

# You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

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With that said, Matthew turned around and left.

Over the next few days, Clarissa was still in a daze. The sudden change felt surreal to her until she realized the differences. Since then, no one ordered food delivery to her doorstep. The man no longer showed up unexpectedly in front of her house or pestered her unceasingly. Only then did it struck her that everything was over indeed.

"Clarissa?"

Beside the woman, Justin called out to her as she stared into space.

His voice broke Clarissa out of her trance. Embarrassed, she gave him a half-smile.

Rubbing the bridge of her nose, she stood up and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, director. I need to go to the restroom."

Justin nodded in acknowledgment, and she walked out of the production room to freshen up.

After pulling herself together, she came back and saw Justin puffing away at a cigarette outside the production room.

"Director, I'm sorry about..."

Justin gave her a reassuring smile. "It's okay. I can tell that you're not your usual self these days. Did you fight with Matt?"

Pressing her lips together, Clarissa shook her head. Her expression fell right away.

"We broke up."

In disbelief, Justin raised his brows at her words.

She gave him a firm nod. "It's true. I haven't seen him for some time. I'll go back to my hometown when everything in D City is settled."

Justin could not believe his ears.

After a moment of silence, he said, "Maybe it's not such a bad thing."

Clarissa gave him a rueful smile upon hearing that. The two then sauntered to the other side and took a seat.

"Actually, Matt really likes you. Is there a misunderstanding between you and him?"

"No, it's not because of that. I've already found out what happened previously."

"Why did you still break up with him then?"

The woman fell silent at his question.

"It's alright if you're not comfortable talking about it."

"No." Pausing briefly, she continued, "I just feel that he and I are worlds apart. To be honest, I'm really afraid of losing the person I love. If I know that it's not going to work out between us, I'd rather let it go. I'm so sick of being dumped. As the saying goes, 'once bitten, twice shy.' I never want to go through the same feeling again, so it's better not to get into a relationship if there's a risk of getting my heart broken again. You might find it hard to understand, but that's one thing I can't get over with."

Losing more than what she could bear had somehow impacted her personality in ways which no one else could see.

Whenever she got into a similar situation, her trauma would always get the better of her, and she would dread being abandoned again.

Other than herself, no one else could be in her shoes. Even if she opened up and poured her heart out, others would only advise her to be courageous or overcome her fear. Peoples never really knew how it was like until the same thing happened to them. Their advice was merely words that didn't help.

“That’s not the only problem between him and me. It’s important to have a matching social status as well. Otherwise, the previous incident wouldn’t have happened. Besides, I take many practical factors into consideration, like our future, marriage, and compatibility. How many of us get married solely out of love? Most people put compatibility and practicality first. And I’m just an ordinary person like them.”

“If so, shouldn’t you choose Matt? He’s a wealthy and eligible bachelor.”

Clarissa smiled. “There’ll be no turning back once I get into a wealthy family.”

“So you’re actually a very rational woman.”

She shook her head. I’m not sensible enough, or else I wouldn’t be as disheartened as I am now.

Deep down, she knew that it would be difficult to find a man who could live with her according to the way she wanted.

Besides, she doubted that she would ever fall for anyone else after being with a man like Matthew.

But she didn’t share these thoughts with Justin.

Hearing her words, the man gave it some thought before he replied, “Can I conclude that you find no sense of security when you’re with Matt?”

Clarissa froze for a second, then let out a laugh. “Yeah, I guess so. I feel insecure, and he can’t give me the sense of security which I need.”

The conclusion sounded simple, but her mindset was as complicated as it could be.

“Alright, let’s drop the subject. Shall we get back to work?”

Later on, Justin sent out a recording of their conversation after Clarissa left.

A few minutes later, his phone rang.

A grin appeared on Justin’s face as he said, “Matt, I already did what I could to help. Listen to the recording and think of ways to make Clarissa feel secured.”

In a deep voice, Matthew replied, "I've nothing to do with her anymore."

"Tsk! Ignore what I said then. Just delete the recording. Don't even bother listening to it."

Matthew remained quiet.

"Matt, you know what, I'm making a movie now, and it has exceeded the budget very much. So..."

That was his ultimate purpose.

"Got it."

Before hanging up the phone, Justin added, "I'm just saying. You can choose to ignore me if you want, but I feel that Clarissa may be having some kind of psychological problem. Needless to say, everyone else more or less has it too. As for Clarissa, her condition seems to aggravate when certain things happen. Perhaps you need to keep an eye on her or consult a psychologist."

There was still no response from the other side of the line.

After hanging up, Justin whistled cheerfully on his way back to the studio. "Director, why do you seem so happy after smoking?" the crew asked.

"That's not it. I've asked for more funds from the investor, so now our budget is sufficient for the production and publicity."

"Wow! Director, you're the best!"

Justin's eyes gleamed, and he replied, "Not really. We're just lucky to have a generous investor. Okay, cut the nonsense and hurry..."

...

At night, Clarissa was having a video call with her grandmother while eating dinner. When she was talking about her work, she brought up the TV series and the movie, as her grandmother had no idea what she was actually doing. The only thing Catherine knew was that her granddaughter had earned a lot of money by writing novels.

Hence, Clarissa shared about the adaptation of her novels into a TV series and a movie. The TV series would be released soon, while the movie would be premiered after the new year. Other than wanting to make her grandmother proud, she mentioned her achievements to cheer her grandmother up because Catherine had been feeling upset and about her breakup with Matthew.

Sure enough, Catherine was overjoyed at the news. Not only did her granddaughter make a fortune, but her novel had also been made into a TV series and a movie as well. She was already planning to show off in front of Jenny.

After the call, Clarissa still felt perturbed. Turning her laptop on, she logged into her Twitter to check the messages from her readers.

She had not been active for quite some time. Though the readers were looking forward to the TV series and movie, they actually preferred that she continued writing.

It's been a while since I last wrote something. As for the article about the corporate world, I've only written the introduction. It'll be such a waste if I give it up.

Calming herself down, she started writing again.

After all, this was her primary job.

Later, she met up with Yael to discuss her writing plans. Ever since she terminated her contract with Twilight Company, countless companies and websites sent her invitations to join them. She had discussed with Yael and decided that they would choose one of the websites to publish her articles. However, there were still some issues as she wanted to retain her copyright. Yael was already handling the negotiation, which was progressing well, and Clarissa felt relieved to put her in charge of it.

When the two were done discussing, they had a meal together.

As Clarissa was eating, she hesitated for a while before she finally steeled herself and asked, "Yael, I broke up with Matthew, so if you wish to stop working for me, you may leave anytime you want."

Yael raised a brow while staring at the woman in front of her. "What does your breakup have to do with my job? We've signed a contract of employment."

Clarissa froze for a second, and a smile broke across her face. "You're right, Yael. Thank you so much."

The woman's expression remained nonchalant. "Mr. Tyson only introduced us to one another. My job is not affected by the change in your relationship. Anyway, I actually admire you for breaking up with him."

The corner of Clarissa's lips twitched. "Don't you think that I'm the one who got dumped?"

"No, I don't think so."

Clarissa couldn't help giggling. "Does Matthew look like someone who would get dumped?"

"No, he doesn't. But when he's with you, he does look like one. You made the right choice. He's not a great match for you."

It was the first time someone supported her decision. "Thank you, Yael."

"There's no need to thank me. That's your personal affairs, after all. However, I support your decision. I believe a woman can fend for herself without depending on a man. Even if we do need a man, it's only to satisfy our biological needs. Besides, the adult toys available in the market now are so advanced that they last even longer than most men do. That's why I don't understand why men even exist in the first place. Is it for procreation? I don't think that's necessary. A woman doesn't need to give birth to prove herself..."

Yael babbled on while Clarissa stared at her with wide-eyed surprise.

Is there such a thing?

Naturally, everyone had the right to choose the kind of life they want, so she had no comment about Yael's views. She just felt a little surprised.

"Am I right?"

"Yes, Yael, you are."

"So what's the point of getting upset about breaking up..."

Clarissa flashed a smile as a sense of warmth washed over her.

Is this a different kind of moral support?

“Isn’t that Clarissa?”

Yael and Clarissa turned their heads around in unison and saw two women walking toward them.

One of them was Helen, while the other woman was her classmate too, whose name she forgot. The only thing Clarissa could recall about her was that she carried a branded handbag wherever she went. It was her habit to trace her fingers over the bag from time to time.

The two women were unusually thrilled to run into her, apparently gloating over something.

Helen kept her expression somewhat indecipherable, but Patricia, the woman with the luxury handbag, had her thoughts written all over her face.

“It’s you, Clarissa. Why are you still in D City? I thought you would be too embarrassed to stay here. But now it seems like I’ve underestimated how brazen you are. Hahaha.”

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Yael glanced at Clarissa. Seeing that the woman was still keeping her cool, she chose not to interrupt.

The corner of Clarissa’s lips quirked up. “Since you’re still here too, you’re even more shameless than I am. Why can’t I be here then? Is D City yours? What right do you have to control my whereabouts?”

“Hmph! You’re indeed thick-skinned. How can you still hold your head up high when you’ve already been dumped? My goodness!”

“So what if he dumped me? At least I had been with him before.”

Clarissa didn't bother to explain that she wasn't the one who got dumped. They won't believe it anyway, so I might as well just admit it. But I won't give them a chance to feel smug about it.

As expected, a hint of jealousy flashed across Patricia's face, and she unwittingly tightened her grip on her handbag while caressing it. In a split second, she recollected herself before her gaze fell on her handbag, and she stroked it carefully, feeling bad about scratching it.

Everyone could tell that the handbag was of utmost importance to her.

Helen's eyes glinted with disdain. As a matter of fact, she wasn't fond of her friend either.

But she liked the way Patricia brown-nosed her as it lifted her mood at times.

"Clarissa, she didn't mean it. We all felt sorry for you. You and Mr. Tyson were a perfect match, yet you lost to Ms. Smallwood only because of her family background. What a pity! But I guess Mr. Tyson and you genuinely love each other. In fact, it doesn't matter whether you marry him. You two can still be together as long as you love one another. Since you're still here in D City, I'm sure things are going well between the two of you."

She was trying to hint that Clarissa was Matthew's mistress.

Those words were even more hurtful than saying that she was dumped.

Clarissa's expression turned grim as she said curtly to Helen, "Don't judge me with your own logic. I know you're willing to be a mistress, but that doesn't mean that I want to be one as well."

"What are you talking about? A mistress? Helen is officially married."

"Oh, really?"

Clarissa emphasized her words deliberately as though she was implying something.

Those who heard it would surely be able to read between the lines.

Helen was mad and embarrassed. "Clarissa, don't take your bitterness out on us. We're just concerned about you, so there's no need for you to be so sensitive. By the way, there'll be a

gathering with all our ex-classmates this Saturday. They texted you in the group, but you didn't reply. So I'm letting you know now since I ran into you."

"I'm not going."

"Back then, at my wedding, everyone already knew about your relationship with Mr. Tyson. Therefore, it's fine if you don't feel comfortable attending it. It's understandable that you're in a foul mood now, so we won't mind if you don't come. By the way, the gathering will be at the same restaurant in the hotel. Alright, I should get going."

Right away, Helen fled the scene with her friend, leaving a troubled Clarissa.

Looking at her sullen face, Yael furrowed her brows and asked in bewilderment, "Why do you even take their words to heart?"

However, Clarissa didn't feel the same way. Yael is so carefree. She doesn't give a damn about what others think.

She pursed her lips. "I know I shouldn't mind, but I just can't let it slide. Although I know my classmate was trying to provoke me, there's no way I can remain unfazed."

"Are their opinions that important?"

"It's not important, but I still care."

"So are you going to the gathering?"

Clarissa was in a dilemma. "I don't know. I'll see how it goes."

"Okay."

Yael didn't comment further, knowing that the woman had already made up her mind.

Previously, Clarissa had forgotten all about Helen. She was reminded that the latter knew about her and Matthew only when she bumped into her.

This was exactly why I wanted to keep the relationship in the dark, but many already got to know about it. Now that it has come to an end, I bet they're laughing at me behind my back.

When Clarissa reached home, she opened the group chat, of which she had muted the notifications. Scrolling through the chat, she saw that many classmates were chattering about the scandal involving Shermaine and Matthew. Some sympathized with her, but some thought that she brought this upon herself, so she had to face the consequences of living off a wealthy man.

This world has always been more judgmental toward women. I was in a normal relationship like everyone else. It's just that coincidentally, Matthew is well-to-do. However, in the eyes of the outsiders, I was hooking up with a rich man. Despite the fact that I'm the one who initiated the breakup, everyone says that I deserve to get dumped. That's exactly the last thing that I want to see. How could these highly educated classmates of mine be so narrow-minded?

To make matters worse, those who defended her in the group chat were even accused of having a crush on her.

Annoyed, she chucked her phone away. Though she kept telling herself not to care, the indignation in her heart was unbearable.

Browsing through an online shop, she checked out everything in her shopping cart to make herself feel better.

She then called Ellie and told her about today's incident. Hearing that, the hot-tempered woman couldn't hold back her rage.

"Why not? You have to be there. Ask Uncle Matt to tag along. How dare they gossip about you like that?"

Clarissa's heart skipped a beat at her words. "We broke up."

"What?" Ellie squealed. She saw Matthew pick Clarissa up the other day, so she thought they had reconciled.

"Is it possible for you guys to get back together? Clare, I've misunderstood him. Uncle Matt seems like a trustworthy man. Are you really not getting back together with him?"

"No. We've already talked about it. Apparently, he has given up too."

"Really?"

Then, Ellie remembered that she hadn't met Matthew for a long while. With how things are going, it's quite unlikely for them to get back together.

"Why don't you ask someone else to attend the gathering with you? Let's ask Damon to go with you. We can't let those people have their way. It's settled then. I'll let Damon know about this. Pretend to be close to him during the gathering."

Ellie was not taking no for an answer.

A few minutes later, Damon called Clarissa and said that he would be glad to attend the gathering with her as her boyfriend.

Before Clarissa could say no, he had already made up his mind, insisting on being her plus one.

On Saturday, Clarissa wore a long-sleeve floral dress with a trench coat. Her style was simple yet adorable.

Thanks to her gorgeous facial features, she looked great in any outfit.

Damon's eyes widened and lit up in amazement the moment he saw her.

Walking into the hotel, Damon grabbed her hand and put it around his arm.

"Though it's fake, we'll still have to put on a good act, right?"

"Yup." She smiled at him.

Afterward, the two strolled into a spacious private lounge. Sitting at two tables, all her classmates were still gossiping that she was Matthew's mistress. They believed that she would certainly be unwilling to let go of such an outstanding man after he got married and that she would not mind being his mistress for her own benefits.

Much to their surprise, Clarissa showed up arm in arm with an elegant, dashing man. Everyone gaped at the two in shock, especially Helen.

She's now with another equally outstanding man. He looks even younger than Matthew. Judging from his demeanor and outfit, he is surely no ordinary man.

All of them dared not say a word, despite their strong urge to spit out jealous-ridden comments. However, deep down, they all understood that, for someone as charming as Clarissa, she could always find another exceptional man. Undeniably, she was the envy of many women.

As expected, she had already found another man. While the class monitor ushered her and Damon to one of the tables, the rest of them couldn't hide the awkwardness in their expressions as they plastered courteous smiles on their faces.

"I'm Damon, Clarissa's boyfriend."

Someone seemed to know Damon and asked enthusiastically, "Are you from the Wynter family? I once had the privilege to meet Mr. Wynter at a golf course. I remember that you were there as well."

Here comes another high-status man.

Their gazes changed the second they discovered Damon's identity. Unexpectedly, those who were making fun of Clarissa earlier turned into bootlickers in just a few minutes.

A mixture of jealousy, displeasure, and rage shot through Helen's chest, but she could only bottle up her emotions secretly.

The woman appeared slightly hostile as she glared at Clarissa.

Meeting her antagonistic gaze, Clarissa trailed after Helen when the latter left the private lounge to the washroom so that she could vent her discontentment.

"Clarissa, I've really underestimated you. Your relationship with Mr. Tyson didn't work out, so you turned to Mr. Wynter instead. You're really something."

"You're right. Didn't you know that? Even the man you like came to confess his feelings for me when I've done nothing at all," she replied in an icy voice.

"You!"

That was Helen's sore spot, and her expression hardened at once as a murderous glint flashed in her eyes.

“Shut up, Clarissa. You’re doing this on purpose, aren’t you? You’re trying to pick on me!”

“You’re the one who wants to humiliate me in front of everyone else. Why can’t you get off my back? My life is none of your business.”

“That’s because you refused to let me off. Why do so many men like you when you’re a promiscuous b\*\*\*\*? Back then, I was the one who met him first, yet he abandoned me. If it weren’t for you, I wouldn’t have been the laughing stock of the entire school. Many years had passed, but you still held grudges against me and humiliated me at my wedding, and you did it again today. Why don’t you go to hell?”

Clarissa was amazed by the woman’s ability to bend the truth and accuse others.

What the hell! Does she lack some brain cells or something?

Just when she wanted to clarify herself, she recalled that she had actually done it many times before. Nevertheless, Helen still put all the blame on her.

In the end, she decided not to explain anymore.

Letting out a snigger, she said, “Helen, what can I do? Men just adore me. Even if I ignore them, they still fall for me. If I want it, I can have as many men as I please, and I’ll always outshine you.”

This was the best way to provoke an envious woman.

With her fists balled up, Helen clenched her jaw and cursed under her breath. Suddenly, she darted toward Clarissa and gave her a shove.

Never had she expected that Helen would get physical with her. Unable to dodge the unexpected attack, she yelped in shock and fell backward heavily. However, instead of hitting the floor, she fell into a solid and familiar embrace.

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The man was none other than Matthew.

She could feel it the moment she landed in his arms.

Her body went stiff immediately.

Why do I bump into him every time I get embarrassed or into a fight? What kind of ill-fated love is this? Did he overhear our conversation? This is so frustrating.

Clarissa could barely contain her exasperation. After Matthew held her up, she couldn't bring herself to glance at him. With her head lowered, she mumbled, "Thank you."

On the other hand, Helen was fearful when Matthew first showed up. However, the woman regained her boldness the moment she remembered that the two had already broken up. Looking at Clarissa's timid face in front of the man, she became even more full of herself.

She sneered, "Haha... Mr. Tyson, what a coincidence. Clarissa didn't tell me that you would be coming over as well, but she brought her boyfriend, Mr. Wynter, here. It looks like she didn't tell you about it too."

Helen mentioned Damon in an attempt to instigate a row between them.

Letting go of Clarissa, Matthew took a step back, putting both his hands into his pockets. His chiseled face stayed frigid while his piercing, dark eyes became unreadable and devoid of emotion.

He looked at Clarissa as though she was a complete stranger to him.

Seeing that, Helen's lips curled up in a smirk.

"Mr. Tyson, we couldn't believe it when Clarissa told us that she broke up with you. We only knew that she was being serious after she brought Mr. Wynter along to the gathering. Anyway, it's not surprising since she has always had countless admirers. Other than the men in our class, she's surrounded by many accomplished men like you, Mr. Tyson. I bet her suitors never stopped pursuing her when she was still together with you..."

Apparently, Helen was trying to set Clarissa up.

Perhaps she thought Matthew was going to get mad at Clarissa.

Nonetheless, before she even finished talking, the man turned around and walked away impassively.

Clarissa felt her chest tighten. Although Helen didn't successfully enrage him, she still felt satisfied at the sight of Clarissa's rigid expression.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk... Clarissa, are you still hoping for Mr. Tyson's love? Tough luck! Why would he long for you when he already has a fiancée like Ms. Smallwood now? What a joke. By the way, I wonder how Mr. Wynter will react if he knows that you still can't get over Mr. Tyson. You're such a greedy woman."

Averting her gaze from Matthew's leaving figure, Clarissa turned to look at Helen. All of a sudden, a grin appeared on her face.

Her eyes fell on someone behind Helen as she said, "Why don't you ask him about it yourself? Mmm? Damon, what do you think?"

Taken aback, Helen turned around and saw Damon standing behind her.

His expression grew stern at her question. Walking over to Clarissa, he grabbed her hand and pulled her into a firm hug.

"Clare, I don't mind whether you have feelings for me. I'm willing to love you wholeheartedly as long as you let me stay by your side. Please don't push me away, Clare."

His sudden confession startled Clarissa. His acting is so good that he almost fooled me.

On the other hand, Helen's face contorted with resentment.

"Mr. Wynter, Clarissa is a loose woman. She..."

"Shut your mouth!"

Holding Clarissa in his arms, Damon shot daggers at Helen.

"Clare is my woman, and I know her way better than you do. You're just slandering her out of jealousy. I don't mind if anyone is as smitten with Clare as I am because she's the best girl I've ever met. Those men who don't like her are either blind or just unlucky. I know that

you've been picking on Clare. I can forgive your past wrongdoings, but I will never let you off the hook if I ever find you trying to single her out again."

Petrified, Helen turned around and stomped off furiously. Right after she was out of sight, Clarissa nudged Damon.

"Thank you for helping me out just now. Damon, you're really skilled in acting."

The man flashed her a warm smile. Though he had let go of her, they were still standing rather close to each other.

"I wasn't even acting. I meant it from the bottom of my heart. You know I like you, don't you?"

Clarissa felt mildly awkward all of a sudden, and her eyes flickered as she looked away. Sensing her uneasiness, Damon didn't press on anymore.

"Let's go. Do you want to go back to the private lounge or head home?"

Clarissa hesitated for a while. "Let's go home."

"Sure."

On the way to the entrance, Clarissa stopped in her tracks. "You may go home first. I have something else to attend to."

Damon raised a brow at her, but she smiled at him without explaining further.

"Okay, I'll get going now. Be careful on your way home. Call me when you get into a cab and reach home."

"Don't worry. I'll be fine."

With a smile, Clarissa walked him to the entrance. She then went back into the private lounge to excuse herself. Her classmates gave her meaningful smiles without saying a word while Helen sat in silence.

Afterward, Clarissa didn't leave the hotel right away. Even she herself couldn't tell what she actually wanted to do. The woman despised herself for doing this, yet she couldn't help it.

She roamed around the entire floor twice, carefully checking out every area and corner. Soon, she came to the realization that she was acting silly. What am I doing? Previously, I was adamant about breaking up, and yet I'm doing this now. Forget it. This is so not me. I've always been rational and decisive.

Turning around, she walked over to the elevator.

While she was waiting for the elevator door to open, she could hear footsteps approaching from behind.

However, she didn't pay attention to them. With her head lowered, she clicked on an app to hail a cab.

"Clarissa? What a coincidence."

Looking up in the direction of the voice, she saw Jeremy.

As usual, beside him stood Matthew.

Other than the two of them, there were a few men and women whom she didn't know.

Her gaze swept across Matthew's shirt before flicking away.

"Hello, Mr. Smallwood."

"Tsk. Why are you acting so distant? It doesn't matter whether you guys are in a relationship or not. I'm still your friend, right?"

Clarissa's lips twitched at his words. "Jeremy, she's still a young girl. It's dangerous for her to make friends with you," someone behind him joked.

The rest grasped the hidden meaning of his words and broke into a fit of laughter.

Only Matthew remained aloof and silent as if he had absolutely nothing to do with this.

Hurriedly, Jeremy refuted, "That's enough. What do you mean by dangerous? She's Matt's and my niece. What were you thinking?"

“Oh? Your niece? That’s more like it.”

Clarissa had never felt so embarrassed. My status has changed from Matthew’s girlfriend to his niece overnight.

Just then, the elevator door opened, and she was the first one to step in, standing in an innermost corner. The others then entered the elevator as well.

Beside her, Matthew’s domineering presence made Clarissa’s back stiffen.

Amused, Jeremy chuckled to himself. Stealthily, he inched closer and pushed Matthew out of the blue.

“Ah! I’m sorry, Matt. It’s too crowded in here, so I stumbled...”

Matthew managed to steady himself with his hands on the wall of the elevator, trapping Clarissa in between his arms.

His familiar, refreshing scent mixed with traces of his signature cigarette smell enveloped her in an instant, and the woman held her breath instinctively.

Standing perfectly still, she dared not lift her head. Her heart pounded rapidly as butterflies danced in her stomach.

In a panic, anticipation spiked within her chest.

In the next instant, Matthew righted himself and withdrew his hands, taking a step away from her. He’s indifferent and cold, just like how he was the first time I saw him. We are officially strangers now.

At this thought, her heart wrenched in pain. Looking down, she hid her sullen expression from everyone else.

In fact, no one paid attention to this brief encounter between them. Half a minute later, the elevator arrived on the ground floor. When the door opened, all of them walked out, one after another, while Clarissa sauntered languidly behind everyone else.

“Matthew, my house is in the same direction as yours. Would you mind giving me a ride home?” a woman among them spoke.

Everyone present could tell what her actual intention was.

Someone giggled and said, "Matthew, when we were in school, you knew the direction of Mavis' house like the back of your hand. Hence, it's best that you send her home this time."

The woman, Mavis Lynch, was their former classmate. She took care of herself very well, so she seemed to be only around thirty years old.

Openly, she strolled closer to Matthew and hooked her hand around his arm.

"What? Are you guys jealous? Dream on. Don't forget that all of you are married. Let's go, Matthew. I have some work matters to discuss with you..."

"Discussing work at night? Haha... We got it. Go ahead and do what you need to."

Then they went their separate ways. All of his classmates seemed affluent, judging on the fact that they had their own chauffeurs. As they got into the cars, Jeremy couldn't help calling out to Clarissa when he saw her standing alone by the road.

"Come on, Clarissa. We'll send you home."

"It's alright. I've called for a cab."

The truth was that she didn't manage to call for a cab earlier because Jeremy interrupted her, and she didn't do it afterward.

At this time, the only thing holding her up was the little dignity left within her.

Her eyes were riveted on the two whose arms were still interlocked. A few seconds later, she averted her gaze, which was as cold as ice.

Noticing her reaction, Jeremy was amused.

"Forget about the cab. It's already late, so it's not safe for a girl to go home alone. I'm going to hang out with my friends later. Why don't you let Matt send you home?"

His suggestion pissed Mavis off.

Nevertheless, Jeremy seemed totally oblivious to her reaction. He then dragged Clarissa by her arm and pushed her toward Matthew.

Despite her irritation, Mavis knew that she had to contain her emotions.

She forced a smile while asking, "Where is she staying? Is it on the way?"

It'll be best if her house is in a different direction.

Unexpectedly, before Jeremy answered her, Clarissa opened her mouth to speak.

"Yeah, it's on the way."

Surprised, Jeremy lifted his brows. On the other hand, Matthew glanced nonchalantly at her. Without uttering a word, he looked away.

Beside the man, Mavis gave her a once-over. This young girl is so brazen.

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"Okay, hurry and get into the car."

Right when Clarissa was about to get into the back seat, Mavis beat her to it. The former gave the woman a sideways glance before getting into the front passenger seat.

At that moment, Jeremy, who was standing right beside the car, turned around and heard Clarissa's voice from the car.

"Thank you, Uncle Matthew and aunt."

Pfft!

Jeremy staggered and almost tripped over.

Looking over his shoulder, he watched as the car drove away.

The man broke into a fit of laughter. He chortled even louder as he imagined Mavis' expression.

I bet her face is contorting with rage right now.

Meanwhile, in the car, Mavis was on the verge of losing her cool when Clarissa called her 'aunt,' resisting the impulse to scratch the gorgeous young girl's face.

"Girl, I'm not very much older than you, so just call me 'miss,'" she said through gritted teeth.

Without looking over her shoulder, Clarissa replied coldly, "You're together with Uncle Matthew, so based on seniority, I should call you 'aunt.'"

"Haha..."

At that moment, Clarissa could vaguely make out the hostility in the woman's laughter.

Whatever!

Throughout the car ride, both Matthew and Clarissa remained quiet.

The atmosphere felt rather odd, but Mavis didn't realize the awkwardness between the two.

Brushing aside the way Clarissa addressed her, she started chatting with the man.

"Matthew, let's send this girl home first. Come to my house. I need to discuss the collaboration with you tonight."

What collaboration? Why must she discuss it with him at night?

Clarissa pursed her lips with dissatisfaction.

In the meantime, Matthew hummed in response, "Mmm..."

In the passenger seat, Clarissa clutched her phone so hard that it almost broke in half.

How could he be so straightforward? I know we've already broken up, but doesn't he feel ashamed of flirting with another woman in front of his ex-girlfriend?

“That’s great, Matthew. By the way, if it weren’t for this collaboration, we wouldn’t have met each other again after so many years. Do you still remember those good old days when we were still in school?”

The woman started talking about the memories they shared.

Right then, Clarissa felt an itch in her throat.

“Cough, cough... Cough, cough, cough...”

The sound of her unceasing cough was so loud that it interrupted Mavis’ reminiscence.

A few moments later, she finally managed to stifle her coughs, murmuring to everyone in the car, “I’m so sorry. I think I caught a cold.”

A hint of displeasure flashed across Mavis’ gaze. Did this girl ruin the mood on purpose?

“If that’s the case, we should ask the driver to send you home as soon as possible.”

“Cough... It’s okay, Mr. Davis. Please send her home first. I might need to go to the hospital later, so we shouldn’t hold her up.”

As Matthew’s chauffeur, Kyle Davis was very close to Clarissa.

Nonetheless, he said nothing and dared not to show the closeness between them.

Based on my personal experience, I prefer Ms. Quigley to the other woman.

While driving, he secretly gave Clarissa a meaningful look to reassure her.

“It’s okay. I think we should send you to the hospital first as I have a discussion with Matthew later.”

Clarissa didn’t argue with her. It’s all up to Mr. Davis. If Matthew really has the nerve to ask him to send me to the hospital first and spend time with this woman alone, I’ll not hesitate to do something about it as well.

Fortunately, the man didn’t utter a word.

The moment the car pulled over in front of Mavis' house, the woman was displeased.

"Matthew, why don't you come upstairs with me? Let the chauffeur send the girl to the hospital then."

"Cough, cough, cough..."

Before Matthew could answer, Clarissa coughed her lungs out.

After some time, Matthew finally spoke, "Mavis, it's getting late. We'll discuss it in the office."

"But..."

"Goodbye."

Mavis was smoldering with rage. My plan is ruined because of this b\*\*\*\*!

Since Matthew had already rejected her, there was nothing else she could do but give up.

Even so, before she got out of the car, she turned around and hugged him. Just when she was going to kiss him, the man tilted his head, causing her kiss to land on his cheek instead.

With a glint of fury in her widened eyes, Clarissa glared squarely at the two of them.

Afterward, Mavis finally got out of the car and ambled to her house. It seems like the girl is close to the driver. She even interrupted me several times. Did she spoil my plan deliberately?

As she was struggling to figure out what had actually happened, the car slowly drove away. The second Clarissa's fuming eyes met Matthew's icy gaze, she turned around and leaned against her seat, feigning innocence.

"Mr. Davis, I think I only need to take some medication, and I have it at home, so there's no need to go to the hospital. Please send me home straight away."

"Sure, Ms. Quigley."

"Head to the hospital," Matthew spoke up all of a sudden.

Helplessly, Kyle shot a meaningful look at Clarissa.

The woman dared not refute Matthew and kept quiet.

Fine, I'll go to the hospital. Does it mean that he still cares about me?

A sense of glee welled up in her heart at this possibility. However, when the car pulled over again, Matthew said impassively, "Ms. Quigley, we've arrived at the hospital."

Right after Clarissa got out of the car, the man asked Kyle to drive away.

Standing rooted to the same spot, she watched blankly as the car disappeared out of her view, and her shoulders slumped dispiritedly.

How cruel! But isn't this what I wanted?

A sardonic smile appeared on her face. In retrospect, she felt that she was at fault tonight.

Now that we're separated, he has every right to look for a new girlfriend. Perhaps I've gone overboard for splitting them up. Sigh...

Despite feeling sorry, she had no intention to apologize to Matthew.

Afterward, she hailed a cab and went home.

With a dejected look, she headed upstairs.

Little did she know, there was a car hidden in a corner, leaving only after the lights of her apartment lit up.

...

Meanwhile, Shermaine had finished filming and returned to D City. She thought that the Wynters and the Tysons were in the midst of planning for her marriage.

Previously, before she left D city, Margaret even said that she was going to discuss the engagement with Hannah.

But now, there was no news of the engagement at all. Both the families were being ambiguous on the matter.

Only then did she know that something was wrong again.

When she arrived home, her mother was sobbing while her father looked disgruntled. Not only did the Tysons say that Matthew disagreed to the engagement, but they also stated that he had never been in a relationship with Shermaine. As for the scandals, the Tysons obviously knew that James was the one behind it, though they didn't point it out.

Yet, the Smallwoods had no choice but to pin their hopes on the Wynters.

Hannah was angry as well. If the Tysons refuse to proceed with the engagement, they'll get on the Wynters' bad side. That's going to affect the political interest of both families, isn't it?

Even though Jacque confronted Matthias about the matter, the latter only gave a non-committal answer. Both men were equally tactful, so they would never have a fallout with each other solely for the sake of a youngster in the family.

It would do both parties no good if they cut ties with one another.

"Uncle Jacque."

Shermaine didn't relent because it had taken her a lot of effort to get the Wynters to agree to help her earlier.

Sitting beside Jacque, she seemed coquettish yet pitiful. "Could you help Matt and me? He and I are so attached to one another. Why did the Tysons go back on their words? There must be something amiss with them. Uncle Jacque, I heard from my mom that you're very close to Matthias. How could they do that then? Don't they have any respect for you or the Wynters?"

Shermaine connected the issue with the Wynters themselves, making it appear more crucial than it really was.

Jacque eyed her intently, and Shermaine felt guilty under the piercing gaze of the superior man. Most people couldn't handle it when he stared at them this way.

As a highly skilled actress, she was able to adjust her expressions in no time.

With an innocent face, she looked at him and said, "Uncle Jacque, why do you look at me like that? Have I said anything wrong? I'm just being honest. You're such a successful man. Putting my marriage aside, if the Tysons break their promise regarding other matters, won't that make you look bad? They're so unreliable."

Jacque dropped his gaze. After taking a sip of the tea Shermaine poured for him, he finally replied, "The marriage is the personal affair between you and Matthew, so why don't you ask him yourself? None of the Tysons can decide on his behalf. Neither am I going to meddle in your relationship issue. However, if Matthew cheats on you or falls for another woman, I'll seek justice for you because we're family."

Jacque made it clear that her relationship issue was entirely unrelated to the interests of both families.

At first, he was hoping to become family with the Tysons. Regrettably, Matthew resolutely opposed the idea. There was no doubt that the Wynters had the capability to go against the Tysons, but the former would pay a great price for that.

As a result, it was best to regard it as merely a relationship issue.

Unable to have her way, Shermaine was disheartened, but she didn't have the guts to show her indignation.

After the woman left, Hannah heaved a sigh.

"Jacque, the Tysons are indeed too much this time."

But the man shook his head in disagreement. "Mom, all of us can tell that Matthew isn't into Shermaine. Initially, I thought he would just accept it. However, he actually made a stand against it. Though the relationship is his personal affair, the way he handles it is rather demeaning to us."

Deep down, Jacque did feel annoyed with Matthew.

Hannah nodded. "Yes, you're right. We can't afford to allow things to turn ugly with the Tysons. But you can do something if you feel unhappy about it. As for Shermaine, please help her out if that's possible. Try to pressure Matthew a little more. That guy is assertive. It looks like he hasn't been through any setbacks before. Perhaps you should make things difficult for him since he has really hurt Shermaine."

Hannah felt slightly guilty toward her daughter and granddaughter.

That was why she was trying her best to help Shermaine fulfill her wish.

In the end, Jacque nodded and said, "Mom, I know. Shermaine is my niece, so of course I love her too. I'll try my best to help her out."

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

### Chapter 130

When Shermaine returned to the Smallwood residence, the first scene that met her eyes was her mother crying, looking vulnerable and pitiful.

She was already in a bad mood, so when she saw her mother crying like this, she felt even more irritable.

"Shermaine, are you back? The Tyson family has gone too far, especially Matthew. I called your Uncle Jacque just now. The Tysons really need to be taught a lesson. Just one word from the Wynters, and the Tyson family will get on their knees and apologize for what they have done."

Shermaine had heard these words from her mother countless times, and she had been hopeful.

However, her hopes were crushed each time.

"Mom, don't be so childish. What can the Wynters do to them? They are in the same boat, after all. Rocking the boat would do no one any good.

"But..."

"Don't you 'but' me. If your brother could help, would things have turned out this way? Can 'just one word' make Matthew marry me?"

In fact, this was exactly what Kayla had in mind. She remembered that when she was young, many people would come to see the Wynters, asking for help.

When she asked her father why, he told her that the Wynters were superior and no one dared to oppose them.

That perception had been instilled in Kayla's mind, and all these years, she thought that this was the absolute truth.

Moreover, Kayla had not encountered any setbacks or major challenges previously, so she only grew older but not wiser.

Kayla felt a little hesitant when she saw her daughter's displeased face that was filled with disdain.

Reaching out, she hugged her and said in a low voice, "Shermaine, don't be afraid. No matter what, I will definitely help you. After all, you are my only baby girl. If your Uncle Jacque is unwilling to help you, I will go to your grandma. Your grandfather had a lot of subordinates back then, and now they have become incredible figures. If your grandma helps to oppress the Tysons, they will have no choice but to agree."

Shermaine was doubtful. "Mom, do you think it will work?"

"Why not? Tomorrow, I will visit your grandmother and ask her for help. If Matthew refuses, we could find someone to cause trouble for his company. Other than that, we can also make him lose his position. It would be a piece of cake for us, so don't worry."

Shermaine looked at her mother in surprise as she had thought that Mom was an innocent and incompetent woman who was overprotected by her grandfather.

It was totally unexpected that she could plan such strategies.

Shermaine herself had thought of these plans before, but she was not able to carry them out without help from the Wynters. Furthermore, these plans were easier said than done.

So, she was now in an awkward position.

In the evening, Kayla told James her plan. James had always loved his wife and children, so although he had nothing against the Tysons, he was fine with just threatening them a little.

Besides, the whole family needed to be in the Wynters' good books.

Consequently, the Smallwood family visited the Wynters again the next day.

The Wynters had all gone to work, leaving only Hannah at home. Kayla held her mother and complained to her before Shermaine proceeded to tell her love story in the most piteous way possible.

Kayla then accused the Tyson family of all kinds of treachery and unkindness to the Wynters and insisted that they teach Matthew a lesson.

Although Hannah was getting older, she was not slow-witted, so of course she could discern what her daughter and granddaughter meant. She also knew that teaching the Tysons a little lesson might be a bit too much. However, for so many years, she had always felt that she owed her daughter too much, and this granddaughter had been very filial to her, thereby winning the old lady's heart. In order to show support for the young girl, the old lady felt that she had to do something.

Moreover, the Tyson family had really gone too far this time, and they should be taught a lesson.

Later, Hannah called some of Pyotr's former subordinates, using his relationship with them as a pivot. After her greetings, she made clear the reason she called them.

When she was done making those calls, Hannah told her daughter and granddaughter, "You girls, rest assured. The Tysons will knock on your door and apologize."

Upon hearing that, Shermaine was overjoyed. Immediately, she hugged Hannah affectionately with an outpouring of sweet words of gratitude, which made Hannah the happiest grandmother in the world.

Perhaps it was due to her old age that she was not as cold-hearted as she used to be.

On the contrary, she now enjoyed family gatherings and adored this lovely granddaughter. She wanted to shower her with love, perhaps to redeem herself for being cruel to Kayla in her youth.

...

Meanwhile, Clarissa was being dressed up again for another blind date.

A high-end venue was selected just like the previous time. According to Hilary, this candidate had just returned from Wall Street. He was a venture capitalist with a net worth of billions. Moreover, he was personable and handsome. This time, Clarissa was dressed to the nines under Hilary's supervision. After watching her dress up, she personally sent Clarissa to the venue. In order to ensure that everything went smoothly, she even sat next to Clarissa to keep an eye on her.

Although Clarissa felt helpless, she had no choice but to comply with her mother's wishes. Shortly after she took her seat, the handsome elite man from Wall Street appeared.

Physically, he did look appealing, while his demeanor was elegant and refined.

He gave her a warm smile, gazing at her with gentle eyes. After chatting for ten minutes, she was surprised that he did not try to impress her, nor did he show any signs of looking down on women. Why does such a decent man even need to go for a blind date?

They had half an hour of simple conversation during which they asked each other some basic questions about each other's likes, hobbies, and work.

However, Clarissa was unable to figure out if this man was interested in her or not. Deep down, she hoped that he was not.

Nevertheless, she was fine with having a meal with him.

After the meal, the man did not offer to send Clarissa home. Instead, he invited her to go for a drink.

Without hesitation, Clarissa declined with a smile.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Longman, but I don't drink."

"I understand, Ms. Quigley. Forgive me for being too direct. This is quite normal overseas. If I've offended you, I do apologize."

"It's alright. I understand. This is just my personal habit. I will take my leave now."

"In that case, let me send you home."

"There is no need."

With that, Mr. Longman did not insist on sending Clarissa home. After watching her leave, he went to the bar. After all, his nightlife had just started.

Not long after Clarissa reached home, Hilary called to ask about her date. After bombarding Clarissa with questions, she insisted that her daughter be more proactive in looking for a partner and encouraged her to invite Mr. Longman out for dinner.

If they met often, it would only be natural for them to pair up eventually.

Since this Mr. Longman is quite good-looking, perhaps I could try it out with him. Besides, when Mom is satisfied, she would go back to her hometown.

The next day, Clarissa contacted Mr. Longman, and the two went out on several dates after that.

When Mr. Longman invited Clarissa for a drink once again, she accepted it this time.

After having a few drinks with Mr. Longman, she became groggy, so he helped her into the car and took her to a hotel.

Perhaps because the alcohol was too strong, Clarissa was barely conscious. In her groggy state, she could sense that she was being supported by a man who had a scent that made her feel uncomfortable. Repulsed, she frowned and wanted to push him away.

In the end, someone carried her into a room and put her on a bed. She rolled over and went to sleep.

Clarissa was awoken by the call of nature. Groggily, she got up with a slight headache and dashed straight into the bathroom. After relieving herself, she got up. In her semi-conscious state, she heard water splashing but did not dwell on it. Upon coming out, she made a beeline for the bed, climbed in, and fell asleep again.

The next time she woke up, she was met with the piercing sunlight. Blocking her eyes with one hand, she opened her eyes slowly.

Right then, her awareness returned, and she jerked up in fright. In that instant, the worst thoughts flashed across Clarissa's mind.

When she lifted the blanket and examined herself, she realized that she was still wearing yesterday's clothes, which were now creased. To her relief, her body felt perfectly normal.

After a short moment, she found her handbag near her bed and took out her mobile phone to check the time.

Seeing that it was eight o'clock in the morning, she quickly came out of the room. But before she could figure out what had happened, she was given a fright by a man in the room.

"Huh..."

Clarissa almost jumped out of her skin. But soon, her shock was replaced by rage.

"Matthew, are you trying to scare me to death?"

Matthew, who was in a black shirt and matching black pair of pants, was seated at the computer table, hard at work. At the enraged Clarissa's shrill voice, he lifted his head slowly and looked at her with a cold gaze that sent shivers down her neck.

Only then did she finally calm down.

Right after that, Clarissa started feeling guilty for some unknown reason.

She looked a little stiff, too ashamed to meet Matthew's eyes.

"What are you afraid of? Have you done something wrong?"

Clarissa was speechless.

She would have retorted, but she felt that she had indeed done something wrong.

This doesn't make sense.

Clarissa's mind turned again. Wasn't I drinking with Mr. Longman last night?

How did I end up in this hotel? What is Matthew doing here?

She raised her head and looked at Matthew. His face was expressionless, but his dark eyes seemed boundless as if he could see through her.

Clarissa blinked in confusion. "Um... Why am I here? Why are you—"

"Why is it me instead of Mr. Longman?"

"Oh... No, what I mean is, I have no memory of what happened last night."

"Hmph!"

With a cold exclamation, Matthew said, "You went for a drink with a man, and both of you went to the hotel together. Can't you remember?"

"No, I didn't—"

"You didn't drink or you didn't go to a hotel?"

Clarissa was at a loss for words.

She lowered her head and avoided Matthew's gaze. Indeed, she had not expected that Mr. Longman would bring her to a hotel.

But it wasn't my fault. I'm the victim here!

Clarissa's lips curled up into an awkward smile as she said gloomily, "I didn't expect that to happen... Anyway, thank you for saving me."

Even though she could not remember what had happened, by the looks of it, Matthew must have been prevented something terrible from befalling her.

Clarissa was grateful for her good luck and this man who came to her rescue.