

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 141 - 145

"Aaaaahhhhhh-"

"Help!"

"No, please..."

"Uncle Matthew..."

"Matthew Tyson!"

All sorts of wailing, yelling, and shrieking could be heard from the hotel room as she had no other way.

Matthew, the swimming coach, was being violent to her at that moment.

Clarissa was carried out of the swimming pool by him, defeated and sluggish.

Of course, this was not a result of swimming, but he tortured her in the name of a swimming lesson.

There was a pool at home, but she never dared to go near it. Since she was a landlubber and Matthew was always busy working, he didn't reveal his true colors while he was in the pool.

Now that they were on vacation, they were free from work. More importantly, they had their privacy.

Hence, Matthew felt that it would be a waste if they didn't do anything in this gorgeous view.

After taking a shower, Clarissa lay on the bed lazily. Even so, she exuded an enchantingly alluring aura.

Meanwhile, he sat beside the windows with his legs crossed while looking at the woman with a smile on his face.

“Clare, didn’t you want to exercise? Sitting in front of the computer every day is not good for your health. Strictly speaking, swimming is the best exercise. Plus, it’s also good for the cervical spine. I’m just looking out for you.”

Clarissa rolled her eyes. “Oh, how thoughtful of you.”

“Hey, that hurts. Clare... you should appreciate what I’m trying to do here.”

Although he tried to look pitiful, his casual demeanor paired with an unbuttoned shirt made her slightly aroused.

Despite being mad at the man who deliberately teased her, she had to admit that he was very tempting at that moment.

Matthew was now different from the frosty attitude he had at D City, nor was he gentle like he was at Zen Highlands. No, he was acting more like an arrogant, spoiled brat now.

The various sides of Matthew gave her different feelings toward him, and she had never seen this side of him before.

With his chin propped up, his lips curled up ever so slightly at the edge while he watched the woman on the bed gawking at him speechlessly. Frankly speaking, he quite enjoyed this moment.

It was like time had stopped at that instant when the two of them gazed at each other fondly.

However, the phone suddenly rang and brought them back to reality.

When Matthew answered the call, Clarissa only recovered her senses and stroked her face. Then, she turned over and started playing games on her phone.

After hanging up, he saw the woman focusing hard on her game while mumbling to herself excitedly as if she was in a war.

He walked towards the bed, snatched her phone away, and pinned her down.

“Heyyyyyyy... I was still in the middle of it! Ugh! They’ll be cursing me for sure!”

Clarissa was destined to be the burden of the group now.

Matthew, on the other hand, pinched her cheeks and pecked her lips. He asked in a lowered voice, "It seems like you're still quite energetic."

Knowing what he was suggesting, she quickly shook her head.

"Nope! I'm exhausted and hungry. Can you get some room service? I'm going to sleep after the meal."

He stared at her "earnest" gaze and smiled tenderly.

"Is the game really that fun?"

Clarissa beamed. "Yeah, it is. Why don't we have a go?"

Matthew raised his brows in response.

Twenty minutes later, she exclaimed on her bed, "Matthew! You're awesome! It's crazy how fast you can react!"

He threw the phone aside and folded his arms behind his head while enjoying her praises.

"It's not that I'm awesome. You're just too dumb."

Clarissa scoffed at his remark. What the...

She then smiled. "Fine, smarty pants. I won't fuss over it since you helped me win that round."

After that, she grinned and pecked his lips.

"One more round, eh, Uncle Matthew?"

Matthew darkened his gaze, the evil smirk appearing once again on his face. "Okay-"

With that, he turned around and pinned her beneath him...

“Hey! What are you doing? I’m talking about the game! Ahhhhh... No...”

It was obvious they had different definitions of “one more round.”

After all, he wouldn’t want to waste all her energy on games only.

A long while later, the two was entangled in a loving embrace.

Meanwhile, Clarissa was still in a daze with the man on top of her, while moaning seductively in her ears.

He really wanted her, but he didn’t do it.

Yet, she didn’t know if he didn’t want to or he wasn’t brave enough.

Nonetheless, she obediently stayed in his embrace while calming herself down.

After kissing her gently on her shoulders, he spoke in a deep voice.

“Clare, I’ll visit your grandmother with you this time.”

“I don’t think it’s a good idea.”

He immediately tightened his grip around her waist, and she could only surrender. “Fine, fine. You can if you want to.”

Sighing helplessly, a thought suddenly came to her mind.

Will this man finally “do it” after he meets Grandma?

Arghh... nooooo...

She quickly dismissed her thoughts and convinced herself how unlikely it would happen.

...

It was a torture to go on a trip during the peak season as it was crowded everywhere.

Matthew suggested staying in at the hotel. He actually wanted to spend more alone time with the woman rather than sightseeing.

On the other hand, Clarissa felt that they should walk around instead since they were on vacation.

In the end, she regretted her decision.

“Ugh... I’m such an idiot! I insisted on coming out while knowing this place would be this packed during the holidays,” said Clarissa while looking up at Matthew.

He firmly held her hands while they squeezed through the crowd.

Since he was wearing sunglasses, she couldn’t see his expression, but he seemed to be grinning slightly.

“Yeah. I agree that it’s not a very smart idea indeed.”

She pouted her lips and pinched his waist. “Excuse me! You should’ve said – ‘Darling, you’re not an idiot. You’re the brightest girl I’ve ever met.’”

Hearing her response, Matthew chuckled.

“Darling, you’re really smart. Your only wise decision is choosing me as your man, and that’s enough.”

“Hahaha...”

The people around them couldn’t help but burst out laughing after hearing that.

As for Clarissa, her face was already as red as a tomato.

Right then, she heard a girl’s voice. “My dear, your only wise decision is that you chose me as your woman, and that’s enough.”

“Darling, the pleasure is mine.”

The pair next to them obviously did it intentionally, and the crowd kept laughing.

She was so embarrassed that she wanted to bury herself.

“Let’s go...”

She pulled Matthew through the crowd and wanted to get out of there as fast as she could.

Unexpectedly, since it was overcrowded, the noises of children crying and adults yelling came from the narrow way ahead. The next moment, Clarissa bumped into someone and was separated from Matthew.

Squeezing to the front, she could only try to find an open space to contact him.

Unfortunately, she realized that her phone was gone when she reached into her pocket.

As if there were not enough miseries in her life, it started raining though the sun was still shining brightly. She then panicked and tried to find shelter, but there wasn’t any. What was worse was that she couldn’t even contact Matthew either.

She waited at the front of the crowd for a long time but did not see Matthew, so she assumed that he had returned to the hotel.

Hence, Clarissa could only rely on her memory to trace her way back to the carpark.

However, she had to ask along the way for directions as she was not very familiar with the place.

When she reached the carpark, the car was there, but Matthew wasn’t, so she could only wait beside the car.

And waited she did, until the rain became a mere drizzle. But her heart grew cold when Matthew was still nowhere to be found.

Right then, a gust of wind blew past her, making her shiver.

Fortunately, the temperature was warm enough. She hugged herself and leaned on the car while waiting patiently for Matthew to appear.

We shouldn’t have gone on a vacation during the holidays. What a pity... This could’ve been planned better.

Lately, Clarissa would always be with Matthew, and he would take care of everything without fail. But now that Matthew was not by her side, it was only natural for her to be easily defeated by such a situation.

“Matthew... Uncle Matthew... Mr. Tyson...”

Mumbling his name as if she was chanting a magic spell, she hoped that he would appear miraculously.

“Clarissa.”

Suddenly, a deep voice that sounded a little angry spoke. She looked up in surprise and saw him walking toward her.

Overjoyed, she hugged him without waiting for him to speak.

“Why did you come back so late?” She complained.

When she looked up, she met his angry glare, and she felt a little wronged.

“I didn’t do it on purpose. It’s too crowded, and I didn’t know it would be this packed! Alright, I admit that it’s my fault. I’m an idiot, okay? Please don’t be angry, and let’s not go on a trip during peak season anymore. We-”

Before she could finish, Matthew sealed her lips with a kiss.

Still, Clarissa accepted it happily and hugged him tightly, finally at peace again.

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 142

After getting lost and drenched in the rain, Clarissa ended up catching a cold.

Her holiday was rather colorful.

Clarissa lay on the bed with a splitting headache as Matthew patiently took care of her.

After taking her meds, she fell asleep. Occasionally, she'd wake up and drink some water before going back to sleep again.

Matthew felt his heart breaking at the sight of how weak she was. He decided to force her to work out after she recovered from the cold.

She's too weak.

Two days later, Clarissa finally felt much better.

She had to take a flight back to W City this afternoon. This time, Matthew was to join her because she was still weak from the cold.

Clarissa was terribly nervous.

She leaned on the bedpost and watched as Matthew packed up.

Her brows were furrowed up as she twiddled her fingers nervously. Matthew had noticed her action, but he said nothing.

It was obvious what she was concerned about.

In the end, Clarissa couldn't stand it anymore. She hopped off the bed and started cajoling him. "Why don't you stay back? I'm not mentally prepared yet. Besides, I haven't told my grandma about you."

Matthew snickered and pried her hand off his shirt before he gave the phone to her.

"Tell your grandma now."

"Well, won't you celebrate the holidays with your family? You shouldn't be a gatecrasher."

Clarissa hurriedly changed the topic.

Nevertheless, the sneer on Matthew's face remained as he glared at the young lady, causing her to shift guiltily.

He stared at her for a long time without a word.

Finally, Clarissa caved in and grumbled, "Fine, you can go."

She unlocked her phone and gave Catherine a call.

Catherine was busy preparing snacks with Jenny, her caretaker. When she saw a male figure behind her granddaughter's, her heart clenched anxiously. It was evident who that man was.

Giving a warm smile, she asked, "Clare, when will you be back?"

"Grandma, my flight is at noon. I'll be back around 3 p.m."

"Okay. I'm preparing some snacks. When you're back, you can prepare dinner."

"Sure!"

Both sides fell silent. Catherine wasn't in a hurry, anyway.

Clarissa forced out a smile as a blush crept up her cheeks.

"Grandma," she mumbled shyly. "I've invited someone to our house."

"That sounds great!"

Huh, that went better than I thought.

Clarissa was at a loss for words, while Catherine added, "Is it your boyfriend?"

"Yes."

"Okay, got it."

Clarissa peeked at Matthew and made sure he was satisfied before hanging up.

After flinging her phone away, she returned to the bed and lazed away. Matthew lay beside her and flipped her around so she'd face him.

Clarissa glared at him. After all, she had said it out loud.

She reached out and poked his shoulder.

“Why didn’t you greet Grandma earlier? Actually, you can see her through the video call. You don’t have to follow me back. Are you that confident my grandma won’t kick you out?”

Matthew squeezed her finger and chuckled. “I want our first meeting to be a formal one. Shouldn’t I be confident of myself?”

Clarissa tutted. “Why are you so confident?”

“Because my darling Clare loves me. I’m sure her grandma will love me, too.”

Clarissa blushed in embarrassment. He’s right.

Seeing her reaction, Matthew gave her a peck on her lips.

That very afternoon, Clarissa and Matthew arrived at their destination. They alighted the car and brought the gifts along.

Clarissa was excited to be home.

She scurried into the building. Turning back, she realized Matthew was rooted to the spot with a stern expression.

Is he regretting his decision to come here?

A while later, she saw Matthew taking a deep breath.

Clarissa immediately burst out laughing.

Matthew ignored her and strode up the stairs.

Clarissa trailed behind him while chuckling in delight.

“Matthew, are you nervous?”

He didn’t reply.

“Matthew, you don’t have to be nervous. My grandma’s very nice. She’s only worried because you’re ten years older than me. Of course, you don’t look that old. I don’t know if she still minds our age gap.”

Suddenly, Matthew came to a stop and spun on his heels to glare at the young woman who was laughing at him.

Shocked by his sudden stare, Clarissa poked her tongue out cheekily before going past him to knock on the door.

Catherine’s energetic voice sounded from within. Soon, the door was opened.

“Grandma, I’m back!”

Clarissa flung her arms around Catherine, intending to snuggle into her grandma’s arms for a while. To her dismay, Catherine shoved her away and studied the man standing beside her.

Her eyes lit up. What a handsome man.

“Hello, I’m Matthew Tyson, Clare’s boyfriend.”

“Welcome, Matt. Come on in.”

Catherine took his arm and dragged him in, ignoring the gifts he brought and her own granddaughter.

For the rest of the afternoon, Catherine sat across from Matthew and chatted with him amiably.

Meanwhile, Clarissa was sent to the kitchen to prepare dinner.

Left alone in the kitchen, Clarissa felt like she was the outsider in this family. Perking up her ears, she heard her grandma laughing heartily in the living room.

“Matthew, come help me!”

Feeling upset, she yelled at the entrance of the kitchen.

Catherine reprimanded her immediately. "He's a man. Why would he enter the kitchen? Besides, he's our guest. You used to prepare dinner without any help, so just do it yourself."

"Grandma!"

Clarissa pouted. "Am I not your granddaughter anymore? Has he taken over my place?"

Catherine chuckled. "What are you talking about?"

Matthew rose to his feet and shot her a smile. "I'll help Clare in the kitchen."

Catherine didn't stop him from doing so. She beamed happily on the sofa. Her boyfriend is handsome, polite, and approachable. He doesn't seem like an ordinary person. This is the first time I've ever seen such an eligible bachelor.

I knew my Clare would be able to find a perfect match. After all, she's pretty, obedient and good at earning money.

Matthew might be older, but he adores her.

Glancing at the couple flirting in the kitchen, Catherine smirked. I'm glad for her.

Clarissa was glowering at Matthew who had his arms around her.

"Let go of me. You're here to help, not to take advantage of me."

Matthew's lips curled up into a grin. He patted her cheek and gave her a quick peck.

"Okay. What should I do?"

"Clean the fish."

Matthew glanced at the huge fish and fell silent. After a pause, he took off his blazer and rolled up his sleeves. Clarissa gave him a pair of scissors, but he was obviously at a loss.

Clarissa wanted to see him make a fool of himself to feel better.

"Cut the fins, remove the scales and gut the fish."

After giving the court orders, she left to prepare other dishes.

As the man said nothing for a long time, she thought he was doing a good job with the fish.

Splash!

Shocked by the sudden commotion, Clarissa turned and saw Matthew's shirt was drenched with water and fish scales.

There was an icy expression on his face like he was planning to cower the fish into submission.

Clarissa immediately cracked up.

"Mr. Tyson, the fish isn't your employee. It won't be afraid of your stern expression," she explained while giggling.

Matthew's expression darkened as if someone had infuriated him.

No, it wasn't a person who had infuriated him. It was a fish.

Clarissa finally stopped giggling after Matthew gave her a warning glare.

She hurriedly consoled the man. "It was my fault. I shouldn't have asked you to help. Go change, I'll do this myself."

Clarissa pushed him out of the kitchen. At the sight of Catherine, she blushed shyly and brought him to her room so he could change his outfit.

After shutting the door, she stuck her tongue out in Catherine's direction cheekily.

"It wasn't my fault. He was so clueless."

Catherine stood up and followed her to the kitchen. "It's obvious Matthew was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. I don't think he has ever been in the kitchen."

"Yes. He has his personal chef and helpers at home. He doesn't have to do anything."

Catherine shot her granddaughter a warning glance. Clarissa merely giggled.

Right then, someone knocked on the door. Catherine left to answer it.

After some time, Clarissa poked her head out of the kitchen. Her face promptly fell at the sight of the unwanted visitors.

She sneered silently and didn't even bother heading out to greet them.

When Clarissa heard Matthew talking to those people in the living room, she poked her head out again. "Matthew!" she called. "Come in and help me. Hurry!"

There was a hint of displeasure in her voice.

Matthew had a hunch about it. He stood up and entered the kitchen.

As soon as he came in, Clarissa shut the kitchen door in a huff. Clearly, she didn't welcome those people.

Matthew pulled her into his arms. "You don't like your aunt's family?" he asked softly.

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Chapter 143

Clarissa pouted unhappily, confirming his earlier guess.

Matthew ran a hand over her back to comfort her and chortled.

"Do you still need me to deal with the fish?"

Clarissa giggled along with him and rubbed her cheek against his chest affectionately.

"Back then, after my dad died and my mom left us, Uncle Jacob didn't want to take care of Grandma and me. Aunt Gloria dared not defy his wishes. I don't mind, but she's Grandma's daughter. How could they abandon her?"

Back then, they had to struggle to survive.

Clarissa remembered how her grandmother took care of her. They cut off ties with Gloria's family. Gloria would only show up with some food during holidays and such.

The reason Clarissa despised Gloria was because the latter refused to take care of her own mother.

After that, life got better, and they even bought a new house. Gloria and her family kept showing up in an attempt to mend their relationship, but Clarissa had never welcomed them.

As Catherine only had a daughter left, she had no choice but to allow them to visit her grandmother.

Even so, Clarissa refused to treat them nicely.

After listening to her explanation, Matthew felt sorry for her.

Previously, Ellie told him how Clarissa was brought up by her grandmother. The latter had experienced many tough situations in life, so there was a flaw in her character.

He didn't really believe Ellie until they had a fight and broke up later. Matthew finally understood why Clarissa reacted that way.

Even so, he felt his heart shattering into a million pieces when she told him her story.

She went over her experience briefly, but Matthew could imagine how much trouble she and Catherine had gone through back then.

I wonder how they managed to survive.

Matthew tightened his arms around her and planted a kiss on her hair.

Suddenly, someone barged into the kitchen. Matthew and Clarissa hurriedly jumped apart.

"Clare, Matthew," the unwanted visitor greeted them with a grin. "My mom told me to come help you."

It was Clarissa's cousin, who was still in high school. The young girl had put on thick makeup, so she didn't look like a teenager. Her clothes were revealing as well.

Even though she claimed to be here to help them out, her gaze was fixated on Matthew.

"Mimi Lester, if you're here to help, we'll leave. You can take over."

Clarissa wasn't about to talk to her cousin nicely.

Mimi snorted and stepped forward to grab Matthew's arm, but the man swerved out of her reach.

"Hey, Matthew. Don't bother Clare when she's cooking. You should head out. We can't let our guests cook, can we? By the way, I heard you're from D City. I'm planning to enroll in the art college there. Do you have..."

Mimi's enthusiasm annoyed Clarissa immensely.

She stood in front of Mimi and declared icily, "Get out!"

"Clare, what are you doing?" Mimi whined.

Clarissa continued glaring at her angrily until Mimi pouted and left the kitchen reluctantly.

As she walked out, she grumbled silently.

Matthew caressed Clarissa's cheek gently and kissed the corner of her lips.

"Darling, don't be mad. It's not worth getting mad at someone like her, hmm? You have your grandma and your Uncle Matthew, right?"

Clarissa smiled at his words.

She shot him a coy glance. "Mind your words. What if Grandma hears you?"

Uncle Matthew? Hmph!

That's how I call him in private. If Grandma overhears him, that will be so embarrassing!

Immediately, the tension in the kitchen was lifted.

Meanwhile, in the living room, the Lesters and Catherine were engaged in polite conversation.

“Mom, is Clary’s boyfriend from D City? Does he have a house in D City? He looks handsome. Is he reliable? Clary is rich. What if he tries to trick her?”

“Mom, that’s utter nonsense. Matthew seems like a fine man. He’s a gentleman!”

“Hey, shut up when the adults are talking.”

Mimi’s father, Jacob Lester, sat aside and smoked without a word.

Catherine replied coolly, “Matthew is from D City. It doesn’t matter whether he has a house as long as he’s a nice man. Besides, who told you Clary is rich?”

“Mom, I’m your daughter. You don’t have to hide it from me. I know Clary paid for this house in full. You also told the old neighbors Clary earned so much and would be able to survive even if she stops working now. Of course, she’s rich. Mimi also told me about the novels she wrote. Most authors are rich.”

Immediately, Catherine regretted boasting about her granddaughter in front of her friends. But she did that to find a boyfriend for Clarissa.

I didn’t know Gloria would find out about that.

“Even if she’s rich, she spent it all on the house. She doesn’t have any money now.”

As Catherine insisted Clarissa had spent all her money, Gloria’s lips twitched and stopped pressing on. Well, I still think she’s rich.

But judging from how she treats us, she might not agree to lend us money.

After bringing the dishes to the table, Clarissa didn’t kick the Lesters out.

She was in a good mood as Matthew was present.

However, the Lesters couldn't relax on the dining table.

It wasn't because of Clarissa's unwelcoming gesture; it was because of her boyfriend.

When he swept his gaze across them, all they wanted to do was to escape at once.

He looks scary.

Luckily, Matthew didn't keep staring at them. He helped Clarissa with the shrimps and removed the thorns in the fish for Catherine. Gradually, the Lesters relaxed. He seems like a nice man.

"Matt, you adore Clare, huh? My mom said you're from D City, right? What do your parents work as? Which area are you staying in? What is your job?"

"That's none of your business," Catherine interrupted bluntly. "Just eat."

Gloria stopped, feeling humiliated by her mother's rebuke.

Jacob spoke up. "Yes, stop asking. Matt, come, let's drink. If Clary's father is still alive, he'll drink with you, too."

Matthew had no choice but to clink glasses with him.

Clarissa didn't stop him and chatted with her grandmother over dinner.

"Clare, I'll head to D City to attend the college entrance test soon. Can I visit Matthew there? Oh, can I stay at his house?"

"Yes, that sounds great. We were worried as Mimi has to go to D City alone. As Matt lives in D City, he can take care of her. Matt, thanks for your help."

Matthew grunted in acknowledgement and didn't reject them immediately.

Clarissa expression darkened, but she said nothing.

It was Catherine who voiced out. "There are plenty of people taking the exam. Do they all have relatives in D City? Mimi is taking the test with her friends, right? Where will her friends be staying then? Don't trouble Matthew. He's busy with work."

"Grandma, my friends are staying at the hotel with their parents. I want to join them, but Mom and Dad are busy, so they won't be joining me in D City. They won't allow me to stay in the hotel alone. As Matthew lives there, I can stay with him. Matthew, can you take me in for a few days?"

Mimi gazed at him expectantly.

She was sure he wouldn't reject her request.

After all, she was still Clarissa's underaged cousin. He won't say no to me.

Matthew parted his lips to reply, but Clarissa cut in. "I'm also in D City. Why would you need to go to Matthew? I can stay with you at the hotel."

"Why would you be in D City?"

"Ha! My boyfriend is in D City. Why would I remain here?"

"Oh, okay. There's no need to stay in a hotel. I can join you and Matthew to save some money—"

"Matthew doesn't have a house. He shares a place with his colleagues. You want to join them?"

"Huh?"

The Lesters were shocked to hear that. They gazed at Clarissa suspiciously.

Gloria chuckled. "Clary, are you joking? Matt lives in D City. How could he not have a house under his name?"

"He doesn't. If Mimi wants to come, she has to stay with me."

"Well, that works. As long as there's someone to take care of her. Mimi, remember not to trouble Clary, alright?"

Mimi nodded reluctantly.

She shot Matthew a disdainful stare.

She might despise him, but he was still a hunk. What a pity. He's just a kept man.

Mom told me Clare wants to marry someone who'll take her last name. Well, if the kept man is as handsome as him, that'll do.

I'm not as foolish as her, though.

Soon, she looked away. Her attention was focused on her phone during dinner.

Both Gloria and Jacob stopped talking to Matthew.

After dinner, Mimi left to meet up with her friends. Jacob and Gloria remained to talk to Catherine. To stay away from them, Clarissa brought Matthew to her room.

In the room, Matthew sat on a chair while Clarissa sat in his lap.

Wrapping her arms around his neck, she straddled him and trailed kisses from his cheek down to his lips.

Flashing a seductive smile, she asked, "Uncle Matthew, are you mad at what I said about you?"

After hearing what she said about him, the Lester family thought he was a loser.

Matthew pinched her cheeks in amusement.

"Nope. But your Uncle Jacob said you want your husband to take your last name? Do I fit your requirements?"

Clarissa's lips twitched helplessly. Why is he asking that?

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"Matthew, that's not it."

Clarissa retorted with a smile. "Even if I allowed you to come to my house, that doesn't mean I'll marry you."

"Your family has accepted me, so we can get married soon," Matthew insisted.

He pressed his lips against her forehead and whispered, "Clare, I might not be able to take your last name, but if you wish, we can bring Grandma to D City. She can stay with us. That way, we can take care of her together. You won't have to worry her after that."

It was obvious why she wanted to marry someone who'd take her last name.

It was because she wanted to take care of Catherine. Otherwise, she wouldn't have to do so.

As Matthew understood her, he decided to grant her wish. They could take care of Catherine together.

Clarissa hugged him tightly, her heart bursting with gratitude.

That would be a decision to make after she got married. Right now, she wasn't confident that they'd get married.

Of course, she dared not express her thought out loud.

"We'll see how things go. Jenny takes care of her, and I'm often at home. There's no need to take things so far."

"Often at home? What about me?"

Clarissa chuckled softly and looked up at him. "Then, I'll slowly move over to D City."

That's more like it.

A smirk flitted across Matthew's lips while his gaze darkened.

They were in Clarissa's room, which smelled like her. The air was sweet and romantic.

As Matthew was in his girlfriend's room, he couldn't keep his emotions in check.

Lifting her chin up, he brushed his lips across hers affectionately.

"Get out! Now!"

Suddenly, Catherine's yell sounded from the living room. Clarissa shivered in shock and left Matthew's arm. They walked out of her room swiftly.

Gloria was groveling by Catherine's feet while sobbing pitifully.

"What are you doing?" Clarissa demanded angrily.

She dashed over and glanced at her grandmother in concern.

"Grandma, are you alright? Did they hurt you?"

"Clary, what are you talking about?" Jacob exclaimed.

Immediately, Matthew's head swiveled as he gazed at Jacob sharply. Upon meeting his gaze, Jacob's lips twitched before he sat down without a word.

Meanwhile, Catherine was ordering her daughter to leave.

"Leave right now. I don't want you here. Clary doesn't have any money. I know what you want. You won't get it from me!"

Clarissa immediately understood the family's vile intentions.

Oh, so they are here for money.

Why would they need money though?

Clarissa didn't press on and helped Catherine up. "Grandma, I'll take you back to your room."

"Mom! I'm your daughter! Clary, I'm your Aunt Gloria. Will you please help us?"

They ignored her pleas and returned to the room.

After a long silence, Clarissa heard the door slam shut. The couple had finally given up and left.

"Matthew, I'm sorry you had to see that."

Catherine sighed, feeling embarrassed at what had happened.

After all, one shouldn't wash one's dirty laundry in public. It was Matthew's first time at her house, so the old lady felt humiliated that he had to see that.

Clarissa didn't seem to mind that Matthew had witnessed everything. "Grandma, what did Aunt Gloria say? Did they ask you for money?"

"It's nothing. Let's not talk about it. I'm fine. You should bring Matthew downstairs for a stroll. Go along." She shooed them out.

Clearly, she didn't wish to elaborate.

Matthew understood at once. Perhaps she didn't want to explain in front of me.

Clarissa frowned unhappily. She was about to say something when Matthew dragged her out of the house.

Downstairs, they held hands and strolled in the neighborhood. Clarissa was still in a foul mood, so she said nothing.

After some time, Matthew stopped and placed his arms around her. "Your grandma refused to explain because I was there."

Realization dawned on Clarissa.

She pouted and sighed.

"She's afraid you'd dislike our annoying relatives."

"No," Matthew refuted. "She's afraid I might dislike you because of those people."

Clarissa raised a brow in response.

"Will you?" she asked.

Matthew pinched her cheek lightly and gave her a quick kiss.

"You're pretty and adorable. Why would I dislike you?"

Clarissa giggled at his words. Flinging her arms around him, she huffed coyly. He's good at cheering me up.

Their stroll lasted for thirty minutes before they returned home. When Catherine saw them, she beamed and went to prepare some fruits for them.

Looks like she's not upset anymore.

Clarissa didn't mention anything about her aunt's family and chatted with her grandmother..

Soon, it was bedtime for the old lady. Standing up, she told Clarissa, "Clare, bring your blanket to my room. Give Matthew a new blanket." She turned to Matthew. "Matt, we don't have extra rooms. You can sleep in Clare's room tonight."

"Sure, no problem. Good night. I'll return to my room now."

"Okay. If you need anything, just tell Clare."

Catherine returned to her room while Clarissa moved her blanket out and tidied up her room. She was doing the finishing touches when Matthew pounced on her.

She nearly yelled out in astonishment and stopped herself in time. By then, Matthew's lips had already covered hers.

"Clare," he moaned in a deep voice.

Clarissa promptly knew what he wanted.

However, they were at her house. Her grandmother was here, too.

She grabbed her clothes, which Matthew was about to rip off, and pleaded. "No. Grandma is waiting for me in her room." Her cheeks were flushed.

"Just a kiss, hmm? One kiss..." Matthew cajoled, his voice hoarse.

Soon, Clarissa was lost in his kiss. Her body gradually went limp in his arms.

"Ahem! Ahem!"

Next door, Catherine's cough brought Clarissa back to reality.

She shoved Matthew away and pulled her clothes hastily. Her face was burning as she rose to her feet. Before she could leave, Matthew grabbed her arm.

Turning back, she saw Matthew lying on her bed, his gaze dark with desire.

There was no way she'd satisfy his desires right now.

"Stop it. Let me go. Grandma heard everything," she whispered.

Matthew didn't release her and continued gazing at her.

Clarissa was speechless. If this goes on, I might cave in.

She declared, "You won't let me go? What will my grandma think of you?"

Matthew jumped to his feet and released her. He even helped her tidy her clothes before kissing her forehead.

"Clare, my good girl. Go back to your room and rest. Good night!"

Clarissa was at a loss for words as Matthew brought her to the door calmly.

She snickered and left.

After entering Catherine's room, she realized the old lady was still awake.

At the sight of her granddaughter, Catherine muttered, "You're not married to him yet."

Clarissa immediately blushed at her grandmother's blunt comment. She lowered her head and replied shyly, "I know. We didn't do anything except talk."

"Mm. I know you young people are reckless. I won't say anything as you know your limits." She exhaled. "Just now, I couldn't say anything as Matthew was there. Your Uncle Jacob and Aunt Gloria want to borrow some money to rent a shop. They don't have any savings. Besides, Mimi is going to art college. Her tuition fees must be expensive."

Catherine couldn't stop sighing at the mention of her only daughter.

Clarissa changed into her pajamas before joining her in bed. "Do you want to lend them the money? If you do, go ahead."

"No."

Catherine was firm. "That's your hard-earned money. I can't give it to them. I might be old, but I'm not befuddled. Gloria and her husband can't run a business. They failed at everything. Anyway, they won't die. After all, they managed to survive all over the years. Let's just ignore them. I've already told them you don't have any money. Don't tell anyone about your money, alright? Not even Matthew. Remember not to blabber everything to him."

Clarissa chuckled. "Grandma, my money is nothing to Matthew. It isn't even enough for him to pay for his car."

Catherine was surprised to hear that. Or rather, shocked.

"You said he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. How wealthy is he? Is he a millionaire?"

"Well, he isn't a millionaire." To the old lady, being a millionaire was already an amazing feat. "He's richer than that. Anyway, you won't be mad at me for hiding the truth from them, right?"

"Why would I be mad? Your Aunt Gloria and her family are snobs. You did the right thing." She paused. "But is Matthew that wealthy? If you marry him, what will his family think of you? What about his parents? Do they approve of you?"

Catherine looked worried.

Clarissa gave her a reassuring smile. "Grandma, we're only seeing each other. Let's worry about that later. Don't worry and just go to bed. If things don't work out, I'll get a man who's willing to take my last name, alright?"

"Silly girl," Catherine uttered in exasperation.

It isn't as simple as it seems.

If Clary doesn't like Matthew, she wouldn't have brought him home.

Now that he's here, it means she cares a lot for him. I know her well.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 145

The next morning, when Clarissa woke up, Matthew and Catherine had just arrived home.

She walked out of the room in a daze to the sight of Matthew with bags of groceries hanging on both his arms. It was a funny scene.

"Lazy girl, you're finally awake. Matthew woke up early in the morning. He even took a jog before accompanying me to the morning market. Look at you now."

As Catherine nagged on, Clarissa stuck her tongue out playfully and headed to the bathroom.

When she finally exited the bathroom, her gaze was clear. She skipped out happily.

Matthew laid out the breakfast they bought earlier. The three of them sat down to enjoy the spread.

Catherine was obviously in a jolly mood.

After breakfast, Clarissa asked, "What happened to Grandma? She can't seem to stop beaming."

Matthew caressed her smooth cheek adoringly.

He satisfied himself with a kiss and nibbled on her earlobe before replying lazily, "She feels proud."

"Proud of what?"

"She introduced me to her neighbors and friends at the morning market."

Clarissa's lips twitched wordlessly. Oh, so that was what happened.

I should've known. Those who go to the morning market are elderly people from our neighborhood or nearby. Grandma knows most of them. As Matthew tagged along, she must've boasted about him proudly.

Looking up, Clarissa studied the man's attractive features and let out a laugh.

"Grandma must be proud to have such a handsome grandson-in-law."

She stood on tiptoes and gave him a loud smack. "Good job. This is your reward."

"Darling, this is too simple a reward. I want more than that."

With that, he captured her mouth in a long and passionate kiss.

That morning, Clarissa brought Matthew around W City. Instead of visiting the tourist spots, they visited the places familiar to her—her alma mater, favorite park, the favorite cafe where she used to type her heart out, and some local eateries.

At this moment, Matthew was no longer the stern president of Tyson Corporation. He accompanied his girlfriend for the whole day like a normal boyfriend would do.

Even though he kept a low profile, heads kept turning in his direction. Besides, Clarissa was also a gorgeous beauty. A striking couple like them attracted plenty of attraction.

The tall man was cool, but he spoiled his pretty girlfriend to bits. Delighted by his antics, the young woman let out a tinkling laugh.

“Oh, my. What a hunk! He’s indifferent to others, but he’ll always put on a smile whenever he looks at his girlfriend.”

“Yes, yes. Aww, he’s so striking. Could he be a rich man?”

A few young ladies gathered and tittered at the sight of Matthew and Clarissa, who were currently standing in front of a food stall. They weren’t the only ones, as plenty of passers-by were staring at the couple.

“Rich man? Rich people wouldn’t buy food at roadside stalls. Don’t be silly.”

Mimi glanced in the direction of the couple and scoffed in disdain.

“Mimi, perhaps his girlfriend likes to eat at roadside stalls. He’s being attentive. Besides, look at the girl. She’s holding an expensive bag, and her bracelet costs a few thousand. I can’t make out the brand of the man’s outfit, but he’s obviously not an ordinary man. Just now, his watch peeked out from underneath his sleeves. It’s obviously a Calatrava!”

“Seriously? Are you sure? I know who they are.”

Mimi sneered. “The woman is rich enough to afford the bag and bracelet. But they might be fakes. That man is her kept man. He’s pretty poor.”

“Really? You know who they are?” her friend inquired.

“Yes, that’s my cousin. She told me that her boyfriend’s a poor fellow. I can’t believe she’s foolish enough to spend her money on him,” scoffed Mimi.

She’s rich, but refused to lend money to us. Look, she can afford to buy expensive bags and jewelry. Jealousy shone in Mimi’s gaze.

A flash of disdain appeared in the eyes of the girl who recognized the brands on Matthew and Clarissa.

Why would they tell you the truth? She thought silently.

"Let's go. What they wear is none of your business."

Feeling upset, Mimi glared at the couple as jealousy overwhelmed her entire being. Suddenly, the man looked up and met her gaze.

A chill immediately crept up Mimi's spine, causing her to shiver involuntarily. Matthew looked away without a word. It was over in a few seconds, but Mimi was already sweating profusely under the man's icy gaze.

"Hey, Mimi. What's wrong? Why do you look so pale?"

Mimi shook her head and cursed under her breath. She left the scene swiftly with her friends.

After a day of fun, Mimi returned home. The moment she saw her dilapidated house, her brows crinkled up in disgust.

As she had been to her friends' villas or semi-detached houses, her own house seemed terribly tiny in comparison. Her family had to struggle to make ends meet. She couldn't help but grit her teeth in jealousy at the thought of Clarissa's house being bigger than theirs.

Gloria was cooking in the kitchen. She immediately chided her daughter. "Did you steal my money again? The two hundred in my purse went missing! That was you, right?"

"So what if it was me? It was just two hundred!"

"Just two hundred? Mimi Lester, you know we're barely making ends meet, right? You're studying performing arts, which cost a lot. Your dad and I work hard every day just for you. Can't you please grow up and be sensible?"

Mimi's irritation flared up at her mother's words.

"That's because you're useless. Why would I need to grow up and be sensible?"

"You—"

"Enough! Stop quarrelling!"

Suddenly, Jacob came out of his room and roared. Both mother and daughter immediately fell silent.

Taking a seat, he told his daughter, "We paid for your acting classes, dance classes, and art classes so we can have a better future. Don't worry. If you need money, I'll give it to you. Our current investment will be worth it if you succeed in the future."

Mimi plopped down beside her father and beamed happily. "Dad, don't worry. If I succeed in the future, I'll take good care of you. I was unhappy earlier because I saw Clarissa on the streets with that toy boy of hers. Why is she so selfish? She lives in a big house and wears expensive clothes. Her outfit today costs thousands. She even has a toyboy. If she gives some of her money to us, we won't be so constrained and living on a very tight budget! How selfish of her!"

After listening to her explanation, both Jacob and Gloria were upset.

Gloria stopped reprimanding her daughter for stealing her money. Instead, she sat down beside them and started cursing Clarissa for being stingy.

"That's right. We're her only family, but she refused to give us some of her earnings. Instead, she gave it to that kept man of hers. If she was generous enough, we would be living in a new house and running our business smoothly. Damned brat. She's annoying, just like her mother. I need to go back there. She won't listen to us, but she'll listen to her grandma. We'll ask for twenty grand and her accessories worth a few grand. Why is she saving all the money? She should give some to Mimi to buy some pretty clothes."

"Yes, Mom. I'll come along. Grandma will pity us. You just have to cry until she softens and tells Clarissa to give us some money. I want to buy some accessories, too. My friends who are taking the test own plenty of accessories from luxury brands. I'll see if Clarissa has any. If she does, I'll borrow it from her."

"Borrow? She's your cousin. Tell her to buy for you."

"Sure."

Both of them started daydreaming.

Jacob was the only person with a sense of reason left. "Wait, we'll bring your mom over and take care of her when the kept man leaves, or when Clary isn't home. After a few days, she'll succumb to our pleas."

"Dad, you're smart. After she leaves, I'll go to her room. She must have a lot of clothes and bags. I saw her using a bag that I've been coveting after."

"Sure. You can have everything. Don't worry."

Clarissa had no idea the Lesters were scheming to get her stuff.

After spending two days in W City peacefully, they returned to D City.

Matthew threw himself into work once they arrived at Zen Highlands. Clarissa was occupied, too.

She started updating her novel regularly. If she had time, she'd post some tweets on her Twitter. As *The World* was about to premiere soon, she had to promote the drama as well. Sometimes, she'd also mention the progress of the filming. Besides that, Yael had started hiring a few assistants and PR executives for her studio.

Clarissa had never interfered with Yael's decision. After all, the latter was a professional whom she could trust. She prided herself on being the least troubled boss ever.

Recently, she had also been added to an interesting WhatsApp group.

The participants were Jeremy, Yarick, Justin, Henry, and also Matthew, who rarely spoke out.

Clarissa was the first female participant in the group.

She rarely talked in the group unless someone initiated a conversation.

Anyone who wished to start a conversation topic would have to send money to everyone in the group. Every time Clarissa received their money, she'd be shocked at how much they gave just to share some gossip.

Hence, she dared not speak out in the group.

The ones who loved to share gossip in this group were Yarick and Jeremy. Clarissa didn't know those respectable men were such gossipers.

They'd share various gossips such as which millionaire's illegitimate offspring were fighting over the family inheritance; how a top actress in showbiz had slept her way up; and who the biological mother of someone's son was.

Clarissa was bombarded with new information almost every day.

Today, she became the center of the gossip.

Yarick: Clarissa, look. Your name is in the trending topics. New influencer Clary!

He then sent her a screenshot of the trending topics and a photo of her wearing Ellie's new designs.

Clarissa's heart sank. Did they figure out who I actually am?