

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 81 - 85

Clarissa tensed up as well when she heard what Yarick said.

She turned towards Matthew, hoping to read the look in his eyes. However, she couldn't make anything out of his cold, expressionless face.

"Yeah, what do you make of this, Uncle Matt? You're always spot on with your judgment about people, so why don't you tell us what you think? Who knows, maybe you can even recommend someone better for Clarissa after her breakup!"

"Ahem..."

Yarick choked on his own saliva when he heard that, but pursed his lips and kept quiet when he saw the others roll their eyes at him.

All Matthew did was shoot Clarissa a cold glance as he said, "Break up with him, then."

Everyone else went silent upon hearing that, all except Ellie, who patted Clarissa on the shoulder as she tried to comfort her.

"See? Even Uncle Matt agrees that you should just break up with that guy! Don't worry, I'm sure you'll find someone better! I'm sure Uncle Matt and Justin know some decent men they could recommend to you! The best way to forget about that guy is to embrace a new relationship!"

A look of sadness flashed across Clarissa's face, but it was quickly replaced by a cold and wry smile instead.

Ellie tried changing the topic to take her mind off it, but her bestie wasn't interested and continued downing drinks, one glass after another.

Realizing something was really off, Ellie decided to bring her home.

Clarissa was so drunk that she could barely stand, and she was mumbling something under her breath while Ellie struggled to hold her steady.

“Hey, you guys! Don’t just sit there! Give me a hand, will you?”

Yarick was the fastest to respond “Ah... No, I think I’ll pass...” He shook his head profusely.

Jeremy, on the other hand, simply smiled. “I don’t think it’s appropriate for us to do so.”

Justin nodded. “I agree. It would be disastrous if someone were to spot us and take pictures.”

Ellie frowned in annoyance and turned to Matthew instead.

“Uncle Matt, you’ll help me out, right?”

Before Matthew could respond, Clarissa stood up straight and said, “I can manage myself... I’ll be fine on my own...”

She then brushed Ellie off and staggered her way out the door.

Letting out a helpless sigh, the latter ran after her while the rest of them remained in the room.

“She’ll be fine with a little coaxing, Matt,” Jeremy said with a grin as he watched Matthew light up another cigarette.

“Jeremy is right. He’s the most experienced when it comes to these sort of things, so you should take his advice on this.” Justin chimed in. “Fights are normal between couples, but cold wars are a big no-no. You can either try to talk things out with her, or just coax her a little if that doesn’t work. The longer you leave it like this, the further you two will drift apart. It’s about time you change that stubborn behavior of yours, Matt.”

Yarick thought about saying something as well, but changed his mind in the last second.

Matthew simply puffed away on his cigarette in silence, seemingly in a bad mood.

Noticing that, the guys exchanged glances and stopped saying anything further.

Suddenly, a loud scream was heard outside. A string of curses followed, and two of the voices sounded really familiar.

They immediately rushed towards the direction of the voices, only to see three women scuffling in the corridor.

A closer inspection revealed that it was in fact a one-sided beating, with Clarissa sitting on top of Yvonne while Ellie helped hold her down from the side.

"You b*tch! This is what you get for insulting me and my mother! Seeing you make me sick!" Clarissa yelled as she violently tugged at Yvonne's hair.

Needless to say, she was also in pretty bad shape with her skirt all ripped and the scratch wounds on her thighs.

"What are you doing, Ellie? Let go of her!" Jeremy shouted as he pulled Ellie away.

The beating only stopped when Ellie yanked Clarissa off. Even then, she still tried to kick Yvonne as she was being dragged away.

It was truly a nasty sight to behold.

"Let me go! I'm not done with her! You b*tch, I'm gonna beat that pretty face of yours to a pulp! That's what you get for bullying me!" Clarissa continued cursing at Yvonne as she struggled to free herself from Ellie.

"Alright. That's enough, Clare! You've already beaten her. Let's go home and celebrate, okay?"

Ellie tried her best to talk her out of it, but Clarissa was dead set on continuing the beating.

It didn't take long before she struggled free. Matthew stepped forward immediately and held her tightly in his arms.

Clarissa looked up and froze when she saw the terrifying cold glare in his eyes.

Right as everyone thought she had finally calmed down, she lashed out once again.

"Ahh! Let go of me! Help me, Dad! There's a bad guy here trying to rape me!"

"Pfft... Hahahaha!"

Yarick burst into laughter upon hearing that. He quickly stopped himself when Jeremy kicked him in the shin.

Ellie noticed the angry look on Matthew's face and quickly spoke up, "Uncle Matt, maybe it's better if I hold her instead..."

"No! Don't you steal him from me!" Clarissa wrapped her arms tightly around Matthew suddenly, much to everyone's surprise.

Ellie scratched her head as she looked on in confusion.

That's weird... I remember Clarissa being the quiet type when she gets drunk. Why is she acting so crazy right now?

"Uh... How about I..."

Jeremy cut her off. "You go on ahead, Ellie. Your Uncle Matt will take care of Clary."

"Oh, alright..." Ellie nodded. Uncle Matt has always been cold towards women, so it should be safe to leave Clare with him.

Yvonne groaned in pain as she slowly got to her feet. She tried to chase after them, but was stopped by the restaurant staff.

It was obvious that they weren't on her side because none of them helped her when she was being beaten up earlier.

Frustrated and furious, Yvonne stormed back into her room. She saw Luke being occupied by two women, while her other friends simply laughed at her disheveled appearance and carried on with their meal.

"Luke!"

Yvonne walked up to him and shoved the women off him. "Look at what they've done to me! You've got to avenge me!"

Luke eyed her from head to toe and flashed her a mocking grin.

"Wow, who did this to you?"

Yvonne was about to say Clarissa's name, but stopped herself when she remembered he used to have a crush on the latter.

"It's just some random drunkard I encountered in the bathroom," she mumbled as she sat down, unwilling to say anything further.

Luke raised an eyebrow at her.

"Is that so?"

"Yeah. Stop staring at me already; I look like sh*t right now! Anyway, I'm going to head home."

Luke reached out and grabbed her by the wrist as she was about to leave. "I'll drive you."

Yvonne's eyes lit up with joy, and the two of them left Skylight Restaurant together.

That joy was short-lived, however, as driving her home was exactly all Luke did.

As she watched him speed off into the night, she could no longer contain the burning rage inside her any longer.

She entered her house and slapped Hilary hard across the face the moment she saw her.

"You b*tch!"

Zach got a little angry when he saw that. "What the hell has gotten into you, Yvonne? What happened this time?"

"Why don't you ask this b*tch of yours instead? Her crazy b*tch of a daughter hit me!"

"You mean Clary?"

"Who else could it be? You listen to me, Hilary! You'll pay for your daughter's doing!"

Hilary looked at Zach, who sighed as he wrapped an arm around her.

"Look, Clary's the one who did this to you. Don't you blame everything on Hilary. Now, sit down and tell us exactly what happened."

"What else do you think happened? I just happened to bump into that b*tch while she was being dumped by a guy, and she started hitting me like a crazy drunkard!"

"Dumped?" Hilary was shocked.

"Yeah! I bet he's the one who picked her up in a fancy car the other day! He's definitely married, too! I mean, there's no way he'd be interested in a bumpkin like her otherwise! I was having dinner with Luke at Skylight Restaurant, okay? Unless she's his mistress or something, there's no way Clarissa could possibly afford to dine there! Oh well, looks like her life of luxury is over now that he's dumped her! Heh, I guess even her pretty face wasn't of much use!"

As Yvonne didn't get to see how Matthew looked, she imagined him being a married, ugly creep. The mere thought of that amused her so much that she even let out a snicker.

"You know, I think it would've been better for your daughter to be with Patrick than some disgusting creep! Isn't that right, Dad?"

Seeing the frown on Zach's face, Hilary tried to calm him down. "Don't worry, I'll ask Clary about this. If she really is in the wrong, I will right it."

"Clary isn't a child anymore. We don't really have to concern ourselves with who she dates. Yvonne, did you not get to see who that man was?"

Yvonne recalled the incident from earlier and shook her head. "No, all I saw was his back."

It didn't take a genius to guess what Zach was thinking about. Yvonne caught on pretty fast and continued with a smile, "Why don't we just have her come over and then we can ask her ourselves?"

Zach nodded. "Yeah, you're right. Hilary, ask her to come back for dinner or something. She's been in D City for so long, it's about time we had a little family reunion."

"Okay."

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 82

Meanwhile, Clarissa began shouting like crazy again as Matthew carried her out of the restaurant.

"Help! Somebody, help! This man is trying to rape me! Help! Hey, let me go! I'm not finished with that b*tch! Let me at her! Let me at her, I said!"

This went on throughout the entire trip back to her apartment. It wasn't until Matthew tossed her onto her bed that she finally stopped.

Matthew tidied up his messy shirt as he stood by the side of the bed and admired the petite woman before him.

Her eyes were shut as she rubbed her rosy cheeks on the blanket. Her skirt rode up during the struggle earlier, revealing a pair of smooth and sexy thighs.

As Matthew turned around to leave the bedroom, Clarissa opened her eyes suddenly and began giggling at him.

He stopped in his tracks, turned around, only to see her flinging the rest of her clothes off and wrapping the blanket over her naked body. She then closed her eyes again and was fast asleep shortly after.

Matthew gritted his teeth. He took a deep breath as he took one last glance at her before quickly walking out of the room.

Instead of going back to his place, he spent the night on the sofa instead.

The next day, Clarissa woke up with a hangover. She struggled with all her might just to drag herself out of bed. She was rubbing her forehead and tried to recall what happened last night as she made her way out of the bedroom.

However, try as she might, she couldn't seem to remember anything after she got drunk. All she could think of was what Matthew said before she started downing those drinks.

He said, "Break up with him, then." Does that mean he wants to break up with me?

A sharp pain tore through her chest at the thought of that. It was so intense that it felt suffocating, and she found her reddened eyes tearing up as well.

So I was cold and rude to him this one time. Does he really have to go so far as to break up with me? Am I just overestimating my importance to him, or is he just that petty?

Ring! Ring! Ring!

The shrill noise of her phone's ringtone snapped her out of it. While looking for her phone, she saw a man's clothes on the sofa.

This belongs to Matthew! He probably left it behind after changing, which would mean... He stayed here with me last night?

Feeling a lot better, Clarissa reached for her phone and answered the call.

"Hey, Clary! It's Mom. Are you free anytime soon? Zach is thinking of inviting you over for dinner."

"No, I'm not going." Clarissa turned her down cold.

"Come on, it's just for dinner. What's there to be afraid of? Besides, you got into a fight with Yvonne last night, didn't you? She slapped me the moment she came home and said it was all because of you! Don't you think you should at least come apologize to her?"

Clarissa frowned. "A fight?"

Now that Mom has mentioned it, I think I remember a tiny bit of what happened... Did I really get into a fight with Yvonne?

"Look, just come over for dinner, okay? I'm definitely on your side so you don't have to be afraid. We can't just pretend to be strangers forever if you're going to settle down in D City, you know? By the way, Yvonne tells us you've been dumped. Who was that guy? Did he really dump you?"

"Do you seriously believe everything she says? I was just having dinner with my friends, okay? Geez, were you hoping for me to get dumped?"

“Just dinner with friends, huh?”

“That’s right.”

“Okay, then. Come by for dinner this Saturday evening.”

Hilary then hung up the phone before she could say anything. However, it wasn’t the family dinner that Clarissa was concerned about.

She picked up Matthew’s shirt from the sofa and clutched it tightly as she wondered what he was playing at.

Her eyes lit up with excitement when she got a call from Hector shortly after.

“Oh, no need to trouble yourself, Mr. Graham! I’ll meet you at Tyson Corporation instead! I’m really free right now, so I’ll be heading over right away!” she said before hanging up.

Hector burst out laughing in his office as he got off the phone. It’s clear as day what Ms. Quigley’s intentions are! Well, I guess it’s understandable, given how scary Mr. Tyson has been lately. Maybe I should give them a little push.

Clarissa arrived at Tyson Corporation shortly after, and Hector was in Matthew’s office at the time.

“Hector!” Matthew shouted at him angrily.

Hector, however, remained calm and formal in his reply. “Mr. Tyson, please keep in mind that my services don’t normally cover such trivial cases like that of Ms. Quigley’s. Since I’m doing this for your sake, I think you should also be kept up to date on its progress.”

“Get out!”

“The conference room outside is a little too big, Mr. Tyson. Your office will do just fine.”

Matthew frowned and was about to say something when they heard a knock on the door.

Hector smiled at Clarissa as she let herself in.

“Hello, Ms. Quigley.”

She flashed him a polite smile in return before shifting her gaze towards Matthew.

“Hi, Uncle Matthew!”

Her voice sounded both nervous and flirtatious at the same time.

Matthew simply cleared his throat awkwardly in response, much to Hector’s amusement, as he watched from the side.

“Have a seat, Ms. Quigley. This is the proposed compensation from Twilight Company. They’ve agreed to all the requests so far. Is there anything else you would like to add on?”

Clarissa wasn’t in the mood for that to begin with, so she simply skimmed through the proposal and nodded readily.

“No, that’ll be all. Thank you very much for your help, Mr. Graham.”

“You give me too much credit, Ms. Quigley. I’m simply following Mr. Tyson’s orders. You should thank him instead. Well then, I shall be on my way now.”

With that, Hector quickly left the office to give the two sometime alone.

Matthew had been keeping his head low the whole time while going through the files in his hand.

Although he paid no attention to Clarissa, she wasn’t complaining because he hadn’t kicked her out either.

After sitting there for about an hour in complete silence, she was feeling uncomfortable from the awkward tension.

It’s crazy how Matthew is usually as cold as ice, and yet unbelievably wild in bed.

As the awkwardness continued to rise, Clarissa started to fidget uncomfortably in her seat.

Matthew was actually observing her from the corner of his eye periodically. He frowned when he saw her squirming about like a worm.

“Why are you still here?” he asked.

Clarissa stood up immediately upon hearing that. However, instead of leaving, she walked right up to his desk and slammed her palms on it.

Wham!

She then leaned over slightly and stared down at him, only to shrink back nervously when he looked up at her.

“Ah... There goes my hand acting on its own again...”

Matthew raised an eyebrow at her. “When do they not?”

“Uh... Sometimes, I guess...”

Clarissa felt incredibly uncomfortable with his icy glare and decided to muster up her courage to break out of the deadlock.

“I’m sorry for being rude to you that day, Uncle Matthew. I know you were worried about me. I promise I won’t do it again! You can do whatever you want to me, just please don’t be mad at me.”

When she got no response from Matthew, Clarissa made her way around his desk and leaned in close as she stood directly in front of him.

They were so close that they could feel each other’s breaths on their faces. Matthew saw her eyelids fluttering nervously as she pouted her rosy lips which were just an inch away from his.

“Come on, Matthew... Don’t be mad, okay?”

She had never spoken in such a coquettish manner before, so her voice was quivering really hard.

“Well? Say something!”

Clarissa got incredibly anxious when she still received no response from Matthew. Why isn't he responding? Is he doing this on purpose?

In a desperate attempt, she grabbed hold of his head and kissed him on the lips. However, that still wasn't enough to get a reaction out of him.

Fine, I'll crank things up, then! See if you can resist this!

She then took the kiss a step further by climbing onto his lap and hugging him tightly.

That seemed to do the trick. Matthew wasn't one to refuse a woman throwing herself at him.

With a swift motion, he pulled her in tight and kissed her back aggressively, raising the temperature in the room instantly with his burning passion.

His kiss was so deep and forceful that Clarissa had to hammer on his shoulder to stop herself from suffocating.

She then rested her head on his chest as she panted heavily. While neither of them spoke, she had a faint but sly grin on her face.

Heh, I guess going on the offensive can be pretty effective sometimes.

That smile was soon wiped off her face when he pushed her off him and went back to his usual cold self again.

"Leave."

"Huh?"

Seriously? He's still going to kick me out after all that? Is he... still mad at me or not?

Clarissa frowned as she stared long and hard at his face, trying to figure out what he was thinking.

"What, you want to keep going?" Matthew asked.

Clarissa shook her head profusely in response and grabbed her handbag.

Still a little confused by his reaction, she took another glance at him as she stood by the door. Where'd all that burning passion of his go? What's the meaning of this?

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 83

While taking the elevator down to her floor, Clarissa couldn't help but think about what had just happened.

I can't believe he actually told me to leave just like that, especially after that kiss we shared! Oh, well... I suppose it is inappropriate for us to bring our personal relationship to work, so confronting him about it will have to wait...

She was so absorbed in her train of thoughts that she didn't even notice the elevator door opening.

It wasn't until someone stepped inside that she snapped out of it, but it was already too late.

That person who came in was Amanda, and she was shocked to see Clarissa at the office.

"What are you doing here? I thought you were fired!"

Clarissa ignored her and patiently waited for the elevator to go down, but Amanda wasn't about to let it go that easily.

"Where are you going, Clarissa? I'm about to head out on an errand. How about I give you a lift? Also, what were you doing here? Are you planning on coming back to work?"

Clarissa lacked of interest only piqued Amanda's curiosity even further.

Judging by her outfit and makeup, it's obvious that she put in a lot of effort into touching up her appearance before coming over.

"You came from upstairs, didn't you? Which department were you in? Do you have friends in other departments? If so, who are they? I might just know them too," Amanda asked with a smirk.

"I don't feel comfortable having this conversation with you."

At that moment, the elevator door opened, and Clarissa quickly walked out after saying that.

"Huh? Wait up! Clarissa, is there some sort of misunderstanding between us? I know we're not colleagues anymore, but we can still be friends, right?"

Amanda followed Clarissa all the way out of the office building, the smile on her face suggesting that she wouldn't stop until she got what she wanted.

Having no other choice, Clarissa confronted her directly, "What do you want?"

She simply couldn't understand why Amanda wouldn't let her go even though she was no longer working in the company.

"I just wanted to be your friend, that's all. Come on, you know I mean you no harm."

"Well, I don't want to be your friend," Clarissa rejected her coldly.

"Heh... You shouldn't say that, Clarissa."

Amanda walked up to her and stood in her path as she continued, "You may not know this, but I really can help get you back into the company if you want."

Trying to bait me, are you?

"I don't want to go back."

"That's fine. We can still be friends. I assure you, you won't regret it."

Unable to determine her intentions, Clarissa didn't want to waste any more time and energy on Amanda.

She quickly stepped past her, hailed an incoming taxi, and left the scene.

"That b*tch!" Amanda muttered angrily under her breath as she stood there.

Instead of heading home, Clarissa made a trip to the nearby supermarket and bought some ingredients.

Matthew still seems a little angry... Maybe he needs some coaxing too? Pfft, as if a man like him would ever need coaxing! He probably just needs more time, that's all!

Clarissa gave Matthew a video call when it was almost time to get off work.

She had even gone through the trouble of reapplying her makeup and dressing up just so she could look her best.

The call got through a few seconds later. She flashed him her sweetest and brightest smile.

"I'm about to make dinner soon, Uncle Matthew! What time will you be home?"

Matthew stared intensely at her through the screen of his phone. She was wearing an open shoulder top that revealed her collarbones and flawless shoulders.

Why is she wearing that if she's just going to make dinner?

There was a look of burning desire in his eyes, but it was gone in a flash as he returned to his usual icy-cold self again.

"Hmm, I'm not sure."

"Huh?"

Clarissa was a little disappointed, but maintained her smile anyway. "No worries, I'll wait for you! Hurry up and finish your work, okay? Bye-bye now!"

She then hung up on him and let out a sigh before heading off to get changed.

Looks like I'll have no choice but to wait for him, then...

After ending the video call, Matthew lowered his gaze and thought about it.

Donnie was standing in front of him and waiting for his reply, although he already had an idea what it would be.

“Cancel the dinner appointment tonight.”

It was as he had expected.

“Very well, Mr. Tyson.”

However, right as Donnie was about to leave his office, Matthew changed his mind once again.

“Actually... Never mind, I’ll go,” he said while reaching for his coat.

So he’s still going to give her the cold shoulder.

Clarissa was done making dinner by seven and had been waiting for him at the dining table since then.

Despite her painful hunger, she was determined to not touch the food until he came back.

At around ten, she checked her phone again and let out a huge sigh when she saw no message from him.

Eventually, she gave up on waiting. She left the food on the table and she went to bed.

The next morning, Clarissa heard a noise from outside. She bolted out of her bedroom, only to see the front door being closed.

She then ran out the door and sprinted towards Matthew, who was waiting for the elevator, reaching him right as the elevator doors opened.

“You’re not going anywhere!” Clarissa shouted with her arms outstretched while standing in his path.

Matthew frowned as he eyed her pajamas and bare feet.

“Get back inside!” he ordered coldly.

"No! Neither of us is going anywhere until you explain yourself!"

What the hell is with this attitude? Was my apology and kiss for nothing?

"What's the meaning of this, Matthew? Are you still mad at me? I'll do anything. Just tell me what it is that you're still unhappy about!"

He ignored her question and simply stared her down with his icy-distant gaze.

Refusing to back down, Clarissa bit her lip and stared back at him stubbornly.

"Go put your shoes on."

"No!"

That was when she felt a chill from the tiles beneath her feet and realized she wasn't wearing any shoes.

"Clarissa!"

Matthew was getting angry, but that didn't seem to deter her one bit.

"You care about me, don't you? Stop being mad at me, okay?"

She took a step forward and attempted to hug him, only to claw at air as he took a step back.

Clarissa frowned before lunging at him again. This time, she had committed to her lunge and managed to wrap her arms tightly around his waist.

Matthew tried to pry her off him, but her grip was simply too strong.

Heh, there's no escape for him now!

Clarissa let out a gleeful smile. "Uncle Matthew, can we have that talk now?"

Matthew kept quiet and simply carried her back into the house. He was about to toss her onto the sofa when she quickly wrapped her legs tightly around him as if she was clinging to him for dear life.

“Get off me!”

“No! You’ll leave if I do!”

Matthew stared at Clarissa’s pretty face, his eyes slowly filling up with lust and desire.

Clarissa felt her alarm bells ringing when she noticed the change in his gaze. “On second thought, maybe I’ll get down...”

“Too late!”

Matthew then held her down on the sofa and kissed her aggressively on the lips.

Clarissa trembled in fear and tried to resist, but he had her hands pinned down with their fingers interlocked.

All she could manage were muffled grunts as he ran his hands all over her body. She tensed up as they were about to touch her crotch, which prompted him to stop what he was doing.

Her heart was beating like a machine gun, and her eyes were filled with fear.

Noticing that, Matthew released his grip on her. He closed his eyes as he sat down beside her.

“I-It’s not that I’m not willing to... I... I’m just not yet ready for it...” Clarissa said nervously as she pulled the hem of her nightgown back down.

As Matthew stood up, she instinctively wrapped her arms around his waist again.

“Please don’t be mad at me, Uncle Matthew!”

Her voice sounded really mellow. Although unintentional, the way she pressed her body tightly against his only fueled his sexual urges even further.

It took Matthew every bit of willpower he could muster to resist the temptation to take her right then and there.

“What do you think you did wrong?”

“You went to see me out of concern, but I didn’t know better and was rude to you.”

“Wrong!”

“Huh?” Clarissa was surprised. “Then what is it? Why are you so mad at me?”

“Figure it out yourself!” he shouted as he shoved her off.

Clarissa grabbed him by the wrist when he stood up to leave.

“Please don’t go... I’m not smart enough to figure out what you’re mad about, so please just tell me, okay?”

Matthew raised an eyebrow at her. “No.”

Clarissa pouted and climbed onto his back.

“I’m not coming down unless you tell me!”

“Hmph... Fine, you can stay on my back while I get to work, then.”

We’ll see who gives in first!

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 84

Clarissa ended up giving in before they even left the house.

“Alright, alright... I’ll get down.”

She then slowly slid down his back, hugging him tightly as she did so he could clearly feel the curves of her body.

Matthew clenched his teeth. This woman must be doing it on purpose!

She tried to play it off with an innocent smile when he turned around, but the blush on her cheeks gave her away.

Feeling uncomfortable with his penetrating gaze, Clarissa tried to distract herself by asking, "Come on, tell me. What are you mad about, Uncle Matthew?"

The look in his eyes grew cold upon hearing that, and she felt that change instantly.

He's not mad again, is he?

Matthew pursed his lips and was about to say something when his phone rang.

It was Donnie calling to inform him he had already arrived and was waiting downstairs.

Matthew hung up on him and stepped forward, lifting Clarissa's chin as he leaned in closer.

"Think about it Tell me when I get back tonight."

With that, he walked out of the house while Clarissa slumped against the sofa with a deep frown on her face.

"Was it because I left without saying goodbye?"

She made him dinner again that night. This time, Matthew didn't stand her up.

As he came in through the door, Clarissa ran up to him with her apron on like a typical housewife.

"Welcome home!" she said with a smile while hanging up his coat.

She then followed him into his room and stood there while he changed, much to his amusement.

Her eyes were filled with curiosity and admiration as she watched him undo his shirt buttons with his long and slender fingers.

Man, those fingers look so good... I never knew a man could look this hot unbuttoning his shirt!

She snapped out of her trance when he suddenly stopped and walked up to her.

“You want to help me change or what?”

“Huh?”

Realizing what she was doing, Clarissa quickly bolted out of the bedroom and made her way into the kitchen.

She then gave herself a few pats on the cheek to clear her head before serving up the food at the table.

It had been a long time since they sat down at the table like this. She found herself spacing out a lot while eating.

After dinner, Clarissa cautiously approached him and sat down beside him.

“Are you mad at me for leaving without saying goodbye?”

Matthew turned towards her and looked her in the eye, prompting her to explain herself nervously.

“I forgot to tell you at the time because I felt so terrible. I just wanted to go home so badly...”

Matthew lit a cigarette quietly, the smoke forming a veil of mystery around his face.

“You have no idea how much fear and panic I was in at the time! I never thought they’d do that to me, and it made me lose my faith in humanity. Even now, I’m still traumatized by it... How could they say such nasty things to me? I don’t even know them, and yet they...”

After rambling about her feelings back then, she was feeling uneasy when she saw no change in his facial expression.

"I... You..."

She didn't know what else to say anymore. Does this man have no sense of sympathy at all?

"Clarissa, that's not the reason I'm mad at you."

"What is it, then?"

"What am I to you?"

"Um... My boyfriend, I guess?"

"Do you mean that?"

Clarissa nodded profusely. "Of course I do!"

"Do you care about me, then?"

"Yes."

"No, you don't!"

Matthew snorted and let out a wry smile.

"To you, I'm just a nobody! Big, strong Clarissa doesn't need anybody, right? You can handle everything all by yourself, and shrug off whatever disappointment and harm that comes your way! Isn't that right?"

Clarissa kept quiet and waited for him to continue, but Matthew simply put out his cigarette and stared at her in silence.

I... I never expected the reason to be something like this...

She opened her mouth, but the words seemed to be stuck in her throat. The surprised look in her eyes gradually turned calm.

Feeling somewhat frustrated at not getting the answer and reaction that he wanted, Matthew upped and leave before losing his temper again.

"Don't go..." Clarissa called out to him.

It was a whisper. Nevertheless, Matthew heard her.

He turned around and saw her smiling, but her eyes were filled with tears.

"I really didn't want to cry like this, but... I couldn't hold it in any longer... Y-You won't laugh at me, right?"

He frowned as he watched her tears roll down her cheeks and fall to the floor.

Every tear she shed was a stab in his heart; it made him very uncomfortable.

After a long pause, he walked up to her and pulled her into a comforting embrace.

"Why are you crying?"

Although he sounded a little annoyed, he was stroking her back and her hair.

"It's all because of you... You made me cry!" she said, playfully blaming it all on him.

"Oh, so it's my fault now..." Matthew mumbled as he wiped her tears with his finger.

Clarissa ignored him.

She tightened her hug as she whispered in his ear, "Mom abandoned me after Dad died. I've hardly ever cried since then. Well, okay, I have cried happy tears, but rarely sad ones. I cried when I was attacked online, but I did it in secret so as to not make Grandma sad. The reason I kept my pain and sadness to myself is because I know crying wouldn't solve my problems. People aren't just going to magically appear and take care of things, you see. Besides, Grandma's really old now. I don't want her worrying about me."

"So?"

Despite what he said, Matthew understood the reason behind her tears.

Clarissa looked up and met his gaze with her reddened eyes.

"If you don't mind how ugly I look when I cry, I'll come crying to you whenever I feel the need to. It'll take me some time to get used to it though... Will that be okay?"

Of course, she wasn't just talking about crying.

She meant having a man in her life who would allow her to cry in the comfort of his embrace and be a part of each other's lives. Now that she had found one, she realized how difficult it was for her to get used to it, let alone allow Matthew into her life completely.

She needed time. Most of all, she needed his patience and understanding.

Matthew caressed her cheek with his thumb. "Can I refuse?"

"Nope!"

Amused by her response, he leaned in and kissed her on the lips.

"I'll punish you if you do that again, you hear?"

"Y-Yes, sir!"

It wasn't the first time he had threatened her, so it didn't seem to scare her that much anymore.

Unaware of the fact that he always kept his word, Clarissa let her guard down and flashed him a sweet smile.

"So, we're good again?"

Matthew reached out and held her by the chin. "Yesterday in my office, you said you'd let me do anything I want with you, right?" he asked with an eyebrow raised.

Clarissa's eyes darted around nervously.

"I don't think so... Maybe you've misheard me?"

"Oh, is that so?" Matthew broke into a menacing grin.

“Uh... L-Let’s talk things out, Uncle Matthew! You just promised to give me time, remember? Same goes for punishments! You can’t expect me to just keep up with your pace...”

Matthew let out a chuckle. “That’s fine. You can take your time in getting used to it. Now then, let’s get you started with a little appetizer...”

“Ah! No!”

“You don’t get to say no!”

He carried her into the bedroom and carried out the first phase of her “acclimatization”.

A few hours later, Clarissa had regret written all over her face as she lay weakly in his arms, completely exhausted.

She wasn’t one to shy away from sex scenes in her novels, but she had always been vague about them as she preferred to leave the details to the readers’ imagination instead.

She thought she knew everything about sex, at least until Matthew proved her completely wrong with all the crazy moves he had.

He kissed her on the shoulder and ran his hand through her hair as he asked, “So, how do you feel about it so far? Getting used to it yet?”

“Could you please not ask me that?”

Matthew let out a chuckle, his deep voice sounding extraordinarily sexy in bed. “Nope!”

“Well, I have the right to not answer!”

“How will I know if you like it or not, then? Well, judging by the look on your face, I’d say you did. Still, we could try out new positions next time. I’m sure we’ll find something you like!”

Clarissa shot him a defiant glare in response, but succumbed to the charm of his alluring eyes.

Eventually, she gave in and covered her eyes with her hands as she said, “Hmph! Fine, I’m not afraid of you!”

Just you wait, Matthew... Once I get better at this, you'll be the one begging me for mercy!

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 85

On Saturday night, Clarissa went over to the Garretts for dinner.

Hilary had everything prepared for her arrival. Even Yvonne stayed home that night. Not that her attitude towards Clarissa was any friendly, though.

Clarissa brought them some gifts, and they exchanged some pleasantries out of courtesy before sitting down at the dinner table.

"So, where have you been working lately, Clary? Do you need any help with work? Maybe I could get you an easier job at my company instead?"

"That won't be necessary, Zach. I have a job."

"At Tyson Corporation?"

Clarissa shook her head. "No, I'm just writing a book at the moment."

"I see... Well, I'd say that job suits your quiet personality very well!"

Yvonne let out a sneer right after hearing that.

"That sounds nice and all, but does it earn you enough to make a living?"

Clarissa ignored her and took a sip of her tea before turning towards Hilary. "Mom, when's Jonathan coming home?"

"Next month. He'll be staying here for a while before heading back overseas."

"Got it."

If there was anything Yvonne hated the most in life, it was being ignored, especially by someone like Clarissa.

“What the hell, Clarissa? Did you not hear what I said?” She raised her voice as she questioned her.

Zach shot his daughter a fierce glare to remind her they had invited Clarissa over to repair their relationship, not ruin it further.

Having been warned by her father, Yvonne let out an angry snort and kept quiet.

Zach then motioned at Hilary to ask her the question.

“By the way, Clary, do you have a boyfriend? Don’t get me wrong, though. Zach and I are only asking you this because we care about you,” Hilary asked with a smile.

Clarissa nodded. “I understand, but I don’t have one at the moment.”

I’m not about to tell them about Matthew!

“You don’t? Then what about the guy from... Actually, never mind.”

“Heh... You mean you’ve been dumped is more like it!”

“Hey! Watch your mouth, Yvonne!”

As if she had suddenly remembered something, Yvonne broke into a friendly smile as she continued, “Well, if you don’t have a boyfriend... how about I introduce you to some guys, then? Since you’re planning on settling down here in D City, you should spend some time expanding your connections in the entertainment industry. While I can’t guarantee you’ll find yourself an amazing guy, you’ll at least be able to marry someone rich! What do you think?”

“Your sister is right, Clary. She can help get you familiarized with the social circles in D City, and that’ll benefit you greatly in the future!” Zach said with a smile.

Clarissa was about to protest, but held her tongue when she felt Hilary squeeze her hand under the table.

After a brief pause, she nodded. “Alright, I will... Thanks.”

"Oh, by the way, Yvonne said you attended a banquet some time ago. Are you acquainted with Ms. Tyson?" Zach asked.

Clarissa tensed up upon hearing that. "Yes, we were classmates."

"That's great! It's always good to have more friends! Perhaps you could bring Yvonne along the next time you meet up with Ms. Tyson? Young people of your age should socialize more, after all!"

Clarissa chuckled to herself. Of course... I shouldn't be surprised that they'd set their sights on Ellie too...

"As you know, the Tysons are no ordinary family. This classmate of mine is a very proud and arrogant person, and even I have to be really careful with how I carry myself around her. Besides, I don't really contact her that often, so... Well, you get what I mean."

Naturally, Yvonne was the most displeased by her rejection.

"Hmph! I think you're full of crap! There's no way Ms. Tyson would ever see you as a friend!"

"Now, now, Yvonne... I think we should let Clary spend some time alone with her mother."

Zach then led Yvonne out of there while Hilary brought Clarissa into her room to have a private conversation.

"You understand what they mean, don't you, Clary?"

Clarissa flashed her a sarcastic smile in response. "I'm sure you do as well, so why would you make me come see them? Yvonne looks down on me, and Zach only wants to use me! How could I possibly treat such people as family, Mom? In fact, why'd you even bother persuading me into coming tonight when you already know my stance on this?"

Hilary thought about it for a moment and nodded. "Well, I just want you to know that I'm still on your side, Clary. Jonathan and I can only truly count on you. If you really are on good terms with Ms. Tyson, I want you to do what you can to keep it that way and just forget about Yvonne, okay?"

"Okay."

“Right... By the way, I know I’ve told you this countless times, but you really have to focus on finding yourself a good man.”

Clarissa didn’t even bother arguing as they would always think they know what was best for her.

After spending a long and boring night with people she hated, Clarissa was missing Matthew. She called him the moment she stepped out of the house.

Matthew was having a chat with his father and brother at Tyson residence at the time.

Matthias shifted his gaze towards Matthew when his phone rang. But it didn’t seem to bother him as he simply stepped aside and answered the call, only to have his eardrums assaulted by Clarissa’s passionate and energetic voice.

“Hi, Uncle Matthew! Have you eaten? If yes, what did you eat? Are you at home right now? How was your day?”

She bombarded him with many questions, but left out the most important one of all.

“Aren’t you forgetting something?” Matthew asked with a smirk.

Clarissa pouted, her cheeks burning bright red as she figured out what he meant.

However, Matthew cut her off before she could say it. “Did you miss me?”

Clarissa let out a shy giggle.

“Yup! I sure did!” she said after a brief pause.

“Hehe...” Matthew chuckled gleefully.

“You... What are you laughing at? Stop laughing! Hmph... A-Anyway, I’m on my way home now!” Clarissa shouted in embarrassment.

“On your way home? Are you in a cab right now?”

“Yup!”

“Okay, I want you to turn on your camera and stay on the call.”

“No way! It’ll use up my entire quota for the month if I did! Mobile data doesn’t come cheap, you know? We’ll just talk on the phone like this!”

Matthew pursed his lips in confusion. What quota? What mobile data? What on earth is she on about?

When she heard no response from him, Clarissa assumed he was mad at her again.

Ugh... This guy doesn’t take no for an answer, does he...

“Isn’t it better to just talk like this? Aren’t you afraid of your family members seeing me?”

“Nope!”

“Well, I am. We’ve only just started dating, so I don’t want them shoving money in my face to leave you! Okay, I’ll admit, I was kind of looking forward to such an experience though. Hehe...”

“How much do you want?”

“You... Are you seriously paying me to break up with you?”

Matthew went silent, and Clarissa knew she must’ve angered him.

“U-Uncle Matthew? I-I was just kidding! Hehe... Come on, don’t be mad! You know I would never leave you even if you paid me to!”

Clarissa didn’t dare say any further for fear of making a mistake and end up angering him even more.

Matthew’s tone grew cold as he let out a sinister chuckle. “You know, Clarissa... If we really were to break up, you wouldn’t get a single cent out of it!”

“Oh, my god, Matthew! You can’t seriously be that cheap! Shouldn’t you at least offer me some form of compensation for breaking up?”

Isn't that how they do it in the movies? Rich and powerful men like him would toss a check in your face and tell you to get lost or something, right?

"Compensation? Ha, dream on!"

Clarissa pouted at him. "How stingy!"

"You said it yourself, Clare. I'm a petty person. You should be more worried about what would happen to you if we were to break up."

Clarissa felt a shiver down her spine when she heard that.

Is it just me, or did that actually sound dangerous and terrifying?

"Uh... How about we change the topic? Did you know that I'm no longer working in Tyson Corporation?" she asked with a nervous chuckle.

"You want to go back?"

"No, I just thought I'd let you know, that's all."

"Are you implying that you're going back to Zen Highlands, then?"

"Not at all. Why?"

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely!"

Matthew let out a smile when he heard that.

Clarissa felt relieved when she saw her residential area come into view. "A-Anyway, I've just arrived at my apartment! I'll talk to you later."

"No, I'll head over right away."

"But you're having a family reunion, right? I don't think it's a good idea to just leave like that... Also, it's really late now."

“Yes, I know it’s really late. That’s what makes it perfect.”

Clarissa blushed. “I... I don’t know what you’re talking about! Bye!”

With a gleeful smile on his face, Matthew put his phone back into his pocket and left the house after excusing himself.

After taking a shower, Clarissa was lazing about on the sofa and laughing away at a comedy show on her tablet.

Suddenly, she heard the door opened and jumped to her feet, only to see Matthew letting himself into the house.

Her face burned bright red instantly as she was only wearing a spaghetti strap tank top and shorts.

Oh, sh*t! I didn’t think he’d actually come! This is bad... He’s probably going to think I put this on for him or something!