

You' ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 269

Clarissa's question surprised Matthew. At least, she could tell from the expression on his face that he had not seen it coming.

And that was how Clarissa realized that Matthew did not share her thoughts.

The discovery put her at ease, but Matthew chose that time to speak.

"Clare, is that what you've been thinking about these past few days?"

He sounded cold.

Clarissa could sense the displeasure in his tone, as though telling her that all of her thoughts and troubles were foolish and insignificant.

In Matthew's opinion, she was just being silly.

They were husband and wife and would remain a couple even if they were separated. How could she think that I will not wait for her?

Matthew's hard jawlines tensed up even more, as though he was trying his best to restrain his anger.

"What were you thinking, Clare? I thought we were just having a couple's quarrel these past few days, but you're actually thinking about separation?"

His voice sounded stiff.

Gazing into his deep, dark eyes, Clarissa took a step back.

"I wasn't thinking about that..."

Muffling her voice, she came up with a weak defense.

"You weren't? Then, why have you assumed I can't wait any longer? If that's not suggesting a separation, then what's it supposed to mean?"

Clarissa stammered, "I... I..."

She could not look Matthew in the eye. Bowing her head, she mumbled, "I'm just asking!"

Of course she would not admit that she had really been thinking along those lines.

Under Matthew's stern gaze, she dared not admit it.

Matthew stared at Clarissa as she struggled with her guilty conscience. He briefly pursed his thin lips and opted to keep quiet.

Clarissa could feel the fiery, sharp gaze upon her. Her lips quivered and she finally spoke.

Because staying quiet would only make things worse.

"Okay, maybe I'm overthinking it. It's just that... three years is a really long time."

She could feel the tension in the air the moment she finished her sentence.

Damn, I've really done it this time.

Then, she made a feeble attempt to amend her mistake.

"I'm sorry," she whispered an apology, but it came too late.

Matthew might not accept it.

The silence hung in the air for some time, leaving Clarissa at a loss. When she lifted her head, her eyes met Matthew's cold, dark orbs.

Her heart skipped a beat. Her eyes flitted away.

A moment later, Matthew spoke.

"Clarissa, I don't think I can accept your apology."

Matthew abruptly got up and turned to leave.

Clarissa did not like where this was going. She hurriedly got out of bed, caught up to him and grabbed him by the sleeve.

"Matthew, are you really mad at me? Don't do this, please. I beg you. I was wrong. I apologized..."

Matthew gritted his teeth, clenched his fists, and forcefully wrenched his arm out of her grip.

He remained quiet and did not want to say anything. In fact, he was afraid that whatever he might say or do would cause harm to his beloved.

More importantly, he was suppressing a temper.

Bang!

The door was slammed shut. Heartbroken, Clarissa remained rooted to the spot, her head bowed like a school kid who had erred. After a while, teardrops fell onto the carpet and seeped into the fabric, leaving no traces behind.

"It's my fault! Why are you doing this? I said I was sorry..." Clarissa mumbled in between sobs, but Matthew never came back for her.

Matthew was furious, heartbroken, and helpless at the same time.

He got into the car but did not immediately tell the driver where to go. He sat in silence for a while, and then he made up his mind.

"Kyle, get me a pack of cigarettes."

Kyle was surprised to hear that. He could not remember for the life of him the last time Matthew smoked.

Three years ago, he witnessed Matthew work himself to the bone day in and day out. Back then, the man could forgo sleep and smoke non-stop. A few months down the road, after finding out that Clarissa was with child, the man had sworn to give up smoking for good.

So, Kyle did not expect Matthew to pick up the habit again.

Anyway, Kyle did what he was told. When he returned to the car, he got nosy and asked Matthew, "Sir... I thought you've quit smoking?"

Matthew held a cigarette between his fingers. There was a pause, and then a change of mind. Next, he returned the cigarette into its packet.

"Let's go!"

Kyle said nothing and started the engine.

"Take me back to Zen Highlands."

The driver did as he was told.

That night, Clarissa could not sleep. The next day, she had dark circles under her eyes.

Looking at her, Joshua could not help but laugh at her expense. "Oh, gosh. Look at those eye bags. I'd love to draw a cartoon character based on how you looked right now. A giant panda would fit perfectly!"

Clarissa rolled her eyes and threatened him harshly through gritted teeth, "Don't you dare!"

Joshua chuckled regardless. When he had had enough, he added, "So... You haven't reconciled with Matthew yet?"

Clarissa fell silent. The corners of her lips drooped to form a frown.

Joshua added excitedly, "Forget about it. Divorce would be quicker. Hey, I know! You should date me instead! I swear, I won't ever argue with you, and even if we do, I'll let you win!"

Fat chance!

Clarissa silently rolled her eyes at Joshua and allowed him to figure it out himself.

"Tsk," Joshua scoffed. "It's your loss for not choosing me. For your information, I'm a nobleman's son."

"Sure you are," Clarissa replied half-heartedly. "My bad for not recognizing your worth. Are you happy now? But, dear god, it doesn't matter even if you're a prince. I'm married now, and I love my husband very much."

"Sheesh... you're trying to provoke me, aren't you?"

Clarissa merely shook her head, sat down, and sighed.

She could speak so well then, but why couldn't she utter a single word last night?

Maybe she had become estranged with Matthew, and thus incapable of sweet talk.

Clarissa sighed again.

Joshua put down the brush he had been using and glanced at Clarissa, "I say, what are you sighing for? You should be glad that you two got into a fight."

What's that supposed to mean?

Clarissa darted a stern gaze at him.

Joshua proceeded to explain, "Don't take it the wrong way. What I mean is, what's with the gloom and doom? Lighten up! Matthew will turn around eventually! You should stop overthinking. If he doesn't want a divorce, then he's just being stubborn. At a time like this, it's the man who should step up the game. If he doesn't, then there's no use keeping him around."

Joshua got down from the bed and chuckled, "Alright, you're coming with me. I'm taking you on a fun day out, and we'll wait for Matthew to come get you."

"Stop fooling around! Your injury—"

"Come on, it's no big deal, Clare. When I was a kid, my father used to beat me up so many times that I lost count. Sometimes, I couldn't even get out of bed, but I usually got better the next day. This little injury is nothing! Plus, I've been here for a few days already. And it's not even because of a fight! Come on, having a little fun won't hurt. Let's go!"

Joshua changed his clothes and dragged Clarissa out of the hospital very soon.

In the name of having fun, Joshua actually brought her to the art gallery.

So classy?

Clarissa quirked her brows, to which Joshua smirked and said, "Oh, come on. I'm a man of culture. It's your loss for not choosing me. Come, just enjoy it. We have other places to go after this but, for now, you just take your time to walk around. Excuse me while I say hi to a friend."

The art gallery belonged to one of Joshua's friends, so of course he had to show his support.

Clarissa hovered in the gallery alone, accompanied by her thoughts.

Perhaps the world was a really small place, let alone D City. Looking around the gallery, it did not take long before Clarissa spotted a familiar face.

Is that... Sienna?

Both Clarissa and Sienna were equally surprised to see the other person.

In addition to that, both of them had mixed emotions upon meeting the other's gaze.

The young man beside Sienna was gushing at her adoringly. He turned to face Clarissa and was briefly overcome by bewilderment, but he quickly withdrew his gaze.

"Ms. Grande?"

Sienna immediately composed herself, but the fright she had obviously experienced would not settle so easily.

When Clarissa examined the man next to her, Sienna only got more flustered.

But Clarissa thought nothing of it. Her gaze merely lingered on the man a second longer before she glanced back at Sienna with disinterest.

She crossed to the other side, walked past Sienna and tried to leave.

"Clarissa..." Sienna called out to the other woman, her expression darkened. "Hold it right there."

She stepped in front of Clarissa, blocking the woman's path. It was then that Clarissa managed to get a read on the mix of emotions swirling in Sienna's eyes, including anger and frustration.

It was worth noting that she was no longer the aloof, arrogant woman from years ago.

"I can't believe you're back!"

Clarissa sneered, "Excuse me, does D City belong to you? Why can't I come back?"

Sienna had no words to rebut her.

"But, Clarissa, you've been rejected by the Tysons. How dare you show your face here?"

"Oh, wow. For a second there, I thought you're asking yourself that question."

"Y-You..."

Sienna failed to suppress her anger. Clarissa's rebuttal left her speechless with a flushed face, and it was too late when the woman realized that her partner had witnessed her rashness.

Sienna felt greatly humiliated. Gritting her teeth, she stared Clarissa down and wished that she could kill Clarissa.

"Ms. Grande, you obviously have a very nice man by your side now, and yet you still haven't given up on the Tysons? Tsk, I wonder if this gentleman knows about—"

"Shut up!"

Feeling exposed, Sienna was enraged and felt frightened.

She walked straight up and approached Clarissa. It looked like she was going to attack her or smack her mouth, both of which were not ladylike at all.

But Clarissa was quick on her feet. She dodged just in time and managed to avoid Sienna's physical contact. It was then that Joshua showed up and quickly pulled Clarissa aside.

“What’s going on, Rissa? Who’s she, and why’s she bothering you? It’s alright, I’m here. Hey, you! Just who do you think...” he blabbed on.

Joshua came to Clarissa’s defense and did all the talking, not even pausing to gasp for air as he launched into a debate.

Sienna’s face flushed. She glanced at Clarissa before her gaze landed on the man who appeared out of nowhere. Their conflict had attracted many onlookers. Sienna had the feeling that she had become the brunt of the joke once again.

For so many years, she had been the topic of ridicule by the elite circles of D City. She had finally managed to move forward and even got into a relationship with a man who knew little about her past. Is fate pulling my leg when it arranged for Clarissa and me to meet today?