

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

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"I love you."

Those three words were actually not that important to Matthew, but that was before Clarissa appeared in his life.

Now when she spoke them out absent-mindedly to him, his heart skipped a beat and a chill ran down his spine, leaving him completely stunned on the spot.

However, Clarissa did not notice the change in him as she tilted her head and beamed at him, sending another wave of exhilaration through Matthew's body.

He suddenly tightened his embrace, hurting her slightly.

"What's the matter?" she asked, baffled by his sudden change in behavior.

Although the smile plastered across his face remained unchanged, the look in his eyes had turned blazing.

His intense gaze made her feel uneasy. "Are you okay?"

"Clare." Matthew suddenly whispered her name and moved closer, rubbing his lips against hers. His deep voice filled the air between their lips as he continued, "Why do I love you so much? My darling Clare."

Hearing his sweet words, she went weak at the knees instantly. Blood rushed to her brain and her body temperature rose rapidly. She felt that her head was buzzing. As she stood frozen in his arms, he continued kissing her lovingly.

For Clarissa, the kiss felt like a lifetime. She had no idea how long they had kissed. Maybe it was only a few minutes.

The kiss went on until her stomach started grumbling.

Matthew reluctantly let go of her lips and went on to peck her lips and cheek. After a while, he chuckled. "Okay. Let's eat."

Clarissa hurriedly jumped down from his lap and went to set the table for lunch. Her face burned throughout the meal and she could not bring herself to look him in the eyes. Lowering her head, she ate silently, but she could feel his burning gaze on her.

She could no longer stand his stare, so she shyly lifted her head up and glared at him. "Are you still looking at me?"

Smiling shamelessly, he said, "Clare, you are my woman. Can I not look at my woman?"

"No, you can't. Just focus on your meal."

"Yes, I am. It is a feast for my eyes."

"You..." Clarissa didn't even want to know what feast he was having.

So, she quickly finished her food, leaving him no chance to tease her.

On the other hand, Matthew had a lunch that was more satisfying and delicious than ever. The dinner I've planned for tonight will be more interesting than lunch.

As he was planning their dinner in his head, Clarissa cleaned their lunch boxes, moved a chair to the window, and lounge on it. Basking in the warmth of the sun, she almost fell asleep.

Suddenly, she was lifted up and carried into his break room.

He lay down on the bed with her and wrapped his arm around her waist possessively.

Chuckling contentedly on his chest, she asked, "Don't you need to work? Are you slacking off now?"

He stroked her soft hair and spoke in a lazy manner. "Clare is here. So, work can be put aside."

"Nope. I'm not a femme fatale. You should go to work now. I don't want to be blamed."

“Okay. I’ll leave now!” He was about to get up, but a hand grabbed his arm.

Turning around to look at her, he saw that she had closed her eyes, not looking at him. But her hands were still holding him.

Feeling amused by her action, he asked, “What are you doing, Clare?”

Her eyes remained closed as she remained silent.

He eventually lay down again and brought her into his embrace. Locking her in his arms, he lowered his head and kissed her, starting from her forehead to her nose and finally to her lips. As they smooched amorously, he removed her clothes and slid his hands slowly down her body.

Letting out a moan, she stretched out her arm to pull the blanket on the bed and covered both of them.

Erotic sounds then came out from the blanket as they moved rhythmically under the blanket.

Later on, Matthew came out of the break room. He seemed freshly showered and his clothes were changed.

When Donnie came into his office, he noticed the small changes in Matthew. As a qualified assistant, I must be able to hear no evil, see no evil, and speak no evil. I know nothing.

Donnie was happy regardless. It turns out that Mr. Tyson is also an ordinary man who would fool around in the company. No, I can’t use that disrespectful term on Mr. Tyson. Anyway, it’s now proven that he’s not an abstinent person but a normal man. So, I can finally stop those employees who gossip about me being Mr. Tyson’s personal favorite because I have a thing going with him. Only God knows I’m a straight man. Thank goodness that Ms. Quigley walked into the company so openly today. Now I can finally prove my innocence and find a girlfriend now.

“Matthew Tyson? Is it really Matthew Tyson? Did you say it wrong? Or did I hear it wrong? It’s that Matthew Tyson from that Tyson family, isn’t it?”

Finally, Hilary came around. After hanging up the phone, she stayed stunned for a long while. Clarissa’s boyfriend is Matthew Tyson?

She did not doubt the news she had just gotten. In fact, she felt ecstatic followed after she cleared her mind. Huh, I knew it! It's no doubt my daughter will marry into an affluent family. Otherwise, it'd be a pity to have such a pretty face and marry an ordinary man.

She could not wait a second longer to call Clarissa. But no one picked up the call.

However, this did not dampen her high spirit as she started imagining her life after being the mother-in-law of Matthew. If Clarissa marries Matthew and becomes the wife of the president of Tyson Corporation, I'd no longer be someone insignificant in the Garrett family. Jonathan, being Clarissa's brother, can definitely take over the Garretts and make his company flourish with the backing of Tyson Corporation.

Just the mere thought of that led her to envision the glorious life she would have on the day Clarissa became Mrs. Tyson.

"Hahaha..." Hilary was so happy that she could not control herself.

Thus, when Yvonne came home, the first thing she saw was her stepmother laughing hysterically.

She had had a bad day. Recently, Luke gave her the cold shoulder, and Mason was too busy to spend time with her. She was irked by Hilary's laughter and decided to take it out on her.

So, when she saw her overjoyed stepmother, Yvonne's face scrunched up in frustration. She could not help but lose her temper at Hilary. "Why are you laughing? You know that I'm upset, so you purposely laugh in front of me. Am I right? Hilary, don't you ever think that you can take over this family once I'm married. You think I'd let that happen? No way! As long as you're in this house, I'm going to come back every day to irritate you and make the rest of your life unhappy."

I know I'm falling back into my bad habit. But no one can see me at home anyway. So, I can bully and scold Hilary however I want. No one else should be happy when I'm pissed off.

Normally, Hilary would have swallowed her anger.

But, today, she would not tolerate Yvonne's behavior. "Yvonne, I'm your father's wife. Even if you don't respect me as your elder, you can't talk to me like that either. You are an ill-mannered child. Even though I'm your father's second wife, I'm still his legal wife. Thus, I'm a part of this family, too."

"Well, Hilary, you've finally shown your true colors. I know you've coveted the Garretts' wealth for a long time. Why blow your cover today? Let me tell you something. You and your son will not get a penny from us. The family property is all mine. Do you think you can take over our property? In your dreams!"

Gritting her teeth, Hilary snapped back, "None of us own the family property. Your father is the one who owns it. He has the final say in this matter, not you."

"Says who? Dad was penniless back then. It was my mother and grandmother who gave him the money, so he owes his success to them. Therefore, everything he has will be mine, and you don't have a share at all."

Hilary's eyes gleamed as she snickered silently. "Yvonne, although your mother offered dowry back then, your father was the one who poured his blood, sweat, and tears into his career. I do acknowledge your mother's contribution. But how could you deny your father's hard work? If we don't have your father as the breadwinner, we won't have what we have today. I advise you not to look down on him. You and your father are one family."

"Bah! Nonsense! Everything in this house will be mine in the future, including all of my father's property. There's no need to say anything more." Yvonne paused and laughed mockingly. "I wonder why you're so bold today. Is it because of your daughter? Get out of here right now. I have the final say in this house. Get lost now!"

However, Hilary kept silent and stared at her.

"You have the final say?" Zach's voice suddenly came from Yvonne's back.

Yvonne's heart sank upon hearing his voice. She turned around and saw Zach standing behind her with a gloomy expression on his face.

The menacing look in his eyes sent her heart pounding and rendered her speechless.

A moment later, she vented her anger at Hilary. "It's all because of you. You deliberately misled me in saying those words just now. Dad, it's this woman. I didn't mean what I said at all. She set me up. It was her..."

"That's enough!" Zach shouted angrily at Yvonne. "If you don't want to stay in this house, you can get lost!"

"Dad, I was tricked. This is my home and I'm your only daughter. How can I leave? It's all because of this woman. Ever since she came, you have treated me badly. Is it because she bad-mouths me behind my back?"

"She did not say anything."

"Dad, you..." Yvonne wanted to say more, but Hilary cut her off.

"Yvonne, your father is exhausted after work. Let's talk about it later," Hilary said gently, putting on her caring facade.

Yvonne shot daggers at her and wanted to continue the conversation, but Zach had gone upstairs with her stepmother.

A vicious intent surged from her eyes. Since I can't do anything to Hilary, I guess I can do something to her daughter instead.

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Clarissa had long expected that her mother would find out about her relationship with Matthew, but she did not expect it to be so soon.

Currently, she was on the phone with Hilary, listening to her mother showering her with praise.

“Clary, I know that you’re a good daughter. From the moment you’re born, I know that you’re definitely a unique girl with a bright future. No wonder you rejected the men I introduced to you; you’ve found a better man by yourself! My dear daughter, you’ve got a good eye for a man. A good man like Matthew is hard to find. Fortunately, you have befriended Ellie to get close to him. What a smart move! You are as smart as me.

“Clary, are you living with Matthew? Wait, you don’t have to tell me. I’d guessed as much. When I wanted to visit you previously, you didn’t allow me to go to your place. Have you been hiding it from me since that time? Well, it’s okay. I’m not angry. I understand that you still need some time before your relationship becomes stable.

“By the way, has Matthew told you when he’ll marry you? I’m saying this because he is not young anymore and you’ve moved in together with him. Clary, be smart and get pregnant soon. If you have a kid earlier, it’d be good for your health as you can recover faster after the delivery. Besides, it can also secure your relationship and your standing in the Tyson family, too.

“Clary, don’t be too stubborn. I know you can be quite stubborn at times. At the beginning of the relationship, he would be fine with your stubbornness. But as time goes on, he might find it unbearable. So, be gentle and listen to him. Remember to learn some tricks to make your relationship exciting and fresh. Since you’re still young, keep your body in good shape and win his heart. Alright?”

Meanwhile, Clarissa set the phone aside, put Hilary on speakerphone, and started reading a book without bothering to reply to her.

As Hilary continued to chatter away, she still did not get any response from Clarissa. "Clary, are you listening to me? Hello?"

"Yes, I am." Clarrisa finally gave her a response, but she had grown impatient with her mother's endless blabbering. "Are you done?"

Hilary sensed her annoyance and said cordially, "Okay. You don't have to get annoyed. I'm saying these for your own good. Don't worry, Mom won't ruin your relationship. And I haven't told anyone about this, not even Zach. I'll only tell others when you're ready to get married."

Clarissa heaved a sigh. "Alright."

"Don't fret, Clary. Your mother is not a stupid person. I know that nothing is considered a victory until the moment you officially become Mrs. Tyson. I won't be impulsive or do anything foolish while I wait for your good news."

Clarissa was impressed with her mother's words. "Thanks, Mom." Even though I know that she has her own motive, her support for me is much appreciated.

"Nah, you don't have to thank me. We're in the same boat. I would share your honor and disgrace."

Share my honor and disgrace? I don't think you would like to share my disgrace. But her support is all that matters.

After she hung up the call, Matthew quickly came over from the other side of the room. He was doing his work on the computer when Hilary called Clarissa, so he could not help but overhear their conversation.

However, Clarissa did not mind him knowing what Hilary had told her.

Looking thoughtfully at her, Matthew said, "Clare, you have to secure your relationship and your standing in the Tyson family."

Clarissa rolled her eyes in response. "I'm not going to have an illegitimate child." I will not have a child born out of wedlock.

He immediately suggested, "Let's get married then."

"No! It's too soon." The Tysons haven't even accepted me as his girlfriend. I won't marry him like this.

Matthew leaned close to her and nuzzled her cheek, caressing her skin with his warm breath. "Clare, I don't think it's too soon. I'm already thirty-six years old. If we have a baby this year, I'd be thirty-seven by the time the baby is born. And when the baby learns to walk, I'd be forty. Would I still have the strength to carry him and play with him by then?"

Imagining the scene, Clarissa indeed felt pity for him.

She couldn't bear to see that too.

But when she turned her head and saw his youthful handsome face, she changed her mind instantly. No, he still looks young. Besides, he worked out every day, and his body is in good shape. No one would believe that he's forty years old. Moreover, this man is really good at acting.

Clarissa snorted in return as she came to her senses. "That's why you should continue to work out. If not, I might think that you're old by the time we have a child."

His heart was shattered by her words.

Am I old?

The thought made his expression changed in an instant. He proceeded to pull her into his embrace, fondled her, and peppered her with kisses. "Am I old? Clare, am I really old?"

In the end, the question was repeated several times on the bed, and Clarissa was forced to answer it every time.

But it seemed as if Matthew remained unsatisfied as he continued to ask the same question and diligently proved himself in bed.

Clarissa deeply regretted what she had said. I've learned my lesson. I shouldn't have dug a hole and bury myself in the future.

For the next few days, he continued to prove his vitality, leaving her completely exhausted every day.

She did not even have the energy to do her work, so Yael and Mandy called multiple times to push her to submit her drafts.

Thus, she had no choice but to be gentle and submissive towards him. He would only allow her to rest when she attended to his needs and made him comfortable.

Even so, she rushed to meet the deadlines.

Life is hard!

When Clarissa first received Yvonne's call, she ignored her.

But when she called again, she threatened, "If you don't come, you'll see how I wreak my revenge on your mother and your younger brother. You can ignore their wellbeing if you have the guts."

As Clarissa still cared about her family, she could not shrug off her threat.

Hence, she brought Gina to the place where Yvonne wanted to meet her.

Arriving at the private lounge, she stepped into the room first, followed by Gina. The room was noisy and a few men were being intimate with the girls beside them.

"You're finally here. Have a seat!" Yvonne smirked and watched her with a gleam in her eye.

As Clarissa entered the room, several lecherous gazes landed on her.

“Yvonne, is this your younger sister? Oh, she’s so pretty! I’m really tempted now,” a man commented.

“My, oh, my, what are you so tempted to do? How can my sister be of help to you?” Yvonne laughed sinisterly.

Hearing her reply, Clarissa finally knew her intention and shot her an icy stare.

Unhappy with her stare, Yvonne said, “What are you staring at? Let me tell you, Clarissa. Your mother had offended me, so I’m going to seek my revenge on you.”

Clarissa eyed the men who had stood up from their seats and blocked the exit. “You want to seek revenge on me? What do you want from me?”

“Aren’t you a pretty lady? Good things are meant to be shared. Am I right? So, I wanted to introduce my beautiful sister to my fellow friends here. They’re all gentlemen who treat ladies well, and they particularly love beautiful ladies. As your sister, for sure I want you to find a good partner. So, my friends are of upper social class. If you can be with one of them, you’d live a very comfortable life. Oh, how kind I am!”

“Right. Your kindness is so great that I don’t think I am worthy of it. I think you’ll fit in just well,” Clarissa retaliated.

“You don’t want it? I don’t care. If you don’t pick one, they’ll be all given to you.”

One of the men interrupted, “Alright, Yvonne. Thanks in advance. The three of us will love and cherish your sister well.” Repulsive lust was burning in their eyes.

And Yvonne anticipated the look of panic and fear on Clarissa’s face as she begged for mercy.

But things did not turn out the way she expected.

Clarissa merely gave a mirthless smile, which infuriated Yvonne.

“What are you guys waiting for? The room upstairs is ready for you. If she resists, let her drink this,” Yvonne snarled.

After they took over the drink, they began to take action.

But before they could reach Clarissa, they were kicked into the air by Gina in an instant.

With the force from her kicks, they were literally sent flying into the air before they landed forcefully onto the coffee table and smashing it into pieces.

Gina then grabbed Yvonne's neck and pinned her against the wall.

"Ugh... Let me go..." Yvonne spoke as she clawed at Gina's hand.

The other women in the room screamed in horror and the three men who had lost their mobility wailed on the floor. In the meantime, Clarissa just watched the scene impassively.

"Clarissa... You..."

The moment she spoke, the grip around her throat tightened, cutting her off. The oxygen in her was getting less by the second, and she was about to suffocate. Instantly, fear and panic took over her as she looked at Clarissa with a pleading gaze.

"Please... let me go..."

"Gina," Clarissa called.

As soon as she heard Clarissa, Gina released her grip and Yvonne fell to the floor, gasping for breath.

At the same time, Clarissa walked towards Yvonne but she quickly backed away in fear with hatred in her eyes.

"Yvonne, I can't stomach the gentlemen you've offered, so you can leave them for yourself. But I think your fiancé would not be happy with you having so many men. Besides Luke, I did not expect you to have more."

"What are you trying to do?" Yvonne asked in a trembled voice.

"Don't worry. I'm not as nasty as you."

However, Clarissa's expression changed in an instant and she looked at Yvonne with a glint of rage in her eyes.

"But you've repeatedly tried to land me in awful situations. I guess I should return the favor and let you have a taste of your own medicine."

With that, she turned to Gina and commanded, "Strip them naked and take photographs of them."

Yvonne screamed. "How dare you, Clarissa!"

Giving her a big smile, Clarissa replied, "Since you dare to harm me, I'm not afraid to do the same."

Hence, Gina unhesitatingly carried out the command.

After Clarissa had the photographs in her hand, she said to Yvonne, "I won't send the photos. But if you bother me again, don't blame me for being ruthless."

I'm too kind. She'd planned to ruin my dignity and reputation, and yet I only took some photographs to threaten her.

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Clarissa didn't give a damn about the look Yvonne had on her face or even how much Yvonne hated her guts. She merely put her phone away and left the lounge without a word.

She heard a hysterical, piercing screech from behind her the moment she left, followed by plenty of cursing.

As Clarissa paused briefly, Gina asked, "Do I need to shut them up for you?"

Clarissa smiled at Gina's impassive face. "You're adorable."

Gina raised an eyebrow.

"I don't think that word suits me, ma'am."

Clarissa merely chuckled. "Well, you're just unaware of how cute you are. Either way, you're adorable."

As the pair made their way out, they suddenly encountered a familiar face who they were least expecting to see in a place like this.

"Mimi!"

Clarissa observed how Mimi was hugged by a man. She was also surrounded by plenty of other people presumably acquaintances, or friends of hers. Clarissa then frowned as she walked towards the group.

When Mimi finally noticed Clarissa, a hint of guilt flashed in her eyes. She smiled and greeted the other woman. "Clare! Fancy seeing you here!"

Clarissa snorted coldly. "Fancy seeing you here as well. Dare I ask what you're doing in a place like this?"

"Oh, is that Mimi's rich sister? You're so beautiful!"

The girl next to Mimi was aware that Mimi had a very affluent sister. She had reached that conclusion when she spied Mimi being dropped off at acting boot camp in a luxury car. However, she had not expected Clarissa to be this beautiful in person.

Initially, everyone else had brushed Mimi off, thinking she was making up stories. As it turned out, she was telling the truth after all.

“Wow, Mimi! Your sister looks lovely!” With a grin at Clarissa, the girl continued. “We’re all Mimi’s friends! Why don’t you hang out with us?”

The words of affirmation immediately boosted Mimi’s ego. She hurriedly walked over to Clarissa and held her hand as if the two were the closest of friends.

“A few of my friends wanted to hang out. If I didn’t say yes, then it would seem quite stand-offish, no? Why don’t you join us too? I’m assuming that’s why you’re here.”

Clarissa immediately yanked her arm away and glared at Mimi. She was not going to entertain such a shameless display.

“I put together your tuition fees, dear. Do you think you’ll be admitted to the film academy by gallivanting like this? Will you make it big and pay me back later?”

Mimi’s expression darkened in the light of Clarissa’s ridicule.

She lowered her voice and hissed. “I only came out this one time, and you happened to run into me. Is that really a problem? I’ve been working my a** off getting to classes on time, mind you. Cut me some slack.”

“You’d better be.”

Of course, Clarissa did not believe a word she said.

“Are you leaving? Because I am.”

“Don’t be like that, Clare. Since you’re here, why don’t you loosen up and have some fun?”

Clarissa snorted. “I’m certainly not as free as you are.”

Having said that, Clarissa and Gina left without giving Mimi a chance to say anything else. Mimi glanced at their retreating figures and scowled but quickly forced a smile before facing her friends. "She said she's busy, you guys. Sorry about that."

"Oh, it comes as no surprise, Mimi. But she's drop-dead gorgeous! I think she would be the next big hit in showbiz. Heck, that that other lady next to her, is that a bodyguard? Isn't she awesome!"

The few of them chatted excitedly amongst each other, but the man who was closest to Mimi suddenly placed his arm around her and asked, "Is your sister interested in acting?"

"Leo, do you mean..."

Mimi was surprised. Just when she had finally managed to get up close to a deputy director, Clarissa managed to steal her thunder. Mimi was quite unhappy at the prospect.

"What's with that look? I can't ask?"

Mimi hurriedly forced a grin as she looked Leo in the eye. "I meant that I do think it's a waste of her good looks. But she's well-off and dislikes acting. I doubt she'd be interested."

"Why wouldn't she be interested? It's hard to say. How about this? Why don't you find an opportunity to set up a meeting between us? Who knows, she might actually be a potential actress who's just looking to catch her big break. I've got a good feeling about her."

Mimi was very jealous, but a nudge from one of her classmates snapped her out of her thoughts. She nodded quickly.

"Okay, I'll ask her when I can."

After that, the whole bunch decided to go about and have fun. Just then, she was pulled aside by the same classmate who whispered, "Don't be jealous, Mimi. Your sister is so beautiful that we can't even compare. However, Leo is someone with the necessary connections. I'd stick close to him and butter him up a little. It'll only benefit you in the future if you're on his good side."

Mimi nodded. She had the same sentiment even without the reminder from her classmate.

Of course, there was more to this. She could just introduce Clarissa to Leo and have that fall apart spectacularly. That would be the icing on the cake.

Today's encounter was quite humiliating to Yvonne. After a stern warning to her friends about not saying a word regarding today's encounter, she hurried home.

However, her mood plummeted even more when she entered the house to find Hilary humming to herself.

She stepped forward impulsively, as if she wanted to slap the cheerfulness out of Hilary but stopped short. Yvonne suddenly recalled the photograph that Clarissa had.

It took quite some effort for Yvonne to contain her emotions, but she managed. The house felt stifling to her all of a sudden. She then turned on her heel and left to see if she could find someone to comfort her.

Yvonne decided to seek out Luke. After a quick romp, she suddenly began to cry.

Luke impatiently lit a cigarette and took a drag before coldly surveying Yvonne's ridiculous display with disgust.

I think I've had enough of this one. I should end things soon.

"Mr. Harrison, I was bullied."

Yvonne could not help herself from speaking, having noticed that Luke did not console her the moment she started to cry.

"And who would dare do that?"

"It was that sk*nk, Clarissa."

Yvonne then launched into a whole tirade involving what happened that day, but not without some embellishments to add fuel to the fire. In her version of the story, Clarissa was the one who took it upon herself to provoke Yvonne because Clarissa could not bear to see her enjoying herself. She also added something about how Clarissa was jealous of her having money and having a good time.

Interestingly enough, Luke did not sympathize with her. All he did was laugh.

"Her, jealous of you? Give it a rest. You really are thick-skinned to be making up stories like this. I'm going to be that it was you who started this whole thing. Don't pretend to be the victim here. Do you think I don't know your temperament?"

The discomfort on Yvonne's face was even more apparent, having been called out on her lie. What made her even more unhappy was Luke's defense of Clarissa.

"Even so, don't you think she is cunning? Mr. Harrison, she even threatened to expose us to Mason. I don't really care, since it's you I really desire anyway. But if she were to go public with this, what will happen to your reputation?"

Luke burst out laughing. "What about my reputation? She can say whatever she wants. It's not like I care."

"Absolutely not!"

Yvonne was quite anxious and immediately objected to this. "Mr. Harrison, am I not someone you're fond of? Why won't you help me? I've given you so much of my love and affection. Do I mean nothing to you at all? I can't let Clarissa threaten me. She has that incriminating photo and will definitely use it to her advantage. I can't just sit here and let her blackmail me like this."

"She's not that kind of person."

Based on the tone of voice, Luke seemed to know Clarissa quite well.

Another pang of jealousy stabbed Yvonne in the chest. She then climbed into Luke's lap and ground into him seductively. "Mr. Harrison, I don't think it matters what kind of person she is. But as long as she has the upper hand, I will never be at ease. Are you really not afraid of her exposing you?"

Luke pushed Yvonne away, his eyes ruthless. "Yvonne, this is an obviously personal matter between the two of you, and I refused to be dragged into this. Besides, you'll be married soon, so we'll end this now. Leave the keys on the table before you go."

"What? Mr. Harrison. Even if I'm married, I'll love only you!"

Luke sneered. "Is that so? I think such flattery is best left to your silly little fiancé. Now I want you out of here before I change my mind and have him pick you up instead."

Varying emotions flitted across Yvonne's face before she finally put her clothes on unwillingly and left Luke's apartment.

After she left, Luke made his way to the bathroom and took a shower. He then had a smoke on the balcony.

Some time later, Luke smiled. There was work to be done.

Clarissa was not expecting to be tailed by Luke.

He was not stalking her and even seemed to be quite forthcoming about it. He had been following her since she drove out of Zen Highlands.

Exasperated, Clarissa finally pulled over and waited for him to do so as well. When Luke stepped out of the car, his face still bore that grin of familiarity. His salacious gaze roamed her body, not bothering to hide his thoughts.

Clarissa was not particularly fond of Luke, but he clearly had something in mind.

She suddenly thought of Yvonne and had a rough idea of what he wanted to do.

Gina had stepped out of the car when she did, keeping a close eye on Clarissa.

Luke glanced at Gina before turning his attention back to Clarissa again. "Clare, darling. You've grown even lovelier since our last meeting."

"Cut the crap, Mr. Harrison. Are you here on behalf of Yvonne?"

"Yes."

"Then, I'm going to be frank. I can't give the photo to you, because this is my way of ensuring that she stops behaving the way she does. Kindly go back and tell Yvonne that I'll stay out of her way as long as she stays out of mine. If she behaves, I have no reason to use this photo. But if she steps one toe out of line, then I won't have a reason to be so nice anymore."

"Mmm."

Luke merely agreed without saying much.

Clarissa frowned, not understanding what Luke meant.

However, she didn't want to spend that much time with him.

"Since we're both clear, then I'll be on my way."

Clarissa was about to get into the car when Luke suddenly tried to stop her, but Gina moved first. She pulled Clarissa aside and aimed a kick at Luke's shin.

Luke reacted quickly enough to avoid Gina's attack and stood his ground.

"Clare, what's all this for? I bear you no ill will. This driver of yours is fantastic as well! Is she employed by Matthew? He treats you well, but how well can he treat you? Will he eventually marry you?"

Luke's words were deliberate.

Clarissa smiled coldly. "I appreciate your concern, Mr. Harrison, but whether or not we marry has nothing to do with you."

"Ah, I figured that might be the case. Well, if you're not going to be Mrs. Tyson, I'll be here waiting."

As to what he was waiting for, they both knew very well.

Clarissa glared daggers at the man, but Gina quickly stepped forward and punched Luke in the face on her own accord.

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Gina was not about to waste time being polite.

Although Luke was a handful, he was still no match for someone like Gina. He eventually stopped being able to dodge her blows as effectively and fell right in the way of her fists.

Gina had acted out on her own, but Clarissa did nothing to stop her.

If Clarissa said nothing, Gina would not bother stopping either.

Soon, the air was filled with Luke's embarrassing cries for mercy, which Clarissa took great pride in.

With a giggle, she said, "Alright, Gina."

With that, Gina immediately stopped.

Luke was left on the ground, panting and bleeding from the corner of his lips as well as his nose. He quickly stood up and wiped the blood off, glancing at a smiling Clarissa.

However, he seemed to not be angered. He smirked and gave Clarissa a pained smile.

"Clare, that wasn't very nice. How cruel of you."

"Consider that a fair warning, Mr. Harrison. Watch your tongue."

"But I'm telling the truth for your own good. Between you, Shermaine, and the young lady from the Grandes, who do you think stands a better chance? What do you think your odds are? I reckon you should consider your options carefully."

Clarissa could not be bothered to argue.

With nothing else to say, she got into the car and left.

Luke smiled and gingerly touched a particularly sore spot on his face. Damn, that really hurt.

Back inside the car, Clarissa's expression was as dour as her mood.

Because the Tysons themselves had been keeping quiet, she was lulled into the false sense of calm. Clarissa forgot that there were still problems that needed solving.

She felt herself fall into a panic, which served to worsen her mood.

Since there were loose ends, she could not just take things easily.

However, there was little she could do on her own. Be it Sienna or Shermaine, the situation was a ticking time bomb.

These two could spell serious trouble, if she wasn't careful.

Clarissa could not help but reflect on what had happened to her before. Is it possible that one of them might be the culprit here?

Of course, Sienna was the first to discover her relationship with Matthew and had long suspected it since. Shermaine, on the other hand, knew as well since the pair had not bothered hiding it when they returned to D City together.

Knowing Shermaine, she had been quiet for too long. Was the shock Matthew gave her sufficient enough?

Clarissa could not be certain, since Shermaine was not the type to give up too easily.

When Clarissa arrived at the Tyson Corporation, she dropped off the food she'd brought over for his colleagues before making her way to the top floor.

Matthew was on the phone when she entered. Very quietly, Clarissa tiptoed inside and sat down without disturbing him.

She decided to while away some of her time on social media. With Shermaine keeping silent, her own feed was relatively peaceful.

Clarissa could only feel relieved if she was certain that there was nothing else.

Just then, she received a message from Ellie.

"Grandma hasn't said anything to you recently, has she?"

Ellie was usually the first to inform her of anything the Tysons might be planning, but the family had somehow kept their distance. She found the silence both odd and eerie at the same time, so she decided to ask Clarissa instead, for fear that the family members had been planning something in secret.

Clarissa was touched by the gesture, given how Ellie was such a good friend to her.

However, Clarissa could empathize with the Tysons. If she suddenly had a relative who started dating a friend of hers, she would not be happy either.

Back then, the Tysons were nothing but kind to her. They never would've imagined that this young lady, in particular, would be involved with Matthew, of all people.

Therefore, Clarissa could understand where the opposition came from and did not take it to heart.

"No, things have been alright, lately."

"That's good to hear. But if anything happens, don't be rash. Don't be like those silly heroines in tv shows who choose not to take what is offered and leave in a huff. Even if you leave, BLEED. THEM. DRY. You've got nothing to lose."

Clarissa couldn't help but laugh. "Okay, I'll do my best to bleed them dry! :)"

"WAAAIT. Don't just bleed them dry, that's the last resort. Stand your ground! But if you are unhappy about something, just tell Uncle Matt. He'll defend the heck out of you regardless! And don't you dare give me that crap about being saintly or compromising for anything less. Every single heroine you've written about is a tough cookie, and I expect nothing less from you! You're NOT weak!"

"EXCUUUUSE ME, do I really seem like that sort of person to you?"

"YES!"

Clarissa was speechless. "Then, I promise not to be weak. Happy now?"

"Fine. Promise that you'll see it through. After all, I think you're best suited to be my Aunt Clare. I know that both of you are guaranteed to work well, where chemistry is concerned. I don't think anyone else is worthy of my Uncle Matt."

Clarissa laughed. Does Ellie secretly have daddy issues?

Ellie seemed to worship the ground he walked on and thought that nobody was worth of her uncle. Wasn't she just as against Clarissa in the beginning?

Clarissa was thankful for her lasting friendship with Ellie. It was this relationship that allowed her to come to terms with herself.

I suppose I'm not too bad myself. Otherwise, Ellie wouldn't approve of me, right?

Clarissa couldn't help but grin self-indulgently as she thought of this.

I'm pretty d*mn good, if I do say so myself.

This was something she decided to ask Matthew directly upon her arrival at the Tyson Corporation.

Of course, she was still rather coy about the whole affair.

Matthew initially reacted with surprise when he first her question. He then pulled the blushing woman into his arms and tilted her chin to look up at his piercing gaze. Clarissa felt exposed under his scrutiny as her cheeks grew even hotter.

"What are you l-looking at? You don't have to answer if you don't want to! Besides, what's so fascinating that you're just staring at my face?"

A mortified Clarissa wanted to push Matthew away, but she was firmly restrained in his viselike grip. He maintained his searching gaze as he observed how every inch of her face flushed a delicate scarlet. Matthew waited patiently for her embarrassment to turn into annoyance before answering Clarissa with a smug grin. "I think you're lovely. But you're not just that. I think you're perfect."

Clarissa was satisfied with this answer.

However, she was still mortified at how he played it out so tantalizingly.

She let out a small huff. "Alright, I get it. You can step away from me now. It's time to eat."

Matthew did not let go immediately but left her a gentle peck at the corner of her lips. "Ellie is right, though. If anything troubles you at all, you must tell me. You'll have my full support. You needn't even consider settling for less or compromising where you should not."

Initially, Matthew had never even considered that the conversation would take such a turn.

After all, he was definitely not the type to watch the cringy romance dramas involving large wealthy families and their petty squabbles.

Even though Clarissa had posed the conversation she had with Ellie as a joke, Matthew could sense that she was actually worried that a scenario like that would occur.

It was not something that he could take lightly either. He was concerned that Clarissa could actually leave him for those reasons without saying a word.

Matthew also took the opportunity to continue while Clarissa was still surprised. "Although I want to be with you all the time, and despite being under Gina's protection as well, I cannot guarantee I'll be there forever. Therefore, if someone takes advantage of you, or if my mother makes things hard for you, I want you to promise me this. Let me handle all of it. Don't make any decisions without me, especially the decision to leave me and move on. Alright?"

Matthew brushed a finger across Clarissa's chin as he inched closer to her. Gone was the carefree tone he had at first, which was now replaced by something more compelling.

Clarissa was forced to look at Matthew's darker gaze. "Alright, I promise I won't leave without discussing it with you first."

Matthew smiled and looked at her with smug satisfaction.

He lowered his head and brushed a gentle kiss over her lips. "My dear Clare is a good girl."

Well, behaving is a given.

If I didn't behave, how on earth would I handle someone as overbearing as Matthew?

She had gotten a few days of proper rest but did not wish to be stifled by his domineering behavior this way. It would make her listless.

After a while, Matthew let go of her, and the pair sat down to eat.

Over the last few days, Clarissa had come to accompany him for lunch unimpeded. She had also managed to sneak a few naps.

Clarissa was not sure of how the employees at the Tyson Corporation would react to a younger woman like her having lunch dates with their boss. However, she had become quite a familiar face to some of the staff whose main tasks were to keep the president's office clean. Mrs. Zeller and Mrs. Wallace, as they were so named, also tended to share quite a bit of gossip with Clarissa when she did go to visit Matthew at the office.

Mrs. Zeller would've recognized Clarissa for sure, but she definitely was not the type to keep a secret.

Clarissa was also itching to know exactly what everyone gossiped about, but she never quite had the chance to. She definitely could not use her status as an excuse to wander around the Tyson Corporation as she pleased. All she could do was listen to Mandy's gossip when she returned to the studio.

"Let me tell you that I've heard them discuss this in the elevator several times. Everyone is now speculating over Mr. Tyson's girlfriend having lunch with him every day. You've morphed from being a scion of a prominent family to a socialite, a model, even that you're looking for a Cinderella story... the possibilities are endless. If only you could hear exactly how wild the accusations are! Of course, there's also plenty of room for nonsense like envy, jealousy, and even hate. But I am really curious though. What does it feel like being his girlfriend?"

"How do I feel?"

Clarissa rubbed her chin thoughtfully for while before answering. "Well, how am I this drop-dead gorgeous? I think I'm definitely one hell of a catch where he is concerned."

She then noticed that nobody had responded to what she said. Clarissa turned around and realized that both Mandy and Rocky shared the same odd expression."

"What's the matter? Are you not convinced that I am beautiful?"

"Well, of course, you are beautiful!" quipped Mandy in a hurry. "Your beauty is so awe-inspiring that you've swept him off his feet! How about that?"

Clarissa snorted. Suddenly, she had an imperious expression as she ran her fingers through her hair absent-mindedly.

"I guess I'm just so beautiful that I swept Matthew off his feet, I guess," said Clarissa with a sigh as she flipped her hair. "What more can I say?"

When nobody spoke, Clarissa laughed out loud again. "Come on, are you both still reluctant to admit it?"

Mandy only winked at Clarissa. She then turned around and realized that Matthew's lanky figure had approached her quietly with his hands in his pockets and a sly grin on his face.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 195

Although it was not the first time she said something like that in front of Matthew, her face flushed when she got caught being so narcissistic in front of other colleagues. She was so embarrassed that she wished she could hide under the table.

Mandy and the others were shrewd enough to excuse themselves, leaving with their documents.

In no time, Matthew and Clarissa were the only ones left in the studio.

The man had a sly smile on his face, fixing his eyes on her.

Having no choice, Clarissa resorted to covering her face. By burying her head in the sand, she pretended as if nothing untoward had happened.

Soon she heard Matthew's steady footsteps approaching. The man now stood beside her, the sound of his chuckle tickling her ears.

The next moment, the man grabbed hold of her shoulder and turned her around to face him.

He then pulled her hands down, uncovering her face.

With her eyes flickering and her face flushed, Clarissa preemptively made an accusation against him, "Why did you eavesdrop on our conversation?"

Matthew flashed her an innocent smile. "Clare, I didn't eavesdrop. In fact, I listened to your conversation openly."

Clarissa's face became redder. "Hmph! Then why did you listen to our conversation?"

The young lady was acting petulant.

With an innocent face, Matthew let out a chuckle. "Why? Well, aren't your words meant to be heard? Besides, I can't possibly plug my ears, can I?"

"Hmph!" Clarissa pouted while pulling a long face, trying in vain to hide her awkwardness and shyness.

In fact, she was boastful just now, and the man had found out about her narcissistic side.

Matthew, on the other hand, was amused. He knew the young lady must be feeling very embarrassed right now. He patted her head, like how he would at a kid's, saying smilingly, "Uh-uh, stop pouting! Well, in fact, you're right in saying that your beauty is capable of sweeping me off my feet."

Clarissa's lips twitched, not knowing how to respond to him.

When the man once again pinched her cheeks, she furrowed her brows. "Don't do that! It hurts!"

Matthew gave a hearty laugh. The young lady's skin was silky smooth, and it seemed like her cheeks had become chubbier than before. It actually felt good to pinch on it.

He just couldn't take his hands off them. The next moment, he gave her lips a big smooch, fondling her lips with his. "Oh, my darling, look at how much I care for you."

Clarissa glared at him with accusatory eyes. You're such an outrageous flirt!

But there was nothing she could do.

Matthew burst into gales of laughter while hugging her in his arms. The man adored her very much!

Hearing the laughter, those who were hiding in the office exchanged glances.

Mandy whispered, "The staff we met at the lobby of Tyson Corporation dared say that our boss is only Mr. Tyson's lover. They must be so blind that they can't see how much Mr. Tyson loves Clarissa. I think it's just a matter of time before Mr. Tyson marries Clarissa."

However, Rocky seemed to hold a different opinion. "Clarissa is indeed a nice lady, but it's not that easy to marry into the Tyson family. The prominent families will look into every aspect of a woman before they accept her into the family. Well, of course, I hope Mr. Tyson and Clarissa can have a happy ending."

It was his genuine hope though he was not too optimistic about it.

Mandy shot daggers at Rocky, yet the latter was unmoved. She then shifted her gaze to Yael. "Yael, you have known Clarissa for a long time. What do you think? Clarissa will marry Mr. Tyson, right?"

To her disappointment, Yael replied impassively, "Whether they marry each other or not, that's none of our business."

Mandy raised her voice, "What do you mean that's none of our business? Of course, that has a lot to do with us!"

If Mr. Tyson doesn't marry Clarissa, she will have to return the studio.

On the other hand, if they tie the knot, not only can the two lovebirds finally live happily ever after, Clarissa can also take her career to the next level.

Although Clarissa is already very successful, it will only do her good if she marries Mr. Tyson. She can climb to the top of the social ladder!

Yet, the others were not as concerned as Mandy. She shook her head and sighed, for she didn't get a positive answer from her colleagues. She turned around and peeked through the gaps of the curtain.

In the studio, the afternoon sunshine poured through the window, shining on the two lovebirds.

Aww, the two make such a lovely couple. If their relationship broke up, there was no way that Mandy would ever believe in love again.

In the end, Matthew brought Clarissa back to his office.

Initially, Clarissa thought of leaving the studio after staying for a short while. Seeing Matthew went all the way to the studio to see her off, she eventually decided to stay, knowing the man was reluctant to let her leave.

She was now sitting in front of Matthew's desk. The latter had installed a computer for her so that she could work while at the same time keeping him company. However, the problem was that it was hard for her to focus on her work with him sitting in front of her.

The temptation of his charm was irresistible. After typing a few words, she would look up at the man who was working seriously. Her eyes took control of themselves as they traced his thick eyebrows to his pair of deep eyes, tall nose bridge, and perfect lip shape. His face is flawless. How could a man be so handsome and sexy?

Clarissa was making goo-goo eyes at Matthew when the latter suddenly looked up, the mirth in his deep-set eyes barely veiled.

"Clare, do you like what you see?"

Clarissa's face flushed in an instant, yet she held her gaze.

"Well, yes."

Matthew let out a chuckle; he was pleased with the answer.

"Then, come here and give me a kiss."

Clarissa scrunched up her nose while shaking her head. "No. You better continue with your work, or it might affect your work efficiency. Let's not talk now, and I won't look at you anymore. We need to hurry and focus on our work."

At that moment, the two of them looked like two naughty students chattering in class instead of doing their homework.

Clarissa fixed her eyes on the computer screen as if she was absorbed in her work.

Seeing that, Matthew couldn't help curling his lips into a smile, yet he didn't insist. The man's expression softened, and he seemed to look gentler and warmer at that instant.

It was unimaginable to others to see such a warm expression on his face. In fact, it would only appear when no one but Clarissa was around.

In the quiet office, the two of them dived into their work. Yet, it was not long before Clarissa started surfing the internet. She soon grew impatient and lost interest in browsing the internet. In the end, she went to take selfies by the window, capturing Matthew's figure as well. She couldn't help feeling smug to have such a handsome man as his boyfriend.

"Hehe..." Standing by the window, the young lady covered her mouth as she giggled, trying to hide her smugness.

When Matthew cast his gaze at her, she immediately kept a straight face and flashed him an innocent smile. Then, she continued looking at the picture on her phone.

Yet, her good mood was spoilt when she received a call from Mimi.

"Clare, I've got good news for you. There is a famous director who is looking for a second female lead, and I have recommended you to him. Don't you think I'm kind to you?"

"Oh, really?"

Clarissa didn't believe the all selfish Mimi would give up the opportunity for nothing.

"If it's such a golden opportunity, why didn't you take it?"

"Oh, Clare, I knew you won't trust me. Well, of course, I wish to take up the role as the second lead, but the director is looking for a stunner for that character. Since I'm not as beautiful as you, I decided to give up the opportunity and recommended you instead. You can inquire about the movie Rogue. It's a movie that focuses on the story of the heroines. You will shoot to fame with the starring role as the second lead in the movie!"

"You're kind to me, but why do I find it so hard to believe?"

"Clare, there is no need to be so wary of me. I still remember you for giving me money to pay for my tuition fees. I won't harm you."

"Uh-uh, I didn't give it to you, but I lend it. I have the IOU with me. You still need to return me the money."

"Fine, I borrowed the money from you. Still, you have helped me a lot. I will repay you for your kindness if I get accepted to the film academy. However, seeing that I finally have the opportunity to repay you, it's no doubt I will recommend you to the director."

Clarissa sneered, "I don't need that."

"Why?"

"I know nothing about acting. Plus, I'm not interested in becoming the second lead. That's it, bye!"

Mimi quickly halted her when she was about to end the call. "Wait! Don't hang up! Are you really not considering it?"

"Nope."

"Well, okay then, I respect your decision." Mimi paused for a while before she continued saying, "Actually, I'm going to a party tonight. Many of the celebrities will be present as well. This is my opportunity to get acquainted with those from the entertainment industry. I got the party ticket with much difficulty, but I don't have branded clothes. Clare, can I borrow them from you?"

"My clothes don't suit you."

"How do you know they don't suit me? Clare, don't be so stingy! It's just some clothes, and I promise I'll return them to you immediately after the party. You have no idea how difficult it is to get a foothold in the entertainment industry with no resources and connections. I didn't expect you to help me, but at least don't ruin my opportunity. Besides, you know well about my financial ability and that I can't afford branded clothes. Are you still going to reject me? I know I was wrong, but now I've changed. I wanted to strive for my own success, but I can't possibly show up at the party in shabby clothes, can I? Clare, please, lend me your outfits," Mimi pleaded.

Clarissa was impressed to see Mimi humbling herself.

In the past, Mimi would definitely hate her to the core if she ever rejected her request. Thus, it was truly unexpected to see Mimi being so thick-skinned, abasing herself before her.

In the end, Clarissa relented, "Fine. I'll lend you the clothes."

“Clare, you’re the best! Send the clothes to me at No. 3 Ayrith Villa at Abingdon Road before seven tonight. I’ll meet you at the door. I’m going to attend classes now, bye!” With that, Mimi ended the call before she could say anything.

Clarissa frowned slightly. Although she agreed to Mimi’s request, she was reluctant to lend her those clothes bought by Matthew.

Later that day, she went to a mall nearby and bought a mid-priced gown, in which the expense of it would add up to Mimi’s debt.

Since there was time, she did some shopping before heading to Ayrith Villa with Gina.