

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

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The way Justin regarded Clarissa highly raised suspicions from people working in the studio.

Didn't a girl from the studio got fired because of spouting nonsense online about Clarissa?

Not only did Justin stand up for Clarissa by making an official statement online, but he also appointed her as a screenwriter. Even Ms. Mayer, who had collaborated with Justin for years, was only an assistant in this project. Besides, Justin accompanied Clarissa through all the briefing sessions. It would be hard not to suspect that something was going on between them.

Not to mention that Clarissa was young and beautiful.

Despite all the speculations, no one dared to comment about them because Clarissa might become Justin's girlfriend in the future. Hence, it would be wiser to treat her nicely.

Meanwhile, after Shermaine got the news from a friend while filming at a film studio, she tossed her phone aside in a fit of anger.

Lizzie sighed, wondering who angered Shermaine again.

"What's going on? Didn't you say that Director Yates is going to film a new movie? Have you called him?"

Thanks to Justin, Shermaine won several international acting awards.

Shermaine could definitely give a try at Justin's new movie given that she had acted in a few of his movies.

As the news went viral within the industry, Lizzie thought that it would be easier for Shermaine to star in Justin's new movie because they were acquaintances.

After all, it had been years since Shermaine starred in a movie. Due to her lack of notable performances, she had to get the main role in Justin's new movie.

Sulking, Shermaine did not answer Lizzie's question.

After a while, she asked, "How long more till this shooting ends?"

Lizzie gave her assistant a knowing glance. "It will end in one week," the assistant replied.

"Tell the director to speed up. I have to finish filming as soon as possible. Quick!"

The assistant waited for Lizzie's acknowledgment before notifying the director about Shermaine's request.

"There's only a few days left, Shermaine. Is something wrong?"

"Clarissa is the screenwriter for Justin's movie."

Lizzie was aware. Shermaine bullied Clarissa in the past, but in the end, she was thriving better than her.

However, Lizzie didn't think that was the reason that Shermaine was angry.

Indeed, Shermaine continued, "That woman. I can't believe she has gotten into Justin's good books. Now that Justin treats her so well, everyone is saying that she's Justin's lover."

"What?"

Lizzie was surprised.

"Oh... is she going to put you in a difficult position?"

Shermaine scoffed, "Clarissa Quigley? So what if she's Justin's lover? I will get rid of her if that's what I want."

It was obvious that Shermaine was very unhappy even if she didn't want to admit it.

After all, she saw Clarissa as a nobody who wouldn't survive long in the industry. Shermaine didn't take Clarissa out completely because she thought that she was pathetic.

However, she did not expect Clarissa to make her way up to the top so quickly. Besides becoming Justin's lover, she was also involved in movie productions. How could Shermaine not feel angry at Clarissa when she was doted on by Justin?

There were always women surrounding Justin since he was in the showbiz industry for such a long time, but this was the first time he treated a woman so well.

Shermaine wasn't targeting Clarissa specifically. It was just that she couldn't allow anyone to be better than her on the set.

Before this, Shermaine was confident that she would become the lead actress in Justin's movie. How could she watch Clarissa being supported by everyone in the crew and do nothing about it? She was already very jealous of Clarissa's beauty.

Shermaine's expression darkened as she pondered over her next move.

Meanwhile, Clarissa exited the office with Justin and his team.

"Are you coming with us tonight, Clarissa? It is Director Yates' treat!"

Ms. Mayer and Justin were old friends. She didn't gossip behind their back like the others because she knew exactly what their relationship was.

However, Ms. Mayer thought of matchmaking Justin and Clarissa because she didn't know that Clarissa already had someone else.

That was the reason she invited Clarissa to every gathering.

Smiling, Clarissa was about to answer Ms. Mayer when Justin blurted, "Save your invitation for the next time."

Following Justin's gaze, Clarissa beamed at a car not far away from them.

Her eyes shone with happiness as she blushed shyly. Clearly, she was in love with the person in the car.

Ms. Mayer raised her eyebrows as she watched Clarissa running toward the car. It was only till halfway that Clarissa remembered that she hadn't said a proper goodbye to her colleagues. After waving to them, she opened the car door and got into it.

Justin couldn't help but chuckle, "Romance over friendship."

Everyone thought Justin was referring to Clarissa, but he was actually talking about Matthew.

Matthew didn't even bother to greet his friend when he picked up his girlfriend. He was definitely someone who would ditch his buddies for a woman.

Everyone looked at each other, completely stumped. Did they guess wrongly?

Nonetheless, Clarissa knew nothing about what was going on in their minds.

Before she got to speak a word on the car, Matthew had already cupped the back of her head and sealed her lips with his. The long and passionate kiss rendered her breathless and dizzy.

Clarissa instantly felt more at ease as she huddled close to Matthew and breathed in his familiar scent.

Matthew stroked her hair and kissed her on the head gently before asking in his low voice, "Do you miss me?"

Clarissa stifled a smile. Nudging Matthew on his chest with her forehead, she replied, "Of course. Are you happy to hear that?"

"Are you brushing me off?"

"No..."

Clarissa lowered her eyes and explained softly, "I... I'm still not used to you sweet talking to me."

Matthew had only been gone on a business trip for a few days, but Clarissa felt a little embarrassed.

He lifted her chin and forced her to look into his mysterious eyes. As he edged closer to her, he said, "Get used to it then."

Matthew kissed her again.

Clarissa chided Matthew secretly in her heart. She just wasn't accustomed to him flirting with her, but not the kissing part.

She didn't need to get used to his kiss because she already had.

After another passionate kiss, they went back to Zen Highlands.

After dinner, Clarissa couldn't do anything else because she was locked tightly in Matthew's embrace.

She started talking to him about her recent achievements at work. As she rambled on about Justin with admiration and gratitude for taking care of her, Matthew started to get jealous.

Now all she wants to talk about is Justin?

"Director Yates taught me how to..."

Before Clarissa could finish, she was shoved backward by Matthew. At the same time, he bent down and leaned toward her. Clarissa was in a vulnerable position.

Unable to comprehend why Matthew suddenly became rough toward her, she asked carefully, "What... What is it?"

Matthew narrowed his eyes and brushed his straight nose against Clarissa's cheek as he closed in on her. They were in such proximity that their lips almost touched.

Clarissa looked away when she felt her cheeks flush.

"What's wrong?"

"Do you like Justin that much?"

It took Clarissa a moment to realize that Matthew was jealous.

Stifling a laugh, she pursed her lips and looked into Matthew's dimmed eyes.

"Yes, I... Mmm..."

Clarissa couldn't talk because Matthew kissed her again. She was finally freed from him after shoving him with all her might. "Why are you being jealous? I'm just admiring Director Yates and respecting him as a senior."

With one hand still on Clarissa's back, Matthew asked, "Don't you admire or respect me?"

"What? Admire you and respect you?" Clarissa couldn't help chuckling, "I used to admire and respect you in the past, but you are the one who wasted away my respect for you, Uncle Matthew."

Clarissa emphasized the word "uncle" deliberately.

What a shameless man. You are not worth my admiration and respect!

Matthew didn't say anything for a while, but then he suddenly nodded approvingly.

"Indeed."

Amused, Clarissa suppressed a smile and patted Matthew on his chest.

"Don't ask for what you can't handle, alright?"

Matthew laughed out loud upon seeing Clarissa being pleased with herself.

Grabbing her hand, he scooped her up with both his hands and headed upstairs.

Clarissa hurriedly protested, "I'm not tired and I don't want to go upstairs. I still have work to do!"

Matthew retaliated smilingly, "Since I don't have your admiration and respect, I need something else from you. You've forgotten that I'm a businessman again, Clare. I will never strike a deal that doesn't benefit me."

Cursing silently in her heart, Clarissa retorted, "I'm not one of your businesses. I'm a human being and I have human rights! I have the right to ask you to let go of me, and I have the right not to sleep with you."

"I never said I wanted you to sleep with me," Matthew said slyly.

Clarissa was speechless. She stared wide-eyed at Matthew as her face flushed from embarrassment.

"Matthew Tyson, can you show some abstinence? I like you better when you're cold and mysterious."

Matthew laughed, "Likewise. I like you better when you're lying in the bathtub with your whole body drenched, looking innocent and seductive at the same time."

Clarissa was infuriated. "I told you that I didn't do it on purpose. It was just a coincidence! I was framed! You have to forget about it!"

Matthew would never agree to it.

After opening the bedroom door and carrying Clarissa in, he kicked the door shut and pressed himself on top of her on the bed.

He grinned wickedly when she resisted.

Turning on his side, he placed a finger on her chest and teased, "Change another image then. For example, you can wrap yourself in a towel before me... Mmm..."

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Clarissa placed her hand on Matthew's mouth to stop him from speaking and making her flustered.

Pressing on top of him, she rejected his teasing in a serious tone, "I'm going to get very, very angry if you continue acting like this."

Matthew's expression softened as he held Clarissa's hand.

Staring attentively at Clarissa's face, he smiled and said, "But that's the truth."

The corner of Clarissa's lips twitched. After scoffing at Matthew, she turned her back on him.

Wait. Why am I arguing with him on the bed?

Before Clarissa could even get out of bed, she was pulled back by Matthew.

As she let out a cry, Matthew pressed himself on top of her and kissed her again.

This time, he stopped talking and started doing what he was planning to do in the first place.

Clarissa didn't go to Justin Yates Studio the next morning because she was ordered by Matthew to rest in Zen Highlands.

That included not mentioning Justin every now and then.

Clarissa found Matthew funny, but she obeyed his instructions anyway. It was also a chance for her to unwind and chill.

Clarissa was enjoying the refreshing autumn breeze while drinking a cup of tea and reading a book.

However, her serene moment was interrupted by someone else.

Hilary called Clarissa to inform her that Jonathan was back from overseas and asked her to come home to meet her brother.

Since Clarissa couldn't reject her mother's request for her to meet her half-brother, she had to go out to get a gift for him.

She might as well get something for herself too since she was going out.

D City was such a small place that she could even meet someone that she didn't want to see while trying on some clothes.

"Isn't this my stepmother's daughter, my dearest sister?"

Yvonne's voice rang through the store. Her exaggerating attitude stood out in the high-end boutique.

Clarissa's attractiveness was distracting enough, but Yvonne's action drew everyone's attention to the former instantly.

Yvonne had a few friends accompanying her when she stood beside Clarissa and looked at the clothes she tried on.

A hint of jealousy flashed across Yvonne's eyes as she taunted Clarissa, "This is a beautiful dress, but it is very expensive. Can you afford it with whatever little money that your mother gave you? Not to mention, my father is the one supporting your mother."

Clarissa wanted to refute Yvonne badly, but it would only make herself seem as uncultured as Yvonne.

Recalling the time Matthew witnessed her disheveled state when she was fighting with Yvonne, Clarissa turned around and went back to the fitting room.

However, Yvonne grabbed her arm and stopped her. "Why aren't you saying anything? If you can't afford the dress, don't come here and waste the sales assistant's time and effort."

Yvonne let out a snort and turned to the sales assistant. "I'll pay for the dress on her."

Clarissa turned around and stared right into Yvonne's eyes. "You need to get a larger size than this."

When Yvonne's face darkened after she heard someone snickering behind her, Clarissa had already shoved her away and gone back to the fitting room.

After exiting the fitting room, Clarissa returned the dress to the sales assistant and said smilingly, "Thank you."

The sales assistant didn't appear unhappy as Yvonne said. She simply walked back to the counter

When Clarissa followed the sales assistant back to the counter, Yvonne taunted her smugly, "How pity. You can have the dress I bought earlier."

"Thanks, but no thanks."

"Don't act so tough, Clarissa," Yvonne snorted, "Keep the dress if you like it. It's not like you have to pay for it. You'll regret it if you walk out of here without it." Yvonne continued urging Clarissa, "Take it. I will be spending a lot in this boutique anyway. Remember not to show up in some shabby clothes whenever we throw a party, you'll be laughed at. Can someone pack the dress for my sister?"

Yvonne was looking forward to witnessing the reluctant yet compromising look on Clarissa's face.

That must be very satisfying.

As Clarissa glanced back and forth at the sales assistant who was handling the dress and Yvonne and her friends, she couldn't help but snicker, "Thank you then."

Not showing any tense emotion, Clarissa accepted the dress wholeheartedly and left the boutique, leaving the disappointed crowd behind.

It was only when Yvonne paid for the dress that she realized how expensive it was.

Yvonne gritted her teeth as she thought of her allowance. Her father didn't give her much allowance nowadays, and her habit of squandering her money didn't help. Luckily, she still had the occasional allowance from her grandparents. However, the thought of Clarissa's happy expression after receiving the dress angered her.

Despite feeling unwilling, Yvonne couldn't do anything about it because Clarissa had already left with the dress.

In fact, Clarissa didn't really like the dress and the fact that it was paid for by Yvonne.

An idea suddenly popped into Clarissa's mind. She had been writing for years and had a loyal fanbase. Although the fanbase was fewer than a hundred people, unlike her

million-follower Twitter account, they were the ones who helped her during the online rant. Since she didn't really like the dress, she could just give it away as a lucky draw to her fans.

When Clarissa posted a picture of the dress and announced the lucky draw on her account, her fans supported it immediately because Clarissa was always so nice to all of them and regularly showered them with gifts. They entered the lucky draw because it was fun, not because the prize was an expensive dress.

In the end, the winner was selected. Although the dress was a size too small for her, she promised to go on a diet for it.

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Clarissa brought a gift to the Garretts.

To her surprise, the Garretts were holding a party in their mansion. No wonder Yvonne mentioned a party earlier at the boutique.

Clarissa didn't attract unwanted attention because she wore a casual shirt and skirt that looked like a dress.

Upon seeing Clarissa's arrival, Hilary frowned and pulled her aside. "What are you wearing? Didn't I ask you to wear something nice and look pretty tonight?"

"Am I not pretty enough?"

Hilary couldn't think of anything to retort Clarissa because she was indeed getting prettier and prettier as time passed.

Something odd crossed Hilary's mind, but she shook the thought of immediately.

"Come. I'll show you around and introduce you to Jonathan."

It was the first time that Clarissa met Jonathan. Jonathan was a twelve-year-old boy who looked more mature than his age. Perhaps because of his eating habits, he was taller and fitter than boys of his age.

Sitting alone in a corner, he had his hoodie covering his face and appeared to be sleeping.

"Wake up, Jonathan. Your sister is here."

After Hilary shoved him a few times, he finally opened his eyes lazily.

Jonathan fixed his defiant gaze on Clarissa for a moment, then looked away coldly.

"What's with your attitude, Jonathan? She's your sister!"

"I've never said she isn't," Jonathan replied indifferently.

Apparently, Jonathan was as unhappy as Yvonne with how Hilary regarded this matter.

Smiling, Clarissa said, "Hello Jonathan, I'm Clarissa. Nice to meet you. Here's a gift for you and I hope you like it."

Glancing past the present, Jonathan stared right into Clarissa's eyes and straightened himself. After stretching himself in his seat, he muttered, "Thanks."

After Hilary went downstairs to cater to the guests, Clarissa was left sitting with Jonathan at the corner.

None of them said anything for a long while. Jonathan was quite surprised that his sister had such a calm and quiet demeanour.

"You... Do you like D City?"

Jonathan's question threw Clarissa off, but she recovered quickly and smiled at him. "I don't."

"Oh, I see. I don't like it here too. How about the Garretts?"

"Nope."

"So why are you here?" Jonathan asked mockingly.

Clarissa turned to him and chuckled, "I'm here to see you."

Jonathan blushed at the sight of Clarissa smiling so sweetly at him. As he turned away from her and coughed awkwardly, he asked, "Why are you being so enthusiastic? What is your motive?"

Shrugging, Clarissa refuted, "Why does everyone in the Garrett family always think that I have an agenda? Do I really look like someone who's eager to suck up to the Garretts and marry into a rich family?"

"That's what comes to people's minds," Jonathan replied honestly.

"Alright then, but I don't have to marry into a rich family. I'm already rich."

"You?" Jonathan looked at Clarissa unbelievably.

When Clarissa whispered something into Jonathan's ear, he gasped in shock.

Patting Jonathan on the shoulder playfully, Clarissa chuckled, "It's a secret between us! Mom doesn't even know about this. You do know she's bad at keeping secrets, don't you?"

Still gaping at her, Jonathan asked, "Why are you telling me this?"

"Because you're my brother. Not to mention that you're... good-looking," Clarissa teased.

Jonathan blushed again and found that he was unable to relax around Clarissa.

Soon, a maid came up and told them to go downstairs. Whilst Jonathan went to change his clothes reluctantly, Clarissa found another corner to hide at.

Clarissa wasn't sure how Zach's business was doing exactly, but the way the party was attended by many prominent people suggested that his wealth wasn't just an overnight miracle.

"Are the Harrisons here too?"

"Yes! I've heard that the Garretts and the Harrisons are working together closely for now."

"The Garretts are also working with Mr. Payne. I saw him at the entrance just now."

“Mr. Payne? I didn’t know that the Garretts are so capable.”

Having overheard the conversation, Clarissa was wondering who Mr. Payne might be when she spotted a chubby man.

Clarissa’s lips twitched as she pondered whether she should avoid Yarick Payne since he was talkative and kept saying the wrong things.

Unfortunately, Yarick noticed her just as she was about to hide. His eyes lit up as he made his way to her quickly.

Oh no! Clarissa turned around instantly. To her dismay, Luke was standing behind her and grinning wickedly at her.

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Clarissa stopped in her tracks awkwardly when Luke raised an eyebrow at her.

“It’s not easy to bump into you, Clare!”

Luke didn’t bother to conceal his interest in Clarissa. Knowing his intentions, Clarissa had blacklisted him a long time ago.

“Why should we bump into each other when there’s hardly anything to talk about, Mr. Harrison?”

Clarissa’s attitude to Luke was utterly cold, but he moved closer to her swiftly and blocked her way with his arms.

They were so close to each other that every onlooker would have thought that something was going on between them.

Especially Yarick, who was approaching Clarissa.

Luke inched closer toward Clarissa and laughed deliberately. "I assume you're with Matthew now, right?"

Clarissa tried to push Luke away but to no avail. Disgusted, she could only frown and stay alert.

"How dare you treat me rudely when you know that?"

Luke snorted, "Why would I be scared? Do you really think that you can be the future Mrs. Tyson?"

"What I think is none of your business. Don't forget about Matthew's warning to you and the fact that your half-brother is in his good books."

At the thought of Matthew's threat, Luke's eyes glinted dangerously.

"Don't you threaten me with Matthew Tyson, Clarissa. You'll regret this because I'm a vindictive person..."

Luke hadn't finished his sentence when Yarick shoved him away.

Clarissa heaved a sigh of relief while Yarick glared at Luke icily. At the instance, Yarick's stance was intimidating instead of how obedient he usually was around Matthew and Jeremy.

After all, Yarick came from a prominent family in D City. He might be more casual around his friends, but people wouldn't dare to offend him recklessly.

Yarick's chubby built and tall height made him look stronger than average. He was large enough to shield Clarissa from Luke completely.

Smiling arrogantly at Luke with a glass of wine in his hand, Yarick overwhelmed Luke completely with his sense of superiority.

Mr. Harrison, as most people would address him respectfully, was a few inches shorter than Yarick.

Although both of them were in upper-class society, Luke didn't stand a chance against Yarick's imposing manner.

"What are you trying to do, Luke? Don't you know who she is?"

Straightening his back, Luke faked a courteous smile and said, "As a matter of fact, I don't, Mr. Payne. However, I'm completely innocent in this. She's the one who tried to seduce me in the first place!"

Clarissa knitted her brows and scoffed angrily, "What can I gain from seducing you, Luke Harrison? You know who I'm with and he's already warned you before. Do you think I'll give him up for you? And even if I'm intending to seduce you, I'm not stupid enough to do that in front of Mr. Payne!"

"Mrs. Tyson's right, Luke. She's smarter than you think."

"You shouldn't call me that, Mr. Payne."

Grinning, Yarick replied, "Alright."

Despite feeling infuriated after being disregarded and humiliated by Yarick, Luke didn't dare lash out his anger.

At the sight of Clarissa and Luke, Yvonne strode up to them and placed her hand on Luke's arm. "Don't even think about it, Clarissa. Luke is my boyfriend. You're just an old-fashioned brat who doesn't deserve his attention," Yvonne taunted.

"Jeez..." Yarick exclaimed in an impish manner similar to Jeremy.

The corner of Clarissa's mouth twitched as Yarick began, "Which madwoman is this? I'm not being personal, Luke, but you really need to improve your taste in women. Of all women, you have to choose an ugly one who likes to badmouth others. Are you in such dire need? I can introduce some proper women to you if you really can't find one on your own."

"You... Who the hell are you, you stupid fatty? How dare you say such things about me? You're just a loser like Clarissa, pig head!"

"Yvonne Garrett!"

"Yvonne!"

Zach and Luke yelled almost simultaneously, shocking Yvonne.

Before Zach could apologize to Yarick on his daughter's behalf, Yarick snorted, "What an idiot you are. What did you call me just now? Stupid fatty? Pig head?" Yarick turned to Zach and scoffed, "This idiot is your daughter, isn't she? I've never met anyone so stupid as to address me that rudely in my whole life. Bravo!"

Clarissa stifled a laugh beside them when she thought of how Jeremy always called Yarick "fatty".

Of course, Jeremy could get away with it because they were buddies.

"Please don't get mad, Mr. Payne. It's my fault for not disciplining her well enough. Yvonne, you better come over and apologize to Mr. Payne right now!"

Terrified by her father's bellow, Yvonne realized that the fatty before her must be someone important.

Panicked, she tried to hold onto Luke but he pushed her away mercilessly.

"Mr. Payne, I..."

"Don't bother to apologize. Please don't, I mean it. It'll be no fun once you apologize."

With a cold laugh, Yarick turned around and walked away. Zach followed immediately and apologized profusely to him whereas Yvonne stood rooted to the ground on the brink of tears.

Not expecting to witness that scene, Clarissa tried to sneak out of the party because the mood was already ruined.

"Did you cause trouble on purpose?" Jonathan asked while following behind Clarissa, but he didn't seem to be questioning her angrily. Instead, he was simply curious and couldn't care less about the party.

Clarissa shook her head and replied, "I'm not capable of that. Yvonne was the one who made a fool of herself."

"She's quite stupid probably because she was spoiled by our grandparents, but she's still my sister. I hope you can let her off on my account even if she offends you one day."

"I'm not the type of person to start a fight with somebody else, Jonathan, but I also won't tolerate anyone who tries to bully me. I don't think you know how patient I've been when Yvonne singled me out a couple of times previously. If she really goes out of line again, I won't hesitate to fight back. I hope you will understand."

Jonathan nodded. "I know."

Clarissa looked at the mature boy and wondered how Hilary managed to give birth to a boy who was thoughtful and kind, unlike their mother.

She was glad to have a brother like him.

"Jonathan, I really like you even though we've only met for the first time. We can meet up next time when you are free and if you want to."

"Sure... Sis."

Smiling, Clarissa stepped forward and hugged Jonathan. The boy blushed again as he was not used to this intimate gesture.

Clarissa left the party early. As soon as she reached Zen Highlands, Hilary called her.

Clarissa was surprised to see Matthew and Yarick sitting on the couch together. After greeting them with a smile, she walked out to the garden and picked up the phone.

"It was so satisfying to watch how Zach reprimand that spoiled brat, Clary. Serves her right! I've never felt so delighted in my whole life!" Hilary laughed smugly.

Clarissa couldn't help but remind her, "Just keep your feelings to yourself, Mom. Be careful not to show it."

"Okay, okay. Don't worry, I'm not as stupid as Yvonne. I know what to do and what not to do. But there're rumors that you have something to do with it, is that true?"

"No, Mom. Mr. Payne was talking to Luke when Yvonne thought I was up to something and humiliated Mr. Payne. I'm not very close to Mr. Payne actually."

"I see. Yvonne accused you of instigating the argument between Mr. Payne and Luke. You really don't know him well?"

"For god's sake, Mom. How did I manage to get acquainted with him in the first place?"

"Indeed. Yvonne is in so much trouble right now. It's nice to have something good happening right after your brother's return. You seem to get along well with him."

"Yes, I like him a lot."

"He's your brother, Clary. The two of you must have each other's backs in the future." Hilary paused for a moment before she continued, "I was intending to introduce you to a few handsome chaps, but I forgot all about it because of Yvonne's scene. Too bad. I guess I'll have to arrange that another time. Your brother and I will be so happy for you if you marry well in the end."

The truth, however, was that Hilary wanted Clarissa to marry well for Jonathan's sake.

Clarissa didn't need Hilary to say it out loud to know that it was her selfish intention.

After ending the call, Clarissa sighed.

Yarick had already left by the time she went back to the living room. Matthew's cold and stern gaze penetrated through the smoke rising from the cigarette in his hand. His intimidating aura got stronger because of his expressionless face.

Clarissa sat beside him and mumbled to herself.

She was just craving for his abstinent look the other day, and now he was looking as distant as ever.

Clarissa found Matthew charming whenever he was acting cool, abstinent, and distant to her, but she felt a little uneasy at the same time.

"Has Mr. Payne told you everything, Uncle Matthew? Let me be clear that I didn't know Luke was going to be there and treating me rudely. You can't be angry at me because of that!"

Matthew took one last puff of his cigarette before stubbing it with his finger.

As he reached his arm out to Clarissa, she inched closer to him and rested in his arms.

He doesn't seem to be angry.

Lifting Clarissa's chin up, Matthew looked into her eyes and asked, "Tell me, what happened between you and Luke?"

Pfft...

Clarissa almost snorted out loudly. Did Matthew really expect her to tell him everything?"

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Clarissa stared into Matthew's unfathomable eyes and marveled at the tricks behind those eyes.

She thought he already knew about everything, but he was lying.

Suppressing a grin, Clarissa said, "Nothing happened. I don't believe Mr. Payne has said nothing."

Matthew remained expressionless as he raised an eyebrow at her.

"What is he supposed to tell me?" Matthew asked.

"Nothing. Don't sound like I've done something bad behind your back."

Clarissa gave him an account of what happened earlier. "Alright. I didn't know Luke would be there! He was arrogant and rude to me. If it was not for Mr. Payne, I don't know how he was going to bully me next. You're acting as if I've done something wrong, but I'm the victim!"

When Clarissa finished, she cupped Matthew's face with her palms and poked the corners of his mouth in an attempt to make him smile.

"Smile, Matthew! Can't you console me since I was insulted?"

"How do you want me to do it?" Matthew whispered in his low voice and grabbed Clarissa's hands at the same time.

He started moving his hands toward her waist and pressed her toward himself. As their foreheads touched, they could feel each other's warm breath.

"What sort of consolation do you want? This?"

Matthew's action was enough. His way of comforting Clarissa was to kiss her gently.

Clarissa didn't reject him this time. She even wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back.

Clarissa's rare obedience and initiative made Matthew's heart palpitate. Unable to withhold himself anymore, he deepened the kiss and almost wanted to have sex with her right on the spot.

In the end, he managed to control himself and walked away from her after seeing her frightened expression. Then, he smoked a cigarette to calm down.

Clarissa felt sorry as she stared after Matthew's towering figure.

I've heard that it isn't good for men to hold it back. Will it cause any problems for him?

When Matthew turned around and noticed Clarissa staring at his crotch, his blood almost boiled with passion again.

He rasped, "What are you looking at? Do you want to continue?"

Clarissa looked away hastily and shook her head. "No, no."

Her eyes flickered as she avoided his gaze.

Not long after, Matthew sat in front of her in an elegant posture and carried on smoking.

"You're such a seductive devil, Clare."

Clarissa pouted, unaccustomed to him teasing her with a stern expression.

Disagreeing with him, she retorted, "Are you blaming me? It is because of men like you with the same mindset that we women live miserable lives. I didn't ask to look seductive to you. You men are the ones who are dirty-minded..."

Fine!

Clarissa was unhappy even though Matthew barely said anything,

Matthew sighed, then he got up and sat beside Clarissa. Just as he placed an arm around her, he forgot that he was still holding a lit cigarette. She accidentally scalded her arm amidst the struggle.

"Ouch!"

Yelling in pain, Clarissa held her arm and almost leaped up from the couch.

Matthew threw away the cigarette instantly and cuddled Clarissa. Pouring cold water onto her arm, he apologized, "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, Clare. It's my fault..."

The pain faded away gradually as Matthew apologized continuously. Although it was just a tiny scald, it was so painful that Clarissa yelped out loud and almost cried.

Matthew coaxed her and asked Mrs. Lawson to get a doctor.

"There's no need. It's just a small injury, nothing to worry about."

After Mrs. Lawson retrieved a tube of antiseptic cream, Matthew applied it on Clarissa's arm carefully. Holding on to her hand tightly, he moved her hand toward his lips and kissed it dearly while comforting her apologetically with his soothing voice.

"It's all my fault, Clare. Does it still hurt?"

Still furious at Matthew, Clarissa scoffed and wrestled her arm out of his grip.

"Matthew Tyson, I..."

Before Clarissa could say anything, Matthew interrupted, "I know, I know. I shouldn't have said that."

Clarissa glared at him. "You didn't just say something wrong! You are apparently having trust issues with me! Am I really that bad in your opinion..."

Matthew swooped in to shut her up again.

After struggling futilely, Clarissa lost her final strength and slumped into Matthew's embrace. Her face was flushing fiercely, but deep down she was still indignant.

"You're wrong anyway."

"Yes, I'm wrong."

Matthew wondered if Clarissa was going to hold a grudge toward him after he acknowledged his mistake.

"Hmph!"

Clarissa pulled away from Matthew. He was distracted by her red lips and glinting eyes, but she said seriously, "Since you've done something wrong today, you have to be punished for it. We're sleeping in separate rooms tonight."

"No way!"

Stumped, Clarissa spat, "I'm going back to my apartment."

"I won't allow that."

"It's none of your business!"

Matthew dragged Clarissa back by the arm as soon as she stood up to leave. Holding her chin, he asked in desperation, "What do you want?"

"Sleeping in separate bedrooms tonight!"

"How about something else?"

"No excuses."

It was hard for Clarissa not to give in to her temptations.

She had a feeling that she would fully succumb to his wishes one day, so she must find a way to stop it from happening.

However, Matthew could see through Clarissa's clever little plan.

After glaring daggers at each other for a moment, Matthew finally gave in.

"Okay."

"Really?"

Clarissa couldn't suppress her excitement. I've succeeded for the first time, haven't I?

She didn't even bother to hide the wide smile on her face when she shoved him away. However, he kissed her hard again.

So what if we're sleeping in separate rooms tonight? You didn't mention that I can't touch you outside the bedrooms.

Clarissa intended to follow Justin outdoors to select filming sites and check on the setups, but Matthew wouldn't allow her to. At the same time, Justin didn't think that it was necessary.

Coincidentally, Clarissa's roommate from university was getting married on the same day. She called Clarissa and invited her to the wedding.

Many people chose to hold their weddings in the autumn season because the weather was just nice. Unable to find a valid reason to reject the invitation, Clarissa agreed and went.

Clarissa and her classmates graduated from a famous university. After graduation, some of them continued staying at D City while some of them went overseas. Clarissa was one of the fewer ones who chose to return to her hometown.

Although she hadn't contacted them for years, she found it hard to turn her down.

On a Sunday morning, Clarissa went out after changing into casual clothes.

She wore a long dress and a coat around her. Staring at the beautiful face in light makeup, Matthew couldn't help but feel unhappy even though he knew that Clarissa was only going to a classmate's wedding.

Amused, Clarissa strode toward Matthew and held his hand playfully. "I'll be back soon. Stop sulking."

Matthew raised his eyebrows and closed his laptop. Exerting force with his arms, he carried Clarissa onto his lap.

"Can you bring along a family member?"

Clarissa snickered, "It isn't mentioned. Even if I'm allowed to bring someone along, I won't bring you."

Matthew raised his voice slightly. "What?"

"Look at you. You're so nice and handsome. What if someone lays eyes on you and snatches you away from me?"

Matthew's stern face finally broke into a smile. When he moved his palm down her dress, she grabbed his finger quickly and whined, "Stop it. I have to go."

"You're wearing this?"

Matthew knew how attractive Clarissa's figure was.

The length of her dress wasn't a problem, but her collarbones were exposed. In fact, many of the dresses that Clarissa owned would show her shoulders.

"What's wrong with it?"

Clarissa thought that it was a gentle and elegant outfit.

However, Matthew suddenly turned around and kissed her hard on the shoulder.

"You..."

A mark appeared on her neck. Glaring at Matthew resentfully, Clarissa demanded, "What are you doing?"

"Don't ever wear strapless dresses again." He had already seen her in such dresses a few times.

Her pretty collarbones and shoulders should only be exposed to him only.

Clarissa got furious. "This is the current trend!"

"I don't care. I won't allow it."

Clarissa scoffed, still angry at Matthew's decision. Alas, she went inside to change into a long-sleeved blouse and skirt that covered her shoulders and collarbones entirely.

Matthew was satisfied with the outfit. Sensing Clarissa's bad mood, he locked his arms around her and kissed her.

"Which hotel is this?"

"St. Helix Hotel."

Matthew nodded. "Okay. Come back as soon as possible. I'm generous enough to grant you half a day when I should be having you to myself the whole day."

Rolling her eyes secretly, Clarissa pushed him away and walked out the house.

After Clarissa arrived at the hotel in Mr. Clark's car as ordered by Matthew, she went up to the sixth floor. Then, she spotted her classmate's wedding photo and walked toward it.

After presenting a wedding gift and signing her name, Clarissa entered the hall, much to everyone's astonishment.

"Is that Clarissa Quigley? Oh my gosh! She's still so beautiful. Why did Helen invite her? Clarissa's going to steal her spotlight!"

"What else do you think Helen invited Clarissa? She must have done it to show off to everyone including Clarissa. After all, they were once rivals."

Clarissa's lips twitched involuntarily when she overheard somebody discussing the topic.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 95

What love rival?

All they knew were rumors that barely scratched the surface of the real truth. Clarissa couldn't be bothered clarifying back then, but these people had actually remembered that incident, which was out of her expectations.

Helen can't possibly have called me over because she's still holding grudge against me, right?

As Clarissa mulled over it, one of her classmates had already pulled her to a table to sit.

"Clarissa, you went back to your hometown right after graduating. What do you do now? Why don't you ever talk in our class group chat? Is our beautiful classmate too busy pursuing her career?"

Clarissa smiled awkwardly but did not offer a definitive answer.

Her guarded behavior rubbed some people the wrong way and frustrated several others as well.

One of the female classmates piped up, "Time really does fly. We're already at the age to marry. Can you believe it? I still remember that Clarissa was the campus belle last time. Even though she never dated in school, many boys couldn't help but be obsessed with her.

"Speaking of which, Clarissa, are you still single? It's actually better this way. I bet you don't know this, but when Helen announced that you'd be attending her wedding, many of our male classmates put everything aside to rush back, even those who were abroad, and it was all for you, Clarissa. C'mon, tell us, will you give them a chance?"

The male classmates immediately perked up. Indeed, many of them had come here hoping to court her.

Everyone's inquiring gazes fell on Clarissa. Although she didn't like how her classmate had shone the spotlight on her private life, she remained cool-headed.

Under their expectant gazes, she gave a blunt answer. "I already have a boyfriend and we're very close, but I appreciate your concern."

Some were stunned, but most were disappointed.

However, those emotions morphed into curiosity in the end.

"Oh? I remember we had many outstanding boys in our school back then. Don't tell me none of them managed to move you? Now I'm curious about the man who succeeded in capturing your heart. Who is he? I think besides a prince, no man can interest you, right?"

Clarissa lifted her lips into a bland smile. "No, he's not a prince or as exaggerated as you made it to be. He's just an ordinary man."

"So, you accepted an ordinary man? Then, why didn't you accept our classmates or seniors back then?"

"I don't see how it relates. Naturally, I went with my feelings."

"Haha. I find that hard to believe."

Clarissa did not want to refute or defend herself, so the atmosphere turned stale in a matter of seconds, causing the others to feel slightly awkward.

But soon, they turned their attention to the wedding and started discussing it.

It was said that the wedding photos were taken abroad by a professional team, adding up to millions.

Some said that apart from being the president of some companies, Helen's husband was from the upper-class and had a net worth of up to a billion.

Others said that Helen was gifted a villa worth millions in D City as her marriage settlement, and the juicy gossip went on.

The wedding banquet in this hotel was only held for the sake of the elderlies in their families and there would be an official one on an island later on.

All of these enviable statements were most probably true.

Solely based on the fact that the wedding was in St. Helix Hotel, it was apparent that Helen's husband had superior standards.

"I'm so envious of Helen. She's so lucky. Her life is just perfect."

"Perfect? She needs to give them an heir. I heard that her husband is an only child. Helen's going to have so much pressure on her. Marrying into a wealthy family is like venturing into uncharted waters. It may seem glamorous, but who knows what would happen in the future? How many women who marry into rich families end up living happily ever after?"

"Oh c'mon, you're just jealous. Helen isn't so bad herself. What matters is that the two of them are compatible with each other. This way, even if there's a gap in status, they'd still be able to live happily."

Clarissa couldn't help but nod in agreement upon hearing this.

The difference in wealth wasn't the real issue. The real issue originated from the two people's frame of mind, values, vision, intellect, and so on.

Clarissa stayed silent for a long time and was later on dragged by a few classmates to go congratulate the bride.

In the lounge, they saw a beautiful and somewhat unrecognizable Helen in her wedding gown.

To be precise, she had probably gone under the knife. However, no one was stupid enough to voice out their guesses.

All of them showered Helen with praises, to which she accepted with a courteous smile.

Finally, Helen met Clarissa's eyes. As she took in the latter's simple style, a dark glint flashed across her eyes.

Clarissa went up to her with a smile. "Congratulations, Helen. I wish you and your husband a long and happy life together."

"Thank you. It's been a few years, but it seems like you haven't changed at all."

Her words were rather cryptic.

Someone next to her chimed in, "Yeah, Helen. Why is Clarissa dressed so plainly? She's not even wearing makeup. Well, perhaps people from small cities aren't so open-minded. They probably have low incomes too, so that's why they don't spend on such things. But Clarissa, women shouldn't live so frugally."

This was an obvious jab at Clarissa.

The person who spoke even looked at Helen, obviously seeking praise from her. "Don't you agree, Helen? Oh, but you probably can't relate to small city people with low incomes. I mean, you've always been in D City and even married into a wealthy family. Your standard of living surely exceeds ours by a wide margin."

Helen was very satisfied with what this woman said, glancing at Clarissa with a smug and triumphant smile playing on her lips.

"Don't make it sound like Clarissa is so miserable! She used to be our campus belle! Even if she doesn't have money, there will always be people who'd be willing to spend on her. Isn't that right, Clarissa?"

Clarissa did not show a trace of anger or embarrassment despite being insulted.

She remained impassive, just like how she was in school during those years.

"The money I make is enough to support myself. Also, people often say that I look good even without makeup."

Her reply irked all the women present.

"Yeah, Clarissa is already pretty!"

Helen concealed her discontent and asked with a smile, "Since you're so pretty, you must have a whole line of men waiting to marry you, right? Do you have a boyfriend? What does he do for a living?"

"She does, she does!"

That overly enthusiastic classmate answered on behalf of Clarissa. "Clarissa is being all secretive about it too, saying that he's just an ordinary man. Haha... Maybe he really is a very ordinary man compared to your husband and she's too embarrassed to talk about him. Am I right, Clarissa?"

Clarissa felt that it was really a waste of brain cells talking to these people.

"The wedding's about to start. I'm going back to my seat first."

Clarissa went back to her seat at the banquet right before the wedding began.

As the bride and groom went through the ceremony, Clarissa found it to be quite similar to the novels she wrote, but it was indeed a tear-jerking scene.

During the toasting session, her classmates engaged in an animated discussion about the people seated at the main table who were said to be either bosses in their own right or government officials. Hence, her classmates couldn't stop marveling at the grandeur of this wedding.

Halfway through, Clarissa received a call from Matthew.

"Is it over yet?"

The impatience in his voice was apparent.

Clarissa walked to a far corner and coaxed him gently, "It's almost over. I'll excuse myself after the toasting session."

"Mm. I'm upstairs. Just wait for me there and I'll come to pick you up."

"What? No, don't come here. I'll meet you at the entrance."

Clarissa wasn't sure whether Matthew would go along with her suggestion because the line had gone dead.

She stared at her phone and winced helplessly, planning to leave as soon as possible lest Matthew really made his way here.

Right after she returned to her table, Helen walked over with her husband.

Truth be told, the groom wasn't all that interested in having a toast with this group of ex-classmates, but since it was Helen's request, he followed her over, albeit reluctantly.

"Well, would you look at that? It's the bride and groom! Wow! What a fine couple. Your husband is so handsome, Helen!"

"Congratulations!"

"I wish you both a happy marriage!"

When the groom saw Clarissa, he was inevitably stunned by her beauty.

However, it was simply a reaction. This groom knew his limits, averting his gaze to drink with the others.

"Helen, I'm sorry but I have to leave now. I really wish you and your husband a happy marriage. Thank you for inviting me..."

"You're leaving already? No way, you must stay, Clarissa. We haven't seen each other in ages, so this is a rare gathering for us!"

One of them was reluctant to see Clarissa leave, pulling on her arm to stop her from leaving.

Wearing a smile on her face, Helen added, "My husband and I will be having an after-party later. Nothing too fancy, just some friends and ex-classmates. You should stay and catch up with the others."

"Thank you, but I really need to leave. My friend is waiting for me outside."

"Friend? Is it your boyfriend?"

Everyone's curiosity was instantly piqued.

Clarissa hurriedly shook her head. "No, no."

"Quit denying. That must be it. Did your boyfriend come to D City with you? Or is he from D City? Could he be working here?"

"No," Clarissa contradicted.

However, her denial made them all the more curious. Hence, they turned a blind eye to the peeved look on Clarissa's face and prevented her from leaving.

Watching the rowdy group of ex-classmates, the groom still did not fully grasp the situation, but he had the inexplicable urge to size her boyfriend up, whoever he was.

I wonder what kind of man managed to catch this gorgeous woman's eye.

As for Helen, she naturally had her own selfish agenda. Because everyone at this table was young men and women, their boisterous behavior did not draw too much attention.

The groom's friends, who had also noticed Clarissa's beauty, came over with their glasses in hand, wanting to strike up a conversation.

Clarissa felt as though she was under siege by all these people and was on the verge of breaking down.

While panicking, her phone rang and she hurriedly answered it. Immediately after, someone beside her yelled into the phone, "Are you Clarissa's boyfriend? Clarissa's drunk. You should quickly come to pick her up from the wedding."

"Yeah, yeah! Quickly come pick her up!"

There was nothing Clarissa could do to stop them from hollering. Before she could speak into the phone, it was snatched away by someone.

Anger and frustrations surged in her, but it did nothing to deter them.

Helen watched by the side with a subtle smirk on her lips.

She wanted to see Clarissa's mask of indifference slip from her face and witness her being humiliated. It did not matter how far these people went because to her, this was the karma Clarissa deserved.