooner or later!"

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That wasn't all he said. Subsequently, he became even cruder as he spoke. Meanwhile, Mimi sashayed over to him. She swayed her hips and fluttered her eyelashes, radiating sensual enticement from head to toe.

As expected, Winston spaced out while staring at her chest. After a long moment, he asked, "Do you know her?"

"Haha... not only do I know her, but she's my cousin. You're Mr. Warren, yes? I've met you at a cocktail party once."

"Oh, really? I couldn't have possibly forgotten about it if I'd met a beautiful lady like you."

Giggling, Mimi murmured, "It's not too late to make my acquaintance now."

Hah! He doesn't even care about the hole in his arm anymore at the sight of a woman. How lascivious!

Mimi flashed him a beguiling smile. "Are you interested in my cousin, Mr. Warren? I know a lot of things about her. Back then, she almost married into the wealthy Tyson family. Alas, she was sadly abandoned in the end."

"The Tyson family? Are you referring to that Tyson family?"

The look in Winston's eyes changed, and his gaze on Clarissa became all the more perverted.

"Haha... I want to have a go at the woman whom Mr. Tyson has bedded as well..."

Hearing that, Mimi sniggered. "Right? I think many men would be interested in the woman Mr. Tyson has once bedded."

Clarissa stared at her, but Mimi deliberately flashed her a provocative smile as though saying that she was doing it all on purpose while she couldn't do anything to her.

Conversely, Clarissa's brows furrowed, and a sharp, cold gleam glinted in her eyes.

"Mimi Lester, was the lesson three years ago not enough for you? Do you also want to end up like that woman?"

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The people nearby had no inkling who Clarissa was referring to, but Mimi did.

At that warning, the latter's heart lurched violently.

It was clear as day that she was afraid, for she ducked behind Winston.

"Don't be afraid. Calm down, Ms. Lester. Why are you afraid of a few words from a used wh*re? You've got me, no? I'll protect you."

Wearing a fearful expression, Mimi burrowed into Winston's arms.

Just then, Yael walked in and spotted the scene. While she didn't understand what had happened, she shielded Clarissa at once.

Meanwhile, the hotel staff had already summoned a doctor to treat Winston.

Although Clarissa hadn't held back her punches, the tip of a pen could only go so far, so it couldn't have punctured all that deep.

Nonetheless, Winston would never let the matter rest. His ultimate goal was to have Clarissa beneath him, after all. To that end, he blurted a myriad of threats, basically saying that she wouldn't be able to survive in the industry, and threatening her by saying that her days would be a living hell even if she did survive.

In that particular industry, the person with the money was the boss in most cases – he would have the power of largely determining someone else's fate.

That was a reality no one could change.

If I don't have Matthew in my corner today, I think I would definitely quiver in fright and lament the near-hopelessness of my future. After all, that would truly be the end of me if I were to be blacklisted again, Clarissa mused.

In the next instance, a wave of intense fury hit her.

I've been slaving over my job, and when I finally make something of myself, everything I've achieved is simply being denied now. What kind of world is this? What kind of industry is this?

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The sudden moment of pessimism had potent violence flittering across her eyes. A brief instance of madness seized her, and she was gripped by the urge to rush up and drag the man and woman down with her.

However, that was merely a fleeting thought.

Grasping back control of her sanity, Clarissa merely swept an icy gaze over Winston and Mimi, who was watching the show.

When Yael heard Winston's impudent speech, her brutal side manifested.

"If my memory serves, Mr. Warren, you established your company with your wife, yes?"

That sharp remark hit the man squarely in the chest.

Snorting, Yael continued, "Coincidentally, I've met your wife before and even has her contact. And Mr. Warren, before I joined this industry, I was an attorney, one that specialized in divorce lawsuits."

"How dare you?"

"Alright, this matter ends here. Please excuse us."

Hah! You're not the only one who can go around threatening people!

Triumphant, Yael then left with Clarissa. As for whoever the two people behind them wanted to hook up with, that was no longer their business.

After getting into the car, Clarissa remained silent while Yael was rather peeved.

"How dare Winston Warren think we're easy prey just because we didn't counterattack? It's none of our business however he wants to mess around out there, but how dare he have designs on you now? He must be sick of living!"

"Don't be angry, Yael. It's not worth getting incensed over someone like him. Anyway, I repaid him in kind."

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“Why on earth did you use a pen? You should’ve lashed out with a knife and chopped off his hand!”

Upon hearing that, Clarissa chuckled. “How I wish! Unfortunately, I didn’t have a knife on me. It looks like I’ve got to bring a knife with me in the future.”

After driving her back to the hotel, Yael stayed for a while. She phoned Winston’s wife for real, but she didn’t mention a single word about Clarissa, merely saying that she saw Winston with Mimi earlier.”

When she had hung up the phone, Clarissa cast her a glance.

As usual, Yael’s face was devoid of expression. She merely arched an eyebrow. “What is it?”

“I never knew you’re such a patient person, Yael. I thought you’d furtively find an opportunity to deal with him.”

“That’s precisely what I’m doing right now. Why do you think I notified Mrs. Warren? Her lethality alone is far greater than any other means I can utilize. She was a gang leader in school back in the day; a top dog in the underworld. As such, her methods are extremely ruthless.”

“Then, why does Winston Warren still dare to mess around outside?”

“Most of the time, she merely turns a blind eye to it, but I deliberately phoned her just now to bring it out in the open. She’ll naturally be mortified, so he’ll definitely get it from her when he goes home.”

As Clarissa imagined the scene of a man fearing his wife, she inexplicably found it rather hilarious.

She giggled while leaning back against the chair languidly. Looking at her, Yael suddenly asked, “How much longer are you planning to remain in this relational state of vagueness?”

At that, Clarissa’s laughter drew to an abrupt halt. “Why are you asking?”

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“No particular reason. But it’s actually bad for both you and Mr. Tyson. You’ll certainly suffer much aggravation since you can’t associate with him publicly. However, the same goes for Mr. Tyson. I think he must be far more eager than you to put an end to this situation.”

“So, you’re standing up for him now?”

Yael shook her head. “No, I’m just mentioning it in passing. Alright, I’ll leave you to your rest.”

After she left, Clarissa returned to the bed. Plopping heavily onto the bed, she sprawled out and buried her head. Her mind was a chaotic mess, and sorrow bogged her down.

She naturally knew that it was unfair to Matthew when even Yael could sense it.

However, she had been so reliant to accept his kindness and tolerance toward her that she had been reluctant to bring up past hurts again and take the issue to the table.

Three years wasn’t a long time, but to them, time flew. After a long three years, she was now nearing thirty years old, while Matthew was approaching his forties.

How many more three years did they have to squander?

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 264

Clarissa hadn’t yet managed to sort out the inexplicable conflict between her and Matthew because she was swamped with work.

“The publisher plans to have an illustrated book for all your works and design a cartoon image for you to make up a complete hardcover collection. I’ve contacted the illustrator, so why don’t you meet him and tell him your terms? The two of you can discuss if there are any problems.”

Yael then gave her a location and told her to meet the illustrator there.

Upon arriving at the quiet teahouse, Clarissa met the so-called illustrator.

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Hmm... he seems rather familiar. The illustrator then lifted his head from his fragrant tea that emanated wisps of steam. As he smiled faintly the moment he spotted her, he almost seemed ethereal.

That was, if he didn't speak.

Clarissa remembered him as the man who kept chattering incessantly on the plane back then.

And as soon as she sat down, Joshua started going on and on. Well, well... No wonder he asked to meet in a teahouse. It's so that he'll have tea to drink when he gets thirsty from his non-stop blathering.

"We meet again, pretty. It seems that our fates are truly intertwined. I never thought you would actually be the renowned writer, Clarissa Quigley! I've read your works, and I really love the various themes that range from cardinal issues of morality to the ups and downs of life. They're truly liberal and classy. It's really a surprise that such a beautiful and adorable girl can actually produce such novels! Indeed, I salute such writers!" He then continued, saying, "Oh yes, I'm a slightly famous illustrator. We'll be collaborating for some time, so let's get acquainted. Where are you from? What food and drink do you enjoy? And what's your favorite color? By the way, what kind of habits do you have when writing? Oh, don't think I'm trying to intrude on your privacy with all these questions. Actually, I just want to understand you better. Of course, it's perfectly fine if you don't feel like answering. I can ask you other questions, such as whether you base your characters on real people and..."

"Mr. Ferguson!"

As her patience wore thin, Clarissa finally interrupted the man's prattle.

"Ah, don't address me as Mr. Ferguson, Ms. Quigley. That's too formal. Why don't you call me Joshua? Can I call you Clarissa? I think the first thing after getting acquainted is to change the way we address each other. Or do you mind me calling you Clarissa? How about I call you Rissa? I think Rissa sounds more intimate, and I believe it'll enhance our relationship for our upcoming collaboration..."

Clarissa lowered her head and stared at her cup of tea. As she watched the tea leaves sinking to the bottom, her thoughts drifted.

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Matthew drinks tea occasionally though he also drinks coffee and wine. He seems to prefer red wine. She remembered that he had quite a collection of red wine back when she was with him. There are many famous wines in the wine cellar in Zen Highlands, but I don't know which one he prefers since I've got no interest in red wine.

Strictly speaking, apart from his favorite food, she didn't really know what else he liked.

I claim to love him, but in hindsight, I don't think I'm doing a good job of it. I have no inkling of many of his preferences. In this aspect, he's much better than me. Oh yes, why are we giving each other the cold shoulder now? Well, I can apologize first, but I'm used to him compromising throughout the years. Thus, such an attitude of mine is probably the result of him spoiling me. Therefore, it's not entirely my fault. At least half the blame lies on him!

"Rissa? Rissa?"

At Joshua's repeated calling of her name, Clarissa finally lifted her head.

She flashed him a faint smile while wondering inwardly, So, he has finally finished talking?

"Well, let's go now, Rissa!"

"Go? Where to?"

"To have fun! I've been cooped up for a long time, and I've been planning to relax after meeting you today. We can talk about the characters in your works as we do something fun together! Oh yes, the publisher also asked me to design a cartoon image for you, so I need inspiration! Let's go! Inspiration always comes to me when I'm having fun!"

As Joshua said that, he dragged her out without giving her any room to protest.

When he said "having fun," he truly meant it, for he brought her to an amusement park with kid rides as well as dangerous, high-altitude rides. Clarissa didn't want to go on any of them, but he coerced her into doing so. Even though she almost retched when she alighted from the ride, it was undeniably thrilling.

Of course, he also brought her to many other places in D City. Most of them were places she had never visited, for he had a knack of finding surprising spots in hidden alleys and snack streets.

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She was truly exhausted after going around the entire day, but she also realized that the man wasn't actually all that annoying.

"You never expected to find all those places in D City, no? I love exploring places unknown to others throughout the years, and it's not just D City. I've also been to..."

Still, the issue of his non-stop talking had been plaguing her.

She merely buried her head in her dinner without interrupting him, allowing him to speak at length.

After dinner, Joshua was still unwilling to allow Clarissa to leave. Instead, he brought her to a bar.

The woman was initially against it, but she was then taken aback when he started drawing in the bar with such a chaotic atmosphere.

"I like drawing conflicting scenes in such an atmosphere. Look, the various facades of humanity are entirely bared in this bar. I think such a scene is very suitable for the scene where you described the meeting between the various sects. While everyone wears a mask of civility, each of them have an ugly side deep within them. They claim to uphold justice, but they actually instigate strife for their own interests."

Joshua then showed her the drawing in his hand. "Don't you think so?"

Surprisingly, the drawing easily attracted Clarissa's attention. While every single one of them dressed finely, the expressions on their faces vividly depicted their innermost thoughts.

Seeing that, she was truly astounded. Meanwhile, Joshua had finally attained a sense of accomplishment from her approval, so he was incredibly smug. He then continued drawing.

Clarissa had no further arguments in the face of such convincing proof, so she merely sat there quietly without bothering him.

Although no one bothered them in the semi-translucent private lounge upstairs, others could make out their countenances.

Besides, Clarissa was a stunning beauty, so she naturally attracted attention.

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The thought that he was truly living in a small world hit Winston when he went home that day. His wife laid into him, so he had been exceedingly aggrieved. Never had he expected to bump into Clarissa today.

Ever since she stepped in the door, he had noticed her as well as the “boy toy” beside her.

All at once, he ordered some men to do something for him. Shortly after, a drunkard staggered into the private lounge while tussling with another man, bringing the fight there. However, Joshua was entirely lost in his own world. Despite a fight breaking out, he continued drawing with his head lowered. Clarissa, on the other hand, could only dodge in avoidance. However, the two men seemed intent on drawing closer to her, almost injuring her amidst the chaotic brawl. Joshua only lifted his head furiously when his drawing book was knocked off, getting into their faces in chagrin, only to get dragged into the fight and beaten up.

As the commotion grew, it naturally attracted attention. The bar manager came over, and someone pulled the brawling parties apart. Clarissa was in a sorry state because she had been knocked around and injured in an attempt to protect Joshua during the fight.

“What happened? What’s going on here?”

As it was a bar, the manager was from the underworld. Thus, he was unfazed despite often having people causing trouble.

Unexpectedly, the two men who were fighting suddenly pointed their fingers at Joshua.

“This kid seduced that woman, Mr. Quinn. That woman is our boss’ woman. He’s a weakling, yet he wants to seduce our boss’ woman with a pen and paper! And that woman is truly audacious. We’ve caught her red-handed, but still...”

They twisted the facts, claiming that Clarissa was their boss’ woman who hooked up with a boy toy, so she started the fight since she was caught red-handed.

The manager usually didn’t get involved in such a matter, knowing whose underlings those two men were regardless of the veracity of their claim.

“Alright, all damages will be borne by the two of you. I won’t be showing you any mercy if you continue brawling. Go out now and settle any problems outside my bar!”

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“Yes, of course, Mr. Quinn! We’ll get going at once.”

They then happily dragged Clarissa away despite her desperate struggles. “Let go of me! I don’t know either of you! Save me, Joshua...”

However, Joshua had been restrained, leaving him helpless to resist. In the next moment, someone clapped a hand over Clarissa’s mouth before she could speak further and dragged her out.

No one seemed to care about such behavior.

As Clarissa continued to cry out, only muffled sounds escaped out of her mouth. A sense of despair rose within her. Oh my God, could they be human traffickers?

Fear engulfed her at that moment, but she urged herself to remain calm. All of a sudden, her gaze snagged at something by the side, and she swung her leg out while being dragged away. The table stacked high with wine glasses swayed before the wine glasses on it came tumbling down, shattering into pieces on the ground. It caused a great commotion that had the music abruptly cutting off and everyone’s gazes shooting her way.

She continued struggling, yet she simply couldn’t break free from their hold. All she could do was to kick out and stomp around frantically...

Upon seeing that the situation was getting out of hand, the two men wanted to drag her away swiftly. But out of the blue, a voice rang out, and someone blocked their path.

“Where did you go, Clare? Didn’t you say you’ll wait for me at home? Why, were you going to surprise me?”

Luke sounded languid and unperturbed as he spoke. There was an intrigued smile hovering over his lips as he stared at Clarissa, whose eyes were bugging out of her head. At such a sight, he couldn’t help but chuckle lowly.

“Ah, this is certainly an epic surprise. Come over to me, Clare,” he murmured.

Meanwhile, the two men wavered. What the hell? Don’t tell me this woman really belongs to Mr. Harrison?

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They naturally knew who Luke was.

Hesitant, they both glanced at Winston, who was at a corner of the bar. Clocking that, Luke followed their gazes and caught sight of Winston as well.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 265

"Oh, look who's here. Mr. Warren, right?"

Winston seemed taken aback. Since he couldn't ignore them, he stood up and strode over.

His gaze shifted from Luke to Clarissa. "Mr. Harrison, stop joking. She's my woman. I heard she's meeting her lover here, so I came to catch her in the act and teach her a lesson," he said with a smile.

"She's your woman?"

Luke's face contorted with rage as he glared at Clarissa menacingly. Suddenly, he burst into a hysterical laugh.

"Hahaha... Your woman? Hahaha... That's the funniest joke I've heard this year."

Winston was irate when the others in the bar laughed at Luke's mockery. "Mr. Harrison, what's so funny? She is my woman. Are you implying that she is yours? Perhaps she used to be, but she's mine now."

A contemptuous scowl immediately replaced the humor on the latter's face. "You guys better let her go now before you ruin my mood. Or..."

Intimidated by Luke's threat, the men hurriedly released Clarissa, who sneered at Winston, "Mr. Warren, I never knew I was your woman? Care to tell me when we started?"

An amused smile appeared on Luke's face as he watched her confront the man in silence.

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How could she still be so beautiful after so long? Even the way she's standing up for herself now is so attractive!

Clarissa caught his gaze for a fraction of a second before she turned to Winston as she rubbed her wrist to soothe the pain.

"You... You ungrateful little brat. How dare you pin the blame on me?" Winston exploded. "We have a deal, remember? Do you think I would invest in your sh*tty script if you're not my woman? Oh, I see, now the shooting is over, and you're turning your back on me. With my influence in the industry, I only have to spread the word that you're a backstabbing b*tch who doesn't honor agreements. Who do you think they'll believe?"

"You'll get your just desserts." Clarissa turned and left.

Instead of wasting my time arguing with a despicable man like him, I might as well let him off since I can always beat him up in the future.

"Stop right there!" Winston wasn't letting go of this golden opportunity.

He was ready to fight tooth and nail with Luke and Clarissa. It was no coincidence that they were together.

She stared intently at Winston while the latter sneered and motioned for his subordinates to surround the duo.

Before she could react, Luke spoke, "Geez, Mr. Warren. Are you trying to kill us?"

"Mr. Harrison, listen to yourself. This is between me and her, so stop sticking your nose into our affair. It's not worth it. There are plenty of beautiful women out there. Just take your pick, while I'm teach this rat a lesson," Winston said.

Luke let out a chuckle and shook his head. "Mr. Warren, if someone has a death wish, nothing is going to stop them. Well, too bad, I'm not going to stop you either."

Winston neither understood nor cared what he meant by that. "What are you waiting for? Bring that woman to me!"

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Right when they were about to move, Luke and Clarissa exchanged glances. He flashed a grin and rubbed his wrist. "I never thought I'd become a hero. Alright then, I'm going all out for Clare today." At that, he advanced on Winston.

The men in the bar charged at the latter and his subordinates. A full-blown fight broke out.

The bar manager behaved as though it was an everyday affair. He could talk some sense into Winston, but Luke was uncontrollable. The two didn't belong in the same league.

Amidst the chaos, the drunk crowd cheered and whistled enthusiastically.

Naturally, Winston suffered a humiliating defeat. Clarissa seized the opportunity and left with Joshua as Luke trailed behind them.

"Clare, you have such a bad taste. I can't believe you like a pretty boy like him," he scorned as he scrutinized Joshua.

She furrowed her eyebrows and explained, "Mr. Harrison, you got me wrong. He is my friend."

Despite his mockery, Clarissa was grateful to him. "By the way, I owe you for saving me."

"Great. Very well then. To repay this kindness, how about you be my woman?"

"Mr. Harrison, stop joking. I am married."

"You're married? To who?" He was stunned.

"That's no concern of yours. Well, will you excuse us? I have to bring him to the hospital. Don't worry, someday I will surely repay you."

After a momentary stunned pause, Luke hurriedly said, "Let me send you."

Then he immediately helped Joshua into the car. Since it was an emergency, Clarissa had no other choice but to ride in his car to follow them.

At the hospital, Joshua howled in pain. He vowed to seek revenge for the suffering.

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Clarissa sat by the side in guilt as she apologized profusely for getting him involved.

However, he didn't blame her. "It's not your fault. I never expected an abduction to occur in D City. Darn him. A jerk like him should be locked up for life."

Meanwhile, Luke stood quietly as he contemplated the fact that Clarissa was a married woman.

Unable to contain his curiosity any longer, he bombarded her with a chain of questions. "Clare, are you really married? How is that possible? Who are you married to? Do I know him? I am every woman's dream, but why did you choose him over me? Listen, it's not too late for a divorce. Three years ago, I told you I would be your man? Why didn't you wait for me?"

Joshua turned to Clarissa in astonishment. "Are you kidding me? I have a crush on her, too. Even if she's divorced, you and I are going to have a fair competition to win her heart," he remarked. "Anyway, Rissa, I think you're also married. Why didn't you tell us? I would have married you gladly. Gosh! Another eligible bachelorette off the rack."

"Whoa, this pretty boy has feelings for you too." Luke scoffed as he rolled his eyes.

"That's my personal matter. I'd rather not talk about it," Clarissa replied.

She massaged her temples, took a seat, and said, "Joshua, I'll stay with you since you're hurt. It would be best if you can call your family and inform them about what happened. Then I can apologize to them personally. And Mr. Harrison, as I told you earlier, I will repay your kindness someday. If there's nothing else, please leave and let him rest."

"You can repay me with your heart."

Exasperated by his persistence, she kept mum.

"Are you deaf? Rissa said no. So move your ass and scram." Joshua immediately chased Luke out.

He gazed at Clarissa meaningfully and let out a smile before leaving. It was a subtle hint that he wasn't giving up.

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Luke had countless girlfriends for the past three years. Although he wasn't dead set on having a relationship with Clarissa, he couldn't suppress the overwhelming emotions when he saw Matthew again. Back then, the latter had come between them, and Luke lost out to him. For years, he swallowed the bitter pill and his ego took a hit because he couldn't have Clarissa.

After he left, Joshua finally uttered the question he had been wanting to ask. "Rissa, you're not married, are you? It's just a lie to chase him away, right?" He chuckled nervously.

"I'm really married."

"Really?" He looked crestfallen. "That's too bad. I should have asked you out when you broke up with your ex three years ago."

"Joshua, stop joking. What we share is platonic. We're just friends." She drew the line between them.

"Who knows? Maybe our friendship would end in marriage. Anyway, who exactly is your husband? If he's worse than me, you should divorce him before it's too late," he replied with a smack of his lips.

"Cut the small talk. You need to rest. Are you sure you don't want to call your family?"

"No, they will just give me a headache."

In the ward, Clarissa leaned against Joshua's bed to check her phone.. However, the battery was flat.

She headed to the nursing station to borrow a charger and to have a chat with the nurses on duty. They told her about their job and their interaction with the patients, which interested her vastly.

Her phone turned on automatically after charging. Shortly after, she received a call.

"Clarissa, where are you?" Matthew asked. He sounded angry and distant.

"In the hotel room."

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