

# You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

## Chapter 216 - 220

What a good girl.

Matthew felt instantly at ease upon seeing how adorable Clarissa was.

A corner of his mouth quirked up, and he carried her to the bedroom upstairs.

After putting her on the bed and placing a thin blanket over her body, he sat by the bed and looked at her big sparkly eyes.

Clarissa reached out her hand and grabbed his wrist. "Why are you home? Don't you need to be at the hospital? How's she?"

She might have made it clear that she would not care about the Tysons anymore during the day, but she still seemed to be worried about Margaret.

Matthew chuckled in silence and touched her cheeks. He then leaned forward and gave her forehead a kiss.

"Don't worry, she's fine. She was just a little mad at us."

Okay...

Clarissa felt bad but did not know what to say after that.

Matthew looked at her awkward face and poked her knitted brows with his index finger. "Don't worry about it. She has a bad temper, and it isn't her first time throwing a fit like this at me. She'll be fine."

"But..."

"That's how she's like. We can't do much about it," Matthew said, "She has been a domineering figure for ages since Dad doesn't care much about things that happened in the family. That's why she could not take it when someone challenges her authority."

He continued, "And I want you to know that no one can stop me from marrying you."

Clare was relieved to hear that. She locked her fingers with his and smiled. "It's too late for you to push me away, anyway."

Matthew responded with a grin. "I know, and I don't even have the guts to do that too."

Clarissa's lips curled into a smile upon hearing that.

The next morning, Clarissa tried to get an update about Margaret's health.

Yet, Ellie convinced her Margaret was fine. "Don't worry, she's fine. She's just being dramatic. I mean, yes, she's unwell, but nothing critical. It has nothing to do with you, okay?"

Ellie continued, "Just enjoy your time with Uncle Matt. They might need some time to accept you, but trust me, you'll see the light at the end of the tunnel soon."

Clarissa knew Ellie only said that to console her. "I know you're trying to make me feel better. I'm actually all right. Anyway, I'm glad to hear that Old Mrs. Tyson is getting better now.

"

Clarissa also believed that the family would eventually accept her, but she also knew it would not be easy.

"Don't think about it now. Oh yes, there's something else I want to tell you," Ellie added, "Sienna came earlier but only stayed a short while. I heard Shermaine was the mastermind who orchestrated the attack on her, and she has probably gone into hiding. I bet she must have given up on Uncle Matt too after finding out about the wedding."

Clarissa did not ask much about Sienna. After ending the call, she let out a sigh, leaned on the couch, and stared at the ceiling.

Old Mrs. Tyson was admitted to the hospital because of us.

I don't know what the future holds, but I know it's not going to be smooth sailing for Matthew and I.

No one could live without their family. There might be exceptional cases, but they do not make up the majority.

And someone like Matthew would never cut ties with the Tysons. He would have a difficult time dealing with Margaret for sure. Clarissa felt bad for him, but there was nothing she could do.

Up until now, she still could not understand why Margaret looked down on her so much. She was diligent, decent-looking, and had never been in any scandalous relationship. Why does she despise me so much?

Clarissa hated being treated like a second-class citizen. Why can't I be with Matthew? And why does she always favor those who were born with a silver spoon in their mouth? How can I not be mad at her for the way she humiliated me?

Yet somehow, she tried to convince herself that different people had different mindsets, and she could not expect everyone to put themselves in her shoes.

That was the only thing she could come up with to console herself.

A few days later, Ellie told Clarissa that Margaret was discharged from the hospital, but the latter was so mad that she barred Matthew from returning to the Tyson residence.

The tension between the mother and the son lasted for a long time.

But every time Matthew returned home, he always acted cool as if nothing had happened. Clarissa was constantly worried about him.

Finally, Matthew came home with cigarette smell on his body one fine day.

After the shower, Clarissa dragged him to the couch and helped him dry his hair with a towel.

Matthew looked at her affectionately. Once she was done with his hair, he pulled her over and made her sit on his lap. He then lowered his head and kissed her on the lips.

"Someone seems to be in a good mood today," Matthew teased.

Clarissa wrinkled her nose. "Excuse me. I've always been nice to you, okay."

“Yes, but today you’ve been exceptionally sweet.”

Clarissa pursed her lips and did not respond to his praise.

Matthew looked at her and wondered why she put on that adorable but suspicious expression on her face.

He grinned, pinched her rosy lips for a bit, and gave her another kiss. All of a sudden, Clarissa pushed him away.

She looked at him with a pair of doe eyes and said, “We need to talk!”

Matthew continued to caress her face and did not really pay attention to what she said. “Okay...”

“Stop it.”

“Okay. Let’s talk.” Matthew said while resting his large palm on her chest.

Clarissa’s mouth twitched. She gave in and let him do what he wanted. “I know things have been difficult between you and your Mom, but you can always talk to me. “If you need a shoulder to cry on, I’m here for you.”

Matthew instantly stopped what he was doing. He lifted his head and realized how worried she was.

His cheeky smile disappeared, and he let out a deep sigh. He then rested on her shoulder and kept mum for a moment.

Clarissa gave him a gentle pat on his shoulder. “It’s all my fault, Uncle Matthew.”

“No, it’s not.” Matthew did not want her to reproach herself. He gazed into her eyes and tried to convince her that she was not at fault.

“Clare,” Matthew sighed with a deep voice and rubbed his lips against her. “You did nothing wrong, so don’t blame yourself. Yes, I’m don’t feel well, but that’s because...”

Matthew suddenly stopped.

Clarissa panicked. She looked at him and cupped his face. "What is it? Tell me. I can lend you my ears."

All of a sudden, Matthew grabbed her dainty hands and placed them on his chest.

"I feel unwell, but it's not because of what you're thinking..."

"And it's because of?" Clarissa got so confused that she did not notice he had gradually slid her hand down from his chest to his abdomen.

He inched closer and whispered in her ear, "I feel so unwell right now, and I need you to set me free right now. You get me?"

What he said had rendered Clarissa speechless.

By the time she understood what he wanted, he had already placed her hand on his nether regions.

Clarissa blinked repeatedly and looked at him. She could not believe he could still pull a serious face and look as dashing as ever.

But that's not the point!

He's such a good actor. What a trickster!

Before she could pull her hand away, Matthew tightened his grip on her wrist. A line formed between his brows, and he asked her in a serious voice, "Are you not willing to set me free?"

"How can you be so shameless?"

Matthew said without giving too much thought to the reply, "I guess I can."

Clarissa was at a loss for words.

Though his hands were presumptuously exploring Clarissa's chest area, Matthew still put on a stern face as if he was working on something important.

He then carried her in his arms and put her on the bed like a baker placing the dough he kneaded earlier on a pan.

After a round of physical intimacy, Clarissa turned away from him.

Matthew went up, embraced her from the back, and whispered in a deep voice, "Thanks to you, I feel so much better now."

Clarissa responded with a cold snort.

"Oh no, I think I'm not feeling well again. Can you please..."

"Get lost!"

"Okay, I'll give you a moment, and then I'll bring you to the bathroom. I think you'll make me feel better once we're there," Matthew teased her.

"Matthew Tyson!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Darling? My life and my happiness are in your hands now, and only you can rescue me. You're my anecdote!" Matthew continued, "I might die if you refuse to make me feel better. You're not that cruel, aren't you?"

"I am!"

"Oh. I guess I should still be thankful if I get to die in your arms then."

Clarissa shot daggers at him and did not know what else to say anymore.

She sat up and turned her back on Matthew, who was still lying on the bed. The expression on the man's face still remained as serious as ever even after he had spewed out those shameless words.

Clarissa gritted her teeth.

"Come on, Clare. Give it to me."

He would be more than willing to die in her hands.

Clarissa turned around and strangled him. "I'm going to so kill you!"

Matthew burst out laughing. He grabbed the naked woman by her waist, placed her on his body, and continued with another round of animalistic acts.

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Clarissa grabbed the blanket and sat up. Meanwhile, Matthew was changing his clothes with his back facing her.

Even though he looked muscular and tall, the scratches on his back were a fly in the ointment.

Clarissa blushed and immediately lowered her gaze to look at her fingernails. She rarely kept long fingernails because she always had to type on a computer. This time, her fingernails were long as she hadn't typed out any document for quite some time.

Wait a minute, why is there something like meat floss beneath my fingernails? Well, he can't blame me because he tormented me last night!

Moreover, he refused to let me go even after I begged him.

Humph! I'm kind enough to leave some mere scratches on his back!

Once she looked up again, Matthew was straightening his necktie and staring at her. He put on a slight smile as he watched the change of her expressions.

The next moment, Clarissa withdrew her fingers and pursed her lips with dissatisfaction.

"Why are you staring at me?"

"It's because you're beautiful!"

She was rendered speechless.

Clarissa really wanted to roll her eyes at him. However, she couldn't hide her smile and tried to comb her messy hair.

After a while, when Matthew rubbed her hair again, she looked up at him and said purposely, "I didn't wash my hair yesterday."

Matthew replied smilingly, "Oh, no wonder it smells."

"What do you mean it smells?"

As Clarissa got a little nervous, she grabbed her hair and brought her nose close to it. I don't think it's smelly!

Suddenly, Matthew kissed her lips as she lifted her gaze to talk to him. She whined twice but seemed to have gotten used to it.

After letting go of her lips, he gently wiped away the saliva on the corner of her mouth and stood up.

Clarissa's face flushed red.

Since Matthew kept staring at her, she couldn't help but drive him off. "You don't want to be late, do you? Just get going."

Unexpectedly, Matthew comfortably sat beside her and didn't intend to leave.

"Clare, have you forgotten that I'm the boss of the company?"

"Oh? Can the boss be late as he wishes?"

Matthew simpered. "No. But I am not getting a bonus for turning up on time every day."

In other words, he can be late as he wishes.

She just rolled her eyes at him. A moment later, she gazed at her pajamas, which were thrown to the floor by him, and instructed, "Get me my pajamas."

"Clare, you're being rude. Take them yourself."

“1...”

Judging from his naughty stare, Clarissa knew that he did it on purpose.

As such, she was rendered speechless and could only stare at him furiously. Nevertheless, Matthew was totally unperturbed.

She had no choice but to do it by herself. First, she wrapped the blanket around her body, making her look like a huge bun. Being on the alert to avoid an ambush by Matthew, she slowly got out of bed to pick up the pajamas.

Unfortunately, her wariness proved to be futile. Before she could reach the pajamas, Matthew carried her body with the blanket and brought her into the bathroom despite her screams of protest.

Although the noise continued in the bathroom, it was uncertain if she was protesting or moaning.

When Clarissa dressed up and went downstairs, she saw that Matthew had already put on a new set of suits.

As usual, a handsome wolf in sheep's clothing!

However, because Clarissa was a little irritated, she shot him a few deadly glares.

Matthew didn't leave her in the house alone but “abducted” her to his company instead.

Given that she didn't have a desk job, she could hardly look for an excuse to stop him from bringing her along. Moreover, she didn't have freedom because her studio was inside the same building as Matthew's office.

After arriving at Tyson Corporation, she stood near the window on the top floor. Watching the sunlight streaming in through the window, she couldn't help but sigh.

She took a selfie and edited it for quite some time before posting it on social media.

After that, she played some mobile games and read a novel. When she scrolled through the feed on Twitter, she realized that the police had called Shermaine up several times for investigation. Although the police didn't openly accuse her of committing any crime,

netizens largely believed that she was the mastermind behind many despicable crimes. In other words, they had found her guilty before the court did.

Clarissa was delighted over the news about Shermaine. In fact, she hadn't received any news that was as exciting as this for quite some time.

Out of delight, she sent some gift coupons to her social media group.

Those gift coupons meant a lot to her, but definitely far less than what was usually given out by her wealthy friends.

She did it anyway as a means of celebrating her joy.

Initially, she thought that her wealthy friends would give a nonchalant shrug at those coupons. Much to her surprise, they were grabbed within seconds.

Yarick's message read: Clarissa, what put you in such a good mood? Why did you give us coupons?

Jeremy's message read: Clarissa has just received one hell of a gift. How could she not be happy about it?

Justin's message read: Since the post-production for her film is completed, it's time for her to give out some gift coupons to celebrate it.

Clarissa was excited when she read the message.

Really? That's quick! Director Yates, you're awesome!

Yarick replied to her message: Hey, Yates, Clarissa said you're awesome. Luckily, Matt never reads the message in this group, or else he will be jealous.

The next moment, Matthew replied: Hehe!

Fearful!

Fearful!

Fearful!

When many fearful face emojis appeared, Clarissa couldn't help but chuckle. Then, she lifted her gaze to glance at Matthew.

He seems to be concentrating on his work. What a hypocrite!

Clarissa immediately replied in the group: Everyone here is awesome! You're all more awesome than me!

Yarick's message read: Clarissa complimented us! I blushed!

Jeremy also repeated: Clarissa complimented us! I blushed!

Shortly afterward, another two of their friends repeated the same message too.

Clarissa was amused and couldn't help but chuckle again. Although she wasn't sure what was on Matthew's mind, she really felt that they were funny.

I guess the outsiders can hardly believe that the trailblazing leaders in their respective fields are actually that funny!

However, Matthew is definitely the most hypocritical one.

As she was thinking about him, she unknowingly lifted her gaze. Coincidentally, she saw that Matthew was already staring at her.

She stuck out his tongue, let out a wry smile, and tilted her head mischievously.

"Mr. Tyson, Tyson Corporation is going to fall if you don't concentrate on your work!"

As Matthew raised his beautifully arched brows, a sense of delight flashed across his obsidian eyes.

At this moment, Matthew was exuding his charm as though he wanted to seduce Clarissa.

Just as Matthew expected, Clarissa was lovesick again and kept staring at him. She only recollected herself as he chuckled softly.

“Darling, do you like it?”

Clarissa’s lips twitched. Luckily, he didn’t provoke me with the classic line. Do you like what you see?

Clarissa laughed embarrassedly and said, “Mr. Tyson, Don’t seduce me on purpose and get back to your work. I don’t want to talk to you anymore.”

She turned around with her back facing Matthew. When he chuckled again, his magnetic and mellow tone of voice made her ear turn red. Unknowingly, she felt that he was letting out hot air near her ears like last night.

As she was lost in thought, she felt that her face and her body felt warmer. Besides, even the temperature in the room seemed to be rising quickly.

In particular, the heat exuded from Matthew’s gaze seemed to be very real.

Since Clarissa probably couldn’t bear with it anymore, she immediately stood up and walked out of the president’s office without even telling Matthew.

On the other hand, Matthew chuckled softly and shook his head. Deep in his heart, he felt like devouring Clarissa because she looked cute when she blushed.

Nevertheless, he understood that that wasn’t a proper place to do anything to her.

Apart from Clarissa and Matthew, only Donnie was on the top floor. Clarissa took some time to calm herself down once she exited the president’s office.

After the elevator let out a warbled ‘ding’, a young woman, who looked smart in her professional outfit, walked out and headed to Donnie’s office with some documents in her hand.

Her eyes glimmered the moment she walked past Clarissa.

On the other hand, Clarissa gave her a faint smile as a gesture to greet her. Although Clarissa continued looking at her phone, she was actually deep in thought.

The office of the president’s secretaries was located downstairs. Back then, when she was working here, she heard that all those secretaries graduated from renowned universities

worldwide. As such, their capabilities, physical strength, and intelligence far exceeded ordinary people.

To be exact, all the employees of Tyson Corporation were outstanding.

The woman was probably one of the secretaries from the president's office. Her graceful and professional manner was the qualities that Clarissa admired very much.

After that, she continued to ponder over her article about workplaces and felt that some corrections were needed.

When she was deep in thought, Donnie and the secretary walked out of the office together. At the same time, a few elites exited the elevator once it opened.

The foremost among them was a young and gorgeous lady.

Clarissa quietly observed the lady who looked like their superior. Coincidentally, since Clarissa felt that some qualities about the female superior in her book were missing, she wished to get some inspiration from this lady. Suddenly, the lady turned around and glanced at Clarissa.

Instantly, Clarissa felt uncomfortable due to her piercing gaze.

Nonetheless, Clarissa decided to put on a smile so that she wouldn't embarrass herself.

On the contrary, the lady looked at Clarissa with her cold-eyed and disdainful gaze.

After she scanned Clarissa from head to toe, Donnie led her to Matthew's office.

Clarissa couldn't help but chuckle quietly.

Nitpicking? Disdain?

She felt deeply uncomfortable when the lady glanced at her.

What did she mean?

Clarissa soon felt upset. Was she looking down on me?

As Clarissa knitted her brows, she decided to turn the female superior in her book into a detestable character.

When the secretary came out, she couldn't hold back her curiosity and wanted to ask who the lady was.

Perhaps because her curiosity was written all over her face, the secretary came up to her and said before Clarissa asked, "Ms. Quigley, she's Michelle Watson, the director of the Tyson Corporation's branch in Moranta. She knew the president when they studied at the same university in Moranta. So, she is the president's junior."

Tsk!

The description of the lady was short, yet Clarissa could imagine a lot of connotations on the word "junior."

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Matthew's junior!

Clarissa flashed the secretary a smile and said, "Understood. Thank you."

The secretary smiled back and added, "You're welcome, Ms. Quigley. Ms. Watson seldom comes to our country. However, whenever the president visits our branch in Moranta, Ms. Watson would accompany him throughout his trip."

Well, there are a lot of connotations in her explanation.

Clarissa smiled wryly at her in response.

The secretary didn't dwell on it further and left the floor to return to her office.

Then, Clarissa stood and leaned against the wall. She was a little absent-minded even though she was playing mobile games.

Although Michelle had gone in for quite some time, Clarissa wasn't worried because there were other staff in the same room.

As such, she didn't want to go back to the president's office. After playing some mobile games for a while, she decided to visit her studio downstairs.

Nevertheless, since everyone in the studio was busy, she felt a little inappropriate to chat with someone there.

Out of boredom, she went into the elevator and arrived at the ground floor. After strolling around for a while, she decided to go upstairs again.

It was easy for her to meet some familiar faces since she wandered around the building of Tyson Corporation.

As soon as Clarissa arrived at the elevator, Ms. Joyce and Amanda, whom she knew when she worked there, blocked her way.

They were surprised to see Clarissa here.

Amanda glanced at Clarissa for a second and screamed all of a sudden, "Clarissa, why are you here? Who let you in? You've been fired. Why do you show up here? Are you a corporate spy?"

Obviously, Amanda wanted to look for trouble from Clarissa.

Clarissa rolled her eyes secretly.

Amanda probably wants everyone to hear that she is confronting me aggressively.

On the other hand, Ms. Joyce furrowed her eyes, apparently dissatisfied with the way Amanda behaved.

"Amanda, this is not a private area. Don't talk nonsense!"

"Ms. Joyce, I'm not talking nonsense. Although other companies rent offices in the building of Tyson Corporation, we almost know everyone who works here. So, Clarissa shouldn't be here for no reason."

Once she finished, Clarissa snickered, “Do I have to get your approval to show up here?”

“What do you mean? You don’t need my approval, but do you have an access card?”

Clarissa was stunned because she didn’t have the so-called access card. To be exact, she had never heard of such a thing before.

Feeling that she had the goods on Clarissa, Amanda grabbed her arm tightly and refused to let her go.

Furthermore, she asked someone to get the security guards.

“Get the security guards. I have reasons to believe that she’s a corporate spy. Be quick!”

Clarissa loathed Amanda’s smug face. Although she was unsure what Amanda wanted to do next, but one thing was certain—Amanda wanted to create trouble for her.

Clarissa tried to wriggle free, but Amanda kept grabbing and pulling her clothes forcefully. Much of her fair-skinned neck was revealed as Amanda kept pulling her collar. At the same time, many people were shocked to see that, particularly men who came over. Fortunately, most of them immediately averted their gaze to avoid staring at her body.

“Let go of me!” Amanda stopped once Clarissa gave her a stern warning.

However, she quickly looked at Clarissa with disdain.

“Clarissa, since you’re already here, I won’t let you run away easily. Fortunately, we bumped into you today. Otherwise, we won’t even know who the culprit is when something happens to the company. Since we’ve caught you in the act, you should admit your wrongdoing now. Don’t think that you can do whatever you want just because you’re pretty enough to seduce some wealthy men. No one can save you today unless you can get your sugar daddy here...”

Clarissa couldn’t understand why Amanda kept slandering her.

In fact, Amanda had always found fault with her since the time she worked at Tyson Corporation. Now that she had left the company, Amanda still wanted to grab the opportunity to cause her trouble.

Clarissa glanced at Amanda with her sharp gaze as she was thinking that it could be interesting to analyze Amanda's intention.

"What are you looking at? Well, you can't reveal your sugar daddy, can you? He can buy you a lot of branded stuff and even a luxury car, but why can't he come to your rescue?"

Suddenly, Clarissa chuckled. "Do you want to meet my sugar daddy?"

Amanda's eyes glimmered instantly. "Just as I've said, you have a sugar daddy..."

"What's going on?"

The security guards arrived after someone requested their help to come over.

Meanwhile, Clarissa didn't utter a word nor stop Amanda from hurling baseless accusations against her.

As Amanda immersed herself in the excitement, a few ex-colleagues who knew Clarissa couldn't help but speak for Clarissa.

"Why are you guys speaking for her? I mean, Clarissa admitted it herself. Don't be a busybody. She might be hot, but the fact is she is merely a lowly b\*tch."

Slap!

Everyone around was stunned when Clarissa gave Amanda a forceful slap.

No one thought that Clarissa would hit her when she was still talking.

After a moment of silence, Amanda shrieked while covering her face. "Ah! Why are you guys standing still? Come and restrain her!"

Upon her instruction, the security guards wanted to restrain Clarissa.

However, the security guards stopped moving once Clarissa gave them a cold-eyed stare.

The overbearing pressure exuded from her stunned everyone.

How could her aura possibly daunt everyone in the lobby?

A moment later, Clarissa snickered, "Who is the bi\*ch calling? Can you say it once more time?"

"She is calling you."

That was a very common prank but very effective in deceiving people.

Hence, Amanda was pranked because she impatiently wanted to scold Clarissa.

Clarissa flashed her a satisfactory smile and said, "Yes, you're right."

"You..."

Now, Amanda just realized that she had been tricked and even got a slap from Clarissa. I am not going to let the matter go!

Although her colleagues and the security guards were around, Amanda frantically sprang upon Clarissa and lifted her hand to slap her. Judging from her ferocious gaze, it was obvious that she wouldn't stop with just a slap.

However, Clarissa didn't allow her to do it so she quickly dodged her attack.

Amanda didn't want to let go and continued chasing her like a crazy woman. Hence, Clarissa kept running around to avoid her. Eventually, it looked like a total farce as Amanda chased Clarissa while screaming and cursing her.

Meanwhile, everyone around was shocked by the dramatic turn of events. Finally, the farce halted once Mr. Cooper bellowed, "What's going on? What are you guys doing?"

As the crowd quickly dispersed, only the security guards and the two women were left.

Mr. Cooper came up to them and glared at everyone. However, his heart skipped a beat when he saw Clarissa.

"Clarissa?"

Clarissa nodded and said, "Mr. Cooper, I'm sorry to disturb you."

He felt that his temple started to throb. Even though he didn't see Clarissa on the top floor, he had heard the rumors.

After a while, he shifted his gaze from Clarissa to Amanda. Amanda looked terrible as she kept glaring at Clarissa.

"All of you, come with me."

Mr. Cooper brought them to his office so that they wouldn't make a fool of themselves in public.

Once they arrived, Amanda leveled accusations at Clarissa without giving her a chance to defend herself.

After listening to Amanda's claim that Clarissa was a spy, he felt like killing the stupid woman on the spot.

On the other hand, Clarissa didn't utter a word. She believed that apart from Amanda, anyone who held important positions wouldn't believe her nonsense.

Suddenly, Clarissa's phone rang when Amanda was still persuading Mr. Cooper against letting her go.

She answered the incoming call.

"Yes, I haven't left... I fought with someone and I'm now at the fifth floor... Are you coming here? Please don't do that because your presence will daunt everyone..."

The man who spoke over the phone hung up before she could finish.

Clarissa let out a wry smile. Deep in her heart, she didn't really intend to stop him from coming over.

Meanwhile, Mr. Cooper's heart skipped a beat as he seemed to have imagined what would happen next.

Back then, when Clarissa first came as an intern in his department, he already felt that someone was backing her. After all, she was specially assigned by the Human Resource Department, and those from the top floor specifically asked for her to send some documents over a few times.

He wasn't sure who she was back then. However, now that the news about the president's wedding had spread like wildfire, he believed that Clarissa was the female protagonist.

If that is true, how could my stupid subordinate restrain her and even fight with her here?

Mr. Cooper felt that his future in the company was about to come to an end.

What a tragedy!

Unfortunately, Amanda was still immersed in showcasing her foolishness.

"Hehe... Clarissa, is your sugar daddy finally showing up? Do you think we will be afraid of him? Hahaha... I really wish to see how terrible he looks. Would he be an old man who has already passed his fifties? Hahaha..."

Bang!

Suddenly, someone kicked the door of Mr. Cooper's office from the outside.

Amanda immediately stopped laughing when she realized that it was the president. The man, whom she could never lay her fingers on, came up to Clarissa and comforted her.

"Clare, what happened? Are you injured? Humph! I want to know who has the nerve to lay fingers on you!"

While holding in his anger, Matthew caressed her while nervously checked if she was injured.

Clarissa shook her head in response and gently removed his hand from her body. Then, she flashed him a smile and explained, "I'm fine. I slapped her in the face, but I'm alright."

"Are you sure you're alright?"

“Yup, I’m sure. However, why didn’t I know that I need an access card to enter this building? I mean, I was being seen as a corporate spy because of it.”

Once she finished, he knitted his brows and gave a cold-eyed stare at everyone in the room. A moment later, he replied to her gently, “You don’t need one.”

She added smilingly, “Alright, in that case, you should explain to Mr. Cooper, the security guards, and my ex-colleague Amanda. Hehe... she’s really concerned about whether I’m a corporate spy as she fears that I might destroy Tyson Corporation. Shouldn’t you compliment her for always prioritizing the company?”

At this time, everyone was worried about what would happen next. Mr. Cooper quietly cursed Amanda for creating trouble, while Amanda was completely terrified.

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Matthew held Clarissa’s hand and left the place. Meanwhile, everyone around the office took a peek at them.

After they left, everyone around the office fell silent for quite some time.

The silence persisted until Mr. Cooper and Amanda came out of the office.

Amanda returned to her seat, visibly shaken. She was at a loss and looked pitiful.

Shortly afterward, Mr. Cooper asked Ms. Joyce to go into his office. When Ms. Joyce exited the office, she glanced at Amanda and asked her to go with her.

Soon, everyone in the office began to exchange whispers in various places, including the photocopier room and pantry. Hence, the news about what happened earlier was widely spread.

Before long, everyone in Tyson Corporation knew that Clarissa was Mr. Tyson’s girlfriend or even his fiancée.

Who is Clarissa Quigley though?

Given that none heard of such a name, they believed she probably wasn't an actress or someone from a prominent family. Apart from being a young and beautiful lady, they didn't have any extra information about her.

Nevertheless, many heard the rumor that Mr. Tyson planned to present a small island to his fiancée as a wedding gift. In that case, is Clarissa really the lady?

Moreover, some even said that they saw Clarissa and Mr. Tyson wore rings of the same set as they held hands.

The legend continued to spread like wildfire.

On the other hand, Matthew brought Clarissa back to the top floor.

Once they arrived in the office, she sat on the president's chair, whereas Matthew leaned against the desk and crossed his arms as he looked at her.

Clarissa glanced around the office but ignored him. However, because he kept staring at her with his piercing gaze for quite some time, her lips quirked slightly as she couldn't bear with it.

"Why are you staring at me? I didn't do anything wrong, but the way you look at me makes me feel like it was my fault."

A glint flashed across Matthew's eyes as his lips curled up slightly. However, his smile didn't indicate that he was delighted.

Clarissa got impatient so she pursed her lips and asked, "What's up?"

"Clare, you've been with me for quite some time, but why are you still that weak?"

Once he finished, she gave him a cold-eyed stare.

Matthew added, "Well, staring at someone is the only thing you'll dare to do."

Clarissa was rendered speechless but stared at him once again.

It appeared that Matthew was right. Staring at someone was the only thing she would do.”

As Clarissa was a little irritated, she snickered and averted her gaze from him. Then, she pouted and murmured, “How am I weak?”

She remembered Matthew used to say the same thing to her before. There was a time when she fought with Yvonne and was left disheveled. Hence, she agreed that she was rather weak back then. In contrast, she wasn’t injured nor disheveled today. Even more so, she believed that she got out of the mess beautifully.

Judging from her smug face, Matthew stared at her for a while and heaved a sigh.

Shortly after that, he leaned down and put both his arms on the chair handle to stand right above her. He then came up to her closer and whispered in her ear, “Clare, you can tell them who you are, or you can look for me directly to deter anyone who bullies you. All your troubles can actually be solved with merely one sentence. Why did you choose to fight her though? You’re lucky that you’re not injured. If the situation became tense, you would probably get hurt. Why didn’t you respond quickly in the face of danger?”

Clarissa pursed her lips but did not respond.

After a while, Matthew caressed her head and continued, “Clare, you’re smart. Don’t waste your time if you can solve a problem with merely a few words. Promise me that you won’t put yourself in danger again, will you?”

Clarissa fell silent for a while but eventually agreed to it.

“Alright, I get it. I just wanted to see how brazen she could get. Besides, I did it for you.”

Her tone was devoid of any guilt.

Matthew raised his eyebrow as he asked, “Oh? For me?”

He was interested to find out how she did it for him.

Although Matthew looked doubtful, Clarissa answered confidently, “Yup. Since you were occupied, how could I disturb you? Besides, after your work was done, you certainly want to catch up with your outstanding subordinate-cum-junior. In that case, how could I ever disturb you?”

“...Tsk!”

After Clarissa finished, she glanced at him as if she was waiting for his response.

Nonetheless, Matthew only let out a “Tsk” and smiled faintly.

“Humph! You’ve nothing to say now, right?”

As Clarissa was irritated, she let out a “Pfft” and pushed him aside as though she wanted to leave the office. Apparently, she was pissed off and jealous at the same time.

“Clare!”

However, Matthew grabbed her hand before she could leave.

She purposely shook her arm even though she definitely couldn’t wriggle free from him. The next moment, she turned around and instructed him, “Let go of me. I want to go home.”

Matthew flashed her a smile and took her into his arms. As she was still pursing her lips, he couldn’t help but pinch them gently.

“Hmph...mmm...”

Matthew chuckled softly and let go of her mouth. Then, he said teasingly, “Are you jealous? Well, I think you have been eaten up with jealousy.”

On the other hand, Clarissa wasn’t embarrassed even though he saw through her.

In fact, she was jealous and purposely said that to him.

Since that woman was hostile to her, Clarissa felt that she didn’t have to pretend that she didn’t see her. Moreover, she didn’t intend to look like a silly woman.

Instead, she wanted to express her jealousy as some sort of warning to him.

“What’s wrong if I’m jealous? Why can’t I be jealous? Since you’re so smart to know that I’m jealous, you certainly can feel that your junior doesn’t see herself only as your subordinate. The moment she glanced at me, I could feel her immense hostility toward me.”

“Did she mistreat you?”

“Nope. I only felt that she was hostile to me.”

As Matthew frowned, Clarissa noticed it and laughed silently to herself.

Well, am I good at speaking ill of his subordinate?

But I only told him the truth and didn't exaggerate it.

“Apart from work, there is nothing between Michelle and me. Clare, please trust me.”

“I trust you. Otherwise, I wouldn't even be your girlfriend in the first place, right?”

Matthew grinned. “That's right.”

“But trust alone is not enough. I said it so that you know what you should do. Don't fall for it just because she seduces you with everything she got. Also, our relationship ends immediately if you really fall for it, voluntarily or otherwise.”

He was rendered speechless.

She's cruel.

A little upset, Matthew was unsure how he ought to respond. As such, he lowered his head to kiss her. That was also to ensure that she wouldn't say such heartless words to him anymore.

However, things didn't turn out the way he wanted them to.

As they were kissing, Matthew's phone rang suddenly. He stopped kissing her and answered the phone call while she was still in his arms.

A woman said over the phone in a soft voice, “Matthew, shall we have dinner together?”

Since Clarissa was right in his arms, she heard every word clearly over the phone.

Immediately, Clarissa scoffed and pounded on his chest heavily. After that, she also gave him a cold-eyed stare.

Matthew couldn't help but chuckle. Meanwhile, the woman over the phone was surprised. Did Matthew chuckle because he wants to have dinner with me?

When she immersed herself in excitement, Matthew rejected her invitation. "I'm sorry, Michelle. I've to have dinner with my fiancée."

"Fiancée?" Shocked, Michelle said in a high-pitched voice.

As if a thought flashed through his mind, Matthew deliberately said loudly to Clarissa, "Darling, please don't be mad at me. You're the only one in my heart. I'll have dinner with you. What kind of food do you prefer?"

Clarissa's lips curled up into a smile as she knew that Matthew was deliberately putting on a show. After saying those cheesy words, he ended the call without saying goodbye to the woman.

As he was about to kiss Clarissa again, she dodged him as though she was disgusted by it.

Matthew asked smilingly, "What's wrong?"

Clarissa frowned and forcefully prodded his chest with her index finger.

"What a drama king! You used me as the pretext to reject her invitation!"

Matthew laughed lightly and pinched her finger.

"Clare, all I did was to establish your prestige. From now on, I'll listen to no one except you. Don't you think that's good? Let's see who dares to look down upon you from now on."

"Hehe! Prestige? Are you hinting that I'm a fierce wife?"

Matthew laughed heartily and shook his head in response. "Not at all."

Given that he didn't sound sincere in denying it, Clarissa was getting upset.

I have always been a beautiful and gentle angel. How can I be a fierce woman?

She was even more irritated when he lifted his finger to poke her lips.

Hence, Matthew immediately took her into his arms to comfort her.

“Alright, you’re not a fierce woman or tigress wife. You’re cute, and no one would think that you’re fierce. Instead, they will respect you because I love you very much. You are nothing but a loving wife.”

His sweet talk kept escalating.

Meanwhile, Clarissa felt great for every word that he said. Well, there is nothing wrong to be a fierce woman as long as I can control Matthew. Besides, the description sounds domineering. Let all those other women such as his childhood sweethearts, juniors, or even the ladies from prominent families know that they will be in trouble for challenging a fierce woman like me.”

Clarissa let out a “humph” to reassure herself. Then, she looked up at Matthew and pinched his cheek, acting all high and mighty.

“I’m a fierce tigress wife. If you defy my orders next time, I’ll devour you.”

## You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 220

“I’ll punish you if you don’t listen to me!” Clarissa said.

Matthew smirked at her. “Of course. In fact, I welcome you to punish me anytime, Clare!”

Clarissa rolled her eyes at him in response. I was threatening him, damn it! How could he be so shameless as to turn it into something flirty?

At that, she turned the other way to hide her blushing face and gave Matthew a nudge. “Let’s go for lunch!”

Having received the order, Matthew quickly drove her to the nearest restaurant.

Unexpectedly, they ran into Michelle at the restaurant, and Clarissa pinched Matthew on the arm as she whispered in his ear sarcastically, "Will it be the usual place, Mr. Tyson?"

Matthew flashed her a smile and gently patted her on the hand to beg her for mercy.

Despite him being a big and strong man, he found her pinches to be quite painful, which made it difficult for him to maintain a poker face.

At that moment, Clarissa snorted softly as Michelle approached them.

"I'm glad you came, Matthew! Come on, join me! I ordered your favorite dish!"

She seemed to be ignoring Clarissa completely while flaunting her intimacy with Matthew.

However, Clarissa was completely unfazed by her actions.

Michelle may be a senior executive at work, but she's definitely a newbie when it comes to relationships. I mean, she wouldn't be using such a crude strategy against me otherwise! In other words, she would've won Matthew over if she was smart enough!

As expected, Matthew didn't like what Michelle was doing.

"Michelle, this is my fiancée, Clarissa. We would prefer to have this meal without being disturbed, so I'll pass on the offer."

Hearing that, Michelle had an awkward look on her face as she turned towards Clarissa.

Now that Matthew has put it that way, I can't ignore her anymore...

"Come on, Matthew... All I'm asking is to have a meal with you now that I'm back in the country for a bit! You two can go back to being all lovey-dovey after this! I'm sure Ms. Quigley wouldn't mind, right? Hmm... How about you join us at the table, Ms. Quigley?"

Clarissa forced a smile at her in response. I definitely beat her in terms of our appearances! If she's going to use such a crude method against me, then I have no reason to hold back either!

Then, Clarissa wrapped her arm around Matthew's and leaned against him as she said in her most coquettish voice possible, "Of course! I couldn't possibly say no to an invitation from Ms. Watson! Let's join her for lunch, Hubby!"

Oh God, this is so unlike me... Clarissa found herself utterly disgusted by what she just said, and she could feel Matthew tense up when he heard that as well.

Thus, she quickly gave him a pinch so as to remind him to play along.

The look on Michelle's face turned gloomy when she saw that.

She then shifted her gaze towards Matthew and shot him a weird look in disbelief. He actually chose to be with a woman like this? I feel like I don't know him anymore...

As the three of them had lunch, Clarissa continued her coquettish act and flirted with Matthew to her heart's content.

Being an author, I've got tons of ideas for such scenarios, but never had any personal experiences myself. Now that the opportunity has presented itself, I'd be a fool to not seize it!

"I'm really full, Hubby... Could you finish this for me?"

"Could I have that slice of meat, Hubby? Hehehehe..."

"Hubby, I want you to cut it for me..."

"Give me a kiss!"

"I love you so much, Hubby!"

Matthew calmly played along with her antics the whole time while Michelle glared at them in disbelief and tightened her grip on her knife.

Clarissa found the flirting thing awkward at first, but soon got the hang of it and even took it a step further when Matthew gave her his full cooperation.

"I'm sorry about this display of affection, Ms. Watson. You see, we simply love each other way too much and just can't help but show it! Do you have a boyfriend, Ms. Watson? What

kind of guy are you into? Whatever you do, don't go for someone like Matt over here! He's old, unfit, picky about food, ill-tempered, and even snores in his sleep... Even so, I just can't help but love him to death! I guess you could say we're simply meant for each other!"

Matthew and Clarissa then looked at each other passionately like they were the only ones at the table before continuing to flirt with each other, spiting Michelle so much that she left shortly after.

The moment Michelle left, Clarissa went silent for a while before taking a sip of water and smiling at Matthew. "All right, shall we head back now that we're finished with lunch?"

Matthew nodded, and the two left the restaurant.

Instead of driving off right after getting into the car, Matthew simply rested his elbow on the steering wheel and stared at Clarissa in amusement without saying a word.

At that moment, Clarissa felt his intense gaze and burned bright red when she realized how embarrassing her actions from earlier were.

Eventually, she couldn't stand it anymore and shielded her face with her purse. "What are you looking at, huh?"

Her voice sounded extremely shy and awkward coming from behind the purse, much to Matthew's delight.

Hearing that, he burst into laughter, which only made Clarissa blush even harder.

Matthew then reached over to pull her purse out of the way. Clarissa resisted for a bit, but he was too strong for her and managed to seize it from her with ease.

After that, he leaned in towards her and stared intensely at her reddened face.

Unable to handle his teasing, Clarissa shut her eyes to block out his face.

"You would've made an amazing actress, Clare."

Clarissa blushed even harder when she heard that.

"Clare? Hey, Clare... Clare..." Matthew kept calling out to her playfully.

Eventually, Clarissa couldn't take it anymore and pouted at him as she mumbled, "Will you cut that out, Uncle Matthew? I only did that for you, you know?"

"Yes, I know you did it for me."

Then stop teasing me like this, damn it! Clarissa rolled her eyes at him. "Well? What are you waiting for? Hurry up and drive us back to the office already!"

"Oh, we're in no hurry. I want to take a good, long look at you, Clare!"

"What's there to look at?"

"Everything about you, especially those interesting facial expressions of yours!"

"Shut up!"

"Hahaha..."

Matthew let out a chuckle and pinched her playfully on the cheek.

"Do it again, Clare."

"Do what?"

"Call me 'Hubby'."

Clarissa kept quiet as she couldn't bring herself to do it.

"Come on, say it again!"

"H-Hubby..." Clarissa practically forced the word out of her mouth.

However, Matthew wasn't happy about how unnatural it sounded and frowned at her. "No, Clare. I want you to say it the way you did earlier! Come on, do it!"

Clarissa shot him a fierce glare and retorted, "No!"

Hearing that, Matthew simply chuckled at her. "Okay, suit yourself. We can just sit here like this until you feel like saying it, then."

The two then sat there staring at each other without saying anything.

Naturally, Clarissa was the first to give in. "Hmph... We'll get going once I say it, right?"

"Yup!"

Clarissa went silent as she tried to recall her feelings from earlier, burning bright red and getting goosebumps in the process.

"H-Hubby..."

"Not good enough!"

"Hubby?"

"Not gentle enough!"

"Hubbyyy..."

"Nope!"

"Hubby!"

"Hey, you can do better than that!"

Clarissa took a deep breath and said it one final time, "Hubby..."

That perfectly captured the emotions from before, and Clarissa chuckled when she saw Matthew tense up again.

"Hahahaha... It's really weird, isn't it? Why would you make me say it if you can't stand it yourself? Anyway, are you satisfied now?"

"Yeah, I'm satisfied," Matthew replied.

In fact, I'm very satisfied!

His eyes were filled with lust when he looked at her, which was a perfectly normal reaction as the woman he loved had just called out to him so coquettishly.