

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 11 - 15

Yvonne left in a huff.

Clarissa exhaled sharply and put on her accessories again. She checked her reflection in the mirror and clenched her fists to cheer herself up.

"Clarissa Quigley, you can do it! Don't be afraid!"

She forced a smile and patted her cheeks in encouragement. I'm still a pretty pixie!

When Clarissa walked out, she ran into a man who was walking out of the restroom, too.

It was Matthew. He had a cigarette between his slender and long fingers. His side profile was indifferent.

Stunned, Clarissa couldn't help but wonder if he had overheard their conversation inside.

Her cheeks flushed as she greeted him guiltily. "Uncle Matthew."

Matthew brought the cigarette to his lips and took a puff. As the smoke surrounded him, his gaze landed on Clarissa.

Feeling uncomfortable, Clarissa offered him a smile.

"Uncle Matthew, I'll take my leave first."

Matthew put out his cigarette and stuck both hands in his pockets before leaving.

Clarissa was dumbstruck as he left ahead of her.

Was he waiting for me?

I don't think so.

Ellie held on to Clarissa tightly for the rest of the party, determined to introduce her friend to every eligible bachelor.

The results were great.

After all, Clarissa was a beauty and Ellie's best friend. She was actually overqualified for the men at the party.

When the party came to an end, Ellie saw someone and left her friend in Matthew's hand.

Silently, Matthew unbuttoned his collar and rolled his sleeves up. He shoved one hand into his pocket lazily.

"Let's go."

Clarissa trudged after him cautiously.

When the elevator arrived, they walked in. There were many people taking the elevator alongside them, so Clarissa was squeezed into a corner.

Matthew stood in front of her. There was some space between them.

When the elevator stopped at another level, more people entered. He had no choice but to prop his arm against the wall and inched nearer to Clarissa. It seemed like she was in his embrace.

Immediately, Clarissa felt herself heating up. She took in Matthew's cool scent as her mind became dizzy.

Towering above her, Matthew's gaze darkened at the sight of her reddened ears. His free hand balled into a fist as his heart fluttered without warning.

In less than a minute, the elevator doors opened. Everyone filed out slowly. Once Clarissa was freed, she scurried out.

After entering his car, she folded her arms obediently.

Silence ensued. Clarissa stared ahead quietly, but she could feel Matthew's lazy gaze on her.

Her heart started thumping nervously while her cheeks heated. Clarissa tried to look out of the window, but it did nothing to cool her down.

“Feeling hot?” Matthew questioned.

Clarissa’s heart skipped a beat. “No, not really.”

“Did you find someone you like at the party?”

“Huh?”

Clarissa was still in a daze. Looking up, she met Matthew’s gaze. She promptly looked down.

“No, I don’t know them well. They are good, well...”

She was spouting nonsense by now.

Matthew’s lips lifted in a smirk. “Yes, you need to get to know them. Don’t decide recklessly.”

He was speaking like an elder giving advice.

Clarissa nodded obediently. “Yes, Uncle Matthew.”

“Did you keep in touch with Harvey Narman?”

“Well, no.”

Back then, Harvey couldn’t stop talking to Matthew. When he left, he didn’t even remember to get her contact number. She wondered if he didn’t take a liking to her, or Matthew was too imposing.

“Mr. Narman is an excellent man. I don’t think he fancies me.” After a moment of silence, Matthew spoke. “If you fancy him, I can arrange for another blind date.”

“No, no. That wasn’t what I meant.”

Matthew raised a brow. “Are you sure you don’t fancy him?”

“Yes. I don’t fancy him.”

“Okay!”

Clarissa didn’t know what he meant by that, but she dared not probe further. All she wanted was for the ride to come to an end.

Luckily, Matthew said nothing else. Upon arrival, Clarissa alighted from the car in a hurry.

She remembered her manners and bade Matthew goodbye.

“Thank you for giving me a ride home, Uncle Matthew. Goodbye!”

Matthew said nothing, so the driver didn’t move.

The man gazed at her through the window wordlessly. The pixie-like young lady seemed extremely enticing under the moonlight.

As he made no move to leave, Clarissa waved at him.

“Goodbye, Uncle Matthew.”

Finally, Matthew curled his lips up and inquired, “Won’t you invite me to your house?”

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Chapter 12

Clarissa was taken aback.

Seriously? He wants to come to my house late at night? Something seems strange.

Even if he’s an elder I should respect, we aren’t close enough for me to invite him to my house, right?

“Uncle Matthew, I’ve just moved in today. The house is messy. Why don’t...”

As Clarissa trailed off, trying to make up an excuse, the smile on Matthew's lips disappeared.

"Okay. You can go now. Let's go!"

As the window rolled up, Clarissa watched the car drove off into the night.

When the vehicle disappeared from sight, she patted her chest and entered the building.

Was he upset because I refused to invite him into my house?

Should I invite him another time?

After all, I got to live here thanks to him. Hmm, I should extend an invitation next time.

Clarissa made up her mind. I should prepare some nice snacks for Uncle Matthew, too.

When the investor Clarissa met previously, Wilfred Knight, asked to meet her again, she was caught by surprise.

Of course, she didn't reject his invitation as it would be a bad idea to offend an investor. She called her chief editor, Jane, and asked the latter to join her.

Jane agreed without hesitation. But when Clarissa arrived at the restaurant, Jane was nowhere to be seen.

Wilfred was a middle-aged man. He wasn't that good-looking, but he seemed like a kind man.

"Clarissa, Jane told me something held her up. She won't be here."

Immediately, Clarissa was on guard.

Wilfred saw through her discomfort and flashed a smile.

"Clarissa, don't be afraid. I'm interested in you, but I won't force you to do anything. Let's start by being friends, alright?"

Clarissa gave a half-smile as he added, "It's just dinner. I have some opinions regarding the script. Can you hear them out?"

"Sure, Mr. Knight. Go ahead."

Clarissa's reply was polite but firm.

Wilfred was tickled by her reply. However, he prided himself on being a patient man.

This young lady is pretty and talented. She is capable of earning an income, so there's nothing I can tempt her with. It must be hard to gain her. I need to be patient.

During dinner, Wilfred gave her some valuable opinions that were of great help to her. She was startled but accepted his suggestions humbly.

Slowly, Clarissa let her guard down.

After dinner, Wilfred offered to give her a ride home. Clarissa rejected him politely as they stepped out.

"Mr. Tyson?"

Suddenly, Wilfred's bewildered voice rang out. Stunned, Clarissa spun on her heels and saw Matthew.

He wasn't alone today. There was a gorgeous lady by his side.

Matthew inclined his head. He was clad in a black suit, which made him both regal and overwhelming.

Wilfred's expression showed he was in awe of this big shot.

Deep down, Clarissa was scoffing. When the man's icy gaze swept across her, she wondered if she should greet him when Wilfred spoke.

"Mr. Tyson, this is Clarissa, my girlfriend."

"Eh?" Clarissa blurted out. "No, I'm not—"

“Well, I’m still wooing her.”

Clarissa was rendered speechless by Wilfred’s words.

Meanwhile, Matthew was glancing at her as he lifted his eyebrows. Strangely, she felt a shiver running down her spine.

Nevertheless, he strode past them without a word. His female partner scurried after him.

Wilfred hurriedly caught up to them, leaving Clarissa alone.

Clarissa took the opportunity to leave.

She thought she’d never meet Matthew again.

Clarissa holed up at home for a few days to edit her script. This day, she had just ordered delivery food when Matthew’s call arrived.

It was an unknown number, so Clarissa was cautious enough to ask who it was.

“It’s me. Come to XX Restaurant now.”

He cut the line promptly.

It took Clarissa a while to realize it was Matthew. No one else would order her that way.

She dithered for some time before changing her clothes and went to the restaurant.

It was the same restaurant and private room as before. Besides Matthew, another young man was present.

Clarissa started cursing silently. A faint smile played across her lips as she took her seat.

Matthew glanced at her briefly before he started the introduction.

“Hank Pickell, sales manager at Tyson Corporation. This is Clarissa Quigley.”

“Hello, Mr. Pickell.”

"Hello, Ms. Quigley."

After greeting each other awkwardly, a heavy silence hung in the air. Hank belatedly realized what his boss wanted of him, but he wasn't sure.

Hence, he paid full attention to Matthew.

Dinner was an awkward affair. In the end, Hank left without asking for Clarissa's contact number.

To be honest, Clarissa was frustrated.

I had no intention of being introduced to men through blind dates, but Matthew insisted on doing so without gaining my approval. Fine, he could do so. But why was he present the whole time?

What does he want?

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Chapter 13

If he's trying his best to introduce Hank to me, why would he stay and stress Hank out?

Well, if that wasn't his intention, why bother?

Clarissa was puzzled. She lowered her head and fiddled with the corner of the tablecloth nervously. Her mind was racing, but she just couldn't understand Matthew's actions.

Matthew had a cigarette in one hand while his other hand was resting on the table. Something gleamed across his gaze as he questioned, "You don't like Hank?"

Clarissa lifted her head. When she realized Matthew was staring at her, she hurriedly turned away.

"I can't be sure because I had just met him once."

Matthew blew out a ring of smoke lazily. "You want to get to know Hank?"

"No!"

Clarissa immediately denied it. She mustered her courage and gazed at him. "Uncle Matthew, I've been busy at work. You don't have to waste your time to introduce men to me. I'll tell Ellie not to trouble you anymore."

"You don't need me because Wilfred is wooing you?"

Matthew's expression clouded over.

"Huh?"

Clarissa shook her head. "No. Mr. Knight is our investor. Uncle Matthew, you've misunderstood us. I'm just a screenwriter, so I rarely get to see Mr. Knight. That time was just a coincidence."

After explaining, she halted. Is my explanation unnecessary?

Why would Matthew care about my social circle?

"Wilfred is married."

Clarissa immediately understood what he meant.

She gave him a nod. "Thank you. Well, I don't fancy Mr. Knight."

"Mmm. Are you done? Let's go!"

Clarissa jumped up and followed him out.

By now, she understood what he was getting at.

Before she left, she expressed her gratitude sincerely.

Seemingly moved to tears, she declared, "Uncle Matthew, thank you for your concern. Don't worry, I won't fall for scoundrels like Mr. Knight. Besides, I'm busy at work, so I don't plan to

be in a relationship for now. I know you're afraid Mr. Knight would trick me, but I'm not that gullible. I'm really touched by your concern. If I find a boyfriend in the future, will you help me check him out?"

Clarissa was sincere, but Matthew merely knitted his brows together.

As she smiled at him earnestly, he spoke slowly, "Check him out for you?"

"Yes. You're older than me, right? Well, if you're not willing, then I—"

"Mm, got it."

After Matthew gave her his word, Clarissa's smile widened as her eyes crinkled up.

For the next few days, Clarissa locked herself up at home and finally finished her script. She then sent it to the director and her chief editor.

Her job was done if they approved her work.

Clarissa decided to relax and have fun after working hard. She dolled up and asked if Ellie was free.

"Great, Clare! I wanted to invite you, but I was afraid you might be busy. Since you're done with work, I'll ask Uncle Matt to pick you up later. We're going to our countryside manor to have fun. I'm with a few friends, so we'll meet there!"

She hung up without waiting for Clarissa's reply.

Clarissa went downstairs to wait for Matthew immediately. Twenty minutes later, the man arrived.

"Uncle Matthew, long time no see."

Clarissa was clad in a sleeveless top and shorts, exposing her fair and long legs. Her hair was tied up in a bun. She also had light makeup on. Her luscious lips were glistening under the sunlight.

As her expectant gaze landed on Matthew, his fingers twitched uncontrollably. He swept his gaze over her slim legs before looking away.

“Ms. Quigley, it has been a while.”

After an awkward silence, Clarissa broke the silence.

“Uncle Matthew, you can call me Clare. That’s my nickname.”

Matthew’s lips curled up slightly. Parting his lips, he licked his teeth lightly and leaned closer to Clarissa before uttering, “Clare!”

Clarissa’s heart skipped a beat while her ears burned red.

Why do I feel weak at the knees when he calls me “Clare”?

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Clarissa fidgeted in her seat and shifted away from him. She reached up to scratch her ears in an attempt to hide the fact that she was blushing. It was an adorable sight.

Matthew repeated, “Clare?”

“Yep,” came Clarissa’s reply.

She thought he’d stop after calling her nickname, but his body was still leaning sideways. “Are you hot? Why are your cheeks red?”

“Umm, a little. But I’m fine.”

Clarissa was afraid he’d dig out her embarrassing secret, so she changed the topic instantly. “Uncle Matthew, where are we going?”

Matthew glanced at her pinkish cheeks and ears before straightening his back.

“My friend’s new manor in the countryside.”

The moment Matthew pulled away, Clarissa relaxed visibly. Finally, she could breathe more easily.

Upon arriving at their destination, the car rolled to a stop. Both of them got off the car. A man wearing a white shirt unbuttoned to his chest and white slacks came to greet them. His slippers were slapping on the ground noisily as he came to them. He must think he's sexy in this outfit, Clarissa decided.

His eyes lit up when he spotted Clarissa.

"Oh, my! Matt, isn't this—Oh, I get it. Hello, you must be Matt's girlfriend. I'm Jeremy Smallwood, Matt's friend."

Clarissa waved her hands awkwardly and explained, "You've gotten it wrong. I'm not his girlfriend. I'm Ellie's friend. Uncle Matthew, Ellie's there. I'll go to her now."

With that, she scurried away.

Jeremy glanced at her retreating figure before turning to Matthew with a cheeky grin playing on his lips.

"Uncle Matt? Is this your new fetish?"

Matthew ignored him and entered the manor. When Jeremy caught up to him, he noticed Matthew's gaze landing on the young lady.

Tsk, this is interesting.

Clarissa knew they were here to cool down from the summer heat, but she was surprised to find a swimming pool here.

In the evening, when it wasn't scorching hot, Ellie forced Clarissa to change into a swimsuit.

"Oh, Clare!"

When Ellie saw Clarissa coming out of the bathroom in a bikini, she covered her mouth in exaggerated shock. After running her hands all over Clarissa's body, she dragged the latter out of the room. Even though Clarissa couldn't swim, Ellie insisted on bringing her to the pool.

Clarissa was feeling uncomfortable in the skimpy bikini, so she wrapped a towel around herself, afraid she'd bump into others.

Alas, what you fear would catch up to you.

They had just stepped out of their room when they ran into Matthew.

He was clad in a grey t-shirt and slacks. As his hair was wet, Clarissa guessed he had just taken a shower.

"Uncle Matt, wanna come swimming with us?"

Matthew said nothing. Ellie was wearing a swimsuit, but the young lady behind her was wrapped up in a towel. However, her slender legs were exposed to the air.

Something gleamed in his gaze. Clarissa immediately gave him a lopsided grin as a greeting. "Uncle Matthew."

"Bye, Uncle Matt!"

Ellie dragged Clarissa's arm and left. As they walked out, she even tried to remove the towel around Clarissa. Flustered, Clarissa finally gave up and dropped the towel. Behind them, Matthew watched as the young ladies sashayed away.

As Matthew's gaze trailed over Clarissa's bare back, slender waist, perky hips, and mile-long legs, desire burned across his gaze.

He strolled out slowly.

In the pool, the attractive young people were fooling around. Clarissa didn't know how to swim and wasn't close with Ellie's friends. Hence, she sat by the pool and dipped her legs into the pool.

Suddenly, someone grabbed her foot and dragged her into the pool. Clarissa let out a loud scream.

"AH!"

Her scream was immediately swallowed by the water. The young man who tugged her into the pool roared with laughter.

Those who noticed what was going on said nothing as they enjoyed the scene.

When they belatedly realized something was wrong, Matthew had already leaped into the pool to rescue Clarissa, who was sinking to the bottom of the pool. Startled by the turn of the events, everyone gathered around the pool. Ellie began shouting Clarissa's name in dismay.

After pulling her out of the pool, Matthew gave her CPR without hesitation.

Clarissa regained consciousness and coughed a mouthful of water out. She felt terribly unwell. Someone picked her up and headed into the manor.

Looking up, Clarissa got the shock of her life.

"Uncle Matthew?"

I felt something on my lips earlier. Was it him?

As she was blinking like a startled deer, Matthew responded icily, "You're disappointed because I saved you?"

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Chapter 15

Clarissa was dumbfounded by his retort. Disappointed? What does he mean?

Should I thank him?

"Thank you, Uncle Matthew, I..."

She trailed off hesitantly as Matthew seemed mad.

Matthew brought her back to his room and wrapped her up in a blanket. Ellie arrived soon with a doctor in her wake. The doctor carefully examined Clarissa while Matthew sat across them wordlessly, staring at her ashen complexion.

Even Ellie could sense Matthew was seething with rage.

She didn't think much about it. After all, it was all her fault. She immediately apologized when the doctor left.

"I'm so sorry, Clare. I shouldn't have left you alone. I should've paid attention to you. It was all my fault—"

"Ellie Tyson!"

Before Clarissa could speak, Matthew called Ellie's name sternly. He gazed at her wordlessly, but Ellie shuddered in fear instinctively.

"She might die!"

Matthew was curt, but his words were harsh nonetheless.

Instantly, Ellie burst into tears and flung her arms around Clarissa.

"I'm sorry, Clare. I won't be so careless in the future."

Clarissa was stunned by her outburst. With a trembling voice, she said, "Uncle Matthew, this isn't Ellie's fault. No one had expected that prank. Don't be mad. I'm sorry for everything."

Her apology didn't manage to quell his anger. Instead, his scowl intensified. Puzzled, she pursed her lips and fell silent.

Matthew glared at her before standing up. He grabbed his cigarettes and left.

After he departed, Ellie wiped her tears away and patted her chest in relief.

"Oh, dear. Clare, that was horrible. I was wrong. Uncle Matt was so terrifying earlier. One would've thought you're his real niece judging by how concerned he was."

"I'm fine, really. It wasn't your fault. I was too careless back there. After this experience, I've decided to learn how to swim."

"Sure. I'll be your instructor."

After chatting for a while, Ellie told Clarissa to rest here. She had to teach that scum who dragged Clarissa into the pool a lesson.

The near-death experience was still traumatizing for Clarissa, but she didn't show her fear to Ellie.

When she was finally alone, she sat up in bed. The blanket fell to her waist. Holding her earlobes, she chanted to herself, "Don't be scared, don't be scared."

After repeating it a few times, she felt much more reassured. Raising her head, she was stunned to see Matthew leaning against the wall next to the bed. He was still dripping wet from jumping into the pool to save her earlier.

Even so, he was undeniably a hot mess.

Clarissa blinked while her cheeks flushed in embarrassment. She dropped her hands quickly, but she didn't realize the tiny bikini was barely covering her chest.

It took her a while to realize where Matthew was staring. She hurriedly pulled the blanket up to cover herself.

Blushing prettily, she inquired softly, "Uncle Matthew, do you need anything else?"

"This is my room."

"Oh!" Clarissa muttered. She stood up to leave, but Matthew strode to her and placed his palm on her shoulder, leaning closer to her.

"U-Uncle Matthew!"

Clarissa was startled. Her eyelashes fluttered helplessly as Matthew felt himself being drawn deeper into her pull.

His gaze turned sharp. "Lie down!" he ordered and stood up.

After grabbing his clothes, he entered the bathroom swiftly.

When Clarissa heard the sound of running water in the bathroom, she turned her head slightly and saw the silhouette of a tall figure from behind the frosted glass.

OMG!

Screaming silently, Clarissa fidgeted in embarrassment. She wrapped herself tightly in the blanket and decided to escape.

As she walked out, she chided herself for fantasizing about an elder.