

# You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 46 -50

Clarissa felt uncomfortable and scared with Luke around, particularly because he kept looking at her with prying eyes.

However, the more uncomfortable she felt, the more interested he was in her.

"Ms. Quigley, do you have a boyfriend yet?" he asked.

Clarissa furrowed her eyebrows as she knew with utmost certainty that he was deliberately quizzing her.

Damon quickly stepped in and came to her defense. "Luke, this has nothing to do with you."

Luke let out a smirk while he looked at Clarissa and Damon with a disdainful look in his eyes.

"I'm just curious. Am I not allowed to ask a simple question like that? Could it be that Ms. Quigley is your girlfriend? I don't think so, or perhaps you are secretly in love with her?" he retaliated.

"My affairs are none of your business!" Damon responded furiously before he turned to look at Clarissa.

There was an unspoken expression in her eyes, one that others could not seem to understand, yet it also conveyed a sense of sadness at the same time.

Suddenly, Ellie pushed Luke away forcefully and yelled, "What the hell are you trying to do? Clare is by no means a loose woman you can toy with. You better stop what you're doing. She is like a sister to me, and I will kill you if you try to make a move on her. Mark my words!"

Luke stared at Ellie and saw that her protective instincts over Clarissa were indeed genuine.

He then smirked and said, "You are indeed something, Ms. Tyson. However, I don't plan on making any moves on your bestie, nor would I dare to!"

"Make sure it stays that way." Ellie then clutched onto Clarissa and said, "Alright, there's four of us. Let's play poker."

"I don't know how to play that game," said Clarissa innocently. She was completely inexperienced when it came to gambling.

"It's okay. I'll teach you. We're just here to have fun tonight. Just relax and play along," said Ellie.

Luke chuckled. "Yeah, Clare. You don't have to hold back."

Ellie rolled her eyes at him then asked, "Do you know her that well to call her by that name?"

"Come on, we're all friends, aren't we? There's no need to be so calculative. Right, Clare?" he said playfully.

While Clarissa smiled awkwardly and said nothing, Ellie gave him a fierce look as a warning.

The few of them then sat down and started playing poker.

At this point, Clarissa was learning the game from scratch as everyone at the table was teaching her how to play. It felt more like a class than a game to her.

No matter how much they tried to teach her, she simply could not get the mechanics of the game. Even when they intentionally made way for her to win, she still lost.

After a few rounds, Ellie completely gave up on teaching her. It seemed like her brain was only made for writing and was not wired to learn anything else.

Clarissa excused herself from the table to use the toilet, where she finally let out a huge sigh.

As she walked out of the toilet, she saw Luke leaning against the door of their private lounge, and her heart started palpitating as she was getting anxious again.

"Clare, oh wait, should I call you 'Mrs. Tyson' instead?" asked Luke.

"Mr. Harrison, I should also thank you on behalf of my colleagues for what happened the other day. Your kind action gave them a new lease on life." She wasn't exaggerating.

If Tessa and her other colleagues had to repay that huge sum of money, they wouldn't probably become his slaves for the rest of their lives.

"Oh, please don't say that, 'Mrs. Tyson'. Of course, I wouldn't dare to ask you and your colleagues for money," he replied.

It was clear that Luke was pulling her leg.

Her expression remained somewhat embarrassed.

"Mrs. Tyson'..."

"Mr. Harrison! Stop calling me that. My relationship with... is not what you think it is. Please stop talking such nonsense," she pursed her lips and said coldly.

"Me? Talking nonsense? You mean to Ellie and Damon, or other people?" he said cheekily.

"It doesn't matter who. Just stop saying that," she countered.

"Hahaha..." he sniggered with his arms crossed.

Meanwhile, Clarissa cringed inside while all sorts of emotions appeared on her face.

Luke found her to be an exceptionally interesting lady. However, regardless of whether she was Matthew's girlfriend, he didn't actually dare to make a move on her.

"Alright, I'll stop that. But you have to give me your number, and I'll zip my lips," he finally said.

Getting Clarissa's number was actually an easy affair for Luke, but he wanted her to tell him willingly.

“Mr. Harrison, I’m not—” Before she could finish her sentence, he interrupted her, “It doesn’t matter who you are. I just want your number.”

While Clarissa remained silent and stubbornly stood her ground, the door of the private lounge was suddenly pushed open. Ellie immediately caught a glimpse of Luke and stared at him with hawk eyes.

“What are you trying to do?” Ellie interrogated him.

“Haha... I didn’t do anything. I’m just trying to get Clare’s number. Right?” he defended himself.

Clarissa could sense the threat in Luke’s voice that very moment.

Afraid that Luke might expose her in front of Ellie, she had no choice but to tell him her number.

Clarissa’s action surprised Ellie and Damon, and though they were both curious why she gave in to Luke, they did not question her then.

Throughout the night, Clarissa was constantly worried. When the party was over at the end of the night, Luke offered to send her home.

Unexpectedly, Clarissa agreed to his request.

She simply squeezed Ellie’s hand and hopped into Luke’s car without offering any explanation.

As Luke’s car sped away, Damon was overcome with a tangled web of emotions. He was jealous, puzzled, and sad at the same time.

Clarissa sat quietly in Luke’s car without saying a word. She looked out the window and watched the neon lights become a blur as they sped through the night.

As Luke ramped up his driving speed, she clutched onto the grab handle tightly.

Nevertheless, she remained silent until they finally reached her residence.

"Thank you for sending me home. Good night, Mr. Harrison," she said.

However, when she tried to open the door, it would not open.

Luke simply let out a menacing smile. His glistening eyes looked rather frightening in the dimly lit car.

Clarissa tried her best to maintain her cool despite how scared she felt inside. Even when Luke pinched her, she forced herself to remain calm.

"Mr. Harrison, what are you trying to say?" she asked.

"Clarissa Quigley, you are a very interesting lady. If you're not Matthew's girlfriend, why don't you be mine? What do you say?" he said in a mischievous tone.

Clarissa shook her head. "Mr. Harrison, I don't want to be anyone's girlfriend."

"Huh? Why not?" he asked her back.

"No particular reason. I just don't want to be toyed with by men. I don't belong to anyone else. Do you understand, Mr. Harrison?" she answered firmly.

Luke curved his lips into a smile and chuckled softly. "Alright, but what has that got to do with being my girlfriend? You're an interesting person, and I like the way you are. That should be sufficient."

Clarissa responded bluntly, "So my opinion is not important to you? You think you can simply decide when it's your turn to take me as your girlfriend?"

He understood clearly what she was implying.

So she rejected Matthew like this too?

"Hahaha... this is interesting. Seems like I have read you correctly from the start." Luke was not angry at all.

Instead, he leaned over and whispered in her ear, "Good night, Clare. I really hope that you will become my girlfriend one day."

With nowhere to hide, Clarissa silently endured the disgust she felt and tried to guard herself by pressing both her hands against her chest.

Nevertheless, he managed to steal a kiss from the corner of her lips against her will.

While she wallowed in disgust and anger, Luke opened the car door for her.

“Luke, that day... will never come.” Clarissa immediately got out of his car and wiped her lips aggressively.

As feelings of repugnance and abhorrence continued to build up inside of her, she suddenly caught a glimpse of Hilary.

She quickly walked back towards Luke’s car, but he waved at her and had already started driving away.

Feeling somewhat remorseful, Hilary quickly went up to her and asked, “Who is that man? He looks rather familiar. That car of his costs at least twenty million...”

She had intended on finding a match for Clarissa, but now that her daughter had met such a wealthy man, she definitely would not let the opportunity slip away so easily.

Hilary continued questioning Clarissa about Luke, but she simply would not budge.

That man is obviously interested in Clary. If she does not seize the opportunity, then I’ll have to take charge as her mother.

A few days later, Ellie questioned Clarissa when they met up again. “Did something happen that night? You were looking for me because of Luke? How did you escape him eventually? Clarissa Quigley, tell me what happened...”

Clearly, Ellie was upset at both herself and Clarissa.

As they spoke, she kept addressing Clarissa using her full name.

“Actually, I bumped into Uncle Matthew and Mr. Smallwood later on, so Luke didn’t dare to make any moves on me. I didn’t think I would bump into him again,” Clarissa explained.

"You bumped into my Uncle Matt? He didn't tell me that," said Ellie.

Clarissa quickly clarified, "Perhaps it was only a small matter to him so he didn't bother bringing it up to you."

"Probably. By the way, he hasn't visited our family home for quite some time now," said Ellie.

"Hmm, he must be busy..." Clarissa muttered.

Ellie nodded in agreement but suddenly scrunched her brows and said, "It doesn't add up. Clare, you know very well what type of person Luke is, yet you allowed him to get close to you. Why didn't you decline his request to send you home? Please don't tell me you take that bas\*ard seriously. Let me remind you how absurd he can be. You better not..."

Seeing how anxious she was, Clarissa interrupted her before she could finish talking, "I know. There's no way that I'd take him seriously. However, I still had to thank him for keeping mum about the car accident. Otherwise, he might trouble my friends again."

"What? Don't tell me you're scared of him. If that idiot ever creates trouble for you again, let me know and I'll make sure he's dealt with properly," Ellie said in a flustered tone.

Clarissa gave her a hug to express appreciation for their friendship. "Ellie, I'm so grateful I have a friend like you."

"Stop it, you're being cheesy. Come on, let's go—" Ellie's phone suddenly rang before she could finish her sentence.

She sounded puzzled when she answered the call. "Uncle Matt? Is everything okay? Oh, you're looking for Clare? She's right here with me..."

Clarissa's heart skipped a beat as panic started flooding through her veins.

She couldn't figure out why Matthew deliberately called Ellie, and she had no choice but to take the call as Ellie passed the phone to her.

"Hi, Uncle Matthew..." she said nervously.

Matthew snorted coldly. "Have you blocked me?"

With Ellie by her side, Clarissa held back her true emotions even though she actually felt like cursing him. She gritted her teeth and forced a smile on her face as she hummed in response.

“Unblock me right now, or I’ll keep calling Ellie instead,” he demanded.

“Okay, fine!” she gave in.

“Come to Zen Highlands tonight. If you don’t show up, you’ll have to bear the consequences,” he ordered firmly.

Beep, beep beep. Just like that, Matthew hung up on her.

As Ellie watched on curiously, Clarissa handed the phone back to her and covered up reluctantly. “Uncle Matthew was just checking if Luke caused any troubles for me and my colleagues. How thoughtful of him. He’s such a kind elder!”

## You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

### Chapter 47

Clarissa smiled awkwardly while gritting her teeth to compliment Matthew as a kind elder.

Ellie did not notice anything out of place. She merely shook her head with a smile on her face. “Uncle Matt may seem a little cold to many people. Most of them are afraid of him. However, he treats me really well and loves me. Since you’re my bestie, he will love you too.”

Love me?

Clarissa trembled a little and felt groggy out of the blue.

“What’s the matter, Clare? Are you feeling cold? Should I adjust the temperature of the air conditioner?”

“Nah, don’t worry. Speaking of which, Ellie, I need your help to look for a reliable lawyer. I want to end the contract with Twilight Company now. Although it is expiring soon, I’m afraid

that there are things I don't understand. So, I will need to consult a lawyer when the time comes."

"A lawyer? Sure, leave it to me. Well, I think that's a good idea too. They've chickened out after what happened and didn't even care if you're alive. How can one be at ease working for people like these? You should terminate your contract. with them."

"Yeah."

Anyone would seem nice before something bad befall. Even though those people were a friendly bunch, Clarissa did not expect them to put themselves at risk to rescue her after the accident happened. However, leaving her to suffer alone when she was standing up for them was uncalled-for.

That night, she did not receive a single call from the Twilight Company.

Some people just could not stand up to the test of storms in the face of adversity.

While Clarissa was deep in thoughts, Ellie contacted a lawyer in a flash.

"Done. Stop spacing out. Since we've decided what to do, let's head over now. We've got some spare time, anyway."

"Huh? You've made the call already?"

"Yeah. Uncle Matt's company has a group of corporate lawyers working for him. I called him just now and he asked us to head over at once."

"What?"

I'm done for.

Soon, the two went to the J City Building. After entering the elevator, Clarissa was shivering in anxiety. With Ellie beside her, she believed Matthew would not do anything stupid.

Clarissa still felt rather uneasy the second time she came to his office.

She immediately avoided eye contact with him the moment she saw him sitting behind the large desk. Her eyes were looking everywhere except his sharp gaze.

“Sorry to disturb you, Uncle Matthew. Actually, we can just meet the lawyer outside and talk. There’s no need for us to come all the way here.”

At her words, Matthew lifted his gaze from the documents in his hand, then leaned his back against the seat casually and put on a smile. With a sharp look, he stared at Clarissa, who was trying to retract her head into her imaginary shell like a turtle.

“You are Ellie’s friend. As her uncle, how can I be half-hearted about it?”

“Haha! Clare, you are so right! I’ve told you Uncle Matt is a kind person!”

Ellie cachinnated. She did not realize that she had betrayed her best friend.

At that, Clarissa twitched her lips.

Ellie’s words gave Matthew more reason to look at Clarissa. Catching sight of his gaze, the latter instinctively straightened her back and put up her guard. A glint flashed across her eyes while her expression tensed up.

“Hmm? Is that so? Am I a kind elder to you, Clare?”

“Y-yes...”

Witnessing Clarissa’s nervous look, Ellie couldn’t help but tease the former.

“Say, what are you afraid of, Clare? Look at you getting so worked up as if Uncle Matt will eat you up.”

Oh, yes, he will!

That response crossed her mind because she could recognize a predator’s gaze in Matthew’s eyes.

He’ll definitely do that!

“Haha...” Clarissa lowered her head and played an awkward smile on her face. “Stop joking, Ellie.”

With a smile on her face, Ellie pulled Clarissa to the seat and brushed off the flippant remark she made earlier. Unbeknownst to her, the other two were exchanging menacing glares with one another. They were not joking at all.

The lawyer came into the office as soon as they sat down.

“Mr. Tyson.”

Hector, the head of the legal counsel, came to deal with Clarissa’s contract. Although she was surprised, she did not show it.

“Let’s do it over there.”

Right then, Matthew stood up and lit a cigarette up. Then, he walked toward the window and looked out outside.

Meanwhile, Hector sat at the meeting table and began his conversation with Clarissa and Ellie.

Clarissa showed Hector the digital contract that she had. After reading through, he asked her several questions, including various copyright issues she dealt with lately. As she was focusing on her stuff, Matthew slowly turned his eyes in her direction.

He was folding one arm while supporting the other one that held a cigarette between his fingers. Then, he narrowed his eyes to look at Clarissa.

Ellie lowered her head to play with her cellphone while her back was against him. So she could not see him leering at Clarissa, who averted her eyes from his invasive gaze coming from her side.

Hector was sitting opposite while facing Matthew’s direction, so the former could clearly picture the entire situation. Looking at Clarissa acting awkwardly with her face flushed, he thought he saw something interesting.

“That’s it, Ms. Quigley. There’s no big issue here, so you don’t have to worry. You may contact me when your contract expires. I will go with you.”

“Alright. Thanks, Mr. Graham.”

With that, Hector nodded his head to Matthew and walked out of the office.

At that moment, Clarissa shot a glance at Ellie, who was playing a game on her cellphone. Then the former bit the bullet and headed toward Matthew.

“Uncle Matthew, that’s all for today. Thanks for your help.”

Matthew stretched his hand with a smirk on his face and touched Clarissa’s face out of the blue. Surprised by what happened, she drew a sharp breath and turned her head to stare at Ellie, who concentrated on the game intensely.

Before Clarissa could relax herself, Matthew closed in on her and put his hand across her waist. As he leaned forward, they were within a hair’s breadth of touching each other. It was too close for comfort. They could literally feel each other’s breath.

Clarissa’s face turned ashen at once. In her silent struggle, she heard him speaking in a clear voice.

“I must accept your gratitude. How do you plan to thank me?”

In fear, Clarissa bent her head to look at Ellie, then turned back to glare at Matthew. As she was struggling to break free from him, she used eye contact to convey her intention. However, he paid her no heed and continued to harass her. He even lowered his head to sniff at her neck. As a result, her body was stiffened in terror.

“U-uncle Matthew, I don’t know what is it that you want...”

Suddenly, Ellie remarked, “Oh, seriously? There’s nothing to be thankful for. We’re a family. Don’t act like strangers.”

Her words nearly shocked the living daylights out of Clarissa.

Nevertheless, Ellie’s eyes remained on her cellphone as Clarissa turned in her direction.

“Still, you can cook Uncle Matt a meal! Damn it! I’m dead...” Ellie exclaimed as she lost the game that round.

After that, she stood up and spun around, only to see Clarissa, who already broke free from Matthew's grasp and stood at a distance away from him while lowering her head to hide her panic.

Then, Ellie continued, "Uncle Matt, not only is she a talented woman, but she's also great in cooking. Well, I've only had it once. Clare, when will you be free to prepare a meal for me again? Then, Uncle Matt can tag along. Haha..."

"Oh? Is that so?" Matthew queried in an excited tone.

Clarissa smiled awkwardly. "If you don't mind, then I'll prepare a few dishes and serve you a meal."

"To serve me, okay?" Ellie commented.

Clarissa chuckled. "Of course, you're included too."

If Ellie doesn't come, I will never serve him.

"How about tonight?"

Ellie drooled as she thought of Clarissa's cooking.

Just as Clarissa was about to answer, Matthew said with a smile, "Mind if I take a rain check on that meal? I have an appointment with someone else later."

"With who? Is it a woman?"

Ellie immediately brightened up and scrutinized Matthew. She frowned at the sight of his smiling face.

"No way! Is it really a woman? Shermaine? It can't be. She's still filming at the film studio, so she can't be here. If it's not her, then who is it? Well, whoever that person might be is not important as long as it is not her."

Ellie let out a smile and continued, "Uncle Matt, what's the meaning of all this? I don't get it. Are you seeing another woman or Shermaine?"

Whenever Ellie questioned him regarding this matter, he would remain silent.

However, he did not evade the question this time and replied, "Those are fake news."

"See, I knew it! There's no way a smart and hunky like you would fall in love with a woman like Shermaine! Right, Clare?"

Boohoo...

Clarissa was crying inwardly.

Why do you have to involve me? Ugh! I feel like escaping from this place as soon as possible.

"It's inappropriate for us to comment about Uncle Matthew's love life, Ellie."

"It's alright. If you have an opinion about my relationship, feel free to shed light on your point of view."

Matthew stared at her intently, leaving her no room to dodge the question.

"Haha..."

Clarissa pretended to chuckle like a child.

Noticing Clarissa's embarrassment and awkwardness, Ellie pulled the former along and took their leave.

Clarissa finally felt relieved after she exited the J City Building.

Shortly after she enjoyed the taste of freedom, her phone rang.

Noticing that Ellie turned over, she quickly covered her screen and answered the call.

I just removed Matthew from the blacklist and he's calling me already. Look at the time and place.

"Hi!"

Every inch of her body froze up in tension. Matthew let out a titter on the other end of the line. Upon hearing that, chills ran down her spine.

“Clare...”

Clarissa bit her lips in response and remarked preemptively, “What’s up, Uncle Matthew? Ellie is beside me. She must have missed your call. Are you looking for her?”

At her words, Ellie turned to look at her. Before she handed her phone over, Matthew warned in a deep voice, “Clare, do you want me to tell Ellie how I kissed and hugged you?”

“Ahem, ahem!”

## You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 48

Clarissa almost choked on her own saliva at Matthew’s words.

Ellie tried to take the cellphone from Clarissa’s hand, but the latter grasped it without letting go. Suppressing her cough, she waved at the former while saying to the person on the other end of the call, “I got it, Uncle Matthew. I’ll hang up first.”

“Don’t forget about the appointment at the Zen Highlands. I’ll send someone to pick you up.”

“There’s no need. I won’t forget.”

“That’d be the best.”

Matthew’s warning was playing in her mind repeatedly after the call ended.

Obviously, she dared not disobey him.

“What’s up? What did Uncle Matt say?”

Clarissa raised the corner of her lips to force a smile. “Nothing in particular. He told me not to be shy in asking Mr. Graham for help if I need anything.”

"Huh? Didn't Mr. Graham say the exact thing earlier? Why is Uncle Matt so naggy? Is his age catching up with him?" Ellie grumbled and shook her head.

With that, Clarissa did not utter a word out of her mouth as she was afraid of letting the cat out of the bag.

"Alright, let's head to your apartment. Clare, seeing that I did you a favor today, why don't you prepare a meal for me? How does that sound?"

Clarissa grinned. "Sure. Let's get some groceries and ingredients first. There isn't much stuff in my place."

"Not a problem. Let's splurge some money. It's shopping time..."

After lunch, Ellie rested leisurely at Clarissa's apartment.

The former leaned against the couch lazily while the latter lay on the carpet, not caring about their image at all.

"I don't feel like leaving tonight. Besides, I have what I want for dinner in mind already—"

"I have plans later," interrupted Clarissa, who immediately came up with an excuse. "I've to meet with my co-workers tonight."

"Why are you still contacting people like them? Stop letting them take advantage of you, okay? Should I go with you?"

"No, it's fine. It's just a small matter. There's no harm in meeting them, anyway."

"Okay. But please call me first if something happens, alright?"

At her words, Clarissa nodded with a smile. After a while, Ellie got up to pack the leftover pork ribs with smoky barbecue sauce and baked chicken wings into containers.

Then, she noted, "Since you're not gonna have dinner here tonight, I'll not let the dishes go to waste. So, I've decided to finish them at home."

"Is this necessary?"

Of course! I'll never say no to delicious food! If I were a man, I would marry you and make you prepare different cuisines for me every day!"

"If you were a man, I would not marry you! I'm not your personal chef! Furthermore, I need to look for someone to prepare me good food all day! Gosh, cooking is such a hassle! I'm too lazy for that!"

Ellie agreed with her statement. That's kinda true. She does not do anything other than typing. As for meals, she would order deliveries. It is especially worse when it comes to her isolation period. During those times, she would shut herself at home for a month. And that's not an exaggeration. It's a one-in-a-million chance for her to prepare a meal! What a rare occasion!

In the afternoon, Clarissa began to worry after she sent Ellie off.

She knew going to the Zen Highlands was unavoidable, so she changed into a long dress. Feeling insecure, she took it off and clothed in a pair of jeans and long sleeve shirt. Looking formal and proper, she headed out in satisfaction.

Matthew had already sent Clarissa the location of the Zen Highlands. So, the latter showed it to the taxi driver, who couldn't help to glance at her several times. She felt odious as he sized her up.

Clarissa purposely avoided the massive traffic jam during peak hours. Still, it took her forty minutes to arrive at her destination.

The security guard at the gate was expecting her arrival, so he let her in upon seeing the taxi she was in. At that time, Mrs. Lawson was about to prepare dinner.

"Miss, you're here. Mr. Tyson told me you'll be cooking tonight. I'm not sure what cuisine you plan to make, so I prepared most of the ingredients you might need. They're all Mr. Tyson's favorite. Please tell me the menu, I'll lend you a hand."

At her words, Clarissa bit her lips. So, that's the first thing he ask me to do? Am I his personal chef now?

In the face of Julia's smile, Clarissa did not show her true feelings but played a smile on her face and headed toward the kitchen. Frankly, being able to cook in a huge kitchen with the latest cooking equipment was something enjoyable to her.

The moment Matthew came in, he saw Clarissa stood before the stove, lowering her head as she concentrated on the work at hand.

Following that, he took off his jacket and closed in on her. Julia smiled secretly and went off after seeing that, while Clarissa remained unaware.

Matthew could be seen across a layer of transparent glass as he leaned against the wall with his hands in his pockets, looking stylish and unrestrained.

He stared at Clarissa with a gentle gaze unlike his usual cold and sharp gaze.

As she was staring attentively at the pot of fish stew, she was startled by the arms that wrapped around her waist from behind, without warning.

Instinctively, she turned her head back to glare at the person behind her with surprise and anger.

“You have scared me.”

With a vicious smirk, Matthew pinched her chin as he lowered his head, then planted a kiss on his lips, as if partaking a luscious meal.

At that, infuriation and embarrassment welled up in her to the point she felt like hitting him with the ladle in her hand. But she dared not do it. After a bit of struggling, she still could not break free from him. Eventually, she gave up the idea and paid him no heed. Then, she spun around to focus on the fish stew, pretending that he was not there.

Matthew curled his lips and bent forward to place his chin on her shoulder. His scorching breathing blew past her ear. Then, he took a deep breath.

“It smells good!”

She did not know whether he was talking about her or the fish stew.

Regardless of his intention, her face flushed as she felt unpleasant.

Immediately, she turned around and went to another area to prepare other dishes. So, Matthew had no choice but to let her go.

Although she was free from his reach, she could feel his menacing stare on her back.

In reality, Matthew was scrutinizing her with his darkened gaze.

She thought her dressing was rather modest that day. But little did she know that the jeans that wrapped around her legs actually made her look twice as seductive as before.

The man was drooling as he ogled at her long legs, round butt, and small waist.

Matthew shot her an intense look. He could not hold his hand back from touching her waist, then slowly moving downward.

“Matthew Tyson!”

Clarissa snapped and turned back to shoot him a glare with a kitchen knife in her hand, clearly warning him to stop it.

This man is behaving like a horny b\*stard! Argh!

Matthew merely let out a smile but did not retract his hand. Still, his hands stopped hovering around her but began caressing her waist gently.

He accused, “Clare, are you wearing these pants on purpose?”

“What do you mean by that?”

“You’re trying to seduce me.”

“Matthew, you perv! Which of your eyes saw me seducing you? My outfit is modest! How could you blame me for your lewd thoughts?” Clarissa was getting emotional and nearly swung the knife in her hand past him.

Matthew formed a deeper smile on his lips and commented, “Didn’t you know that it can be more seductive with your clothes on sometimes?”

“I... You...”

Clarissa became tongue-tied and glared at him intensely. She had a powerful urge to cut him down with the knife in her hand.

In the end, it was nothing but an attempt to browbeat. "Get out. I don't want to see you or talk to you. Leave at once before I give you a piece of my mind."

Upon hearing that, Matthew stretched his hand to grab her wrist to make her release the knife.

"Alright, I'll leave now. Still, are you really gonna cut me with that? Won't you feel sad for doing that?"

"Like hell I would!"

"You would? Hmm... not bad."

Clarissa was totally speechless. On the other hand, Matthew let out a chuckle, then lowered his head to peck on her lips. Following that, he spun around and went upstairs after exiting the kitchen.

Clarissa was left alone, rooted to the ground. She felt like lashing out, but her heart was brimmed with annoyance and embarrassment.

She had no idea what was the reason she came here for.

Ugh! This is driving me nuts!

When Matthew came down, he changed into a navy blue casual tee. The dishes were already placed on the table but Clarissa did not sit at the dining table.

Instead, she sat on the sofa in the living room. It was as clear as daylight that she intended to set a distance between them.

Upon seeing that, Matthew headed straight to the living room and pulled her into his arms. With his hands around her waist, he leaned forward and said in a romantic tone, "Are you waiting for me?"

"I'm not. You are going to eat alone. Can I leave now?"

“Hoho... Do you think I will let you do that?”

Clarissa rolled her eyes to the back of their sockets. Since he would not let her leave, she would not keep herself hungry any longer. Immediately, she pushed him aside, went to the dining room, and sat down. Right then, she lowered her head and helped herself with the food she made without a care in the world. Since they were all prepared by her, she would at least reward herself with the product of her effort.

Matthew raised a smirk and sat down to dig in the food. He did not say a word after that.

If there was something to note, he ate more than the amount of food he usually had. And it was all thanks to Clarissa’s cooking.

Who would’ve thought that her slender fingers could make such a perfect meal other than writing? I’m well pleased. I should discover more talents she can use with those delicate hands of hers. As those thoughts crossed his mind, Matthew’s sharp gaze darkened.

Noticing his stare, Clarissa moved her hands behind her immediately. Why is he gaping at my hands as if he is about to gnaw at them? He looks as though he did not get his fill of the food.

Without delay, she broke the silence.

“Is there anything else do you want me to do other than cooking?”

“Yes!”

“And what is that?”

“To thank me!”

Clarissa bit her lips in response. After a while, she retorted, “Didn’t I thank you already? Making you a meal is the way I show my gratitude.”

With a subtle smile, Matthew remarked, “It is only for this time. What about those before these?”

“I’ll pay you back with cooking as well.” I’ll never offer him my body.

Matthew went silent for a while as he looked at Clarissa who looked nervous. Then, he agreed.

“Deal. But you have to prepare all my meals for one month.”

“One month?” Clarissa was dumbfounded. “Doesn’t one week makes more sense?”

“One month. Most importantly, you have to stay here.”

“No, I don’t want to! I can prepare meals for you but I’m not staying here!” I’m basically walking into a lion’s den if I stay here.

“Okay. Breakfast is at seven in the morning; lunch is at noon; dinner is at seven at night. You shall not delay even for a minute. I don’t care where you stay, but you must be punctual. Otherwise, you’ll be punished.”

## You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

### Chapter 49

Clarissa refused to comply.

“Why am I subject to punishment? I cooked for you as a sign of gratitude for your help. I don’t work for you.”

At her remark, Matthew raised his eyebrows while his dark gaze glinted.

“Since you choose to cook, you have to do your best. Otherwise, if you come and go as you like, how can you truly repay me? If you don’t give your all, that means you don’t show genuine appreciation for my help, right?”

Clarissa twitched the corner of her lips. As if I wanna give my best.

Although that was her honest thoughts, she could not tell that straight to his face.

So she forced a smile and said, “Yeah, right. Everything you say is correct.”

“However, if you think this is too harsh for you, I can give you another option.”

“What is it?”

“Offer your body as payment.”

“No way!”

Clarissa had seen this coming as she knew Matthew had ulterior motives. Without hesitation, she rejected him decisively.

With a disappointed expression on his face, Matthew sighed, “What a pity.”

“I don’t think so!”

Clarissa continued in a determined tone, “Since it’s decided, I’ll take my leave now.”

Matthew smirked and stretched his long leg to stop her tracks.

“What else do you want?”

“Clare, stay over tonight.”

His deep voice and intense gaze as dark as the abyss caught her attention. One glance at him, and she was bewitched and immersed into it.

Clarissa bit her lips to get herself out of that temptation. She pressed her clenched fingers hard on her skin to pull herself together with the pain.

“I’m leaving now, Mr. Tyson.”

Clarissa walked past Matthew without falling for his trick and left that place frantically.

After staring at her disappearing silhouette, Matthew chuckled.

“Mrs. Lawson, get the driver to chauffeur to send Ms. Quigley home.”

“Yes, Mr. Tyson.”

After entering the car, Clarissa had mixed feelings in her. She did not know if she should feel disappointed or relieved.

What's with his attitude? In one moment, he is being so unreasonable. Next, he becomes aloof. Does he suffer from a personality disorder?

Upon arrival, she waved goodbye at the chauffeur and went up. The first thing after she opened the door, she saw an unexpected guest, Hilary, in her apartment. After seeing her, the latter walked toward her from the window.

"Who's the one that sends you back? Is it the one who drove that sports car the other day?"

Although the car that came just now was not extravagant, I could tell that it was not something an average wage earner could afford. This one was definitely comparable to that high-profile sports car the other day. I wonder if it is the same person?

I must put a beautiful daughter like her of better use. It'd be a waste of a great treasure I give her to that lecherous Patrick. A stunning beauty like her deserves a better man, maybe more than just one. We can use her to gain more benefits.

Clarissa furrowed her brows in displeasure. "I ordered an Uber through my cellphone. I don't know that guy."

With a smile on her face, Hilary took Clarissa's handbag to hang it. "Don't you lie to me! How could it be a cab? Are you pulling my leg? Don't hide things from me. I'm just concerned about you."

"He's just trying to earn some side income while his boss isn't around. Why won't you stop dreaming of me having rich acquaintances? You just got discharged not long ago. Will you get some rest?"

Clarissa stopped Hilary's probing and poured herself a glass of water and took a seat. "What business do you have here? Are you not going back?"

"Ah. I have something to tell you."

Looking at Hilary's unsettling manner, Clarissa knitted her brows together. "What's the matter? Just shoot."

“Well, the thing is, Zach’s company is facing some difficulties recently. If he can get hold of a project, the crisis will be overcome. But that project is not easy to get.”

“What does that have to do with me?”

“The other party offered to give Zach the project if you meet up with him.”

Noticing Clarissa’s enraged expression, Hilary added, “I didn’t know how that person knows you this time. I swear we’re innocent. Clary, are you acquainted with him? Did he make this offer because he knows your relationship with the Garretts?”

Clarissa cocked her eyebrows. “That’s impossible. I know very few people in D City.”

“Then, what do we do? If you don’t help us, we will have to file for bankruptcy. Clary, please. I beg you.”

Just as Clarissa was about to reject Hilary cruelly, an unknown number called her phone.

Right after she answered the call, Luke’s chuckle could be heard from the other end of the line. “Clare, it seems like we’re fated to meet. What are the odds of your stepfather’s company stumbling upon mine?”

At his straightforward remark, Clarissa finally got the whole picture of the situation.

After throwing Hilary a glance, she got up to head toward the balcony, then said in a cold tone, “Mr. Harrison, the Garretts have nothing to do with me. You don’t have to pull tricks like this, thinking it would make things difficult for me. Let me tell you—it doesn’t work on me.”

“Oh, is that so? Since you don’t even care about your biological mother, let’s forget about it. Besides, I won’t be the one becoming homeless. A meal doesn’t really measure up to a company’s bankruptcy. Well, that’s all for now. Goodnight, Clare.”

“Mr. Harrison.”

On the other end of the line, Luke flashed a sly smile for his victory because she compromised herself.

“What’s the location and time?”

“Seven in the evening tomorrow. I’ll pick you up.”

Clarissa immediately refuted, “Let’s make it eight in the evening. I have something going on at seven.”

“Sure thing. It’s settled then.”

Hilary’s eyes were glowing after Clarissa ended the call and walked out.

“You knew the person who sent me back that night was Luke, right? You knew him since the beginning, isn’t it?”

“I...”

Hilary stopped hiding her agenda. “I know him. But I’ve only seen him once. I did not recognize him back then. It was only after he made the offer to Zach that I remembered who he is.”

Clarissa leaned against the sofa with her eyes closed and said, “You may leave now. I’ve promised to have dinner with Luke tomorrow night. As for the project, it’s beyond my reach.”

“Yes, sure. As long as you accept the invitation. We’ll not pressure you. Thanks a lot, Clary. I’ll thank you on behalf of the Garretts.”

Clarissa remained silent all the way. Wasting no time, Hilary left the former’s apartment.

As soon as Hilary arrived at the Garretts, Zach knew went according to their plan because she was all smiles.

“Thanks, Hill. To think that you have to act pitiful.”

“It’s just a small matter. I can use any means necessary as long as she listens. Still, who would’ve thought that Luke would call her? I was so afraid he might spill the beans that it was us who gave the suggestion.”

“You don’t have to worry. Since Luke knows her and has feelings for her, he will know what the things are he shouldn’t say. Speaking of which, good thing that you recognized that it was he who sent her back that day. Otherwise, we could’ve missed this great opportunity. Hill, you’re really the best wife I could ever ask for!”

Zach hugged Hilary intimately and gave her a quick peck on her lips. As she was seeking more of his attention, Yvonne got out of the room while ignoring the two's display of affection.

"Hmph! Mr. Harrison is a nice guy. Why should I give him up to Clarissa? Dad, I like him."

Hilary remained silent while Zach noted, "I didn't stop you from approaching Mr. Harrison. But as you know, he is not interested in you. Besides, he likes to have fun with women and play with their feelings. Do you want to be his victim?"

Yvonne refused to accept the truth. "Who knows if he'll fall in love with me and marry me?"

"In your dreams. Mr. Harrison already has a fiancée, who hails from a prominent family with a strong political background. Can you compete with that? It's fine to set your goals high. But you have to know your limits."

Yvonne's conceited heart was brimmed with jealousy. A while later, she played a gleeful smug on her face.

"Hmph! So what if she got the looks. At the end of the day, she's just someone else's plaything. Hilary, don't come crying at us saying you want to settle the score if your daughter is discarded by Luke one day, okay?"

Hilary grinned. "Of course not. That is her destiny. No one is to be blamed."

"Tsk! Tsk! Even a tiger wouldn't kill its cub! Hilary, you're really heartless! Nevertheless, I love it when you're cruel to her. You two continue with what you were doing. I'm heading out."

To leave the house late at night. Surely Yvonne was not planning to go to her usual join.

Zach nagged at her for a while, but she paid him no heed. After changing into a sexy and revealing outfit, she drove off the scene under the night sky.

The next morning at five, Clarissa woke up in a sleepy state. After washing up, she took a cab to Zen Highlands.

Around six in the morning, she arrived at the destination and ran into Matthew who was having his morning jog.

Clarissa was used to staying up late every night, so it was rare for her to be awake at this hour. Therefore, she dozed off in the car along the journey. She was lucky that the driver was not a pervert. Otherwise, she might end up being brought to some secluded wilderness.

After getting out of the car, she remained in the same position and yawned without opening her eyes. After that, she took a few tottering steps and bumped into a warm body.

When it happened, she was pulled into that person's arms.

It was at that moment that Clarissa finally opened her eyes. The moment she saw it was Matthew before her eyes, she felt relieved and yawned several times.

"Let me go. I need to prepare breakfast for you."

Her tone clearly implied her resentment for him.

Instead, Matthew's dark gaze deepened.

"You came here in this state? Aren't you afraid that the driver might sell you off somewhere or rape you?"

"Hmm? Well, probably not. I don't think it's possible."

"Clarissa, nothing is impossible."

Matthew's reproach worsened Clarissa's morning grumpiness and she finally snapped.

"What's up with you? Does it have anything to do with you even if I was sold off or raped?"

Upon saying that, her exasperated glare met with his eyes for a few seconds.

Clarissa gave in after noticing Matthew's icy stare.

Oh no! I'm screwed!

# You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

## Chapter 50

Clarissa chickened out.

Her eyes flickered as she lowered her head, trying to get past Matthew to enter the house.

But her attitude and words had clearly offended him. She could not get away in one piece.

As soon as she took the second step, Matthew carried her up, and she shrieked in surprise. He took her into the house and headed upstairs. After entering the room, he threw her on the bed.

"Matthew, what are you doing? Ah... Mmm..."

Before Clarissa could get up, she was pressed against the bed and kissed. His actions were domineering. As a result, she could not budge an inch.

As she was struggling to break free, Matthew's motions and fierce expression frightened her.

"Mm...Let me go. I am wrong...Please don't do this..."

When Clarissa's eyes met his, she thought that he might deflower her.

He is serious about it.

However, Matthew suddenly halted his movements.

His body was on top of hers, and his breathing gradually became rapid. His dark gaze was intimidating, causing the guilt-ridden Clarissa to stop getting mad at him.

"I am sorry. I know that you're doing this for my own good."

"If you were to let someone rape you, then you might as well let me have you."

Upon hearing that, she was at a loss for words.

She could feel the heat of his breath beside her ear, and it made her feel like retracting her neck. In response, she dared not breathe deeply.

After staring at her for a while, Matthew got down from the bed and entered the bathroom.

With that, Clarissa fled from the scene and headed to the kitchen. She was still traumatized by the episode earlier.

At that moment, she finally became clear-headed and began to prepare breakfast. Her morning grumpiness and anger vanished into thin air.

Hmm? Has he finished jogging? Why is he taking a shower now? Well, who cares? I should focus on preparing breakfast.

She finished the preparation before seven. Right on time, Matthew came down wearing a navy blue suit. It was tailormade to fit his body, further highlighted his muscular physique. However, he remained aloof and was unapproachable. His icy stare made her blood run cold.

Clarissa's breathing turned shallow. As she planned to leave, Matthew shot her a glare. Without him uttering a word, she sat down obediently and had breakfast with him. It was a good thing that she prepared an extra serving.

After the meal, Matthew left without saying goodbye. She thought that he was probably still enraged by what happened earlier.

Julia cleared the table after sending him off. Looking at the shuddering Clarissa, she could not help but laughed.

"Miss, Mr. Tyson instructed me to prepare you a laptop, saying that you might need it for work. Since traveling back and forth is inconvenient, why don't you stay here in the meantime? Mr. Tyson won't be around during the day, anyway."

After pondering, Clarissa nodded.

Coming back and forth is a hassle. It'd be great if he doesn't come back at all during daytime.

The next moment, Clarissa held the laptop in her hand, leaned against the sofa, and started her work.

At noon, she prepared the food and ordered the chauffeur to send it to his office.

In the evening, she waited for Matthew to come home after she was done cooking. The first day is finally over. Why do I feel like a homemaker waiting for her husband's return?

Eww! What am I thinking about?

Clarissa hurriedly got rid of the thoughts. Later, she checked the time, and it was seven. If I leave now, I will make it back to the apartment before eight.

She left right after informing Julia as she was not planning to wait for his return.

Julia could not comprehend Matthew and Clarissa's relationship, so she did not poke her nose into where it did not belong.

Shortly after Clarissa left, Matthew came back home.

A freezing aura exuded from Matthew after he noticed that Julia was alone. Soon, the temperature of the room had dropped to subzero within seconds.

"Where is she?"

Julia replied anxiously, "Ms. Quigley left after she was done. She seemed to have something going on later as she was checking the time repeatedly."

At her words, Matthew shot her a deep look. After she was almost done with her explanation, he finally nodded and went upstairs.

Clarissa arrived at her apartment at 8pm sharp. After changing her outfit, she headed down. By that time, Luke's car was already parked in front of the entrance.

He leaned against the car door as if he had confidence in his cool and handsome look. The passerby looked at him and talked among themselves. The gazes of young women were especially evident.

The moment Luke saw Clarissa, he walked over politely and handed her the bouquet in his hand.

“Clare, you look beautiful tonight.”

At his compliment, Clarissa twitched her lips. I just put on a loose t-shirt and shorts. How is this beautiful? I literally look like a gunny sack. “Thank you.”

After Luke opened the car door, Clarissa got into the car. The car sped off from the scene while those young women were staring at her with envy.

Luke picked a high-end fine dining restaurant that was quiet and romantic.

Clarissa was overwhelmed with discomfort as soon as she sat down. She was rather surprised by the fact that she was allowed to enter the restaurant in that attire.

“Clare, I know the owner of this place. Don’t feel embarrassed. I brought you here to enjoy a nice meal. You don’t have to mind those people as long as you’re happy.”

At his remark, Clarissa turned to look at him.

With a smirk on his face, he said, “Why? Have you fallen for my good looks?”

Clarissa shook her head. “Is it worth collaborating with a company with the price of a meal? I may not know what project it is, but you are giving it to the Garretts just because I have dinner with you? Don’t you think it’s a little too hasty a decision? Could it be that they are capable of getting it to begin with; but you just threatened them to make me give in to your whims?”

“Hmm?”

Luke raised his eyebrows and curved his lips into a happy grin, as though some thoughts crossed his mind.

“Haha...Did you give in?”

“This is what I’m trying to say. Mr. Harrison, if you think you can threaten me with the Garretts, you’ll be disappointed because it doesn’t work on me. The only reason I agreed to come out with you today is to make things clear with you. If they are incapable, they will go

out of business one day, which has nothing to do with me. For once, I hope that you'll stop using them or my mother to blackmail me. Also, perhaps I am overthinking things, but I hate to let things remain ambiguous. I am not interested in you. Do you understand?"

"Hahahaha..."

Luke chortled at her statement as if he heard a funny joke. His laughter caught everyone's attention in the restaurant.

Clarissa felt a little awkward after being watched by others like this. Her face flushed as she felt uncomfortable. Then, she gave Luke a cold stare.

Her expression was a mixture of shyness and anger in the eyes of the other diners.

Upon seeing that, Jeremy snapped a picture with his phone and clicked his tongue.

Why am I encountering this every time?

"Mr. Smallwood..." His partner whined, "That girl may be beautiful, but she is not available now."

Jeremy smiled. "Yeah. She is not available indeed."

After pondering over it, he sent that picture to someone else.

"Tina, I won't steal someone else's woman."

The woman's smile opposite him froze. "Mr. Smallwood, I'm Molly."

"That's right. You're Molly. My little Molly."

Initially, Clarissa thought Luke would be agitated after she snapped his head off. Who would've thought that he would remain unfazed and continued smiling?

Throughout the entire time, he either stared at her or complimented her beauty and how lovely she was. He even praised her table manners.

He must have practiced his sweet-talking skills with countless young girls.

As if Luke could read her mind, he commented, "Clare, women love men that know how to compliment them. Could it be that you have a fetish for an aloof and grumpy middle-aged man?"

An aloof and grumpy middle-aged man? What a perfect description for someone else.

After that, she replied, "Neither of them suits my taste. Okay, I'm done. Can we go now?"

"Tsk! Tsk! But you suit my taste."

"I won't accept you."

Upon saying that, she got up and was about to leave.

Luke caught up to her and said, "Let me send you home."

The car was parked outside the apartment. The two were standing beside the car. As Clarissa caught sight of the look on his face, she could tell that he was still up to no good.

This man is unlike Matthew, who is unpredictable. Wickedness is written all over his face. I believe he's just courting me for fun. I don't have the charm that will make every man fall for me. Luke is the classic playboy.

"Mr. Harrison, our dinner date is over. From now on, I don't care if you still plan to give the Garretts a hard time but don't involve me anymore. I'll no longer entertain you. Goodbye!"

After she spun around, Luke grabbed her wrist and pulled her into his arms.

"Luke Harrison! Let me go!"

Luke sneered at her exclaim. Following that, he pinched her chin and closed in on her.

"Clare, be my woman. What do you say?"

Clarissa was in full defense and rejected in anger, "I won't."

"Why? Is it because of Matthew?"

Clarissa became a little anxious. "This has nothing to do with him. Mr. Harrison, let me go at once. Are you going to force me like you did that night? I do not condone behavior like this. I despise you."

"Hoho...It has nothing to do with him? Your voice shivered a little. Clare, you are the friend of his niece. If you get together with him, what will other people say? Matthew is not a notorious man like me. You—"

"Shut up! What else do you know other than threatening me? Can you try something new? If you don't let me go, don't blame me for being rude."

Luke leaned forward as if he was trying to kiss her and asked in a suggestive tone, "What will you do to—Ahh..."

Luke pushed her away and glared at her angrily.

"What did you just do?"

Clarissa showed him the Taser in her hand. "Mr. Harrison, forcing yourself on a woman is a despicable act. Stop it at once."

A chilly glare flashed across Luke's eyes and he grinned smugly.

"Hahaha...I just love to force women into things against their will."

Clarissa was disgusted at his words.

Luke came closer in a determined manner. "It doesn't matter if you are Matthew's woman or not. If I want to get something, I will get it by any means."