

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 51 - 55

"You..."

Clarissa took a step backward. But she did not expect to step on an obstacle, so she fell in terror.

Luke stood there watching her fall but he was disappointed by the outcome.

Clarissa ended up falling into a firm embrace. As a reflex, she lifted her head in shock.

At that, Luke's face turned pale and he took a few steps back.

Matthew walked out of the shadows to catch Clarissa from falling. His palms were supporting her waist. She could see his grim expression and darkened gaze up close.

"Luke, how do you plan to get my woman?"

Dissatisfaction flashed across Luke's eyes. He was acting all and mighty as if he was not afraid of anyone earlier.

But when Matthew stood before him, he had to admit that he was terrified of the former.

"You're hearing things, Mr. Tyson. I was just joking."

"Is that so?" Matthew said in a deep voice and cocked his brows. Every word he uttered was a warning.

"Luke, I had met your father yesterday. The person beside him, Morris, is an excellent man. I like him."

Clarissa did not understand his words. But Luke gritted his teeth after hearing that.

Morris was the illegitimate son of his father, and he favored him. The company was still in the hand of his old man. By right, Luke was supposed to be the heir. But Morris helped to

manage the company at the moment. With his outstanding performance, he won the support of many.

Matthew was putting pressure on Luke and attacked him in his weak spot. As a result, he could only gnash his teeth without expressing his pain.

Luke grimaced in anger. "Mr. Tyson, I'm sorry."

Clarissa had a strong urge to slap his face.

Apologizing now, are we? Spineless man!

Matthew contemplated and uttered, "Luke, don't make me warn you for the third time."

This was the second time he forced Clarissa against her will, including the previous one.

"Yes, Mr. Tyson. I got it."

Following that, Luke fled from the scene miserably. Clarissa sighed regretfully that made his escape like a humble servant. But she had forgotten that she was in Matthew's arms.

By the time she regained her senses, Matthew had pushed her into his car.

"You..." she stammered as she was at a loss for words.

It seems like I can't say anything other than express my gratitude.

Matthew had a cold and gloomy look—true to Luke's description.

Clarissa was feeling a little uneasy as she sat beside him. She was undecided about giving him a proper explanation.

If I don't explain, won't he think that I was the one calling for the date? But what will he think about me meeting up with Luke? But, I don't want him to have any misunderstanding.

She did not probe into the reason behind having thoughts like that in her mind. Perhaps she dared not admit the little secret she buried deep inside her heart.

Eventually, she explained, "The company of my mother's husband is planning to collaborate with the Harrisons. Luke used that to ask me out for a dinner date. I only agreed because my mother begged me to. We just had a meal. That's all there is to it."

Matthew remained motionless and expressionless.

Clarissa heaved a sigh quietly and felt a bit frustrated.

The ominous silence in the car caused her to feel suffocated.

Right after they arrived at Zen Highlands. Matthew got out of the car speedily. Then, he clutched her wrist and dragged her into the house.

"Ouch..." Clarissa endured the pain.

After entering the house, Matthew threw her to the sofa.

She plonked on it while rubbing her wrist. Her brows knitted together in displeasure.

With a stern expression, he tugged his collar and loomed over her. There was no warmth in his eyes.

Clarissa raised her head in an instant, then lowered it again.

"Clarissa Quigley!"

Hearing him addressed her in full name, Clarissa could tell that he was enraged through his tone.

At that, she covered her head with her arms and retracted her neck. She dared not face the infuriated Matthew and also afraid of getting hit by him.

After a long while, she did not hear him say a word.

So, she raised her eyes carefully and was met with his dark gaze. Then, she immediately retracted them.

"You..."

Matthew's anger dissipated after seeing what she did.

He pursed his lips, snorted and sat on the sofa.

"You fool!"

Alright. I can still accept a scolding like this. At least he did not unleash his fury.

Matthew took a cigarette and lit it up in irritation, trying to calm the burning rage.

After taking a puff, he blew out a circle of smoke and narrowed his eyes.

"What are you posing in this silly position for?"

Clarissa bit her lips and put her arms down slowly. An awkward smile was played on her face.

She started rubbing her wrist and Matthew noticed that.

Without warning, he pulled her hand over to look at the finger marks on her wrist. After that, he massaged that area with his fingertips.

As expected, he did not apologize to her.

"It's okay. I'm fine now. It doesn't hurt anymore."

Clarissa wanted to retract her hand but was unable to do so. Hence, she allowed him to message her wrist as he pleased.

Right then, she began to justify herself after being called a fool.

"Actually, I did not meet him unprepared. I actually brought a Taser with me. If he dares to paw on me, I will not hesitate to assault him. Besides, I think he was just trying to scare me. After all, he knows that Ellie is my best friend and she warned him not to do anything stupid before. His words were just empty threats. I suppose he won't actually try anything funny—Ouch..."

Clarissa's wrist felt hurt from his grasp.

She frowned and looked at Matthew, who had a gloomy expression. Then, he said in a cold tone, "He won't try anything funny? Are you kidding me? Clarissa, what do you take men for?"

Instantly, he threw the cigarette butt away. Following that, he gripped her wrists and pulled them over her head while leaning forward against her body, trapping her on the sofa. She could not move an inch as all her limbs were restrained.

She could see how angry he was through the expression on his face.

"You suppose? Did you know how dumb it sounded like? Just like this..."

"I'm—Mm..."

Her mouth was covered and could not let a word out of it. Her body felt feeble after struggling to break free from his grip.

Matthew had the intention to punish her. His actions were rough, aggressive, and merciless.

She was completely at his mercy.

Her body felt chilly after her clothes were ripped apart. Matthew's movements became increasingly unrestrained, as though he was about to eat her up.

Clarissa's body trembled in dread. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she was resisting him.

Suddenly, Matthew halted his movements and lifted his head to stare to the weeping woman.

"Are you scared now?"

"Boohoo..."

Matthew pulled her up to sit on the sofa, then wiped the tears off the corners of her eyes. His expression remained calm as usual. However, his heart was full of warmth and helplessness.

"Do you think Luke will stop like I did just because you cry? Do you think every man has self-control like me?"

Clarissa just sobbed without answering his question.

A gleam flashed across Matthew's eyes, and he pulled her into his arms while patting her on the back awkwardly.

"Remember, stay away from men."

At his words, Clarissa pushed him away with all her might. Her eyes were still watery as she stared at him and said, "You are a man too."

Matthew did not know what to say.

He pursed his lips and smiled.

"Oh. Turning your back on me now, huh?"

Clarissa wiped the tears off with the back of her hand and retorted, "Isn't it true? What you did to me just now was not something kind."

"Hah! You are only remembering this? What about the times when I rescued you?"

"Thank you," she uttered in an insincere tone.

Matthew had expected that she would be ungrateful toward him.

"You'd better—"

Before he could finish his sentence, Clarissa's phone rang.

After rummaging through her bag, she took out her cellphone and answered the call.

"Clary, are you having dinner with Mr. Harrison? You won't be going back tonight, right?"

"Why? Do you not want me to go back?" Clarissa answered in an icy tone.

Hilary hurriedly toned down the excitement in her voice and explained, "No. I thought that you have a good relationship with Mr. Harrison. It's just a casual question."

“Do I even have a good relationship with him? My goodness! We went on our separate ways after dinner. I’m at a friend’s place currently. I’ve fulfilled my promise to you. Whether Luke plans to give you the project has nothing to do with me anymore. Even if Zach is incapable, I can only help him once. But do I have to save his ass every time? If so, he might as well declare bankruptcy now. If he is a resourceful man, he won’t need my intervention.”

“No, Clary. Putting this aside, I actually thought that Mr. Harrison is a nice guy. Besides, he is interested in you. Why don’t you date him?”

Clarissa clenched her fingers on her cellphone as if she was holding her back from losing her cool.

Matthew frowned slightly as he was displeased to see her feeling upset.

“Mom. Don’t tell me you don’t know anything about Luke Harrison’s reputation after staying in D City for so long. I don’t buy that. Now, you are asking me to date him? You are basically sending your biological daughter off to please a scum and let him do as he wishes. Sometimes you make me doubt if you’re my birth mother. Or maybe you just don’t care about me?”

Hilary’s heart sank at her words. “No, Clary. It’s all a misunderstanding. I’m just—”

“You know better than me if it is indeed a misunderstanding. I’m not sure if you love me or not. But, please at least have basic virtue as a mother.”

With that, she ended the call with her back against Matthew while standing on that spot.

Matthew hugged her behind out of the blue. With a gentle voice, he whispered into her ear, “Clare.”

Clarissa removed his arms, turned around, and said nonchalantly, “Stay away from me, you are a man!”

Matthew was bereft of speech.

Within seconds, Clarissa took her handbag, tidied her disheveled clothes emotionlessly, and prepared to leave.

However, Matthew pulled her back into his embrace. He wrapped his arms across her body, lowered his head and let out a smirk.

“Correction. Stay away from men. But it does not include your man, who is me.”

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 52

Outsiders might think that Matthew was a lone wolf, a cool and collected person determined to achieve his goals no matter what.

But there was another side to him that very few people knew about.

Unreasonable? A horrible flirt? Thick-skinned?

And so many other qualities that she had yet to discover.

What the hell am I thinking!

What else is there worth discovering?

Clarissa wanted to push Matthew away and leave him behind in an ultra-cool fashion.

But the reality was that she wasn’t strong enough to push him away, and she couldn’t act cool at all.

She gave up on trying to push him away. Furrowing her eyebrows, she said, “Let go of me. I want to go home.”

“Go home? To let your mother send you straight to Luke’s bedroom?”

His words hit a nerve.

Clarissa was so frustrated she wanted to scream. If she went back to her apartment, she might have to deal with Hilary’s various acts of victimhood and attempts to gain pity. And

even if she tried to prevent herself from feeling any emotions, there was no way she could be cruel towards her own mother.

So, she calmed down and just stood there.

Matthew chuckled under his breath, the hint of a mocking smile on his face.

This woman's too stubborn and prideful to take back what she said. I bet she's waiting for me to be the one to persuade her to stay.

"Are you staying?"

Clarissa forced herself to glance at him. "I'm taking the guest room downstairs."

"Of course. Did you think you were going to get to sleep in the master bedroom? Or worse, sleep with me?" Matthew raised an eyebrow.

"You... You wish!"

Clarissa's jaw clenched in annoyance.

He had already let go of her and was heading upstairs.

Just as he turned the corner, he looked back to say, "Don't come out of your room at night. I'm afraid you might come into my room and take advantage of me."

"That's supposed to be my line."

She pulled a silly face behind Matthew's back to relieve her anger.

Soon after, Mrs. Lawson silently appeared out of nowhere to help her with her sleeping arrangements. Clarissa laid down on her bed after everything was settled, but she didn't feel sleepy in the slightest.

It got worse when it started to rain outside. In the end, she sat up and left the guest room.

A small, dim lamp in the living room illuminated the silhouette of a man sitting on the sofa.

All her feelings of sentiment, sadness, and depression swiftly cleared from her head. Just as she was about to turn around and leave, Matthew spoke up.

“Come here.”

“I just came out for a glass of water.”

Matthew didn't seem to be in the casual, light-hearted mood from earlier. Instead, his expression was solemn and his voice sounded cold.

Placing a cigarette between his lips and lighting it up, he started playing with the lighter between his fingers. The tiny flame dancing and flickering in the air looked unsafe.

He didn't say anything else to her. Steeling herself, Clarissa went to the kitchen and drank from a water bottle before leaving for her room.

She only took a few steps out of the kitchen before sighing heavily, turning around to tell him, “Smoking is bad for your health, same goes for staying up late. Get some sleep.”

“Hm?”

Matthew looked up at her, his eyes glinting in the dark. “Is that concern I hear?”

“No. I'm just saying.”

His deep laughter rang out in the silence. “I like the fact that you never say what you truly feel.”

Clarissa rolled her eyes. “I'm going to sleep. Goodnight.”

She hurried back to her room. Now that her mind was cleared of all nonsensical thoughts, she was able to fall asleep rather quickly.

A few minutes later, the door to her room was slowly pushed open, and Matthew walked in. Standing by the side of the bed, he felt envy well up inside of him as he watched her peaceful sleeping face.

Taking a closer look at her face, he realized that she was breathing through her mouth in shallow, even breaths, her small and perfectly shaped lips slightly agape.

He leaned down and kissed her without a second thought, moving his lips against hers until she made a sound of discomfort in her sleep.

Clarissa flipped over, her back now facing him. He shook his head and laughed under his breath before silently exiting the room.

When Clarissa woke up, the sun was already hanging high in the sky. Turning over and stretching her body, she opened her eyes and blinked drowsily for a moment. The sleepiness quickly disappeared when her unfamiliar surroundings finally registered in her mind. She sat up and immediately grabbed her phone.

It's twenty minutes past ten...

She had missed breakfast and was nearly going to miss lunch as well.

Rubbing her temples, she got up and spotted a set of brand new clothes for her to wear at the foot of the bed.

She walked out of the guest room, feeling embarrassed when she bumped into Mrs. Lawson in the dining room.

"You're finally awake, Miss."

"Mrs. Lawson, I'm so sorry for waking up late. Um, about breakfast..."

"It's alright, sir didn't say anything. Would you like to eat?"

"Yes, thank you..."

After she got some food in her, Clarissa started making preparations for lunch. Her reason for doing so was that fresh produce was being delivered to the house every day, and she had some free time on her hands.

She was done before noon and tasked someone with sending the food to Matthew. Then, she took her laptop and went to the living room, her mind wandering as she sat on the sofa.

She knew that this ambiguous situation with Matthew was not good.

Her rationality and her emotions were internally wrestling with each other. Her brain clearly understood that Matthew was not the right partner for her, but her heart kept pulling her toward him.

What am I doing? She thought that maybe things were continuing this way because it was what she had been unconsciously hoping for all along.

This wasn't the Clarissa that used to meticulously plan out every single detail of her future.

"Miss? Miss?"

Clarissa snapped out of her daze at the sound of Mrs. Lawson calling her name.

"Miss, your phone is ringing."

"Oh..."

Clarissa quickly picked up her phone and took a moment to calm herself down. It was a video call.

Catherine's excited face appeared on screen as soon as Clarissa accepted the call.

"Oh my, it is Clare! I can see you so well! Julia taught me about this new feature. She said it saves money because it doesn't increase the phone bill, and I get to see you too! How wonderful!"

Clarissa smiled warmly. "Grandma, are you sure you're just doing this to save on phone bills? You can only make this kind of call when you're at home, you know. It's not a very useful feature if you don't have Wi-Fi."

"I know, I know. Just because I'm old doesn't mean I've gotten stupid. Besides, Julia's already explained everything to me. By the way, where are you staying? Is that the place your mom arranged for you?"

"Uh... Yes, it's just a small apartment. It's quite clean and cozy, so you don't have to worry too much."

Fortunately, the angle of the phone's front camera didn't capture her current surroundings.

"Is your mom okay now? She just called me a few days ago, saying you were taking care of her and what a good daughter you were. She sounded quite guilty, so please don't hold a grudge against her. "She also mentioned she was setting you up on blind dates? Have you gone on any yet? How are the men? How are their families? I'm telling you Clare, I've been through a lot in my life. What's most important is that he loves you and takes good care of you. His wealth doesn't matter as long as he has a stable job, and it's fine even if he's slightly older than you. I know you're a very beautiful girl, but you shouldn't be too picky about appearances, just an average-looking guy will do..."

Clarissa had heard this speech way too many times before and she was starting to grow impatient. "I know, I know. I'm only twenty-six years old, Grandma. There's no rush."

"What do you mean 'there's no rush?' All of your friends are already getting married and starting families of their own. The younger you are when you give birth, the faster your body will recover..."

"Okay, okay! I get it! I'll get to it as soon as possible, alright?"

"Get to what?"

Catherine immediately fell silent at the sound of Matthew's voice.

"Clare? Who is that?"

"Nothing! It's just my colleague! I'm hanging up, Grandma!"

She hurriedly ended the call before whipping around to see that Matthew had entered the room. Donnie followed behind him, giving a kind smile and a nod in her direction.

Coughing awkwardly, Clarissa asked, "Why are you back so early? I was just getting ready to leave. I'll come back later to make dinner, so you don't have to worry about that part."

Matthew chuckled while Donnie couldn't be bothered by her forced, obvious excuse.

Ignoring Donnie's presence in the room, he leaned forward and grabbed hold of Clarissa's chin to kiss her.

Clarissa's body grew warm with embarrassment. She took a quick glance at Donnie's blank expression before turning around to glare furiously at Matthew.

The man didn't seem to care at all. "Donnie, the documents are in my study. You can go upstairs to collect them and wait for me in my car."

After sending his assistant away, he draped an arm around Clarissa, asking in a low voice, "Get to what?"

"Nothing."

"Give birth?"

"You..."

He'd clearly overheard everything!

Clarissa's angry stare was only met with a strangely fond laugh from Matthew. He bent down and pressed closer to her, his lips a hair's breadth away from her, but never moving forward nor pulling back.

The feeling of their warm, mingling breaths made Clarissa's whole body tense up anxiously.

"Clare, you could fulfill your grandma's wishes right now! If you just nod-"

"That's enough. What my grandma said has nothing to do with you."

"Well, it's gonna be sooner or later."

"That's impossible. Stop fooling around and go away already, Mr. Sheldon is waiting for you..."

"You seem very sure about that."

He raised an eyebrow, gazing straight at her until she started to squirm from uneasiness. Chuckling, he flicked her forehead.

"Stop lying to yourself."

I'm not!

Clarissa thought to herself, but even she wasn't convinced.

Rubbing her forehead and looking up at him, his dark, soulful eyes froze her in place.

She was suddenly rendered speechless, having forgotten what she wanted to say.

Matthew opened his mouth and said, "Clare, I think that at the bottom of your heart, you actually understand full well that..."

He placed his large hand on her chest, on top of where her heart was. "You're actually in love with me."

Silence hung in the air between them as they stared at each other.

Slap!

Cheeks flaming red, Clarissa slapped his hand away and turned her back to him, grabbing her laptop and pretending to be absorbed in her work.

Matthew didn't know if her reaction was because he had guessed her thoughts exactly, or because of where he had placed his hand.

His hand fell to his side, his fingers twitched as he recalled the soft feeling of her flesh.

"I'm going out on a business trip for the next few days, so you'll essentially be on leave until I return."

Surprised, she looked up at him. "Where are you going?"

"A City. If you miss me, you can go there to look for me."

"Hmph!"

Clarissa maintained her frosty attitude, ignoring his teasing as she got up and started to pack her things.

"Then I'll be leaving. I don't need to make dinner anymore anyways."

Matthew tugged at her arm, grinning. "You're right. Since you don't have to make dinner, you might as well send me to the airport."

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 53

"No way!"

Despite Clarissa's refusal, it was no use.

At the moment, she was at the airport's VIP lounge with Matthew, who was gripping her hand tightly, keeping her beside him. Her expression showed how unhappy she was with the situation.

"I've already sent you here, so can I leave now?" She asked.

She couldn't wait to leave, but Matthew refused to let go of her. He pulled her into his arms, his hot breath tickling the side of her neck. Occasionally, he would peck at the corner of her lips and her cheek. All these actions made them seem like a couple who just fell in love.

After struggling for some time, Clarissa gave up. She decided to switch up her strategy by looking bored, hoping the man would realize it and let her go.

She failed to realize how naive her thought was.

Just when Matthew was about to reach his hands into her top, she finally begged, "Matthew, Uncle Matthew, Mr. Tyson, can't you just please let me go?"

In response, Matthew chuckled, making Clarissa shrank when she felt his breath on her neck.

"Be good. If you call me sir, I will let you go," he offered.

Sir?

Without hesitation, Clarissa yelled, "Uncle!"

Her voice was filled with conviction.

Looking at Matthew pressing his lips together in annoyance, she could not hold back her smile.

However, her joy was short-lived. She yelped in pain when he grabbed her chin.

Glaring coldly at her, Matthew dared her, "Why don't you repeat that again?"

It did not seem like a request, but an order.

Clarissa did not dare to call him an uncle again and complied with his demand.

"Sir?"

As soon as she opened her mouth, she felt like a servant fulfilling her master's wishes. She cursed inside her head repeatedly, unable to understand where Matthew's nasty fetish came from.

Knock! Knock!

Hearing that, Clarissa felt as though she won the lottery.

"Will you look at the time! Mr. Sheldon is asking you to hurry! We can't have you miss the flight now."

Smirking, Matthew lowered his head and planted a deep kiss on her lips that were smiling before releasing his grip.

Walking out of the lounge, Clarissa was very well-behaved as she was afraid that he would do something else to her. She could only let out a breath of relief after she sent him off to board the plane.

After that, she returned to her apartment. She cleaned up before gathering her thoughts to write some new content. By the time she looked up from her laptop, it was already dark outside, and her stomach was grumbling.

Munching on the food delivery she ordered, she watched a variety show happily.

Now this is what freedom feels like.

The next day, Clarissa freed up some time to visit Ellie's studio.

From the start, Ellie never wanted to join her family's business. Since she liked fashion, she decided to grow in that area. Eventually, she had her own studio to sell clothes and jewelry she designed.

There was only two staff present. As Ellie's business focused mainly on online sales, they only needed staff for their shoots and other miscellaneous tasks.

Coincidentally, when Clarissa visited, Ellie was photographing some of her clothes. Without asking for permission, Ellie dragged her aside to be her model.

Clarissa was beautiful and had a good figure, so her photos were not inferior to those of professional models. While looking through the photographs, Ellie grinned like she won the jackpot. "Ms. Tyson, I'm curious. Why is all your family so domineering? Do all of you like to force others into doing things?" Clarissa scoffed.

Confused, Ellie raised her head. "Huh? What do you mean? In my family, other than me, who else dared to force you into doing something?" she remarked casually without giving much thought to it.

On the other hand, Clarissa realized she had made a mistake by saying that. Hurriedly, she tried to conceal her slip up by turning around to sort her clothes.

Then, she uttered, "One of you is enough. I can't stand another one of you."

"Haha, but I am still your best friend, right?" Ellie teased.

Clarissa smiled at the other woman. "Yes, you are my best friend! Are you done with the shooting? I want to change out already."

"Not yet! There are still two extra special outfits. I need you to wait for a moment!"

With a suspicious-looking smile on her face, Ellie was acting mysteriously. In the next minute, she brought her "special" outfits out.

Instantly, Clarissa swore defensively, "No way in hell am I continuing with the shoot! There is no way I'll do it!"

These are not clothes! They are more like underwear!

"But, Clare, I've put a lot of effort into designing these outfits. Look at them, they're so beautiful. Here, what if I give one of them to you as compensation?" Ellie whined.

"I don't want it and I am not doing the shoot!"

Although Ellie tried to continue persuading Clarissa, the latter was resolute in her decision.

Shaking her head, Ellie sighed, "Alright, I knew that you would not agree to it. But still, I wish to wear the two outfits with you and take some photos that we can keep privately. It will not be published nor circulated publicly. Is that okay? Do you remember what we said in college back then? We agreed to take photos together one day, whether in wedding dresses, normal clothing, or underwear. Today is the day!"

Realizing that Clarissa was still hesitating, Ellie quickly swore, "I promise that the photos will never see the light of day and will only be for our eyes."

"Fine," Clarissa finally agreed.

Even though Clarissa was an upright child, she was a bold woman. Otherwise, she would not be best friends with someone like Ellie.

Minutes later, the studio was filled with laughter and screams from time to time.

The two staff outside could not help but grin after hearing those noises. They knew that the pair of besties were shooting in their underwear. Any stranger who heard them would be suspicious of what they were up to.

After the shoot was over, Clarissa was blushing slightly. Seeing that her face was as red as a tomato, the staff outside kept their gaze on her.

"Done. I've sent the photos to your email, so you can appreciate them slowly," Ellie chimed.

Looking at her pictures from the shoot, Clarissa hesitated.

She asked, "Are you really sending these to your shop?"

Without missing a beat, Ellie exclaimed, "Of course! You match well with this season's outfits. Why? Do you want me to pay you?"

"Pfft, like I'd dare to ask you to pay me." Clarissa shook her head.

"Haha, you know me so well. In the future, you will have to come over often and be my model. You have a good figure and a pretty face. It's a waste if you don't use them!"

When night fell, Ellie sent Clarissa home after they had dinner together.

In her apartment, Clarissa scanned through the photos sent to her email. The pictures she took together with Ellie showed them laughing and playing. She thought they looked interesting. She then looked at the ones she took alone where her poses were deliberately done so to give off a sexy and sultry vibe.

After downloading the photos, she placed them on a disk where she stored all her other photos.

She wasn't worried that others would see it since this was her personal computer and no one would dare touch it.

After a shower, she was prepared to write more new content when her phone rang.

It was Matthew.

Recalling that she would have to cook for him and interact with him on more occasions in the future, she did not dare to ignore his call. But, she still left it to ring for a while before answering it.

"Hello?"

"Don't you know it's me? What's with the hello?" The man on the other end growled, sounding angry.

Clarissa pouted, "I know it's you."

"Okay. I've added you to my social media. Accept the request now."

With that, the phone call ended. She opened her application and saw a new friend request. There was no profile picture, and the username only showed the surname "Tyson".

As soon as she accepted it, she received a video call.

The moment she answered the call, his face popped up on her screen. Matthew's hair was damp, and he was half-naked. Looks like he probably just finished bathing.

"Have you showered?" Mathew was the first to speak.

His voice sounded extra sexy in his low baritone.

Clarissa replied in a small voice, "Why are you video calling me all of a sudden?"

Leaning against the bed frame, Matthew gave a small smile. "To save money on an overseas call."

The corners of Clarissa's lips twitched. She wanted to ask him how much he overheard in her conversation with her grandma when they were video calling the other day.

"Are you telling me the mighty Mr. Tyson wants to save on phone bills?" She questioned.

"Of course! It's good to live a frugal life!"

Clarissa burst out laughing and did not know what to reply to that.

Touching her wet hair, she stared at the screen in silence.

The whole time, Matthew was staring at her through the screen with an intense gaze.

Feeling uncomfortable, she quickly found a topic to talk about. "I went to Ellie's studio today. Her business seems to be quite successful. If it wasn't for your support, she would not have been able to enjoy the success she has today."

"Uh-huh," Matthew casually replied.

"She also mentioned that she is grateful to you."

“Uh-huh,” Matthew repeated.

His burning gaze was still on her.

Awkwardly, Clarissa got up to get a towel to dry her hair. When she returned, he was still staring at her. However, it was less intense than before. He closed his eyes momentarily. When he opened his eyes again, his gaze was sharp, as though it was piercing through her soul.

“You... Can you stop staring at me? If there is nothing else, I’m hanging up,” she announced in exasperation.

“If you hang up, I’ll just call again.”

Matthew smiled cheekily. He was acting like a rascal, which was very much unlike his usual self.

Tilting her head, Clarissa carefully studied Matthew.

“Did you drink?”

Still smiling, the man commented, “Yeah, I drank a little.”

No wonder!

Although there were not many people who dared to drink with Matthew, he was still in the business industry, after all. It was inevitable for him to entertain his clients. As such, he had to drink. So this is why he’s acting like a lecherous man today and just kept staring at me without saying anything.

Nonetheless, Clarissa was curious about how Matthew was when he was drunk.

Will he act like those crazy drunks? Or, will he fall asleep? Perhaps, he becomes a chatterbox? Maybe a crybaby?

Thinking of the endless possibilities, she couldn’t help but laughed.

“Okay, since you’re a bit tipsy now, you should turn in early,” she advised.

"Yes, I will. But before that, can you leave your phone like that and turn the camera to focus on your face for now?"

Clarissa pouted. What's with the silly request?

She was getting creeped out by the slightly tipsy Matthew because of how abnormal he acted.

Before she could reject his request, someone rang his doorbell.

"There's someone at your door. Why don't you go and see who it is?" Clarissa asked.

Matthew ignored her words and continued to stare at her. Feeling uneasy, Clarissa continued, "Well, what are you waiting for? What if someone came to find you?"

"Alright, you wanted me to open the door," he stated.

What do you mean I wanted you to open the door? Isn't it common sense for you to open the door after someone knocks?

Before Clarissa could react, Matthew already carried his phone with him to the door.

Hearing the voice that sounded after he opened the door, she finally knew what he meant.

"Mr. Tyson," someone called out sweetly.

Although Clarissa could not see who it was, the voice sounded flirtatious in an attempt to draw Matthew in.

Without knowing who it was, she already knew what type of woman that was standing before Matthew.

For some reason, she felt angry.

Keeping her silence, she continued to listen.

"Do you need anything?" Matthew's voice was icy cold, as though it could cut through rocks.

Dressed in a revealing outfit, the woman at the door scanned the sturdy body before her and looked at him lustfully. Without a word, she threw herself into Matthew's arms.

Unexpectedly, she did not land in his arms but the door instead. Matthew acted fast enough by shutting the door and blocking the person from entering.

Then, he strolled back to his bed. By the time he turned to look at Clarissa on his screen, she had already ended the call.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 54

The corners of Matthew's lips lifted slightly into a small smirk as he leaned on his bedframe again.

He did not call her back and thought of how the woman must be freaking out on the other end.

As expected, Clarissa grew frustrated after she ended the call.

It was not till the extent where she was in despair, but she still felt like someone had stabbed her heart with a knife. She rolled in bed, unable to calm down no matter how hard she tried.

The main issue now is why didn't Matthew call me back?

He mentioned earlier that he would continue to call if I hung up, and he wanted to see my face until he falls asleep.

So why is he not calling me then?

Does he have so much to talk with that woman that he can't be bothered to call me back?

Or, could they be...

Clarissa grabbed her hair and screamed in her head. You bastard, Matthew! Damn you!

Taking in a deep breath, she sat up from her bed with a cold glare that was burning with anger.

Hmph!

Why do I care so much? I have nothing to do with him anyway.

Clarissa, you should not think about anything else. I only need to fall asleep now. One sheep, two sheep...

She lay in bed, counting sheep, then, she started to hum a song after counting for a while. After a long while, she thought of the outline of her new article, with various scenarios playing in her mind.

After ten minutes, she sprung up to a sitting position in bed while tugging on her hair like a madwoman.

At that moment, her phone rang.

When she answered the phone, she immediately mocked Matthew, "Oh? Isn't it a bit fast for you to be done with that pretty lady at your door? What's wrong? Are you physically incapable or too weak?"

The smile that was originally on the man's face disappeared as soon as he heard her words.

"Clarissa, do you know that a price has to be paid for challenging a man's physical abilities?"

Instantly, Clarissa regretted what she said on a whim.

Feeling guilty, she immediately apologised, "I'm sorry, that's not what I meant. Whether or not you are capable has nothing to do with me."

After she said that, she realized that her words could be interpreted in another way.

Embarrassed, she turned to face elsewhere, wishing it could hide what she thought.

Obviously, it did not help.

Clarissa was too naive.

At that sight, Matthew smirked and narrowed his eyes.

"It's only a matter of time that it will have something to do with you."

Instantly, the woman's face turned red.

Unsure of what to rebut, she stuttered, "N-No... it won't"

"Hmm, let's test it out then. Let's see if you will have something to do with me in the end, and you can see for yourself if I'm physically capable or not," Matthew challenged.

Clarissa's lips twitched in response.

"Also, you will be the only person who knows whether I am capable or not," Matthew added.

"You... Must you keep talking about this? If you have nothing else to say, I am hanging up!"
Clarissa huffed.

Immediately, Matthew stated, "Oh, I do have something to say. You are jealous."

"No, I'm not!" Clarissa denied it outright but it didn't sound the least convincing.

Matthew's eyes glinted, and he continued to stare at her without saying anything else like he was already convinced that she was jealous.

On the other hand, his stare made Clarissa feel awkward.

Without a word, she hung up.

However, the moment she cut the call, he called again. Every time she ended the call, he would dial for her number again.

Matthew did not plan to stop pestering Clarissa that night.

In the end, she had to turn off her phone. Finally, peace.

While she lay in bed, she had an angry expression on her face with her lips pursed together. Unlike earlier where she had to count sheep, she fell asleep as soon as she closed her eyes this time.

In contrast, when Matthew closed his eyes, his mind was filled with images of the woman. In the end, he dreamt of her that night, tempting him in various ways which drove him crazy.

Recently, Clarissa was having writer's block and was struggling to express whatever she intended to.

She was working on an article about a workplace. As the name suggests, it requires the writer to have some experience in the workplace. Unfortunately, she did not have it. Although she read books and combed through documents about it, cross-checking the facts and asking various questions about it, she still lacked personal experience.

When she told Ellie about it, the latter immediately slammed the table and hollered, "That's easy! Just go to an office and experience it yourself."

"I don't think it's appropriate for me to do so. After all, I just wanted the experience, It's not like I'm doing it for the long term. I feel embarrassed to do that in someone's company," Clarissa whined.

Her best friend insisted, "That's even more simple. I will help you get into Tyson Corporation. If you can't do anything there, you can always be an errand girl. Besides, don't underestimate this role, because you will be very well-informed about all the departments, second to only the cleaners. Within the industry, they have a status too."

Clarissa sighed. Based on Ellie's description, that role is no different from a cleaner's.

"So, I can get into Tyson Corporation that easily? Should I be a cleaner instead and mix around with the people there first?" She cautiously asked.

"What are you afraid of? You have me."

It did not take long before Ellie contacted people about it. Because Ellie was the one who recommended Clarissa, and the fact that the role was just to run errands, the HR manager thought it was alright. The process was efficient, and Clarissa was to report to the company the next day.

Of course, Ellie used this matter to get Clarissa to be her guest model when her shop conducts live broadcasts.

However, Clarissa had never done a live broadcast before. Although her readers and company did suggest her to do it, she always rejected them. Up till now, no one knew how she looked like.

That being said, she did not have to reveal her identity in Ellie's live broadcast. She only had to model for the clothes.

Since she decided to go to work the next day, Clarissa made some preparations and even bought a set of professional wear. She thought that even if she did not do a good job, she would at least look the part.

To her dismay, she realized that she was overdressed upon arriving at the company. Her outfit looked too professional and old-fashioned. In addition, she even wore black-rimmed glasses on purpose. Anyone on the street would have assumed that she was a school principal.

Although her dressing was dull, it still did not hide her beauty.

As soon as she arrived at the company, the male colleagues rushed to help her with her job. Unfortunately, the kind gestures toward her only aroused jealousy from others.

"Hey, you there, get me a bento from this shop. After that, head to this store and get some desserts and coffee. Oh yes, on the way, help me with this delivery..."

Clarissa continued to get more of such demanding requests. Whenever the male colleagues tried to help her, the female colleagues would then put more burden on her. It was only her first day of work, but she already experienced some unspoken rules in the workplace.

Pretty ladies would get protected and bullied at the same time. Meanwhile, a rookie in a workplace was the most oppressed role there.

Unfortunately, being both the beauty and the rookie, Clarissa was being attacked from all sides. Within a day, other than ordering food deliveries, bracing the sun to carry out errands outside, handling documents, printing and running around the office, she was also framed and scolded by the manager. It was a very eventful day.

As she was so busy, she did not have the opportunity to make friends other than the male colleagues who were falling at her feet.

Of course, none of them was serious about her. She reckoned that it was because she was merely an errand girl and had few opportunities to progress. The men these days were realistic. They would want to marry a woman who would work for another twenty years and could share the burden of paying for a mortgage with them. Therefore, they would not want someone like her, and she was only a target for them to flirt with.

When night fell, she had dinner with Ellie where she complained about everything that happened, together with her thoughts about them.

In response, Ellie chuckled, "This is the reality! Besides, the competition in Tyson Corporation is fierce. Everyone is the cream of the crop and has a set goal in life. Today, you only encountered a small group of them. Most of the others would not have the time to play with you and would much rather use the time to work and produce better results. Only by doing so will they get a better chance to move up the ladder."

"That's true. It was only my first day there. I guess I'll draw my conclusions once I'm settled in there."

It was a long and busy day for Clarissa. Upon returning home, she wrote down all the information and thoughts she gathered. Later, when she fell asleep, she dreamt of being scolded and working until she was aching all over.

Having learned her lesson, Clarissa wore a smart casual outfit to work the next day. She was dressed in a white blouse, jeans, and a pair of heels. Wearing her black-rimmed glasses, she was ready to face the day.

When she arrived, she noticed that the atmosphere at work seemed tense.

Clarissa got acquainted with Mrs. Wallace from the cleaning department on her first day of work. Taking the opportunity while they were in the bathroom together, Mrs. Wallace told her what happened.

"Lisa, who works in the marketing department, was reported for having a meal with the manager of the rival company. Previously, there was a leak in sensitive information from the company. Therefore, they are suspecting that she is responsible for it. I heard that they are planning to call the police to report her. In addition, a vice president on the ninth floor has a

mistress. His wife found out and came to the company, causing a ruckus. Now everyone knows about it. Currently, his wife is upstairs, so you might want to stay away from her when you are there.

There is also Xander, who's in the logistics department. He is about to marry the director from the design department. I heard she came from a wealthy family. I was the first to find out about their relationship when I saw them in the parking lot making out...

”

Wow, she really knows everything!

Clarissa was impressed and seized the opportunity to ask for more gossip, forgetting her purpose of coming here.

In the end, the two of them stayed in the bathroom chatting as more and more shocking news was revealed.

“This person is the second generation of a wealthy family. However, he keeps a low profile. This other person came in by connections. Oh, and this person bought a house recently. There's also this other guy who has a mistress. This one stole from...” Mrs. Wallace droned on.

“By the way, Mrs. Zeller is the head of our cleaning department. Only she is allowed to clean the president's office.”

Matthew?

Clarissa smirked. “Did Mrs. Zeller say anything about the president's special hobbies? Or, does she know any secrets of his?”

“No... Our president is not close to any woman. After working here for so many years, the only woman I've seen him interact with are those for work. Mrs. Zeller thinks that he is gay for sure.”

Hearing that, the corners of Clarissa's mouth twitched. Well, I know for sure that this piece of news is unreliable.

She chuckled lightly before she probed, “How is she so sure about that?”

“Well, since Mrs. Zeller thinks so, I don’t think she is wrong. No one in Tyson Corporation dares to question her position. I will introduce you to her one day. She has many connections, so who knows, maybe she could help you out someday. She might even be able to introduce a reliable man to you, then you’ll be able to live the rest of your life as a rich housewife.”

“Haha... No thanks,” Clarissa awkwardly rejected.

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 55

After hearing so much from Mrs. Wallace, Clarissa started to see her colleagues in a different light. Every time she thought of the secrets they were hiding, she had a strong urge to laugh. Susan, who scolded her yesterday, had a useless husband. Yet, she boasts that she was married to a young master from a wealthy family. Amanda, who seemed friendly to her, was actually someone who loved to snatch things from others, even boyfriends, by using ruthless methods. Other than the two of them, there were also many others with a shady background.

Clarissa was sure that her article would not lack gossip materials.

As for serious company affairs, she never got to experience much of it. The closest experience she had was when she had to serve water during meetings and hand out documents. That was the only time she could overhear their conversations. Therefore, she had to use her imagination to fill in the gaps.

In the evening, Clarissa had to handle things that were not completed in the day. It was getting late, and there were not many people left in the office.

As she packed up to get off work, Matthew’s video call came.

Finding a corner, she answered the call.

Looking at her surroundings, Matthew frowned. “Where are you?”

"Oh, I... found a place to work in, so I can experience what it is like to be in a workplace," Clarissa answered.

"Work?"

Matthew narrowed his eyes, and Clarissa could not tell what he was thinking. He continued to question, "How long will you be working for?"

"Hmm, I guess a month? I will see how it goes."

"Good!" Matthew said.

What does he mean by that?

Clarissa could not fathom what his words or smirk meant. Frowning, she decided not to think too much about it.

"I'm getting off work now, so I have to go," she said.

Just then, a familiar voice sounded from behind her, "Oh? Clarissa, you're still here? Coincidentally, I am leaving too. I can give you a lift. Where do you stay?"

"Oh, Mrs. Wallace, it's fine, I don't want to bother you," Clarissa replied, a little surprised.

"No worries! Come on, let's go to the parking lot. I drove here." The older woman waved.

Unable to reject Mrs. Wallace's kind gesture, Clarissa followed her into the elevator, forgetting that her video call was still ongoing.

When they reached the parking lot, Clarissa raised her brows when she saw Mrs. Wallace's car. It was a Mercedes-Benz.

Seated in the car, Mrs. Wallace continued to chat with her. Clarissa found out that the lady had been working hard in D City for the past twenty years and managed to buy a house and a car. Her children had also grown up and are now overseas, waiting for her to retire so she could join them.

Then, she started to ask Clarissa for her age, her relationship status, and her ideal type. She even suggested matchmaking her with someone else.

Clarissa hurriedly tried to placate her while diverting her attention elsewhere by asking about the company.

"Mrs. Wallace, how long have you worked in Tyson Corporation? Have you worked longer than Mrs. Zeller?"

"I worked there for almost eight years. Mrs. Zeller was already working there when I joined. That being said, if you want to be well-informed about what goes on in the company, you should come to me or my other colleague. Although, Mrs. Zeller did get transferred to where the president and other high-ranked management offices are. So I guess she has a higher rank than us. Since you're asking me so many things about Mrs. Zeller, can I take it that you're thinking about being the president's wife or something?"

Clarissa denied Mrs. Wallace's suspicions immediately, "No, of course not! Mrs. Wallace, don't misunderstand me. Do I look like someone like that?"

Mrs. Wallace sighed, "Well, I do have to remind you though that our president is gay. Besides, all of the women I've seen wanting to attract the president's attention came out empty-handed. While some managed to keep their positions, there were others who tried too hard that got fired in the end. Clarissa, you are still young, so it's best to not have such unrealistic ideas. Other than that, our president is so old. You never know if he has any hidden sickness. And because he's gay, even if he wants to marry a wife in the future, I'm sure she will be just for show. I think you should forget about it."

"Of course, I don't have such funny ideas. Mrs. Wallace, I am young and pretty, so why would I be interested in someone like him?" Clarissa announced.

"That's for the best then. Anyway, I don't think I need to remind you that older men tend to not perform as well as the young ones would, right? With my age, I can tell you that I've experienced all of it before. So don't be shy, because this is an important aspect..."

"I understand," Clarissa laughed it off.

"All is well as long as you understand. Oh, and that colleague who's always chasing you, he's bad news. Joseph changes girlfriends as often as he changes his clothes. His girlfriends are either pretty or rich. So he is not a good man for sure. I hope you don't get fooled by his appearance or sweet talk," Mrs. Wallace continued.

"Got it, I won't."

Mrs. Wallace grinned. "By the way, although our department manager is divorced, he's a reliable man, and I think he might be interested in you."

"No way! Mrs. Wallace, don't spout nonsense!"

"Haha, are you shy? He's not bad, to be honest, so you should consider him..."

As soon as they reached Clarissa's house, she rushed home as though she was running for her life.

Although Mrs. Wallace knew many things in the company, she was a chatterbox.

Clarissa ran up the stairs in one breath. Walking into her apartment, she collapsed onto the sofa and sighed.

"Clarissa." A faint, low voice sounded.

Shocked, Clarissa shot up from her sofa. Her house was silent, and there was no one at home.

Am I dreaming?

Suddenly, a chill ran up her spine.

Terrified, she picked up the kettle from her coffee table and held it in front of her chest, looking around warily. "Who's there? Come out this instance!"

On the other end of the line, Matthew was speechless for a moment.

"Your phone!" A male voice hissed. Clarissa heard the voice again. My phone?

At that moment, she remembered the video call with Mattew. Hurriedly, she fished out her phone from her bag.

She finally realized that the video call was still ongoing.

Her face turned a deep shade of red.

“Clarissa, you’d better give me an explanation. Your department manager is interested in you? Which department is it? What is his name? Also, that guy, Joseph...”

Before Matthew could finish raging, Clarissa let out a hysterical scream.

“Ahh! My data, my phone bill. Damn it! Matthew, why didn’t you end the call? You bastard! Pay me back for all that!”

Hearing her complaints, Matthew pursed his lips.

Is it really necessary to scream like that?

What is she talking about, anyway?

Exasperated, he replied impatiently, “Stop screaming. I will cover your phone bills.”

Clarissa whined, “Who cares about that? Matthew, you... Why didn’t you end the call? Any normal person would’ve ended the call once the other party stopped talking, you know?”

“If I ended the call, how else would I be able to hear about so much interesting information? Hmm? Especially the part where I heard that the president is gay?”

“S-So what if he is gay?” She stuttered.

Her volume was considerably lower than before. As of the moment, nothing else was more important than hiding where she was working from him.

She tried to cover up, “S-she’s not talking about you, anyway. There are many other presidents in D City. It’s not like she’s talking about the president of Tyson Corporation...”

“Haha!”

Matthew let out a burst of chilly laughter. “Are you sure she’s not talking about the president of Tyson Corporation?”

“O-of course I’m sure!”

I don't think I mentioned that I was working at Tyson Corporation. In my conversation with Mrs. Wallace, I didn't bring up the company name either...

"Don't jump to conclusions on your own. Haha... Besides, you are definitely not gay. Haha..."

Matthew snorted. His eyes narrowed and he stared at Clarissa's guilt-stricken face.

"That's true. After all, you're the best person to know whether I am gay or not, right?"

Clarissa chuckled awkwardly, unable to think straight.

As for Matthew, he seemed to believe her words as he stopped questioning her after that.

This time, he ended the call with Clarissa early.

Feeling as though she survived a war, Clarissa let out a deep breath of relief. What am I doing with my life?

Over the next few days, Clarissa was busy trying to record her experience at the office. Thankfully, Matthew did not contact her as he was probably busy with his work.

His absence made Clarissa feel relieved. Whenever she received a call at night from Matthew, she felt like she had to be on guard the whole time, having to deal with his flirtatious words and stare.

She felt that the man was always trying to dig his way into her heart. No matter how hard she tried to guard it, she knew that it was only a matter of time before she surrendered.

From the start, Clarissa knew that he was right, that she had fallen for him. But it's just that she was still struggling to accept it.

"Clarissa, stop daydreaming! Do you think you can slack off just because you have a pretty face?" Seeing that Clarissa was in a daze, a colleague named Amanda took the opportunity to scold her.

However, Clarissa was already used to it. She knew that because Amanda could not get anything out of her, the woman had decided to make things difficult for her.

According to Mrs. Wallace, Amanda started going out with a seemingly rich man and did not want to work anymore. Therefore, she had been purposely sabotaging her work these days, as shown from her temper. She already planned to quit her job and become a housewife when she gets married.

Of course, there were many other women in Tyson Corporation like Amanda. But there were also others who aimed to be independent women instead. Those strong women were whom Clarissa looked up to, and that was her ultimate goal.

“Ms. Amanda, what do I have to do?” Clarissa asked with a smile.

In response, Amanda threw a document in front of her. “Go to the sixth floor and send this to the vice president.”

“Okay!”

The vice president was someone Clarissa dreaded to meet the most. The old man would always stare at her lecherously, which irked her.

Clarissa reckoned that Amanda must have picked up on that as the latter would always look for her to run such errands. However, since Clarissa was a patient woman, she knew that she would be able to tough through it as long as the old man did not try anything funny on her.

Picking up the document, she headed downstairs. After she struggled to get her job done in the vice president’s office, the older man grinned. “You are just in time. I have a meeting upstairs, so let’s head up together.”

As the elevator doors in front of them opened, Clarissa took a step forward and froze.

In the small space, a few serious and smart-looking men were standing in it. They gave off an arrogant aura, but that was not the point. The key point was the man standing in the middle. He was cool, tall, and had a strong aura. Anyone who saw the scene before them would not have dared to step in.

The moment she saw the man, Clarissa knew she would not have the guts to take another step. Instantly, a myriad of emotions flashed across her face.

Ding!

The elevator doors were about to close, but Matthew suddenly pressed the open button and ordered coldly, "Get in."

"Yes, Mr. Tyson."

The vice president was about to step in when the president gave him a warning glare. Taken aback, the former did not take any more steps forward.

"Ah, I realized that I have something else to handle here. I'll take my leave first then, Mr. Tyson."

He then fled the scene.

In the end, only Clarissa was left standing there alone. Gritting her teeth, she stepped forward and into the elevator. As there were already a few people in the space, it felt narrow.

When she entered it, Matthew took a step back to make space for her. Without a choice, she could only stand in front of him, with her back facing him.

The little space that Matthew left for her made sure that her trip in the elevator was awkward.

Because of the close distance, his body would brush against her back occasionally. Although he did not press himself against her, she could feel the man's breath tickling her neck.