

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 271 - 273

That night, Clarissa was in for a lot of surprises.

Joshua turned out to be an actual nobleman's son. After Clarissa managed to get a handle on things, she suddenly realized that Joshua's talkative nature was not that difficult to comprehend at all.

After all, his father was a foreign minister who depended on his eloquence to win the public's favor. I guess Joshua's talents must be some sort of alternative genetic inheritance, right?

And then there was Olive, Joshua's mother.

Could Joshua's artistic talent be another form of alternative inheritance too?

Clarissa had trouble getting it into her head that Joshua, her talkative and sometimes immature friend, was actually born into an upper-class family. Yet, he bore so little resemblance to his parents.

It looks like one should never judge a book by its cover.

After seeing Jeffrey off, Clarissa and Joshua walked to the front of the hall.

Clarissa understood then that the charity auction was held not just in the name of Olive's charitable spirit. She got to know more about the complicated matters involved.

Clarissa met so many people at the banquet that night, some of whom she could recognize and some she did not.

Judging by the number of familiar faces, she could tell how important Olive's annual charity banquet was to these people.

Ryler and Yaala attended the event together. A few other famous celebrities were present too. Clarissa went ahead to pay her respects.

Ryler raised a brow when he noticed Joshua next to Clarissa.

"Is he your new boyfriend?"

Clarissa's mouth twitched.

Joshua's eyes lit up. "Oh, Ryler! How did you know?"

Clarissa rubbed her forehead. Yaala chuckled, "You have good taste, Clare. This one looks tender and sweet. That's good."

Clarissa rolled his eyes, unimpressed.

"Can you please stop fooling around?"

Ryler grinned, "What's wrong? Can't we celebrate the fact that you have a boyfriend?"

Clarissa snorted, "Ryler, quit talking like that or I'll pretend I don't know you."

Feeling threatened, Ryler gave in. "Fine. This one isn't good enough for you anyway. Ditch him and find another. There's bound to be one with your name on it."

Yaala laughed at his statement. And while that was going on, someone held her by the waist.

Yaala froze and quickly wrenched herself free from the arms that held her, putting some distance between Henry and herself.

Henry feigned awkwardness after being pushed away like that. He glanced at Yaala's stone-cold expression before turning to face Clarissa. Smiling, he greeted her, "Hi, Mrs. Tyson. Why isn't Matt with you?"

“Is Matthew coming?” she asked, surprised.

Henry furrowed his brow. “Don’t you know?”

Clarissa went quiet.

All eyes fell on her, each pair just as curious as the next.

Joshua cut in, “Ah, let him come, Rissa. Just know that you’re my partner tonight. Don’t leave me stranded.”

Henry stared at Joshua, whose eyes seemed to be wondering where he came from.

Yaala ignored Henry entirely. She was more surprised to learn that there was something going on between Clarissa and Matthew.

In the past few years, Yaala had never asked Clarissa about her personal life, but it seemed that Clarissa and Matthew had not completely gotten over each other yet.

Yaala pulled Clarissa aside to talk in secret, while Henry held Joshua up. He planned to find out, on behalf of Matthew, anything he could about Joshua’s identity and background, and why he had the guts to court Clarissa.

Speak of the devil and he shall come.

Matthew made his appearance without a partner. His assistant, Donnie, was accompanying him instead.

He had not been dating all these years, and there was no news about his fiancée too. The public took it that the two had broken up peacefully.

Matthew surveyed the crowd when he entered the hall, and eventually spotted Clarissa.

Clarissa looked straight at him, but Matthew merely averted his gaze and returned to socializing with the other guests.

Clarissa frowned, visibly upset.

Yaala had no intention to interrogate her. She knew that they must be going through a blip. In the past three years, the two did not seem to be in any sort of contact, but that was probably how it looked like to outsiders. Could they really end things?

“Aren’t you going to talk to him?”

Clarissa snorted, “No.”

Yaala grinned. “I really don’t get what’s going on between you two.”

Clarissa went silent for a while before she spoke, “Nothing much. It’s a long story. I can tell you all about it some other day.”

Yaala shook her head. “Never mind. I’m not exactly interested. I’m just hoping to hear good news from you.”

Then, Clarissa sighed. “Ms. Zaha, are you really not curious at all? Well, this sucks.”

Yaala smirked. “You aren’t denying the fact that you’re expecting good news. So, I think I can probably guess what’s up.”

Gah. No wonder Henry has so much trouble vying for her attention. Yaala’s too smart for him.

It was almost time for the auction to begin. Olive stepped onto the stage. There, she was the epitome of elegance and grace. She did not have a grand speech prepared. Rather, she dove straight to telling stories of everything she had seen abroad and experienced in person. Everything she mentioned was neither made-up nor arranged by the media. Those were just too fake. Olive spoke only of true accounts.

Of course, the issues she highlighted were able to be brought to attention largely due to her influence.

Clarissa believed that great power came with great responsibility, and not everyone with huge tasks thrust upon them could handle them well.

Therefore, Olive had a great character.

As Olive continued her presentation, she showed some pictures of her cause, making her point much more convincing.

It did not matter whether the richer members of the audience were really moved by her, or they were just pretending. As long as they were moved, they were more likely to part with their money. And that was all that mattered.

Olive's one-woman show went on for half an hour. After that, as the first person to auction her own items, she displayed one of her paintings.

The auction had officially started. Joshua whispered to Clarissa, "This painting has been collecting dust at home for ages. She came across it last night. And now these people are making a grab for one measly artwork. Ha, what a bunch of idiots."

"You're her son. Of course you don't think much of it. But Olive's a renowned artist. Even her doodles are valuable!"

"Ah, whatever. I don't see how something like that can be of any value."

"Can't blame you for having poor taste."

"Excuse me, Rissa! You're saying I have poor taste? For your information, I'm highly sought after in the industry!"

"Being rich doesn't automatically translate to having good taste, mind you. And you don't need to shout. Let's be honest, you and Olive aren't on the same level. Can you please admit that?"

Of course, Joshua denied it. However, he did not want to go head-to-head with Clarissa about it.

He snorted and looked away, like an angry child.

Clarissa chuckled. She actually wanted to bid for Olive's painting, but she backed down after the tycoons in attendance kept offering prices beyond her imagination.

Surprisingly, Matthew emerged as the first successful bidder.

Clarissa was happy for him. She wondered, did he buy that because he knows I like it? If that's true, then Olive's painting will be mine when I return.

Clarissa was delighted indeed. Next to her, Joshua huffed, "Just you wait, I'll dig up all the dusty works of art from my house and give them all to you, free of charge."

"Really?"

Clarissa's eyes lit up.

Joshua was proud of himself for having thought of that. He waggled his eyebrows at her.

Clarissa could not suppress a chuckle. Joshua's actions reminded her of Damian. Whenever he was praised or had done a good deed, he would behave the same way too, looking all smug and satisfied.

Unfortunately, at the time being, she could only see her son via video call. It had been a while since she met him in person.

She missed him very much. Before she had him, she never understood the emotional

connection between mother and child, where they could not go one day without seeing each other. As a mother herself, she could see that children meant the world to their mothers. Clarissa's lips curved into an endearing smile, the sight of which managed to rub the smirk off Joshua's face. He did not like where this was going.

Please don't give me that look. My mother used to give me that look. Don't tell me Rissa thinks of me as her son! Gah! No, no, no! Don't go there! I want to be her man, not her kid! Unable to stand her motherly smile, Joshua came up with an excuse to get away. He needed to shake away the thought of Clarissa becoming his new mother.

A while later, Clarissa could clearly feel a sharp gaze falling on her. She turned around but lost track of the source. Matthew, however, had just turned his head ever so slightly to speak to the person next to him.

Geez, quit pretending you didn't see me!

Clarissa snorted. On the stage, all sorts of auction items were on display, each ready to go to the highest bidder.

Yaala had contributed one of her costumes to the auction. She urged Clarissa to do the same, "If you want to put your popularity to good use, why not add something to the auction?"

Clarissa pondered for a moment. "Alright," she said.

She did not have anything of value, and she had not come prepared. So, she made a quick call to Yael, and they came to a decision. Soon, a manuscript written by Clarissa, the renowned screenwriter, was added to the pile.

The manuscript was not an ordinary one. It was the short story Clarissa had written for Damian when he was born.

The story had yet to be published. She had written it then to celebrate her son's birth. It was just a simple fairy tale with a simple plot. However, because the purpose of the auction was to raise funds for underprivileged children, she believed that putting the manuscript out for bidding was quite appropriate.

Clarissa did not think her manuscript would rack up much, despite her name. It was just something she wanted to do.

On stage, the host began to introduce the next item, "Next, we have... a manuscript of a fairy tale, written by famed writer and screenwriter, Clarissa. She has won..."

The host went on to talk about the awards Clarissa had won before. Those in the entertainment industry might know her fairly well but the business tycoons probably did not. The host was still halfway through listing Clarissa's accomplishments when someone interrupted him to place a bid, "Five hundred thousand."

Say what?

Silence fell as all who were present looked towards the speaker.

Clarissa was surprised too. She looked towards the crowd and realized that it was Luke who had made such a generous bid.

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From far away, Luke beamed at Clarissa. There was a lot of courage behind that smile.

Clarissa had barely reacted when someone else offered a higher bid, "Eight hundred

thousand.”

The bidder was none other than Joshua.

Clarissa’s companion got smug again. He lifted his chin and looked at Luke, deliberately provoking him.

Oh, honey. I can’t beat Rissa’s husband, but I can surely beat a player like you. Don’t you want a show? I’ll give you one!

Yaala put on a mysterious grin and cast a curious one at Clarissa, who rubbed her forehead in exasperation.

It was then that someone else offered an even higher bid.

“One million.”

It was Ryler.

He wanted to stir the pot.

Clarissa’s eyelid began to twitch as Luke went on to increase the bid.

“One point five!”

“One point eight!” Joshua called out.

“Two million!” Ryler went a step further.

The scene might be incomprehensible to many, but some members of the audience were beginning to get what was really going on. A few seemed to have spotted Clarissa, and they vaguely recalled her as someone’s fiancée some time ago. Moreover, she was a beauty! The host kept going, “Two million! Pretty ladies do get special treatment, it seems! Does anyone else want to raise the bid?”

Did he say “pretty lady”?

That seemed to be the case. Other than Yaala, the award-winning actress, there really was another beautiful woman in the hall.

Is that Clarissa?

Some people were surprised to meet the real deal. They never really pictured how she looked like. A few of them even started taking pictures of her.

Two point one, two point two...

More and more people joined the bidding.

Eventually, Luke and Joshua were not the only ones competing for the manuscript. Clarissa simply could not understand what was going on. Initially, she thought that a hundred thousand for a manuscript might already be stretching it a little too much, so she definitely did not expect the bidding price to go up to five million.

Of course, unbeknownst to her, the tycoons were rolling in money, so to speak. Most importantly, they would do anything to please a pretty lady.

The bidding gradually became an intense bidding session. The host liked where this was going. He thought of inviting Clarissa to come onto the stage. Her presence would surely encourage the men to bid more. As the host, it was his job to get these people to loosen up their pockets.

“Hold on, ladies and gentlemen. Since everyone has been so generous today, why don’t we invite Ms. Quigley to come up here and say a few words? We can resume the bidding after that.”

“Sure...”

Accompanied by cheers and applause, Clarissa nervously approached the stage. She summoned the courage to go up there because backing out was not an option. Blushing, she got onto the stage under the watchful gaze of everyone present. The tycoons in the audience got increasingly fanatic. It was not so much because of Clarissa's beauty that drove the men crazy. They had seen their fair share of beautiful women over the years, especially women from the entertainment industry, so they quickly got tired of it. Then, there were women who looked completely different without wearing any makeup on their faces. Those were really disappointing. On top of that, many of those women had long lost their innocence. Today, they got to watch Clarissa go on stage in a flustered manner. Her pretty face, in addition to her apparent shyness and natural blushing, was not a common sight. The men marveled at the way she carried herself, and found that they liked her even more. Up on the stage, the host requested her to give a little speech. What am I supposed to say? Still blushing and feeling awkward about it all, she kept it short, "Thank you, everyone, for supporting this auction. And thank you for showing your love towards these children." "Ms. Quigley, I'm sure our esteemed guests will support you too." More bidding ensued after the host delivered an encouraging statement. When the price had gone up to eight million, he turned to Clarissa and suggested, "We've come this far. Why don't you add something to the mix, Ms. Quigley? Round it up to ten million, shall we?" Clarissa just stared at the host. What else can she add?

The host winked at Clarissa. The actress from the previous round has just auctioned off a day of her time to the highest bidder. Surely, Ms. Quigley, you can perform a similar feat. But Clarissa persisted. The host found it quite regrettable. Just when the host was about to pull the plug at eight million, a deep, firm voice stood out among the rest. "Twenty million!" Clarissa's heart skipped a beat as she looked towards the source. "Whoa—" The crowd flew into an uproar. The bid had gone all the way up to twenty million. Even the host was stunned. Twenty million was not too large a sum in an event like this. Any one of Olive's masterpieces could have raked that amount. Of course, that also depended on the item's value. So, the fact that Clarissa's manuscript could exceed one million was nothing short of a miracle. Yet, someone was willing to bid twenty million for it. The host responded, "Mr. Tyson of Tyson Corporation calls for twenty million! Twenty million! Any other bidders? If not, then Ms. Quigley's manuscript will go to Mr. Tyson." No one placed any more bids. It was then that some members of the audience suddenly recalled what happened three years ago. Wait a minute, Mr. Tyson had a fiancée, didn't he? And she happened to be a screenwriter who went by the name of... Clarissa. But, didn't they split up three years ago?

Later, Clarissa's manuscript was sold to Matthew at twenty million.

The host then made a bold proposal, "On this wondrous occasion, shall we have Ms. Quigley present her manuscript to Mr. Tyson personally?"

Apparently, the host knew nothing about the scandal between Clarissa and Matthew back then.

Moreover, he thought he was mighty clever to have come up with the idea to have the two of them interact with each other.

He led Clarissa to hand over the manuscript to Matthew personally.

Clarissa gave the manuscript to Matthew, who accepted it calmly without saying a word.

The host could not bear it!

So, hoping to start a conversation, he began, "Ms. Quigley, do you have anything to say to Mr. Tyson? He spent twenty million on your manuscript, after all."

Clarissa thought, Matthew spent so much on my item... Geez... Fine! I'm going to let this one pass since it's for charity.

"Thank you."

The host asked Matthew, "Mr. Tyson, do you have anything you'd like to say to the beautiful Ms. Quigley?"

"No."

The host did not know how to respond to that one.

So he chuckled dryly and closed off the segment with a few words. He got back onto the stage and resumed the auction, but he never wanted to speak to Matthew again. Gosh, he's so aloof!

In the meantime, Clarissa quietly returned to her seat.

She did not want to know whether the crowd remembered the love story between Matthew and herself three years ago, nor was she interested in knowing what the guests thought of them.

Clarissa remained silent. She did not know that Matthew's scandal from three years ago would be brought up again that night.

The auction was on a break. An artist was performing on stage while the guests took a breather.

Luke walked over to sit beside Clarissa, a wine glass in hand. Joshua caught up to him and made it seem like the two were competing for her attention.

Ryler, who Clarissa trusted, swooped in to rescue her, joined by the two "envoys", Jeremy and Yarick.

A few upstarts who were unfamiliar with Clarissa and Matthew's love story also came forward to talk to her.

Hoho....

Faking smiles is a very exhausting job.

Besides that, Clarissa could also feel a sharp, piercing gaze boring into her back.

Fortunately for her, she did not have to go around talking to people because every other person in the hall, each with their own intentions, were coming up to meet her. Those who came to flirt or had ulterior motives were turned away by Jeremy and Yarick.

So, that was certainly an interesting scene.

Yaala came to pull Clarissa away from her fans, but not without teasing her, "Oh, Ms. Quigley, you've certainly bagged quite a number of suitors!"

“Ms. Zaha, stop it. I’m having a major headache now.”

“Why’s that? Being popular is a good thing. There is nothing wrong with women of charm and grace to be sought after. Never ever try to hide your charm just to please men. At any time of any day, always know what you want. Do not ever change yourself for some guy.”

As expected from a strong, independent woman like Yaala.

Such a bold statement! But... is it a resigned response to Henry’s relentless pursuit?

Clarissa dared not ask her about it.

While those men were still trying to strike a conversation with her, Matthew showed no interest to do the same.

Clarissa and Yaala had no plans to join them, whereas several women attending the event kept looking their way, their gaze curious and inquisitive.

The young actress who had auctioned off a day of her life was not only bold but very ambitious too.

One could not fault her for not contributing to charity, for she had just auctioned twenty-four hours of her time, but it was certainly not appropriate. Yet, the actress had the guts to do so and was not the least bit embarrassed about it.

By the end of her performance, she stopped to chat with a few other people before approaching Yaala.

She went to strike up polite conversation with Yaala. As someone new to the entertainment industry, she held the right amount of respect for the experienced actress, but something about her attitude towards Yaala made it seem like she considered the actress, who was several years her senior, to be well past her prime.

Those who did not interpret the young actress’s actions properly might consider her quite polite and respectful towards Yaala, but the more one thought about it, the more one would come to a terrifying realization.

Is she implying that Yaala’s getting old?

Listening from the side, Clarissa was not sure if she was overthinking it, but when she saw Yaala’s expression, which was cold and indifferent, she knew that her friend probably caught on to the young actress’ message too.

However, Yaala cared little for the newcomer’s act.

Clarissa thought that the young actress merely came to Yaala to announce her presence, but then the woman turned to her and changed the subject.

“Ms. Quigley! Oh, your reputation precedes you!”

My reputation?

Clarissa frowned, but the actress continued, “It was three years ago, I remember. I was still a student at the film academy. I went to audition for a role in “Princess”, and that was where I met you, Ms. Quigley. You told me my performance wasn’t up to par. What a pity, you said.”

So? Are you here with a grudge?

Clarissa did not remember the young woman.

“Is that so? I don’t remember.”

“Oh, but I do... Those were your most glorious times, Ms. Quigley. You almost married into a wealthy family! Hoho—”

Almost doesn’t count. It seems that this young woman is here looking for trouble.

Actress Verona Seldon remembered who Clarissa was since she met her three years ago. Not only was Clarissa young and beautiful, but she was also talented, and Verona adored her.

In fact, she was actually jealous of Clarissa. Verona believed she would become more popular than Clarissa as she was younger and prettier.

And she was confident that she would secure the role in the film as no one would play that role better than her.

During casting, the assistant director said that role fitted her like a glove. Even her manager was confident no one could snatch the role from her.

Yet, the production crew eventually dropped her after Clarissa had a chat with the director. The assistant director later told her manager that the screenwriter thought Verona was not the best candidate for the role.

That was why Verona had borne a grudge against Clarissa since then.

After entering the entertainment industry, Verona had to work extra hard to survive in the industry. Yet, Clarissa easily enjoyed all the fame because of her rumors and had benefitted from the fact that she and Matthew were engaged.

Therefore, Verona's jealousy toward Clarissa continued to grow.

Just when Verona thought she might not be able to avenge herself, she learned that the Tysons had kicked Clarissa out of the house. That was great! Serve her right!

The only reason Verona bore grudges against Clarissa to this day was that the former was a petty person who refused to move on.

Clarissa had not made a lot of public appearances in the last three years, even though she had won many awards and was becoming more popular. Verona thought that Clarissa must have stayed away from the limelight because she was too embarrassed to face the public.

This was why Verona was surprised to see Clarissa at the auction tonight.

Without a doubt, Clarissa was the star of the night.

This annual mega charity dinner was a prestigious event, which only extended its invitation to A-listers in the entertainment industry. Verona was able to make the list this year only

because of her popularity. How did Clarissa, who is a mere screenwriter, earned her spot here? It looks like many of the male guests here have shown interest in her too.

Verona wanted to be the center of attention in the event. That was why she put herself up for a celebrity date auction. Unfortunately, Clarissa had once again stolen her thunder.

Verona's pent-up anger became even more palpable, and she began to wonder if Clarissa did it to provoke her.

On the other hand, Clarissa thought Verona was mad at her for not offering her the role. She did not know what was going through Verona's mind at all.

Anyone would be easily offended by the remark Verona made, but not Clarissa.

Clarissa responded with a calm smile, ignored her, and continued talking to Yaala.

Though Verona was not exactly an A-lister, she had risen to fame in recent years, and everyone would care for her feelings and would not dare to offend her. Upon seeing how Clarissa gave her the cold shoulder, Verona was hopping mad.

How dare she snub me? She's just a screenwriter! Does she really think all the men here find her attractive? She's nothing but an old hag! With her beauty and capability, Verona believed she had the upper hand here.

Instead of leaving, she stood still and took a sidelong glance at Clarissa. "Did you just ignore me, Ms. Quigley? Do you really still think you're married into an affluent family?"

"I know that you've fallen from grace, and you're embarrassed about your past, but you'll still have to accept the reality," Verona continued to sneer, "I feel sorry for you for pretending to be all high and mighty. Since you're still young, I think you should move on and accept the fact that there'd always be women around Mr. Tyson. Why won't you take this opportunity to get over your shameful past?"

Clarissa had never come across someone as stupid as Verona.

Well, Mimi would still take the cake, but this Verona is definitely a close contender.

How did someone like her can become so famous? I'm surprised she hasn't made any enemies in the industry.

While Clarissa continued to look at Verona with a corner of her lips quirked up, Yaala gave the woman a disdainful look. "I know your manager, Maxdon, very well. Did he not teach you how to keep your mouth shut if you wish to have a fruitful career in showbiz?"

The color instantly drained out of Verona's face after being reprimanded by Yaala.

Verona had been in the industry for several years, and her disrespectful behavior earlier clearly showed that she was getting too full of herself.

"You're very experienced in the industry, Ms. Zaha, but there'll always be newcomers who would take over your position in the industry," Verona scoffed, "And just to make things clear—I came over to talk to Ms. Quigley. There is no need for you to get involved."

In other words, Yaala was just a busybody.

Yaala let out a cold snort and was ready to retaliate. "You!"

"Ms. Zaha," Clarissa stopped her. Yaala then looked at her. Knowing that Clarissa could handle the situation, she decided to take a step back.

"So what do you think Ms. Quigley? Are you not gonna heed my advice and try to marry into another rich family?"

Verona had finally gotten on her nerves. Clarissa would have let her off had Verona stopped harassing her in public.

Clarissa shook her head, walked up to her, and whispered, "You better stop what you're doing right now. Otherwise, you're just gonna make a fool of yourself."

Instead of leaving, Verona responded with a mirthless laugh. "Well, thanks for your lovely 'advice', Ms. Quigley."

Clarissa gave her a smile. "Would you heed my advice, though? Do you know what you did today might cause you to lose opportunities in the future?" she warned, "By the way, are you and Ms. Zaha from the same company?"

Yaala immediately denied it. "Our company would never take in someone as stupid as her. She belongs to Dashon Entertainment."

"Dashon? Mr. Holland's Dashon Entertainment? I know him. In fact, I've met him before," Clarissa said.

Verona laughed and said, "I'm sure Mr. Holland knows a lot of people. You're probably just

one of his many acquaintances. I believe I know him better than you.”

“Oh,” Clarissa responded nonchalantly, “Well then. I thank you for your suggestion. You have a good night’s sleep, okay? I’ll prepare something special for you tomorrow, and I hope you’ll like it.”

With that, Clarissa turned around and left with Yaala.

Verona looked at their backs and sniggered as she thought she had successfully intimidated the two women.

You are nothing but two blo*dy old hags!

While she was celebrating her so-called success, she did not realize someone had been observing her.

Joshua snorted and said, “What’s wrong with that woman? Is she stupid? Which company does she belong too, and who invited her here? Her face looks weird. She must have gone through a lot of plastic surgeries. How dare she step on Rissa’s toes? I’ll not let her off...”

Joshua continuously mumbled in frustration. Luke, who stood next to him, went deep in thought. She looks familiar. Have I slept with her before?

Did she not know Clarissa has a close relationship with Ryler? Ryler could easily teach her a lesson if he wants to. What a dumb-ass.

Jeremy and Yarick, on the other hand, could not stop giggling after watching how the drama unfold. But no one knew what was on their mind.

Meanwhile, Verona still continued to bask in the glory and enjoyed all the guests’ attention. I wonder what special surprise Clarissa has for me tomorrow.

Halfway through the auction, Clarissa had a chat with Olive. When prominent figures started coming to talk to Olive, Clarissa decided to make a move.

She knew it was inappropriate for her to hog Olive as the big shots wanted to have conversations with the critically acclaimed artist.

Clarissa put on her coat and walked out of the hall. Since Joshua would have to stay back to accompany Olive, Clarissa thought of leaving with Yaala.

But it seemed everything that had happened tonight was against Clarissa’s plan.

By the time they arrived at the foyer, they saw Henry’s car. Of course, he came for Yaala.

Luke, Jeremy, and Matthew had also parked their cars near the entrance, alongside two other men who bade for Clarissa’s painting for a high price.

Yaala could not help but chuckle upon seeing all the men there.

Clarissa was rather embarrassed, and her mouth could not stop twitching. She took a glance at Matthew, who was sitting in the car. He put on an intimidating look and winded down the window.

Is he trying to make peace with me by giving me that shitty attitude?

“Get in. I’ll drive you home.” Jeremy was the first person who made the offer while the rest waited for Clarissa to make a choice.

Clarissa got into Jeremy’s car and did not utter a word.

Jeremy smiled, waved at the other gentlemen, and drove off.

Luke took a glance at Matthew’s car before driving off.

Clarissa choosing Jeremy over the others was the most appropriate decision she could make at that point. Once the car hit the road, she turned to him and said, “Thank you.”

Jeremy raised his brows and grinned, “Don’t thank me. I feel sorry for Matt. I can’t believe he’s throwing tantrums like a teenager.”

