

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 161

As she trembled, Yuliana quickly retracted her gaze, not daring to face him.

She had Margaret's backing. Plus, this was not entirely her idea. Matthew might not like it, but he should not take it out on her.

Yuliana smiled at Sienna before she turned around to leave. She was not worried about whether or not Matthew would give Sienna a lift home, for she was sure he would do the gentlemanly thing and not abandon the lady.

Sure enough, he started the car and slowly left the Tyson residence.

For a while, silence fell between the two. The atmosphere in the car had gone stagnant.

The journey to drop off Sienna would only take ten minutes, more or less. If the woman did not use this chance to confess, she would have lost her advantage and wasted the arrangement the Tysons had made for her tonight.

“Matt, I'm sorry for disappointing you tonight. It may not be entirely my fault, but I'm one of them who ruined your birthday, so I can't shirk the responsibility.”

Sienna tilted her head and glanced at Matthew, whose stern and stony profile sparked fear within her.

This man is too cold, too stoic, and beyond intimidating.

While they were alone in the car, Sienna recalled the exact moment she decided she wanted to make Matthew hers. She had to admit, the determination and perseverance she used to have in the face of adversity were far from enough to capture his heart.

She had severely underestimated him.

Obviously, what the Tysons did today was not to Matthew's liking. In extension, she was not to his liking too.

Tonight was not a good time to strike.

However, such an opportunity was hard to come by. She rarely had the chance to show her face in front of Matthew or interact with him.

In fact, it would take a lot more to conquer someone like Matthew.

Matthew did not respond to Sienna's apology. She had expected that would be the case, and thus she could not help but let loose a sigh.

"Matt, I believe you may have started to hate me, am I right? "But I can't change my mind about you. It's your birthday today and, while it's true we came as per your mother's invitation, the other ladies and I... we'd like to get to know you. We all want a chance to be with you. Even though we may fail, we have to try." "To be frank, they say men have a desire for conquest. Well, women have it too. A good man like you, Matt, naturally attracts many women who want to gain your favor. I am no exception.

"You may not believe it even if I say so, but I got to know you a long time ago.

"Not from the mouths of others. I met you once at a business forum held in D City. I was instantly captivated by your charm. You were so outspoken and

well-mannered. At that time, I believed you were even better than those other seniors in the business world. I've begun to admire you since then. "After

that, many more people mentioned you to me. Then, I met Yuliana and, through her, I got a chance to meet you in person.”

Sienna paused. She had said so much. She had been so straightforward and bold as to confess her feelings in front of Matthew.

Unfortunately, her courage failed to gain Matthew’s affection. The car came to a halt.

“Ms. Grande, this is your stop.”

Matthew reminded Sienna to get down from his car. Only then did Sienna realize they had reached her destination. She glanced at Matthew as her heart froze.

Nevertheless, Matthew did not waver one bit.

“Matt, I hope you can take me into consideration.”

Matthew finally gave his reply, but he did so facing the windscreen and the road ahead, with no plans to look Sienna in the face.

“Ms. Grande, I cannot accept your admiration, and I don’t intend to. Goodbye.”

Sienna had never received such a direct refusal. The man in front of her had no intention of reciprocating or accepting, any bit of affection.

Sienna’s face gradually paled. She tugged at her seat belt, which instantly loosened, and then she got out of the car. Soon after that, Matthew’s car drove

away at top speed.

At that moment, Matthew thought of no one but the woman waiting for him at Zen Highlands. He imagined her charming smile as she served him dinner and celebrated his birthday with him.

Gentle warmth finally arrived to replace the impassive thoughts.

Because of his eagerness, Matthew reached Zen Highlands within twenty minutes.

Clarissa heard the sounds of his engine. She had everything in place. Together with Mrs. Lawson, they switched off the lights in the house. Outside, Matthew smirked when he saw the lights go out.

Is she planning to sing me a birthday song?

Matthew was very much looking forward to it. He opened the door and stepped into the foyer. Amid the darkness, Clarissa walked out holding a cake with several candles lit. Behind her, the staff of Zen Highlands followed, singing a birthday song.

When the song ended, Clarissa was already in front of him with the celebratory cake.

“Happy birthday, Uncle Matthew. Come on, make a wish, and blow out the candles!”

Matthew arched his eyebrows. He did not make a wish. Instead, his burning eyes landed on Clarissa’s delicate face.

“Clare, only you can make my wish come true.”

In an instant, Clarissa felt her face burn as she blushed a furious red.

Cheekily, she beamed at Matthew. Since there were people around, she did not say anything to him. Instead, she blew out the candles on his behalf.

If I blow the candles, does that mean I'm the one who'll make Uncle Matt's wish come true?

Only Clarissa herself knew the answer to that.

After the lights came on, everyone presented Matthew with their gifts. Regardless of the costs, they were all equally precious because a lot of thought was put into getting them.

Matthew accepted them much more willingly. Compared to the party at the Tyson residence, he preferred it here.

After thanking them, Clarissa cut the cake and distributed the pieces to the lot. The food which she spent the whole day preparing was also made available to everyone. Mrs. Lawson, who managed to read the room, led the party-goers to dine at another area in the house.

Matthew and Clarissa waited until the two of them were alone. Then, the woman smiled, walked closer to him, and took the initiative to put her arms around his waist.

“Uncle Matthew, I've waited so long for you.”

She fawned and whined, sending a tingling sensation to his heart.

Matthew placed his hands on the woman's waist, lowered his head, and engulfed

her lips in his. He had longed for this little woman very much, but he still had to restrain himself. They stayed like that for a while before he let go of her. He patted her buttocks once while his eyes stared lovingly into hers.

“Let’s eat. I’ll have committed a terrible sin if I leave youstarving, my dear Clare.”

Clarissa giggled as she blushed.

They walked to the dining area hand in hand. After they sat down, Matthew surveyed the variety of food on the table, touchedby Clarissa’s sincerity.

At the Tyson residence, other than a bunch of women, the mealswere prepared by the housemaids, and he had absolutely no appetite for those. No one cared about how hard he worked. No one cared whether he was tired or hungry. They were only interested in pairing him up with all sorts of women, hoping thathe would fall in love with one of them at first sight, get married,and have children. Who really cared if he was exhausted and in need of a good meal ?

Having returned to Zen Highlands, Matthew truly felt at home.

Clarissa had made every dish from scratch, and they all lookedand smelled amazing. It might not be a romantic candlelight dinner, but it was enough to soothe his loneliness.

Matthew did not ask for much. He was not looking for a partnerwith high social status or the so-called ‘perfect match’. All he wanted was a woman to love, and who loved him in return, andthey would spend the rest of their lives together.

“Why are you looking at me like that ?”

Clarissa’s cheeks felt warm under Matthew’s burning gaze. Shelifted her head to

level her eyes at him, her own glinting with delight.

Matthew's thin lips curled upwards as he smirked.

“I just want to look at you.”

“Quit fooling around. Eat up. Aren’t you hungry? Have you eaten?”

“No, I’ve been leaving room to taste your cooking.”

As he said that, Matthew picked up his fork and dug in.

Clarissa did not talk much, but she paid close attention to Matthew’s tastes.

Matthew ate to his heart’s content, a sense of warmth having washed over him. With a look at Clarissa’s cheerful expression, he rose from the table with her hand in his.

“Do you want to go for a stroll? Stargazing, perhaps?” “There you go again.”

Clarissa twitched her lips. “Stargazing? It’s the middle of winter, Matt. I’ve spent the whole day cooking. I’m tired. I’m going upstairs for a shower. You can go for a stroll, or take a rest if you like.”

Matthew arched his eyebrows. “How about a shower... together?” “Get out of here!”

Clarissa rejected him unceremoniously, but actually, she was extremely nervous. Her heart was racing. She wanted to go upstairs not only for a shower but also to get herself ready.

Matthew knew Clarissa would refuse. He chuckled helplessly to himself, finding the outcome rather regretful.

He softly pinched her cheek, lowered his head once more, and kissed her on the lips. In between breaths, he asked her in a raspy voice.

“Clare, I thought you said ‘soon’? How much longer do I have to wait?”

Clarissa’s eyelids began to twitch. She quickly shoved Matthew aside. “Don’t rush it,” she said.

Then she dashed up the stairs in an attempt to conceal her panic and agitation.

Matthew shook his head and laughed at her reaction. Every time this topic came up, she always seemed to be avoiding it, like she was hiding something. He feared that her promise was simply perfunctory.

Matthew thought, let her be then. If she wants to save herself for our wedding night, I’m fine with that too.

He would just have to stay abstinent in the days leading up to that, otherwise suppressing his urges would be problematic.

And so Matthew stayed downstairs. He scrolled through his phone and dealt with some work. Occasionally, he looked at photos of the woman which he had re-downloaded, his gaze darkening.

At the same time, after Clarissa was finished with her shower in the bathroom upstairs, she found herself staring at the three sets of nightwear she had laid out, all of which were equally sexy and sensual.

Racked with indecision, she was also unsure about how she should face what

might happen next.

Actually, if we're really doing it, I don't really have to wear this kind of sexy lingerie, right? But if I don't, would Matthew think I'm not fun? Not sexy?

Clarissa felt conflicted as she scanned her choices. She was anxious as well, afraid that Matthew would come up at any time.

Gritting her teeth, she finally picked one at random and put it on, followed by a nightgown. She quickly put the other two away, climbed into bed, and nervously waited for Matthew's arrival.

Eventually, she heard the sound of the bedroom door creaking open, and Matthew's steady footsteps approaching the bed.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 162 By eBookscat

Matthew walked into the bedroom but didn't hear Clarissa's voice.

Thinking that she was still in the shower, he sat down in the living room instead. He suddenly felt the urge to smoke as he hadn't had a cigarette in a long time, but after hesitating for a while, he chose not to smoke.

He remained calm as he pondered over what his father had said to him earlier today about marriage.

He was absolutely sure that he wanted to marry Clarissa, but it was clear that she hadn't completely opened her heart to him.

Even if he suggested marriage to her, she wouldn't agree to it. Moreover, it would

cause an argument within the family.

Matthew had never felt that he was old, but ever since he met Clarissa, he hated the fact that he was born ten years before she was.

Those ten years now felt like wasted time to him. If he were born around the same time as she was, he could have spent those ten years courting her, and he wouldn't have to worry about not having enough time with her at his current age.

The thought of this made Matthew let out a long sigh of despair.

Meanwhile, Clarissa, who was lying on bed at that moment, had heard him open the door.

After waiting for a long while, she wondered why he didn't enter the room.

Feeling anxious, she asked in a delicate and trembling voice, "Matthew? Are you there?"

Matthew's thoughts were instantly interrupted by her voice.

He quickly got up and pushed his trifling thoughts to the back of his mind, then walked into the room and said, "What——"

His sentence got cut off when he saw Clarissa tightly covered in her blanket.

With a smile on his face, he walked up to her bed and asked, "How come you're in bed this early?"

His dark eyes exuded a loving aura as he stroked her hair gently while touching her cheeks.

However, he soon noticed that the glimmer in Clarissa's eyes; she looked a little different.

The first thought that crossed Matthew's mind was that she wasn't feeling well, so he touched her forehead with the back of his hand and asked, "What's wrong? Are you feeling alright?"

Unexpectedly, Clarissa grabbed his hand, then whispered to him as her face reddened, "I'm alright. Quickly take off your clothes and come into bed with me."

"Huh? Why?" he replied.

"Just hurry up. I have something to tell you," she said.

Matthew didn't get moving immediately but simply stared at Clarissa instead. When she avoided eye contact with him shyly, a burning thought suddenly surfaced in his mind.

His dark eyes seared with a passionate flame.

Without saying anything further, he immediately undressed and got into bed facing her back.

His lips brushed across her ears as he whispered in a low-pitched voice, "Clare, what's on your mind?"

Clarissa gritted her teeth, then slowly turned around to face Matthew.

She felt his breath getting heavier by the second, and she could hear their heartbeats accelerating synchronously.

That very moment, only the sound of their heavy breathing and thumping heartbeat could be heard.

She looked passionately at Matthew as he put one hand around her waist and the other on her face. Her eyelashes fluttered as she let out a soft moan.

“Matthew, I agree,” she whispered.

“Hmm?” he said in a choked voice.

“Clare, what did you say? I didn’t get you clearly,” he added.

Biting her lip, Clarissa didn’t dare to make eye contact with Matthew.

She looked away as she repeated herself a little louder, “I agree.” Matthew’s heart skipped a beat when he heard what she said.

All he could think about right now was putting on his best performance with his leading lady tonight.

Without saying an extra word, he pulled Clarissa close to himself, pressing their bodies together. His desire for her was already burning wildly even though they hadn’t started doing anything yet.

Clarissa’s heart started pounding so rapidly that she felt as though it almost jumped out of her chest. Her entire body tensed up that very moment.

“There’s nothing to be scared of, Clare. I promise I’ll be gentle.” Matthew stroked her back gently as he kissed her forehead, trying to make her feel relaxed.

Despite the flame of passion in his chest, he managed to control his urge to act. Instead, he hugged her and said softly, “Clare, did you decide on this a while ago? Is this supposed to be my real birthday present?”

“Yes,” she murmured.

“Clare, thank you for trusting me so much...” he answered.

Feeling a little embarrassed, Clarissa laid her hands on his chest and instantly felt the heat of his body radiating onto her palms.

“Clare, since you got prepared a long time ago, does that also mean you watched that video to prepare for today?” Matthew asked.

She felt extremely embarrassed by his question and couldn't help but pound his chest repeatedly.

“Stop it. How could you possibly still remember that?” she said shyly.

“Hahaha... alright, I won't bring it up anymore. That video wouldn't help much anyway. I am your man, and I know what to do,” he said smugly.

Right after that, he flipped her over and pinned her down with his body weight, then started kissing her deeply.

After a brief moment, he took a look at the bathrobe she was wearing and quickly pulled it off. Unexpectedly, she was wearing another layer underneath.

While Matthew was caught by surprise, Clarissa continued to avoid eye contact with him.

“Clare...” he moaned.

“Shh, don't say anything.” She covered her face with her hands and didn't want to listen to what he had to say.

Though her adorable actions amused him, he agreed to keep quiet.

The thin chiffon dress she was wearing underneath evoked a strong reaction in Matthew. His face turned completely red, almost matching the color of her dress. On the other hand, Clarissa continued to cover her face as she trembled, allowing him to do whatever he wished. Nevertheless, he managed to retain complete self-control of himself.

Slowly, he leaned towards her and kissed every spot of her body gently.

Then, the room gradually became filled with passionate cries and moans as the two made love to each other.

After their act of romance, Clarissa soaked herself in the bathtub while Matthew changed the bedsheets.

He then carried her out from the bathtub like a baby and lay her down on the bed again, kissing her forehead intimately.

Although Clarissa was exhausted, she didn't fall asleep easily.

Matthew ran his hand over her bare back and caressed her lovingly.

“Does it still hurt?” he asked.

“It hurts,” she responded in a whiny voice.

“I promise it won't hurt again the next time,” he said. Clarissa was rendered speechless.

Is this what all men usually say?

She bit her lip and thought about the size of his manhood. Would it really not hurt anymore the next time?

She didn't seem convinced.

But Louisa did say it should feel more pleasurable each time...

Although Clarissa doubted what Louisa had taught her about sex, she could only judge for herself after the next time.

As Matthew leaned in to kiss her again, he felt the sudden urge for a second round. Before they knew it, Clarissa was moaning and crying, unable to resist his lustful desires.

Right after that, she fell asleep soundly through the night.

If it weren't for her hunger pangs, she would have continued sleeping for many more hours.

She sat up and gently rubbed her aching body, then put on her clothes and went downstairs. To her surprise, she saw Matthew on the phone in the living room.

As soon as he saw her, he immediately wrapped up his phone call and walked over to hug her. He then sat her down on the sofa with his arms around her shoulders.

His slender fingers swept across her face as he asked, "Are you hungry? Mrs. Lawson is heating up some food for you right now. Are you still feeling pain anywhere? I can ask a doctor to come over if you are still not feeling well."

Angry and embarrassed, Clarissa pounded his chest and glared at him. "Stop talking, will you?"

Matthew was amused by her reaction; it seemed that she still hadn't gotten past her shy phase.

He yielded to her and went along with what she said. “Alright, alright, I’ll stop talking. I’ll listen to whatever you say.”

Clarissa snorted in response but was clearly still very shy. His intimate gestures were similar to those before they had sex, but the deep, passionate look in his eyes was completely different.

This made her feel extremely shy, especially when she thought about how their bodies were entangled with each other the night before.

How embarrassing!

She quickly turned her head and looked away. “Alright,

I’m hungry. Let’s eat,” she said. “Okay,” he agreed.

Matthew carried Clarissa down to the dining room but did not let her sit on her own chair. Instead, he sat her down on his lap and offered to feed her.

“Come on, have something to eat,” he said while holding a mouthful of food before her.

Clarissa scrunched her brows in response, indicating her opposition to his actions.

Nevertheless, Matthew couldn’t help but continued smiling. He was simply in a very good mood.

“Can’t I feed you, my dear Clare?” he asked cheekily. “No, I can

feed myself,” she said bluntly.

“I think it’s better if I feed you though,” he said.

Getting short on patience, she grabbed his face and gave it a hard pinch.

“Matthew, if you keep this up, there won’t be a next time,” she said sternly.

He immediately understood what she meant by “next time” and replied innocently, “Darling, don’t be like this. You make me feel so helpless.”

Since Clarissa snorted and continued glaring at him angrily, he had no choice but to give in to her.

As he put her down on her own chair, he expected her to give him a kiss.

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 163

It wasn’t that Clarissa didn’t like being clingy; Matthew was simply too cheesy for her liking.

She felt more comfortable with the dynamics of their relationship prior to sex, and his corny actions right now made her feel rather awkward.

After they finished eating, Matthew put his arms around her again and showered her with all sorts of affectionate gestures.

He couldn’t keep his hands off her and had to maintain some form of skin contact at all times. It was as though he couldn’t live without having physical intimacy and skin contact with her.

Clarissa wondered if it was natural for men to act this way after sex.

Is a woman's physical body all that matters to them ?

Feeling uncomfortable at this thought, she pushed Matthew away when he leaned in to kiss her again. Then she frowned and stared at him deeply as all sorts of emotions flashed across her eyes.

“What's wrong ?” he asked.

Clarissa scoffed. “You are being extremely intimate and clingy today. It feels as though all you care about is my body.”

Matthew was stunned by her remarks, but he soon understood what she was referring to.

“Clare...” he said gently as he continued hugging her. “That's not true. If all I care about is your body, I would have left you right after we had sex.”

“Don't you dare!” she threatened him.

He chuckled in response. “I was just explaining myself. But really, if all I care about is your body, I wouldn't be here right now waiting patiently for you to accept me.”

She thought about it and was convinced by what he just said.

He then added, “The most ideal state of love is when both the body and mind are intertwined. What we have now is perfect, and I absolutely love what we share.”

He nibbled on her ear and continued, “I can't hold myself back anymore, and all I can think about right now is how to treat you well...”

“Okay, I get what you’re saying. You can stop talking now, alright?” Clarissa interrupted him out of embarrassment.

She finally understood where he was coming from.

“Are you sure you understand me?” Matthew whispered in her ear with a cheeky smile on his face.

Clarissa gave him an angry look and pushed him away. “That’s enough!”

Not wanting to reciprocate his playful gestures any longer, she got on her laptop and messaged a few of her colleagues from the studio.

Matthew continued to stay by her side, and although he didn’t say a word, he kept gazing at her with deep, passionate eyes.

Clarissa felt uncomfortable at first, but she quickly learned to disregard his idiotic gaze.

Meanwhile, the discussion in her group chat was heating up.

The trailer for the TV series “The World” had just been released recently, and many fans seemed to respond positively to it especially since Clarissa was the screenwriter. They liked the fact that the series was adapted closely from its original novel, but they did not have many nice things to say about Shermaine.

One of the fans commented: I don’t know why, but I’ve never liked Shermaine Smallwood. She just doesn’t look suitable to be the female protagonist.

Another one commented: I think she’s fine. She is a professional actress after all.

A third user said: The news about her fiancé was outrageous. Seems like it was just a publicity stunt. See how it suddenly fizzled out? She said their wedding date was going to be soon, but where is he now?

Someone then replied: Yeah. If two people are going to get married, the man must at least respond. I am from D city, and I know quite a bit about her fiancé's background. He is a prominent figure in D City, and it is impossible that he would just disregard her wedding announcement like that. If they were really getting married, do you think Shermaine would be permitted to maintain her active career in showbiz? It's so obvious her announcement was fake. I also heard that the family of Shermaine's so-called fiancé organized a birthday banquet with the intention of looking for a suitable partner for him. All the ladies from the upper echelon of D City attended the banquet. Haha, seems like she's just a concubine to the king.

The same person commented: Yo Emma, Number Two, aren't you going to join in the fun?

Emma replied: My grandma's neighbor said her daughter works for the Tyson family and she helped out at the banquet that night. Big spoiler, the king is actually so handsome that ladies can't keep their legs close when he's around..."

Another user replied: Seriously?

The user named Number Two immediately posted a blurry picture of a handsome guy.

Several users raved about how handsome he was, then Clarissa casually turned to look at Matthew.

He chuckled and asked, "What is it?"

She hesitated for a while before saying, "How did your family celebrate your

birthday when you went home?”

Matthew’s eyes twinkled as he laughed. “Why are you suddenly asking me this?”

“I’m just asking out of curiosity,” she answered.

“Well, they had some tricks up their sleeves but I wasn’t interested, so I left as soon as I could,” he said.

Clarissa grinned. “Tricks? You mean they tried to match-make you?”

“You know about it?” He approached her but was pushed away coldly.

“You think I wouldn’t find out just because you didn’t tell me?” she questioned him.

“Clare, nothing happened. They did try to match-make me but I didn’t participate in their games, and I came back as soon as I could.” Matthew tried to pacify her.

“So what if you didn’t play along?” she said irritably.

He smiled and rubbed her nose with his slender finger, saying, “You actually trust me, don’t you? Just let that go, will you? It didn’t mean anything to me, and nothing actually happened.”

“Easy for you to say.” Clarissa brushed him off.

I would have been fine if I didn’t find out. But now that I did, the mere thought of it makes me feel uncomfortable. I can’t just ignore it and look past it.

She then furrowed her brows and glared at him fiercely. “They even call you the king. So how many concubines did you choose?”

Matthew smiled helplessly, then sat her down on his lap. He held her face and gave her a kiss before saying, “Clare, I’m not a king,

and you're no concubine to me. You're the only one I need and I'm lucky to have you."

That very moment, Clarissa realized that he had become a smooth-talker lately, and she had no idea where he learned how to talk like this.

Suddenly, a thought crossed her mind, prompting her to ask him, "Have you been reading my novels lately?"

Without any hesitation, Matthew nodded.

"You're not allowed to read my books. Please don't read them anymore," she said in embarrassment.

The thought of Matthew reading her novels gave her goosebumps, and she felt like erasing that image from her mind.

He raised a brow and asked, "Why not?" "Please just

don't," she insisted.

"That's not fair. How come other people get to read your novels but not me?" he challenged.

"It's simply too awkward. I'm embarrassed alright?" she admitted.

Matthew chuckled but did not give in to her demands immediately to tease her further. "But I am able to understand your thoughts and ideas from your writings. Moreover, I enjoy the topics you write about."

“Ahhhhh..... okay stop talking, please. Are you intentionally teasing me? What have you read so far?” she snapped back.

Clarissa had forgotten what she wrote about in her earlier articles, and she felt awkward knowing that Matthew actually read through them.

He smiled and avoided her questions, then said, “Whatever it is, I find your articles interesting. You cannot control what I choose to read.”

Though she was infuriated, she had no choice but to give in to him at this point.

I have to look through my old articles when I have the time. They better not be about cheesy lovers staring at each other under the stars.

Ellie waited for two days before she finally asked Clarissa to meet up with her.

She wanted to ask in person whether Clarissa and Matthew progressed to the next stage of their relationship on his birthday.

Clarissa happened to be going to the studio that day. After she woke up from a long nap, she grabbed a quick bite and prepared to head out.

She usually drove her own car, but since Matthew had a collection of cars idling in the garage, she decided to use one of his cars.

She headed to the garage and chose one of the less flashy cars. Just as she got into the car, a box on the passenger seat caught her eye.

She opened the box and saw a familiar-looking tie inside.

Without giving it much thought, she put the tie back into the box and started driving.

When she reached the basement of Tyson Corporation, she thought about the tie and decided to put it in her handbag.

At the studio, she went straight to Ellie's room instead of heading to the top floor.

"Oh my, you look so different..." Ellie said as soon as she spotted Clarissa.

Clarissa blushed slightly and interjected, "Alright, stop making such a fuss."

"I'm not making a fuss. There really is something different about you. Hmm, should I call you Aunt Clare instead? Hahaha..." Ellie teased her.

Clarissa retorted without hesitating, "Well, there are many candidates lined up to be your aunt. You never know who will end up being your aunt. It's too early to say for sure now."

Ellie was startled. "Wait, you know? Did Uncle Matt tell you?"

"No, he didn't. I found out by myself. Did Matthew meet anyone special during his birthday banquet?" Clarissa asked.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 164 "Someone special?"

Ellie's heart sank. She hurriedly shook her head in denial. "No, of course not."

Seeing her friend's guilty reaction, Clarissa immediately understood what was going on.

It's true, then.

How special is that girl?

Why would the tie she gifted Matthew be in his car? Perhaps Matthew took it and put it in his car.

Don't tell me that girl was in the passenger's seat herself. At that thought, Clarissa's expression darkened.

Carefully, Ellie asked, "Clare, you know Uncle Matt adores you. No one else is special to him. Don't overthink things. This is nothing important."

Clarissa let out a sarcastic laugh and fished out the necktie from her bag.

Once Ellie spotted the necktie, she fell silent.

"Looks like I was right. I thought someone from your family had gifted it to him, but apparently not."

Ellie couldn't refute her statement.

Uncle Matt, I tried to help you, but you were too careless. I can't continue lying for you.

Clarissa placed the necktie back in her bag and sat down. Her perfectly made-up face was crinkled up.

Ellie immediately coaxed her on behalf of her Uncle Matt. "Clare, this isn't his

fault. It's my grandma and mom's doing."

She revealed, "You had no idea how bad they were. Uncle Matt remained expressionless the whole time and ignored everyone. In the end, my mom forced Sienna into Uncle Matt's car. I was so

furious when I saw that. Besides, that Sienna was so shameless as she refused to leave his car. Uncle Matt couldn't drag her down, could he? Actually, I feel sorry for him. My mom was seriously embarrassing."

Ellie didn't go into the details about how her parents used Matthew's marriage for their own profits and goals. After all, one shouldn't air one's dirty laundry in public.

Even so, she felt embarrassed about it.

Knitting her brows together, Clarissa sighed. "They are worried for him. I get it."

The corner of Ellie's lip lifted in a sneer. "They know what they are doing. I can't explain further, but Uncle Matt told Grandpa he gets to decide who he marries. Grandpa agreed to his request readily. Don't worry. This won't happen again. At least for the time being."

"Mm." Clarissa nodded in understanding.

The Tysons had always been concerned about Matthew's marriage. They were merely taking action now.

A thought occurred to her. They won't urge him now, but Matthew can't brush them off forever, could he?

Matthew and I have to face the truth one day. Will we break up or go through it together? Clarissa couldn't help but fear the arrival of that day.

"Clare, Uncle Matt is serious about you. You'll be my Aunt Clare for sure.

We're friends, but Uncle Matt's no longer young. You should be planning for your future now. Perhaps you can consider marrying him in the future.”

As Clarissa raised her brow, Ellie grinned. “I know you feel insecure, but think about it. I’m sure Uncle Matt wants to marry you. He’s being considerate.”

Clarissa fell silent after Ellie mentioned Matthew. She seemed deep in thought.

After saying that, Ellie didn’t give time for Clarissa to ponder over her words. She immediately changed the topic and asked nosily about Clarissa’s sex life.

There was no way Clarissa would share something that intimate with her. Besides, Matthew was Ellie’s uncle.

As Clarissa refused to reveal anything, Ellie was disappointed and chided her.

No matter what she said, Clarissa remained tight-lipped.

Nevertheless, Clarissa wasn’t about to head home. She planned to have fun all day as she was not in a good mood.

Linking arms with her, Ellie brought her to their favorite beautician. After all, women loved shopping and getting facials.

They spent hours inside and exited, feeling utterly refreshed. Of course, if one ignored Ellie’s giggles and Clarissa’s shy retorts, it would be a perfectly relaxing time for them both.

Ellie was still laughing uncontrollably after they came out. “Ellie Tyson,

can’t you stop laughing? Is it that funny?” “No, it’s not funny. Well, I

didn't expect to see that.”

Clarissa glared at her friend angrily. Just now when they were having a massage, she didn't realize there were scratches on her back. She thought hiding those in front would suffice, but there were more marks on her back. Upon seeing that, Ellie started guffawing madly. Even their masseurs were trying hard to hold back their laughter. Clarissa wished the earth could swallow her up right then and there.

After laughing her heart out inside, Ellie still couldn't restrain her laughter.

Clarissa shot her a warning glance, causing her to stifle her laughter. However, the glee in her eyes remained.

When they reached the exit, the sky was dark. As it was winter, the sun had gone down earlier than usual. It was only around 5p.m.

Clarissa wasn't planning on returning home. She went to the carpark and told Ellie, "Let's go to dinner. Later, we shall go the karaoke."

Ellie shrugged. "Anything for you, Aunt Clare."

Clarissa shot her a grin as they entered the car. Before they could leave, a young lady alighted from the car next to them.

Sienna glanced at them briefly. When she arrived earlier, she was surprised to see this car. Recognizing it as Matthew's car, she waited here to see if he would come. After a short wait, the car owner came. Instead of Matthew, she saw two young women.

One of them was Ellie Tyson. The other one was the gorgeous young lady which

picked the necktie that day.

To Sienna's surprise, the young lady was the one who took the driver's seat instead of Ellie. She even whipped out the car keys from her bag.

Sienna thought Ellie was driving Matthew's car, but it didn't seem like it.

After Clarissa entered the car, Sienna got off her car and went to say hello to Ellie.

She knocked on the window and glanced at Clarissa before greeting Ellie with a smile.

"Ellie, fancy running into you here." Ellie

didn't seem glad to see her. "What do you

want?" she demanded.

Sienna merely smiled. "I just want to say hello. Miss, do you remember me?"

Clarissa gazed at her without a word. So it's her.

Ellie was shocked. Her sixth sense told her something was off. Immediately, she

uttered, "If there's nothing, bye."

Clarissa wasn't in a hurry to leave. She looked at Sienna thoughtfully. Both women seemed interested in each other.

"Yes, I do. You bought a necktie. I bought one, too. Mine was intended to be a gift. Was yours a gift, too? Did the receiver like it?"

Sienna tittered. “Yes, it was a gift. You know who the receiver is. It’s Ellie’s uncle. You’re Ellie’s friend. I believe you know who he is.”

Ellie frowned. “What nonsense are you talking about? Gift? Stop being desperate. Uncle Matt doesn’t even like you. Sienna, stop wasting your energy. There’s no way you’ll end up marrying him.”

Sienna was upset after hearing Ellie’s retort.

However, Ellie was Matthew’s relative. Tamping her irritation down, Sienna consoled herself that Ellie was still an immature child.

“Ellie, you’re not Matt. Besides, we don’t know what will happen in the future.”

“Ms. Grande.” Suddenly, Clarissa spoke. “You’re right. We can’t predict the future. But, I agree with what Ellie said. You won’t marry her uncle.”

Sienna was stunned by her sudden outburst. She was still in a daze when Clarissa started the engine and drove out slowly.

Before leaving, Clarissa declared, “By the way, the necktie you picked doesn’t suit him.”

With that, she sped away.

Sienna gazed at the car fading into the distance as her gaze narrowed.

Meanwhile, inside the car, a heavy silence hung in the air. It was an

awkward situation.

After a while, Ellie coughed and said, “Clare, that was awesome!” “Ha!”

Clarissa snickered.

Ellie continued chuckling awkwardly. “How

did you get to know Sienna?”

“That day, we were in the same shop when I was picking out the birthday gift. We picked similar designs. That was why I immediately knew it was her when I saw this necktie in his car. DCity is small, huh?”

Ellie let out an awkward laugh. “Well, that’s a coincidence!”

She soon realized that wasn’t the right thing to say and corrected herself. “No, I mean, fancy crossing path with a rival!”

Clarissa tilted her head and gazed at Ellie, who was fidgeting nervously. She couldn’t hold herself back and burst into laughter.

“Forget it. This has nothing to do with you. Look at how terrified you are. Besides, am I that terrifying? I thought you said I’m a good-natured person?”

Ellie relaxed visibly and started grumbling.

“Yes, you’re good-natured and rarely get mad. We’ve been friends for years, and I’ve never seen you get mad. But after you started dating Uncle Matt, your true colors started showing. When you get upset, you won’t say anything. I can feel my heart trembling in fear whenever you glance at me. Imagine how scary

that is.”

Clarissa smirked. “I’m not scary.”

“Well, something like that. A barking dog doesn’t bite...” she trailed off when Clarissa glowered at her.

“I’m sorry, Aunt Clare.” Ellie apologized at once. “Forgive me!”

Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 165

Indeed, Clarissa rarely gets mad.

Back then, she had gone through so many hardships that nothing would upset her anymore.

Growing up, she had seen many people arguing over various matters. Some even ended up hitting each other. Whenever she saw something like that, she’d think it wasn’t necessary to act that way. Couldn’t they mull over it and calm down?

But when it was her turn to experience something similar, she realized a bystander would always be clear-minded.

Clarissa couldn’t even control herself.

She flew into a fit of rage and seethed with jealousy in an irrational manner.

Of course, Clarissa knew she should trust Matthew as he wouldn’t cheat on her. Yet, she couldn’t control her emotions. All she wanted to do was to yell at Matthew or beat every woman who lusted after Matthew to a pulp.

In reality, she couldn’t do so.

The most she could do was to make a subtle jab at Sienna, like what she did

earlier out of impulse.

After arriving at the karaoke, they booked a private lounge. Clarissa sang her heart out while Ellie sat beside her helplessly.

The former was singing absent-mindedly, her attention elsewhere. In the end, she started singing tunelessly. She'd stop singing suddenly and resumed after remembering the lyrics.

Ellie dared not stop her and hurriedly sent Matthew a text so he'd bring her home.

When Matthew arrived, he stepped into the room without a sound. Ellie pointed at Clarissa, who had her back against them. She scurried over to him and explained softly about the necktie and them bumping into Sienna earlier. Then, she exited the room swiftly.

Matthew and Clarissa were left alone in the room. The latter had no idea about it.

Suddenly, someone hugged her from behind. Clarissa immediately struggled to free herself. She knew who it was, but that knowledge didn't stop her from trying to break free from his grasp.

Matthew tightened his grip until she finally stopped struggling. As the noisy music played on, he inched nearer to her and whispered in his deep voice. "Clare, are you mad?"

As Clarissa said nothing, he knew she was upset.

Matthew's lips curved up in a smirk. He went to the monitor and switched it off. Silence filled the room immediately.

He returned to her and bent down to meet her gaze.

The young woman was scowling unhappily. Even if the private lounge they

were in was dark, he could sense her suppressed fury.

Sighing, he parted his lips to say something when someone wailed next door.

“Let’s kill this love! Rum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum...” Matthew’s lips twitched in annoyance.

Clarissa nearly burst out laughing because the person next door was singing horribly out of tune.

Soon, someone yelled out. “Stop singing! You’re killing me! Please just stop!”

“Clare, I—”

Clarissa held her belly as she convulsed in laughter. The yells and horrible singing continued outside.

As for Matthew, well, his words stuck in his throat.

Feeling frustrated, he massaged his temples and took her hand. Rising to his feet, he told her. “Let’s go home.”

“No. I paid for the room until the next morning. I don’t want to waste my money.”

Clarissa’s scowl returned to her face. She proceeded to pick the next song in an attempt to go against him.

Before she could start singing, Matthew whispered in her ear.

“Fine, we can do it here. That will be interesting. Clare, this will be our first time here. Perhaps we can try doing it in a foreign place.”

After hearing his declaration, Clarissa stood up, her face devoid of expression. She grabbed her bag and jacket before heading for the door.

At the sight of her swift exit, Matthew smirked and caught up to her.

Clarissa headed for the driver's seat, but Matthew picked her up and threw her into the backseat before she could protest.

As a result, Clarissa floundered around and threw punches at Matthew for a long time to vent out her jealousy and frustration until she ran out of energy.

When she calmed down, Matthew smiled faintly and pulled her into his embrace.

“Are you done with your tantrum?” Clarissa

huffed. “As if it was my fault!”

She poked Matthew's chest forcefully to show how upset she was.

“It was your fault. How dare you blame me for throwing a tantrum? Matthew, because of you, I was upset for the entire day! My heart has been aching until now. It's really unbearable. I can't even breathe properly.”

Clarissa wasn't lying. She was so angry that it felt like there was a lump in her chest. Of course she'd feel out of breath.

Right now, as she glared at Matthew, her eyes blazing in anger, Matthew couldn't help but feel a twist of desire low in his body.

Succumbing to his desires, he lowered his head to give her a kiss, but she turned her head away.

Chuckling lightly, Matthew took her chin to stop her from escaping.

He was about to kiss her again when Clarissa pressed her lips together stubbornly, refusing to kiss him.

Left with no choice, Matthew rubbed his lips against hers before releasing her.

“Clare, it was all my fault.”

The only way to reconcile with her was to admit his mistake. Clarissa snorted and ignored his apology.

Matthew let out a soft chuckle and explained, “Clare, Sienna is Yuliana’s colleague. Her brother-in-law is someone who can help Matthias advance in his career. That was why Yuliana welcomed her warmly. It was obvious why she wanted to match us up.”

Matthew fell silent after his explanation. Clarissa could sense his displeasure.

This was the first time she had heard about this, but she felt sorry for him.

Both his brother and sister-in-law had an ulterior motive for showing their concern about his marriage. Perhaps this was normal for a family as rich as theirs, but Matthew wasn’t happy about it.

Clarissa softened and flung her arms around his neck. She pursed her lips and gave him a kiss.

“Don’t be upset. I know you don’t like Sienna.”

Matthew brushed his fingers across her cheek. Oh, she's softened. As his fingers trailed down to her lips, he leaned in for a kiss. But suddenly, Clarissa's expression fell. She put a hand between their lips.

"You're upset. But why did you allow her to enter your car? And why did you accept her gift?"

Matthew chuckled silently. Well, my ploy to gain her sympathy didn't work. She's smart, huh?

Clarissa harrumphed while waiting for his reply.

Arching a brow, Matthew explained what happened that night. "So, Clare. Be good. Give me a kiss."

"What does this have to do with kissing me? You can't..." I just want to kiss her. So what?

After arriving home, Matthew brought her into the bedroom and tossed her onto the bed.

Clarissa panicked instantly. She sat up, but the man immediately pinned her down.

Frowning, Clarissa shoved him angrily. "I still haven't recovered."

Her cheeks were as red as a tomato. We just did it earlier. Why is she still horny?

Matthew saw through her and chuckled. His seductive voice got to her as he kissed her earlobe gently.

“Clare, let’s try it again. You’ll be fine. If you feel unwell, let me know and I’ll stop immediately. Will that do?”

“No.”

Matthew cracked up. “Well, you don’t call the shots.” “Then why did you keep asking me?”

After that, Matthew successfully ravished her in bed.

Even when Clarissa pleaded for him to stop, he went on relentlessly.

Clarissa was too young to realize men were liars in bed.

Meanwhile, after taking a jab from Clarissa, Sienna wondered if she was Matthew’s girlfriend.

She thought Matthew had made up an excuse, but that girl was obviously seeing her as a rival in love.

Sienna was careful enough to not make a rash judgment. Perhaps it was a coincidence or misunderstanding.

After that, she mentioned this girl to Yuliana. Of course,

she didn’t reveal her doubts.

“Yuliana, I met Ellie at the mall yesterday with another young girl. I said hello

to her.”

“Oh, really?”

Yuliana was slightly concerned as Ellie wasn't friendly to Sienna then. Did Sienna mention this because something bad happened?

Sienna didn't realize her concern and continued. "The girl was really pretty. Was she Ellie's friend?"

"Oh, you're talking about Clare. They went to the same school and are close friends."

"Really? They seemed to be on close terms. Does Clare know Matt? She was driving Matt's car."

"Yes. Matthew adores Ellie. I think she must've bothered him again."

Yuliana didn't react to the piece of news, so Sienna was relieved. I must've imagined things. But something felt off. That girl's gaze was full of hostility and mockery.

Sienna was deep in thought, so Yuliana asked, "Sienna, did anything happen after Matthew sent you back home? My mother-in-law is concerned and kept asking about you."

"Everything went well, Yuliana," replied Sienna with a smile.

"Really? That's great. I knew Matthew will like someone as brilliant as you."

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 166

Both Yuliana and Margaret were delighted to hear that Matthew and Sienna were doing well.

Margaret had promised George not to interfere in Matthew's marriage. She was reluctant at first, but she decided to let things

flow naturally for now. After all, her son was getting along with Sienna.

After that, she'd feel guilty whenever Shermaine called her. Her guilt was clear to all.

Shermaine was currently shooting in another city. She planned to stay away from D City so the Tysons would forget about the previous incident gradually. The reason she kept calling Margaret was to persuade the old lady to accept her again.

After all, Margaret loved her dearly. The old lady was also easy to persuade. Since young, no matter what she told Margaret, the latter would accept it readily.

Right now, Shermaine sensed the old lady's oddity as they talked on the phone. Instead of pressing the matter, she hung up and went to her mother.

Through her mother's cries and complaints about how cruel the Tysons were, she found out Matthew had started dating Sienna Grande.

“Shermaine, I heard it from my friend. She brought her daughter to the Tyson residence to introduce her to Matthew, but the Tysons took a liking to Sienna Grande. Recently, Old Mrs. Tyson told others that Matthew and Sienna are dating.” She wailed. “Shermaine, did you do something wrong? Why must you suffer this way? Why must you struggle in love? Shermaine, it's our fault. If we're capable enough to make Matthew marry you, they wouldn't have treated you lightly. The Tysons look down on us and the Wynters. Ah, they will betray your uncle soon. No, I need to remind your grandmother and Jacque...”

The more Kayla thought about it, the more uneasy she felt. She couldn't stop

wailing, so Shermaine burst out impatiently, “Mom,

stop it. Aunt Sandra already hates us. Grandma and Uncle Jacques don't mind, but Aunt Sandra was terribly upset after what happened back then."

At the mention of Sandra Meynell, Kayla grumbled unhappily. "Why would that woman be upset? We're part of the Wynter family, too. She's just Jacques's wife. There's no way she'll take control of the Wynter family."

"Even if she wants to take control of the Wynter family, so what? You're already married and haven't been home for years. Forget it. Don't interfere in this, get it? You're doing me a favor by staying out of this."

Kayla was about to say something, but Shermaine cut the line without hesitation.

Sienna Grande? I've heard of her.

My family isn't as influential as hers. Besides, I've done something to harm Matthew earlier.

A strong sense of danger dawned on Shermaine. Sienna is way better than me. If the Tysons accepted her, does that mean Matthew will accept her, too?

"Shermaine, we'll begin filming soon. Won't you get prepared?"

The assistant director came to urge her to get ready as everyone was waiting for her.

Shermaine was still distracted. She shot the assistant director an annoyed glance. Irritated by her reaction, the latter furrowed his brows.

“I have something urgent going on. Can’t you wait for me?”

She turned and made a call to her friend in D City to ask for the friend's help to keep watch on Matthew.

As the weather was getting colder, Clarissa didn't even want to crawl out of bed in the morning. She burrowed herself under the covers while someone gave her warmth from behind.

Of course, it would be perfect if the man wasn't aroused with his hard bulge pressing insistently between her legs.

Clarissa was rudely awakened by his kisses trailing down her nape. Disgruntled, she gave him a shove, but the man merely chuckled lowly and nibbled on her earlobe gently.

Pressing into her intimately, he rasped, "Clare, won't you wake up?"

"Uh-huh," mumbled Clarissa. "I don't have to work. Why would I have to wake up this early?"

"Mm, you don't. But I remember telling you to work out with me." "No!"

Clarissa implored and continued lazing in bed. Suddenly, Matthew reached down and gave her a tickle. As she screamed softly, he covered her mouth in a dizzying kiss and started their morning workout.

There were plenty of workouts one could do in the morning.

After a long workout session, Clarissa lay limp on the bed and glared at Matthew.

“Ha! Clare, I prefer this workout. It’s better than running.”

Clarissa couldn't bother to refute his nonsense and continued glowering at him, her eyes burning with rage.

She snorted and shut her eyes in annoyance. Matthew smiled lovingly and ran his hand across her body, obviously unsatiated.

“Hey, stop touching me. There's nothing for you to touch!” Clarissa grumbled impatiently.

Matthew let out a light chuckle. “Clare, you like touching my muscles too, right?”

Huh? Who?

Not me.

She buried her face in her pillow and avoided answering his question.

Her reaction amused him greatly. Beaming, he kissed her smooth back and stood up reluctantly.

No wonder the ancient monarchs would miss their morning courts. I know how they feel now.

After taking a shower, Matthew exited the bathroom to a sight of a sleeping Clarissa. She was lying on her belly, her lips parted.

Saliva was dripping out of her parted mouth.

Matthew found that adorable. He stood there, unwilling to leave.

Alas, he had to go to work. After helping the young lady to turn so she could sleep on her back, she frowned and pulled the covers up before snoring gently.

Matthew chuckled and shook his head. His gaze was full of adoration.

When Clarissa finally woke up, the sky was cloudy. The room was heated, but the gloomy weather caused her to feel a chill from within.

She wrapped a shawl around her and sipped on the hot tea Julia had prepared for her while lounging on the sofa.

She only returned to her senses when Hilary gave her a call.

“Clary, don’t forget Yvonne’s engagement party’s happening this weekend.”

Clarissa had forgotten all about it.

“Okay.”

“Have you prepared a gift?”

“No.”

“You can’t come with empty hands. Remember to prepare an engagement gift and cash gift.”

“Cash gift? She’s getting engaged, not getting married. I’ll have to prepare another cash gift when she gets married later.”

“Well, that’s how things work. You can get engaged before getting married next time. That way, you can receive all the gifts you want. For Yvonne’s cash gift, don’t be stingy. People will talk if you give too little money.”

Clarissa sneered inwardly. When my primary school friend got married, I gave her a cash gift of eight hundred. Yvonne and I

are at odds. I'm already being generous by giving her two thousand.

Even if I give her more, she won't care at all. Two

thousand will do.

But of course, Clarissa wasn't about to reveal her intentions to Hilary.

For her engagement gift, a pair of dolls will do.

When Clarissa mentioned it to Ellie, the latter smirked. "Ha!

That's petty. You did the right thing. Methinks two thousand is a lot. Six hundred and sixty-six will do."

Clarissa giggled uncontrollably. Her friend was much ruder than her.

Indeed, Clarissa prepared a cash gift of six hundred and sixty-six for the party this weekend. When she was preparing it, she couldn't stop herself from cackling smugly.

Matthew watched her antics and shook his head with a smile.

To him, giving a cash gift of six hundred was beyond comprehension.

If she wants to annoy them, just don't prepare any gifts. Anything's better than six hundred and sixty-six.

"Clare, if you want to annoy your stepsister, why don't you prepare a big cash gift? That will annoy her greatly. The less you prepare, the more she'll look

down on you.”

Clarissa scoffed and eyed him.

“You know nothing. Why would I give her money willingly? If you agree, I’ll give her sixty instead.”

Matthew fell silent and gave up. Women are unreasonable and inconceivable.

After preparing the cash gift, the young lady changed into a gorgeous evening dress. Her face was perfectly made-up. At the sight of her, Matthew’s heart skipped a beat while his expression fell.

“Clare, you look like you’re getting engaged in this dress.”

Clarissa ignored his dark expression and grinned. “Do I look pretty?”

“Of course.”

“Good. I want to steal the spotlight from Yvonne! Ha!”

Matthew asked hesitantly, “It’s her engagement party. Is it a good idea to steal the limelight from her?”

“That’s what I want. I want to make her mad. Did you forget how she bullied me back then?”

“No. But I think there’s a better way to defeat her. For example, make the Garretts’ company go bankrupt!”

Clarissa shook her head. “You don’t get it. Our fight isn’t that serious. Even if you can make her family bankrupt, it won’t feel as satisfying as upsetting her at her engagement party today.”

Indeed, Matthew couldn't understand her intentions.

Glancing at her attractive figure, a flash of helplessness appeared in his gaze.

He wrapped her arms around her and cajoled her with a kiss. “Be good, Clare. Change into another outfit, alright? It’s chilly out there. I’m afraid you might catch a cold.”

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 167

Clarissa’s lips curved up.

“I’m not cold. We’re taking a car there, and the venue is well-heated.

“Clare!”

As Matthew was being insistent, Clarissa explained, “I prepared this dress just for this event. This is too last minute. I don’t have other suitable outfits!”

“Why not? Your closet is full of clothes.”

Clarissa rolled her eyes in irritation and paid no heed to him. She gazed at him defiantly.

Arching a brow, Matthew didn’t press on. Instead, he leaned over and planted hickeys on her neck and collarbone.

Immediately, Clarissa pushed him away. Yet, she was no match for him.

In the end, Matthew felt pleased to see the hickeys all over her fair skin. They were too obvious to ignore as her skin was as fair as snow.

Matthew knew how enticing she was.

The sight of her alluring figure only served to fuel his desire. His gaze darkened dangerously.

Clarissa hurriedly covered his eyes with her hands. “Stop!”

After removing her hands, Matthew pressed into her body and whispered, “Clare, let’s stay at home. It’s the weekend. We shouldn’t spend it with those annoying people. Why don’t we—”

“No. I’ll change my clothes now, okay?”

Clarissa gritted her teeth and gave in.

Disappointment showed on Matthew’s face. “Clare, you don’t have to change. There’s no need to attend that engagement party. Let’s stay at home and...”

Before he could finish, Clarissa had already dashed upstairs to change.

Soon, she came downstairs clad in a simple buttoned-up shirt and knitted knee-length skirt with a long coat outside. She was totally covered up from head to toe.

“Are you happy now?”

Matthew grinned. “Clare, you look good in anything!” “Ha!”

Due to the delay, they were nearly late for the party.

It was a grand event. They had booked a huge banquet hall in the hotel for the

party. Plenty of guests were milling around.

There was a photo of the engaged couple by the door.

Clarissa took a glance at the man who was supposed to be from the Wynter family. Huh, he looks nothing like Damon.

The person who was collecting the gifts at the door took Clarissa's cash gift and wrote her name down. She also sized Clarissa up.

Deep down, Clarissa was complaining silently.

It looks just like a wedding. They are obviously after the cash gifts. Are the Garretts that poor?

Luckily I didn't prepare a lot.

"Clary, you're finally here!"

Hilary parted with the guests and came over to Clarissa. She was proud to see a lot of men eyeing her daughter.

"See, there are plenty of guests here. Act demure. Also, didn't I ask you to dress up? Why are you clad in grey and black?"

Clarissa smiled. "I'm being artsy."

"What? Forget it, it's too late to change now. Behave. Yvonne is kicking up a fuss. Well, that's none of my business as her grandmother is here."

"Huh? Why is she kicking up a fuss now?"

Clarissa was curious. Yvonne's a stubborn woman. Something huge must've

happened for her to kick up a fuss.

Well, my instinct is telling me Yvonne's going to humiliate herself today.

“It’s the Wynters fault. After their engagement, Mason agreed to gift some of their company shares to Yvonne. There’s also the matter of the dowry. Anyway, they didn’t keep their word, so Yvonne is demanding to cancel the engagement. The Wynters don’t even care at all. Now, Yvonne is using her baby to threaten them. Both sides are stubbornly standing their ground.”

Clarissa’s eyes widened in surprise. Interesting. She’s pregnant.

“She’s pregnant. Why did they get engaged first? They should get married at once.”

“I don’t know. Zach was the one who made the arrangements with the Wynter family. Forget it, go take a seat. Look around carefully and snag yourself a man! I need to leave.”

Deep down, Hilary was gloating over the situation, but she had to pretend she was concerned.

Clarissa found a seat and sat down. Immediately, a man appeared in front of her.

She shifted aside silently, but the man spoke with a smile, “Clare, am I going to eat you?”

Looking up in surprise, Clarissa blurted out, “Damon?”

It was Damon Wynter. Chuckling lightly, he took the seat next to her. “Surprised to see me here?”

“Of course,” replied Clarissa with a grin. “I thought you won’t be attending the

party?”

“I’m not here to attend the engagement party. I’m here to see you, Clare.”

An awkward silence hung in the air.

Soon, Damon let out a chortle. “That was a joke. I’m here because my grand-uncle came to my house personally and asked me to attend the party. No one in my family wanted to come, so they sent me to be their representative. I had no choice as I’m the youngest in the family.”

Damon was pretending to be pitiful. He had an exaggerated look on his face, causing Clarissa to laugh.

“Actually, I don’t want to be here. I had no choice, too.” “We’re sharing the same fate, then.”

They exchanged smiles quietly before collecting their thoughts.

Clarissa had no idea what happened backstage, but she knew Yvonne wouldn’t give up on Mason. The engagement party went on smoothly.

As Yvonne was in a good mood and had to keep up appearances, she had no time to find fault with Clarissa.

The party ended on a high note. At least, it seemed so on the surface.

Before leaving, Hilary spotted Clarissa chatting with Damon happily. Pleased, she was already imagining her daughter marrying into the Wynter family.

After coming out of the hall, they headed toward the lobby. “I’ll give you a

ride home ?” asked Damon.

Clarissa rejected his offer. “No need. I’ll just grab a cab...”

She trailed off after spotting a familiar car was parked at the hotel's entrance.

Damon sensed her abrupt change and followed her gaze. At the sight of the car, a bitter feeling rose in his heart.

“Looks like you don't have to take a cab. I'll take my leave, then. We should have fun with Ellie someday.”

“Sure. Goodbye!”

Clarissa dashed to the car and got in.

In the car, Matthew's brows were knitted up. When she came to him, he squeezed her hands unhappily.

“Why is he here?”

“Oh, Yvonne's fiancé is a relative of Damon.”

“Damon?”

Clarissa belatedly realized the oddness in his voice.

Snorting, she leaned on his chest and posed a deliberate question. “What's wrong? You're jealous?”

Matthew's gaze narrowed. Indeed, he was jealous. “Aren't you being too friendly?”

“Oh, Uncle Matthew. Mr. Tyson? Matthew Tyson?” Clarissa returned coyly with a hint of enchantment.

To Matthew, she was already alluring enough.

As she was drawling sexily, Matthew felt his heart melting. Desire veiled his gaze as he wrapped his arm around her waist and brought her closer to him.

“Darling, do you want to have sex in the car?” he suggested eagerly.

Immediately, Clarissa blushed beet red and glared at him. “Get lost!”

His lips stretched into a grin as he planted a kiss on her forehead. Rubbing against her forehead affectionately, he caressed her back in an attempt to seduce her.

“Clare, actually, we should be open-minded to try more things. Besides, you’re an author. If you write the same thing repeatedly with no improvement, that won’t do. You’ll need to be open to try new things.”

Clarissa was scowling by now.

That was the first time she had ever heard someone coming up with such a pretentious excuse to have sex in the car.

Look how shameless he is.

“What do you think, Clare?” Matthew concluded and waited for her reply.

He gave her a lopsided grin.

Clarissa merely plastered a smile on her face. “Matthew, we’re home.”

With that, she got off the car swiftly.

Stunned, Matthew gazed at her retreating figure as happiness radiated through him.

Smirking, he decided. Well, this is just the start. I have plenty of positions I'd like to try out. Let's do this slowly.

Clarissa had no idea Matthew had that thought in his mind.

Later on, when Matthew successfully tricked her to try out other positions, she finally realized how shameless the smooth-talker was.

He had shown another side of him.

But of course, that would only happen in the near future.

Right now, Matthew was restraining himself to be a normal boyfriend.

Clarissa changed into comfy clothes and came downstairs. As the weather was chilly, she told Julia to prepare some hotpot for dinner.

She had just taken a seat when her phone rang. It was a video call from her grandmother.

Matthew took the seat next to her to greet the old lady.

Instead of Catherine, the caregiver, Jenny, showed up on the screen.

“Oh, Jenny? Where's Grandma?”

Jenny seemed upset as she said, “Clarissa, your grandma is talking to your aunt.

You might think I'm being a busybody, but I think you should know about this.”

Clarissa tensed up. “Go ahead, Jenny.”

“Right. A few days ago, your grandma softened and allowed your aunt and uncle to bring her to their home. Hence, I stopped coming here. Today, she returned home. I think they had a fight, but she seemed okay. But when I went to tidy up your room, I realized your stuff is gone. Your grandma is terribly upset by that. She’s arguing with them now. I couldn’t persuade them to calm down. They are still sweet-talking their way into her heart. What should I do?”

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 168

After hanging up, Clarissa stood up and decided to return to W City.

Instead of stopping her, Matthew followed her and comforted her along the journey.

Two hours later, they arrived at the house in W City.

Pushing the door open, Clarissa rushed into the house to see Catherine and Jenny seated on the sofa.

“Grandma, are you alright? Did they hurt you?”

Catherine was stunned to see them. When she saw Matthew stepping in, she chided, “I’m fine. Why are you all here?”

The caregiver replied, “I was the one who informed Clary.”

“Clare is concerned about you. It has been some time since my last visit, so I tagged along with her.”

Catherine sighed. Matthew found out about our dirty laundry. “I’m fine. Don’t worry. I’m her mother, so they won’t hurt me.”

Catherine consoled Clarissa and patted her hand. After a while, she sighed guiltily.

“Clare, Mimi stole all your stuff. I didn’t know they’d resort to such despicable means. I didn’t know the things were expensive. Jenny told me your bags and accessories are worth thousands each. When I tried to reason with them, they denied taking it.

Clare, I’m sorry. I was—”

Clarissa interrupted her apology. “Grandma, these can be bought with money. I don’t mind as long as you’re safe.”

“But they cost a lot of money. I feel bad.”

Wrapping her arms around Catherine, Clarissa wiped off her tears and comforted her. “Don’t worry. I’ll get them back.”

“But what if they refused to admit it?” ““It’s

fine. I have a plan.”

As Catherine had always trusted her granddaughter, she was relieved.

She gazed at Matthew, feeling embarrassed.

“You should’ve come back alone. Why did you drag Matthew alone? He has to go to work tomorrow!”

Catherine apologized immediately. “Matthew, sorry for making you come all the way here.”

“It’s fine. Clare’s business is my business. I can’t remain in D Cityalone when you’re in trouble, can I?”

“Sorry for all the trouble.”

“Stop apologizing, Grandma. Go to bed. We shall talk tomorrow.”

After persuading Catherine to go to bed, Clarissa heaved a sigh of relief.

Matthew stretched his arms out and pulled her into his embrace. He pressed a kiss on her forehead.

Gently, he said, “Your grandma is fine. Don’t worry. As long as she’s fine, nothing else matters.”

“Mm, that I know. But I’m upset at how they treated Grandma. I shall demand an explanation tomorrow.”

“Okay. I’ll come along with you.”

Clarissa shook her head and looked up, her lips pursed into a pout.

“I don’t want you to come with me.” “Why

not? I can be of help.”

Clarissa shook her head stubbornly. “I’m going to fight. It might damage my reputation, so I don’t want you to see it.”

Matthew chuckled and arched a brow. “Oh? Will it be ugly?”

“Yes. I’m afraid I’ll no longer be your Miss Fairy after you see how ruthless I can be. You don’t have to come. I can handle it myself. Of course, if things spiral out of my control, I’ll ask for your help. But I don’t think that will happen.”

Matthew's mood elevated as he let out a chuckle. "Miss Fairy? You're quite confident in yourself, huh? But Clare, I don't see you as a fairy."

Clarissa promptly glared at him and raised her voice. “What did you say?”

Unfazed, Matthew repeated, “I said, I don’t see you as a fairy.” Clarissa’s lips thinned as she gritted her teeth unhappily.

She glowered at Matthew, silently threatening him to change his mind or he shall die a horrible death.

Matthew stood firm to his opinion and added, “You’re not a fairy to me. That’s because you’re a vixen, Clare.”

Clarissa was rendered speechless.

You’re such a seductive vixen! Suddenly, this sentence popped up in her mind.

She smacked her lips at once.

“I’m not a vixen. I’m a fairy!” she insisted. “Matthew, you’re wrong.”

“Uh-huh. Really?”

“Yes!”

As Clarissa was adamant, Matthew grinned and acknowledged silently.

“Alright. Fairy Clare, are you going to become a vixen during the fight tomorrow?”

“Scram!”

Clarissa gave him a forceful push and stood up to head to her room. When Matthew trailed behind her, she realized there was no extra room in the house for him.

Suddenly, she shot him a beguiling smile. “Why don’t you sleep in my room? I can spend the night in the living room.”

Matthew folded his arms and smirked. He said nothing, but his attitude and gaze showed what his intention was.

Clarissa was scowling when the man picked her up and threw her onto the bed. She let out a tiny scream, but he covered her lips deftly and warned, “Clare, be careful. Your grandma might overhear us.”

Frowning darkly, Clarissa declared, “Then stop messing around.”

A corner of his mouth lifted against her lips. His breath puffed into her face.

“I never mess around.”

Kissing my girlfriend isn’t messing around. I’m doing this openly.

As he muffled Clarissa’s grumbles with a kiss, she cursed silently. Isn’t this messing around?

Nevertheless, Matthew stopped after giving her a kiss. Perhaps he was afraid Catherine might overhear them. Besides, he didn’t prepare any protection. After the kiss, they hugged each other and fell asleep.

The next day, Clarissa left Catherine in the hands of Matthew and went to the Lesters' house.

It was early, so the Lesters were still asleep. She kept pressing on the doorbell and woke Gloria up rudely.

“Who is it? It’s still damn early!”

After opening the door and spotting Clarissa, Gloria cowered guiltily.

Clarissa had only ever acted this way in front of her Aunt Gloria.

Back then, Gloria and her family kicked Catherine and Clarissa out after getting the money left by her late father. After Clarissa earned enough money to live a better life, Gloria and her family shamelessly returned to reconcile their relationship.

On both occasions, Clarissa was expressionless, but her gaze was deadly cold. Gloria suddenly recalled how the young Clarissa looked like she was going to murder someone back then.

Terrified, she called for her husband. “Honey!

Clary is here! Honey...”

It was too late. Clarissa had stepped into their house.

The house wasn’t big, with a few pieces of furniture scattered around. Most importantly, it was filthy.

Clarissa strode past the living room and entered Mimi’s room. The latter was still sleeping soundly.

Immediately, she saw her bags, accessories, clothes, and shoes that the Lesters had stolen from her house strewn everywhere in Mimi's room. How despicable. They took everything they saw.

Carefully, Clarissa picked up her stuff and placed them into her bag. Jacob and Gloria rushed over and saw her action.

“Clary, what are you doing?” yelled Gloria. “I’m retrieving my own stuff.”

Gloria’s yell woke Mimi up. The girl’s eyes fluttered open in a daze. The moment she saw Clarissa, she jolted awake at once. At the sight of Clarissa packing up her stuff, Mimi dashed over and grabbed them out of her hand.

“What are you doing?”

Calmly, Clarissa raised her eyebrow. “I’m taking what is mine.” “Yours?”

Mimi retorted without hesitation. “They are mine. How could they be yours? Do you have evidence to prove they are yours? I bought them myself!”

“You bought them yourself? With your own money?”

Mimi laughed smugly. “That’s none of your business. Anyway, I bought them myself. You entered our house without permission and tried to steal my stuff. Aren’t you afraid of being sent to jail? Ha! Leave while I’m being kind. Otherwise, I’ll call the cops.”

Gloria was trembling in fear. Seeing how calm Clarissa was, she spoke, “Clary, this might be a misunderstanding. Why would we take your stuff? You must’ve gotten it wrong. Recently, there is news about thieves breaking into empty houses nearby. The thieves must’ve stolen your stuff.”

Grinning arrogantly, Mimi put on the necklace and bracelets she had just taken from Clarissa. “Clare, don’t be jealous because I can afford to buy expensive stuff. You can buy them yourself.

After all, you’re rich!”

“You’re right.”

Suddenly, Clarissa smirked. “Aunt Gloria, since it was a thief, I’ll call the cops.”

The Lesters’ expression soured at her words. Jacob was about to say something when Clarissa added, “Oh, I forgot that I’ve already called the police before I came here. They should be arriving soon.”

Speaking of the devil, the doorbell rang.

Clarissa grinned, while Gloria and Mimi paled visibly.

“Clary, what is this? Do you think we’re the thieves? I’m your aunt and Mimi’s your cousin! How could you be so cruel?”

“If you’re not the thieves, why would you be afraid? Uncle Jacob, won’t you open the door? If you don’t answer the door, the police might think you’ve robbed and murdered me.”

Jacob glared at Clarissa darkly before he went to answer the door.

“No, honey. Don’t open the door!”

“Dad...”

The police were yelling by now because no one was answering the door.

Left with no choice, Jacob opened the door. Clarissa came out and greeted the police. “Hello, sir. I was the one who made the report. Someone had stolen earlier my stuff totaling to a hundred thousand.”

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 169 “A hundred thousand?”

It was a formidable sum to name.

The police officers paused momentarily, and their expressions turned a little more serious.

“Hah... Clary, what are you talking about? Hah... She’s just a kid, and she’s joking with you guys. I’m so sorry for all the trouble caused, kind sirs. It’s nothing big. She’s jealous of some of the expensive things my daughter owns and called the police out of spite. There’s no need to take her seriously...” Aunt Gloria immediately walked toward the officers with a stiff smile on her face.

“Joking?”

The two police officers turned to look at Clarissa.

Clarissa remained calm and replied, “Sir, I’m not joking at all. I also believe that you can see for yourself that this household cannot afford such items. I can’t care less about her daughter’s expensive possessions. I’m simply calling the police because mine has gone missing. When I came to visit my dear aunt today, she even bickered about how I should catch the

thief myself. I don't think that's the right way to resolve this, so I called the police.”

Of course, the two police officers also had their suspicions in the first place.

With Clarissa's words and their own judgment, they began to go through the standard protocol.

The two officers began questioning Clarissa about the details of the theft – what was stolen, the estimated price of the items stolen, where the items were last found, as well as the rough time of the theft.

Meanwhile, the Lesters simply sat there with uneasy looks. Mimi seemed especially tensed as she glared at Clarissa with her eyes wide.

“Alright. Clarissa, thank you for providing us with the necessary information. Any other things you wish to add?” The police officers asked.

“Oh... right! I just remembered I have a security camera at home.”

“What?” The Lesters exchanged nervous looks with one another.

On the other hand, the police officers pursed their lips into a subtle smile. They could easily tell that Clarissa was bringing it up late on purpose.

“That's great.”

“Clarissa! Why do you have a security camera installed in your house? Are you nuts? Who does that?” Mimi screeched, unable to contain her dread and unease.

“Well, I need a security camera for safety reasons. My grandmother is really frail, after all. Oh, and to safeguard against

incidents of theft such as my current situation. Sir, I think we should get going. I'll pass you the footage from my security camera at my house. I really want my lost items back as soon as possible.”

“We'll try our best.”

With that, Clarissa was about to leave the place with the two police officers. Jacob quickly gave Gloria a sharp look.

Getting the hint, Gloria hurried to the door and stood before Clarissa, blocking her way.

“Clary... Oh, Clary. I... I forgot to tell you that I got Mimi to clean up your grandmother's belongings last time when we took her to stay with us for a bit. Hah... she got the wrong idea and took all of your grandmother's things to our house. We've wanted to return them to you, but it just slipped our mind. Am I right, Mimi?”

Jacob also stood up and added, “She's right. Mimi, you've made Clarissa so worried! Quick, apologize to her now!”

Mimi remained silent and pouted her lips, unwilling to apologize.

Hmph. I don't want to return those things.

Clarissa broke the silence. “Sir, correct me if I'm mistaken, but I remember that the punishment for theft of over a hundred thousand would be jail time of three to ten years.”

“Clarissa! How dare you!”

Mimi stared daggers at Clarissa. “And I’m just a student!”

“Hmph. So what if you are a student. You had just become a legal adult last month,” Clarissa scoffed.

“You...”

“Hey! Cut it and apologize to her. Do it, and she’ll let you off this time. Quick! Just...”

Jacob nudged his daughter with a frantic look on his face.

“It’s alright. There’s no need to apologize. How could Mimi be the thief? Didn’t you guys say that the things that she took don’t belong to me? I have a voice recording of that,” Clarissa said.

Without any hesitation, she played the voice recording. “Clarissa

Quigley! You...”

“There’s no need to be so amazed. I know. My intellect is really on the next level,” Clarissa said with a smile.

“Pfft...”

The two police officers could barely control their laughter but soon resumed their professional demeanor.

“Ms. Quigley, would you like to resolve this privately, or do you wish to continue with the police investigation?” One of the officers asked Clarissa.

“We’ll settle this between us! We’re family! Sir, she isn’t serious about taking legal action!” Gloria’s voice was a little shaky.

“Clary! I’m so sorry about this. I’ve not done my best as your aunt. I really forgot

to check on Mimi back then, and she probably didn't do it on purpose! We didn't know that those items were yours! Mimi, apologize to Clary right this moment!"

"I... I don't..." Mimi mumbled.

“Now!”

Despite her reluctance, Mimi had no choice but to go pick up the things she stole under her father’s fiery gaze. Even as she handed the items to Clarissa, she hesitated and held tightly to them.

“Clare... You’re so well-off, but why are you so stingy? Can’t you just give these to me?”

“Hah... You’re saying that I should give you my things just because I’m well-off? How about I give you all of my money? Do you want it?”

“...”

Mimi rolled her eyes at Clarissa.

“Alright, alright. Now that everything is resolved, sir, I think you have no more business here.”

“Hold on...” Clarissa gestured at the police officers.

She then began to rummage through the bag that Mimi passed to her, checking each item carefully. Mimi suddenly averted her gaze.

“I’m missing a bracelet worth thirty thousand and a necklace worth eight thousand, not to mention the severe damage done to my bag and clothes. Also, Mimi Lester, you’ve taken almost three thousand worth of cash from my drawer. Give them back, or you’ll still be serving jail time.”

“You... How dare you accuse me?” Mimi shrieked.

“I have my security camera footage as evidence anyways. Sir,let’s head to the police station now.”

“Hey, hold on! Clary, how can you be so cold-hearted? Mimi is like a sister to you. She’s still young, and she would be going to college soon. Are you trying to ruin her life?” Gloria gulped.

“Clarissa, are you really doing this to your own aunt? Have I not treated you well when you were young? Now that you’re so well-off, does it really matter if your sister takes something she likes from you? Are those items and money worth more than your sisterhood?”

Gloria proceeded to put on a weeping act and wobbled around as if she was about to faint. Mimi quickly gave her a hand.

Glaring at Clarissa, she snarled, “Clare, is this how you treat your aunt? You don’t have any blood relatives other than us now. Are you sure you want to turn on us like this? If someone were to hear about how cold you are toward your family, nobody would ever want to be with you!”

“Clary, listen to me. We are still family, right? It’s never good to fight with your family like this. You shouldn’t talk to your aunt like this. You’ve been so disrespectful. Now, apologize!” Jacob chimed in.

Clarissa blinked. How amusing. They could totally get an Oscar for that. Hmph. And the title of their drama would be “The Three Thick-skinned Losers”.

As those thoughts filled her mind, Clarissa could not help but burst out in laughter at how ridiculous the situation was. Her crisp chuckles echoed in the room.

After a lengthy outburst, Clarissa wiped her tears off and told the police officers, “Let’s get going. I am serious about filing a case, and I hope that justice would be served.”

The two police officers nodded. It was an eye-opener, too, for them to meet such an absurd family.

With that, the three of them left the house without any hesitation.

Upon watching them leave, Gloria was overwhelmed by panic and rushed to the gates, yelling at the top of her lungs. “My niece is trying to kill me! She has turned against us poor souls now that she made some money!” On the other hand, Clarissa seemed completely unbothered.

At the police station, she handed the officers the footage from her security camera.

“Ms. Quigley, you’ve provided us with all of the evidence we would need to gather. You’ve saved us a lot of time.”

Clarissa smiled. “Well, you guys also tagged along with me despite the inconvenience. It’s nothing, really.”

“Hah... That’s part of our job. Oh, by the way, based on how this case is heading, that cousin of yours is definitely going to jail. Do you intend to...”

The police officer did not proceed with the rest of the procedures because he could tell that Clarissa was kind-hearted and wanted to give her relatives a chance. She could very well have reported the case at the police station straight without going through the trouble of calling the police from her aunt’s house.

Clarissa shook her head. “I think she would learn enough from her fright. However, I still want to file the case. As you’ve seen just now, those relatives of mine need a good warning in court, or they’ll never change. Thank you for helping me despite all of those troubles.”

“Don’t sweat it. You’ve had it hard too, with relatives like that.”

After filing a case at the police station, Clarissa went home.

As it turned out, the Lesters had come to her house. Clarissa's grandmother, Catherine, refused to come out to meet them, and Matthew was having an awkward stare down with the family of three.

Somehow, the Lesters looked tensed and dared not speak at all.

Upon seeing Clarissa return, their eyes lit up as if they had seen their last ray of hope.

“Clary! You've come home! We've been waiting for you.”

“Clare... Clare... I've been gravely wrong, please forgive me...”

All of a sudden, Mimi and her mother got down on their knees before Clarissa, pleading and staring at her with desperate looks on their faces. Jacob stood on the side and talked about how Clarissa should resolve this in private. “I'll be sure to keep an eye on Mimi, and I'll compensate for your losses too!” he said.

Hmph. Little cowards.

Clarissa did not respond. Instead, she walked right past them and sat down beside Matthew, keeping an eye on how the Lesters responded to her actions.

Mimi immediately clenched her teeth, her expression and gaze becoming more aggressive.

Clarissa snorted and looked away from her.

Matthew was pleased to see her. Stroking her face with his big hands, he raised an eyebrow.

“Your cheeks are so cold. Was it chilly outside? You should have worn a jacket.”

“It’s alright. It was simply a little windy.”

Clarissa grasped Matthew’s hands, and their fingers intertwined. The two of them seemed to have completely disregarded the fact that the Lesters were still there.

“Did you go to the police station today? Why didn’t you get me to go with you?”

Clarissa smiled at him. “I did just fine by myself. The officers there were kind. They told me that they would definitely bring the case to court and that I would just need to wait.”

“That sounds great.” Matthew smiled back.

On the other hand, the Lesters had completely lost it. Gloria began wailing in the living room, screaming, “Catherine!

Catherine! You’ve got to come out now. Your granddaughter, Mimi, is going to jail thanks to Clarissa! Oh, god. How humiliating. And would you just say something to Clarissa?

Hmph. With a heart that cold, nobody would ever want to marry her.”

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 170

With her ceaseless cries, one could only imagine the next move that Gloria would make was to hang herself. Of course, she was doing all that just to get Catherine to come out from her room.

Clarissa was rather disgusted by her behavior.

“Aunt Gloria, enough is enough. Your daughter has committed the theft, and it doesn’t seem that she wants to change for the better. She looks rather angry at me right now.”

Feeling triggered, Mimi turned her wretched face to look at Matthew. “Clare, watch your attitude. Matthew is still here. You’re ruining your own image. I’m like a sister to you, and my mother is an elder who should be respected. Hmph. Matthew, don’t you think she’s a bit much?”

Clarissa pursed her lips and turned to Matthew. “Do you think I’m being cruel?”

Matthew gazed at her lovingly and pecked her cheeks. “Clare, how can someone call you cruel? I think you’re super cute.”

Eyeing Mimi with disdain, Clarissa sneered with a proud look on her face.

Meanwhile, Mimi’s face was turning darker and darker by the second. Unable to keep up her act anymore, she retort...”Hah! What else can I expect? You’re just a loser who relies on his wife...”

“Shut it!”

Unable to stand the ruckus, Catherine had come out of her room. Upon hearing Mimi’s insults, she finally lost her temper.

Gloria quickly went up to her, holding her arm and pleading to her with a creaky voice.

“Mom, look at her! This granddaughter of yours is trying to end us all! Why is she so spiteful and cruel? I’m her aunt and your daughter!”

Catherine ignored Gloria’s pleas, shook her off, and sat down beside Clarissa.

As Gloria's bawling persisted, Catherine frowned and remained quiet. Noticing that, Jacob gave his wife a nudge.

"Catherine, Mimi has admitted to her mistakes. I promise that such things would never happen again. Would you forgive us, aren't we family?" he said.

Catherine squinted her eyes at Mimi. "Admitted to her mistakes? Back when Clary had yet to come home, I've already warned you that you need to return her things. But what did you do? You refused to do it and denied that you have taken her things. Hah!

Clary has already reported the case to the police now. It's too late."

"Grandma! How can you do this to me? I'm your granddaughter. Why are you treating me like this? Are you on Clare's side now just because she's more well-off? I'll be much richer than her in the future, and I'll treat you even better than she does!" Mimi cried.

"Yes! When Mimi becomes a celebrity in the future and makes the big bucks, she would definitely treat you well. She's taking her college entrance exams very soon. If you let Clary report her to the police now, her future would be ruined!" Gloria placed a hand on her chest as if struggling to breathe... "Mimi has had it tough from a young age in such a family. Oh, and now her dreams of rising to stardom have been crushed by her own family. Mimi, I'm so sorry..."

And with that, Gloria burst into tears once more, not to mention that she was pushing more and more of the blame onto Clarissa.

Clarissa rolled her eyes. Hmph. Your tears won't work here.

She looked down at her hands that were intertwined with Matthew, tuning out to the noise in the living room.

Catherine also looked rather annoyed by her daughter's whining. "Enough! You're crying as if I'm on my deathbed."

With Catherine's thundering voice, the room finally quieted down.

Looking at her daughter and son-in-law with a serious expression, Catherine said, "So, you have admitted that Mimi has taken Clary's belongings?"

Gloria nodded. "Yes, but Mimi simply borrowed them, with the plan to return them after some time!"

"What? Say that again?"

"No... I mean... Mother, yes, Mimi took those items. But... but it's my fault. I saw that Clary wasn't really using her things and thought it would be a waste to let them collect dust at home, so I..." Gloria's excuses were becoming more preposterous by the moment.

"What Clary does with her things is none of your business! Even if it were a needle, if you were to take it without telling her, it's considered as theft!" Catherine thundered.

Mimi still seemed displeased with how things were unfolding. Catherine ignored her.

"Since you guys have done the deed, you should all apologize to her in proper!"

“Didn’t I already do it?” Mimi spluttered.

“Alright then. There’s no need to force yourself to do it. After all, what you face is simply some time in jail.”

“No...”

Gloria immediately nudged her daughter and said under her breath, “Mimi, apologize to Clary. Now!”

However, Mimi did not seem to budge. Without even looking at Clarissa, she mumbled... “Yeah... I... I...”

“What did you say?”

Clarissa raised her voice. “I can’t hear you!” “I’m sorry!”

Is that enough?” Mimi yelled.

Clarissa laughed coldly, “Hmph. I’m not accepting that for an apology.”

“You...”

Mimi looked infuriated. Her burning gaze was so strong as if she would lose control and tear down Clarissa any moment. However, she had to control her expressions in front of Catherine.

Looking solemnly at her granddaughter, Catherine said, “Clary, I’ll make sure that this is the last time I ever nose into your business. I’ve done enough for their sake and won’t ever help them out again, so can you spare Mimi just this once? Matthew is also here to witness my oath.”

In her heart, Clarissa also did not want to put Mimi in jail. Moreover, now that her grandmother was also pleading with her, she wanted to respect her request.

However, she knew that she must not settle the incident just like that. Turning to the Lesters, she said, "I can do as Grandma says but on one condition."

“What is it?”

“Though you guys always talk about wanting to be filial toward Grandma, I can’t be sure what tricks you guys may pull in the name of that. Let me tell you this. If you try to do anything to harm Grandma, I’ll send Mimi to jail right away. I have all my evidence ready,” Clarissa replied calmly.

“Hah... Clary, did you hear your own words? Your grandmother is my mother! Why would I harm her in any way?”

Gloria put on an awkward smile on her face but still looked shaky out of the fear that Clarissa would go back on her words at any moment.

“Whatever. As long as you do as you say. Otherwise, I’ll file another case for mistreating your old mother!”

“Hah... Of course we would...”

The Lesters were well-aware of the way they had treated Catherine all that while.

For the past few years, the Lesters had never cared about Catherine at all.

Clarissa had not called them out for it knowing that it would be a pointless thing to do, but that did not mean that hatred was not building up from within her.

Catherine gladly accepted Clarissa’s decision. Under the expectant gazes from the Lesters, Clarissa took them to the police station. Matthew also tagged along.

After settling the case at the police station, Mimi pouted her lips and smirked at Matthew.

“Hmph. You two are truly a good match!”

With that, she left with her parents.

Clearly, she did not mean her words literally.

However, Matthew was unbothered. Chuckling lightly, he said, “Clare, it seems like she isn’t completely blind. We are a true match made in heaven indeed!”

Clarissa raised an eyebrow. “She totally did not mean that.” Matthew laughed,

“Is that so? I couldn’t tell.”

Gosh, he’s acting dumb. It’s pretty cute, though.

Afterward, they went back home. Catherine had been waiting for them.

“Clare, you’re not mad at me, are you?” Catherine felt bad about making Clarissa go through all of that without giving Mimi and the Lesters the punishment they deserved.

On the other hand, Clarissa was a little startled by her words. “Grandma, why would you think that? I could never be mad at you.”

“But you’ve lost so many precious items...”

“Grandma, I had also intended to give them a scare rather than actual capital punishment. Your words were also in my favor.

Moreover, Aunt Gloria is your dear daughter. I can’t really be too harsh on her no matter how horrible of a person she is,” Clarissa replied gently.

Clarissa’s words brought tears to Catherine’s eyes. “Clare, you’re such a good

girl. I'm so lucky to have you as my granddaughter.I... I've completely given up on that daughter of mine after all

these years. If they repeat their mistakes, I will not butt in! I promise!”

Catherine did not expect much from her daughter even before the incident. She knew her daughter too well.

At first, the Lesters had showered her with flowery words and acted as if they wanted to set things right and treat her better from then. However, as things turned out, all they did was instruct Mimi to plunder the things in her house. Worse still, they tried talking Catherine into taking Clarissa’s money in the name of helping Clarissa stay away from men who were after her money. They even made it clear that they wanted Clarissa to break up with Matthew.

The Lesters had not expected that though Catherine was an elderly woman, she had a sharp mind and could see through their schemes right away. Catherine left their house right away upon listening to their nonsense.

However, Catherine wanted to keep those unpleasant words to herself. She did not want Clarissa or Matthew to feel hurt.

And so, Catherine decided to hide that secret in her heart, thinking that the Lesters would not go out of line after that incident.

Due to her grandmother’s physical condition, Clarissa chose not to return to D City with Matthew.

Of course, it took a lot of time and heartfelt words to convince Matthew to leave without her.

The night before Matthew left for D City, the two of them made love all night

long. Fearing that her grandmother might find out about them, Clarissa dared not make too much noise, so they

could not even use the bed. As a result, she caught a slight cold the next morning.

At the airport, Clarissa was still complaining about how he had caused her to fall sick.

“Hmph. It’s all your fault. If it weren’t for you...” Matthew

chuckled and pulled her into an embrace.

“Clare, if you can get a new bed that doesn’t creak like the one right now, then everything would work out. You won’t have to worry about the noise, nor would you catch a cold, am I right?”

“...”

How is my bed the main problem? He’s totally messing around with me.

Clarissa rolled her eyes and said, “Hmph. Why should I get another bed? The problem is with you!”

“Gosh... Yeah... yeah, it’s my problem. I went too hard on you...”

Before Clarissa could even react, Matthew leaned over for a kiss. Clarissa’s face turned as red as a tomato, and she stared at him with her big, sparkly eyes as if trying to give him a warning.

“You... you’d better get going now!”

Feeling embarrassed, Clarissa tried pushing him away. Gosh, why is he always

saying those things? I've hardly heard him say anything serious.

Matthew covered her small hands with his and said gently, "Clare, how about a goodbye kiss?"

Clarissa shook her head.

Matthew grinned. “Alright then, I’ll do it myself.”

With that, he bent down for the goodbye kiss that he yearned for. You’ll Fall for

Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 171

While one would probably expect Mimi to cut off all interactions with Clarissa out of spite, things turned out otherwise.

In the days that Clarissa spent at home with her grandmother, Mimi made frequent visits to her house and tried to do all sorts of favors for her. She was surprisingly thick-skinned – she would follow Clarissa on her walks and even stuck around while Clarissa worked from home. At that point, it seemed plausible that she would follow Clarissa to the toilet if Clarissa did not stop her.

“Mimi, don’t you think you’re being really nosy?”

Clarissa was very straightforward with her words. After a few days, she decided to question Mimi, her disdain written all over her face.

To her surprise, Mimi said, “Clare, maybe you’ll come to like me after seeing me around more.”

“I’ll never like someone like you.”

Clarissa was making herself crystal clear. Initially, Mimi’s face turned glum, her true colors showing for a moment, but she instantly covered it up with a smile.

“Clare... Don’t say that. Even if I’m a little greedy and

materialistic, I'm still your cousin. There's no need to hold a grudge this long!"

“So, what do you want from me? Cash? A bag? Or do you want jewelry?” Clarissa was getting impatient.

“If you don’t mind, I’ll have all three?” Mimi’s eyes lit up. “Get lost!”

Clarissa could swear that she had never seen someone as shameless as Mimi. How can someone like this be my cousin?

On the other hand, Mimi disregarded Clarissa’s annoyance and sat down beside her. “Clare, it’s not like I’m taking your things away forever. I just want to use your bags and accessories for a little. Since you’re well off, you have tons of them, don’t you? I’ll take good care of them, I promise!”

“So, that’s your purpose here?”

Mimi chuckled awkwardly. “Can you please lend them to me? I have a gathering with my classmates. They are all from wealthy families, and I don’t want to be looked down upon by them. I really need to do some networking and make some connections through this gathering. Clare, you might not understand how important connections are since you are always cooped up at home, but those friends I’m making will be critical to my future career!”

That’s why I need to look rich and glamorous. Money is really important in building relationships.

“Gosh, in the end, it’s just your vanity getting the best of you. Mimi, rather than trying to borrow my things, how about you go read some books. Even though you are pretty good at performing, you still won’t make it to the academy without good grades, not to mention becoming a celebrity.” Clarissa

sighed.

Mimi laughed it off and sa..."About my grades... My friend's family has connections with someone from the examination board. I can get my way with it..."

"Hah..." Clarissa laughed coldly.

We truly are from completely different worlds.

"Clare... Please lend your things to me just this once... Please?"

Clarissa sighed. "No, I'm not going to do that. Can't you get your super capable and rich friends to get them for you?"

"Gosh! Clarissa! You're so stingy. Even though you have the money to lend me, you're spending it on a jobless man! Your father would be so angry that he would rise from his grave if he hears of this!" Mimi lashed out.

"Shut it!"

Clarissa could not hold back her rage any longer. "It's none of your business, whether I burn my cash or I get a sugar baby with my money. You will never get a cent from me, and you need to remember that!"

Mimi had also finally lost her patience after being treated coldly for the past few days.

Stomping her feet, she smirked and left the place. Upon seeing Catherine at the door, her brows furrowed deeper, and she mumbled something along the lines of "why isn't she dead yet" as she strode off.

As she got back to her crusty home, empty-handed, Mimi felt like she was about to explode from anger.

After wrecking the few pieces of worn-down furniture she owned, she still felt cranky and called her so-called admirers.

For the remainder of the day, Mimi partied really hard at a cheap club. She felt that only the alcohol and the noise could somewhat alleviate her turbulent emotions.

As she left the dance floor, Mr. Bieber came up to her, spanking her butt with a perverted grin.

“Mimi, have you decided? If you become my girlfriend, I’ll give you anything and everything that you want.”

Though Mimi had always played the game of push-and-pull with him in the past, she was in a bad mood that day and agreed without even thinking.

“Okay. Then, I want a Chanel bag and some Bulgari jewelry...”

Mr. Bieber seemed unfazed at her requests and said yes without hesitation.

“No problem. I’ll buy them tomorrow! But before that, how about you spend a night with me at the hotel first...”

“Hey... I’m still a minor,” Mimi quickly said.

“Come on! I celebrated your eighteenth birthday with you, didn’t I?”

Mr. Bieber’s grip on Mimi’s waist tightened. Bending his head toward her lips, he growled with a darkened gaze, “Don’t try to play any tricks with me.”

“Oh, Mr. Bieber...”

Mimi was a great actress. In the blink of an eye, her eyes welled up with tears, and she leaned onto Mr. Bieber's chest with the expression of a helpless puppy. Only then did Mr. Bieber's face lighten up a little.

“Mr. Bieber, it's not that I don't want to go to a hotel with you, it's just that it's my first time, so... Can't you be gentler with me and do it in the right atmosphere. Tomorrow, you can bring along the gifts, and I'll be more than happy to make love to you. Are you up for that?” Mimi said in a sweet voice.

Mr. Bieber seemed pleased. “Hah... Okay. I'll go pick you up tomorrow.”

...

Clarissa stayed home for another week. The Lesters seemed to have calmed down for the time being, and she was able to enjoy a few peaceful late-night video calls with Matthew. Other than the steamy video calls filled with dirty talking, Matthew also managed to talk to Catherine that one time he called Clarissa during the daytime.

Apart from asking Catherine how she was doing, he told Clarissa time after time how much he missed her.

And every time that Catherine heard those words, she would insist on chasing Clarissa back to D City.

Clarissa finally hopped on the plane to D City that very Saturday.

However, she did not inform Matthew about it because she wanted to give him a surprise. Instead, she told him that she would only go back on Monday.

As she hurriedly walked out of the arrival hall, she accidentally knocked into someone.

Looking up, she quickly apologized, "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry..."

When she met eyes with the person before her, she froze. It was Sienna.

After a momentary pause, Clarissa said dispassionately, "Sorry about that."

Sienna seemed relatively unfazed and smiled at her. "It's nothing. I wasn't looking."

With that, Clarissa continued on her way.

However, as Sienna looked at Clarissa walking further away, she suddenly began chasing after her.

"Ms. Quigley! Hold on..."

"What do you want?"

Sienna gawkily smiled at her. "Are you in a hurry? If you aren't, how about we go have a chat at a cafe or something?"

"I'm sorry, but we don't have anything in common." Clarissa declined

her offer without thinking and strode off.

Sighing, Sienna stood there with her feet rooted on the ground. But I

have something to ask you...

After a few moments of her standing there blankly, another girl's voice suddenly blared from behind, followed by the sound of her

laughter. It was pretty common to hear such noises at the arrival hall where couples and families reunite.

How sweet. Sienna turned around to look but was completely taken by surprise.

She was greeted by the sight of a youthful girl dropping her luggage and running toward a man, pulling him into a passionate embrace. Her arms were wrapped around his shoulders, and the man was carrying her intimately with his hands on her thighs.

The flashy couple standing before her was none other than Clarissa from just now and Matthew.

So it's as I have suspected!

At that moment, the questions in her heart were finally answered.

She had mixed feelings as he watched the man who had always been indifferent toward her and even his family holding a woman with a bright grin on his face and even giving her a deep kiss in a public place.

The sight of the gorgeous couple displaying their affection for each other in public made many passersby do a double-take.

As they finally got their hands off each other, they began making their way to the exit. However, Matthew turned to look behind him with a cold glare out of the blue, as if giving Sienna a warning.

...

“How did you find out that I’m coming back today ? Hmph. I wanted to give you a surprise, but...” Clarissa moaned, pouting her lips as she lay in Matthew’s arms.

Gosh, you're wasting my effort... but I'm so glad to see you...

Matthew chuckled lightly, caressing her jaw tenderly before giving her a loving peck. "But what about the surprise that I've given you? Pretty good, huh?"

"Hehe..."

Clarissa had to admit that he had given her quite a pleasant surprise.

Kissing him back somewhat aggressively, she murmured, "Did Grandma tell you about this?"

"Yeah, I gave Catherine a call and her tongue slipped."

"What? I told her to keep this a secret!" Clarissa's eyes widened.

"Well, when I heard that you weren't home and realized that my calls weren't reaching you, I pretty much figured it all out!"

Clarissa's eyes were sparkling with joy. "Hehe... You're just trying to act smart!"

Despite her jokes, deep in her heart, she did feel touched and elated that Matthew had come to pick her up.

It's really as they say. Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

For the entirety of her car ride, she lay there grinning sheepishly in his arms, kissing him and stroking him at times as she talked about what she had been up to for the past week. Even though she had talked about the same things during

their video calls together, she could not help but share those stories with him all over again, looking as excited as ever. Having such conversations with him felt natural, like it had always been a part of her life.

Clarissa was actually unaware of how her habits had changed. Her relationship with Matthew was so intimate and close, as if they had become one with each other on a spiritual level.

“Oh! I just remembered... Sienna was also there at the airport just now... Could she have seen us?” she asked.

Raising an eyebrow, Matthew caressed her face gently and replied, “It doesn’t matter. Are you scared about her seeing us together?”

Clarissa gave him a cheeky wink. “Of course not! Hmph. I have Uncle Matthew here with me, after all!”

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 172 Sienna kept what she saw at the airport to herself.

The weekends flew by in the blink of an eye, and another grueling week of work had begun. Sienna decided to make a visit to Tyson Corporation.

Matthew seemed to have expected her to come, and he had set aside some time in his schedule to chat with her.

On the other hand, Donnie was a little baffled by Matthew’s decision to meet her. He knew that the girl known as Ms. Grand was someone whom the Tyson family had arranged for Matthew to marry, but Matthew had never agreed to meet her before.

That's really weird, and Ms. Quigley is still staying with him in Zen Highlands!
He had a hunch that Ms. Quigley would be the one who would become the wife
of the president of the company.

“Ms. Grande, this way please.”

Donnie had a professional, polite smile plastered on his face as he ushered Sienna into the president's office.

When he returned to his own office afterward, he did not immediately resume work. Instead, he whipped out his phone and began searching for the latest gossip related to Tyson Corporation.

Meanwhile, Sienna was sitting awkwardly opposite Matthew at his desk.

It had been ten minutes since she entered his office, and yet Matthew, who remained focused on his work, did not even look her in the eye.

She had somewhat seen that coming, but she had never expected Matthew to be that cold toward her.

Hey, why are you acting so unbothered? I know about your relationship with Clarissa! Is that not worth your attention at all?

Sienna seemed to have forgotten that she was the one who came to visit him. In fact, she should be the one striking a conversation.

Eventually, Sienna lost her patience and finally spoke.

“Matt, what's your relationship with Ms. Quigley? Is she your lover?”

Putting aside his files, Matthew looked up with his sharp eyes. “Yes.”

Sienna paused for a few moments. She had prepared so many lines to say beforehand, and yet she found herself at a loss for words due to the intensity of his cold gaze.

As the silence persisted, Matthew looked away, and Sienna regained her composure.

She tried to string her thoughts together and said, “Matt, I want to compete with Ms. Quigley, fair and square. And I won’t tell anyone about your relationship with her, especially to your family.”

Matthew’s expression darkened. With his deep, dangerous voice, he replied, “Are you threatening me?”

“No... I... That’s not my intention at all. I know that you have your reasons for not making your relationship public, but I want to have a chance to win you over. I really like you, Matt. If you still don’t find me the least attractive after giving me a chance, I’ll willingly back off from your relationship with Ms. Quigley.”

With Clarissa’s social status, it would be almost impossible for her to be accepted by the Tysons.

Even if Matthew were lovestruck with her, his family would be a major obstacle between them.

Sienna confidently assumed that Matthew would be afraid of making his relationship with her public.

And with that “trump card” in her hands, she could use it to persuade Matthew

to give her a chance to know him better. She believed that her proposal would be a good offer in the eyes of Matthew and Clarissa.

While thinking about her great plan, Sienna was so full of herself and somehow came to the conclusion that she was a complete saint for coming up with such a proposal. Hmph. I could totally have told your family about this, and you two would have broken up already.

Although she was the one paying a visit and pleading with Matthew to accept her proposal, deep down, she had put herself on a pedestal and felt that she had the upper hand in the current situation.

Meanwhile, Matthew was looking increasingly displeased.

“Sienna, your ego is too big for your own good. Do you seriously think that I need your help with my relationship?” he said curtly.

Compete fair and square? You can never compare to Clare, let alone compete with her. What a vain woman.

For Matthew, Sienna's words were simply an indirect threat.

He felt rather disappointed about where the conversation was headed. I have expected more from you. Who would know that you're just a dumb woman?

Hmph. On second thought, there probably isn't a smarter woman than Clare in this world. Hehe...

Matthew was certainly not thinking that based on some objective criteria. He was but a man deep in love with his clever little girl, or so to say, he only had eyes for his lovely woman.

In contrast, Sienna was just an idiotic nuisance. “You should

leave.”

He did not want to be in the same room as Sienna, not even for a second longer.

Sienna had not seen that coming at all. Feeling embarrassed that things had turned out completely different from what she had envisioned, her face gradually turned pale.

“Matt, I’m not trying to threaten you. Why can’t you give me a chance?”

“Why should I give you a chance?”

Sienna’s question almost made Matthew puke.

Hah... She simply can’t accept the reality, can she? Is she trying to say that as long as you are someone she’s interested in, you should accept her advances and let her have her way with you? What a stuck-up woman.

If that’s the case, then I would be giving that chance to countless girls here in D City! Hah...

On the surface, Sienna seemed to be calm and confident. However, her confidence stemmed from narcissism rather than empowerment.

Panicking a little, Sienna bit her lip and finally said something that she considered to be a threat.

“Matt, don’t you care if I tell the Tysons about your relationship with Clarissa?”

Matthew let out a deep sigh. Squinting his eyes and pursing his lips into a sly arch, he replied, “You can try.”

His voice felt like a sharp blade made of ice. Sienna shook a little and felt as if every muscle in her body had tensed up.

While she stood there, petrified with fright, Matthew had already given Donnie the instructions to send her off, or more precisely, to kick her out of the building.

Donnie wasted no time in going to his office. Upon seeing Sienna's terror-stricken face, he blinked. So, it's just as I've expected.

Other than Clarissa, he had never seen anyone else who was able to keep up a brave front under Matthew's authoritative gaze. As Donnie had anticipated, even a woman like Sienna, who flaunted her confident and out-going personality, would be no exception.

Matthew Tyson, the man who could intensify the tension in a room in a matter of seconds, would not show kindness to just anyone simply because he had found the love of his life.

His personality was still the same. "Ms.

Grande, this way please..."

With her face pale as a sheet, Sienna shakily left Matthias's office. Before Donnie closed the doors, she suddenly turned back and said, "Matt, even if you chase me out like this, I still won't tell anyone about your secret."

That was her last attempt to make a good impression in front of Matthew.

However, Matthew could not care less about her words.

Without even looking at her, he said, “Do what you want to do.”

He was unafraid about making his relationship with Clarissa public because he knew that he would have to do so eventually.

For him, it was simply a matter of timing and the potential problems that might arise because of that.

He had chosen not to tell his family about his relationship so that Clarissa could enjoy a peaceful love relationship with him for a little longer.

That day, Sienna left Tyson Corporation with nothing but a heavy heart.

However, to outsiders like the employees of the company, who had no idea of Sienna's conversation with Matthew, all they picked up was that she was the second woman who had visited their president since Ms. Smallwood.

There were also rumors about how Sienna was the most probable candidate to marry their president.

And so, Yuliana shared the so-called good news with Margaret when she got home after work. "Last time, Sienna told me that things were going well with Matthew, and this time, she even visited his office! When she came to work this afternoon, she looked a little flustered too. Their relationship must be progressing smoothly!" Those were Yuliana's very words.

Margaret was absolutely delighted to hear that, so much so that she even began to think how she would go about preparing for Matthew's wedding.

Similarly, Yuliana could not contain her joyous laughter as she shared the information with her husband in her bedroom.

“Hah... I knew it. I knew that Matthew would fall for such a good girl like Sienna. Remember Shermaine? She lacks the intellect of a mature woman. It's probably due to her family background.

They are just new money, after all. On the other hand, the Grande household has been prospering for generations. Sienna has better manners and is more knowledgeable because of that. Now that Matthew has become interested in Sienna, I think they may just get married soon!”

Unlike his wife, Matthias was not feeling particularly confident that the information his wife shared was factual.

As Matthew's brother, he knew a thing or two about Matthew's personality. I don't think it's likely that he accepted Sienna's feelings that easily.

He must have some ulterior motive, or Sienna could have lied about their relationship.

Matthias was strongly inclined to believe the second scenario.

“Yuliana, are you sure you heard Sienna right? If so, why didn't Matthew tell us about them meeting up with each other? Or them going on a date?”

Yuliana paused for a moment, then replied, “Well, I don't really know about that. But think of it, why would they share the details of their date with us? And I don't think that someone quiet like Matthew would tell us anything about his relationship.”

“So, you're saying that you have never seen for yourself how their relationship is progressing? You have never seen her getting a call or getting picked up by Matthew for a date, have you?”

Yuliana was stumped.

“But... Sienna went to Tyson Corporation today!”

Matthias sighed. “That doesn’t mean a thing! Shermaine has also gone there many times before. Look at her now!”

“I...”

Yuliana finally wrapped her head around what her husband was trying to convey.

“Alright... How about... how about we invite the two of them for dinner tomorrow night, and ask them directly? That way, we can make things clear once and for all, right?”

Yuliana was still confident that Sienna had already charmed Matthew with her confidence and charisma.

On the other hand, Matthias did not feel the same way.

Furthermore, he knew that Matthew was in love with Clarissa. Based on Ellie’s recent behavior, he concluded that the two of them were still in love and going strong.

...

Later that day, Matthew talked to Clarissa about Sienna’s visit to the company.

Clarissa listened to him talk as she lay in his arms, collecting game coins on her phone with her “wealthy” friends. His words did not anger her at all. Instead, she felt rather amused.

Changing her posture and flipping around, she locked gazes with Matthew and gently stroked his face with a radiant smile on her face.

“Matthew... you’re such a good boy! Hah...”

She was glad that he had not kept his conversation with Sienna a secret from her.

Smack! She boldly gave him a playful kiss on the lips.

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 173

“Good boy?” Matthew couldn’t help but laugh. Does she think I’m a kid?

Seeing how the woman was the one who started the kiss, the man was satisfied. I’ll forgive you this time.

Hugging the woman tightly, Matthew rubbed his lips on her forehead and chuckled softly. “Is it true that you’ll feel happier and take the initiative if I tell you everything about me?”

Clarissa shook her head. “That’s not what I meant. I’m not worried about other matters.”

“So you’re worried about me being close to other women?” Matthew raised a brow while his eyes were cold, giving off a warning to the woman.

The latter hurriedly shook her head and explained, “No, no. I’m worried about women like Sienna.”

Trying to flatter Matthew, Clarissa smiled while her eyes turned into crescents. “You’re so nice and reliable, so I feel safe and relaxed.”

Satisfied with her answer, the man lowered his head and kissed her passionately.

The act of love escalated as they kissed incessantly.

Matthew pinned her down on the couch and was about to proceed with what he was doing.

Clarissa felt nervous and blurted, “No... Let’s do it in the room.”

His hot breaths were heavy as he kissed her neck. After scattering moist kisses on her collarbone, he mumbled, “Good girl, Clare. Let’s do it here, okay?”

In the living room?

Clarissa held Matthew’s hair tightly and pulled on them in defiance. “No.”

With the constant stinging pain on his head, Matthew could only raise his head and look at the woman helplessly. “Clare, there’s no one here. Everyone went to rest, so no one will disturb us.”

However, the latter didn’t bother to listen to his explanation and was persistent. The living room’s too big and the helpers are staying in the house. How am I supposed to feel safe doing it in here?

She pouted as she glared at Matthew. With that, the man surrendered to her and did as she said.

Compromising to the woman’s request, Matthew sighed in his mind as he carried the lady in his arms. He whispered something in her ear when he was climbing the stairs.

Upon hearing his words, the lady grew flustered and growled, “Matthew, release me! You shall sleep in study tonight.”

The man fell silent for a while before letting out a chuckle and kissed Clarissa's lips.

After ending their kiss, he said, “Alright. What a pleasant idea! Clare, you’re so smart...”

“What do you mean?” Before Clarissa could figure out what the man meant, she was carried into the study and placed on the wide table.

Realization finally dawned upon her, but it was all too late. With her lips blocked by Matthew’s thin lips, she could only let out muffled whimpers, struggling to resist the man as if she was being bullied. However, he was one step ahead of her and made her succumb to him with his passionate kisses before doing as he pleased in the study.

The study was a smart choice given that she didn’t want to do it in the living room. The man secretly planned to do it in the living room some other day.

On the next day, Clarissa prepared a few dishes for Matthew for lunch. Seeing how Sienna went to the Tyson Corporation to meet Matthew, she wanted to do it as well.

Clarissa was in a good mood and she rushed to the Tyson Corporation before the lunch break after packing the food in lunchboxes.

After parking the car in the basement, Clarissa entered the lift with the lunch boxes in her hands and went upstairs.

No one blocked her path when she went all the way to the top floor. Upon reaching Matthew’s office, she knocked on the door.

“Come in.” The woman curled her lips upward when a deep and chilling voice sounded from inside of the room.

When they first knew each other, Matthew was aloof, and whenever he spoke, his voice had a frosty feeling to it.

However, after knowing each other for a long time, he rarely showed her this part of him.

Clarissa pushed the door open and entered the room. Matthew's head was hung low all the time, as he thought it was just another employee who was going to see him.

Walking toward him sneakily, she placed the lunch boxes on Matthew's desk.

The latter lifted his head, and what he saw surprised him.

Clarissa lifted her chin slightly with an arrogant expression. As if she was a queen, she commanded, "What are you waiting for?

Hug me."

Matthew's heart melted at her adorable actions.

Getting up from his seat quickly, he carried the lady over and placed her on his desk. He squeezed his slender figure into the space between her legs and pinched her chin before kissing her passionately.

The temperature in the office increased drastically while the woman blushed when she heard the seductive moans she let out between their kisses.

It was quite a while before she pushed Matthew slightly, and her heart was thumping vigorously.

Recalling the experience of last night on the table, she knew she wouldn't be able to take it if they were to do it on the desk again.

Clarissa bit down on his cheeks coyly and said, “Stop and eat your lunch. I’m here to eat with you, and I have not eaten yet.”

Pinching her cheeks lovingly, Matthew smiled and said, “Okay. Clare, you’re the best.”

Clarissa snorted softly while pushing him away and jumped down from the desk. Placing the lunch boxes on the other table, she bent down to open them.

Meanwhile, Matthew took advantage of the situation and hugged her slender waist while sticking his legs close to her.

Clarissa blushed instantly when she felt something warm pressing against her. Glancing back, she rolled her eyes at the man while the man lowered his head and kissed her.

After a series of eating their food and kissing, they finally finished their lunch.

In the end, Clarissa felt it was unnecessary to bring Matthew lunch, as she almost gave herself to him.

After lunch, Matthew dragged Clarissa to a lounge, and they took a nap on the same bed.

The man was touching her body, implying to do something with her, but to no avail, as Clarissa was tired, so she fell asleep as soon as she lay on the bed.

By the time Clarissa woke up, a few hours had already passed.

Holding the blankets, she sat up groggily on the bed. The air conditioner was switched on, but she felt hot as her cheeks were red from heat when she was sleeping. She felt sluggish as she

stared blankly into space for a while before finally coming to her senses.

Checking her phone, she realized it was time for Matthew to get off from work.

She got down from the bed and opened the door.

Upon seeing the woman exiting the lounge, Matthew's cold expression immediately turned amiable and warm.

He got up from his seat and paced toward her. Caressing her messy hair, he was all smiles. "You're such a sleepyhead, Clare."

Clarissa felt muzzy from sleep, so she leaned in his arms while hugging his waist, nuzzling against his chest. "Yeah..."

Is that a yes?

Matthew chuckled softly. She looks so dumb, but adorable.

Right when he planted a kiss on her forehead, his phone rang. Hugging Clarissa tightly, he moved slowly while leading the woman to his desk and answered the call.

After talking on the phone about something without the woman's knowledge, Matthew hung up and fell silent for a while before he spoke, "Clare, do you want to meet Matthias and Yuliana?"

"What?" Clarissa came to her senses and lifted her head to look at the man immediately.

After understanding what Matthew meant, she shook her head quickly and vigorously in refusal. “No. I don’t have the courage to, and I don’t want to meet them.”

However, she felt she was too direct in her rejection, so she softened up quickly. “I think the time hasn’t come yet. I’m scared...”

Blinking her eyes pitifully, she looked at the man in the eyes to voice her fear of meeting the couple.

What am I going to do with you ?

The woman acted cute to persuade him into agreeing with her decision. So he couldn’t possibly force her to meet them.

However, the man still asked, “Didn’t you say you’re not afraid ?”

Clarissa hurriedly explained, “Oh no. It’s different. You know my relationship with them in the past. If they know of our relationship, I’m okay with their opinions about me, but I’m worried they will be shocked.”

Matthew argued, “It’s only a matter of time.”

“But today’s too sudden. We can ask Ellie to test the waters for us. I don’t wish to shock them, as they treated me well in the past,” Clarissa insisted.

Lowering his head, he smirked and said, “I treat you well, didn’t I ?”

Clarissa smiled shyly while she fiddled with Matthew’s belt. “I know you’re good to me, and I said nothing bad about you. Are you so excited to let them know ?”

Matthew didn't give her a response, and the latter thought he was angry. Before she could say anything, the man said, "What I'm excited about is whether you're going to take off my belt, Clare."

Clarissa pushed him away swiftly and snorted before sitting down on Matthew's office chair. Crossing her legs, she spun around in the chair and smiled at the man. "Matthew!"

Matthew played along with her and answered, "Yes, Ms. Quigley."

"Haha!" After giggling, Clarissa's expression turned dark, and she scolded, "Matthew, what have you done? Your report is total rubbish! Is this how you repay your company? Are you out of your mind? Scram now! I don't need someone useless in my company."

With that, she looked at Matthew while her heart was beating rapidly.

What should I do?

This is so fun!

Hahahaha!

Clarissa was laughing in her mind, and soon enough, she couldn't keep a poker face anymore, so she burst into laughter.

Meanwhile, Matthew took off his coat and walked toward Clarissa slowly with a wicked smile. Seeing his expression, the woman knew he was up to no good and hurriedly jumped off the chair while running away, laughing. "I was wrong, Matthew, Uncle Matthew..."

The man chased after her with ease, and in the end; he pinned her down on the couch.

His eyes were dark as he smirked. “Ms. Quigley, I don’t wish to be fired. Is it okay if I pay with my body?”

If she had someone like him at her company, she would definitely harass the hell out of him.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 174 Matthew was the one who took the lead.

They parted ways after getting off from work.

Clarissa returned to Zen Highlands alone, while Matthew went to meet Matthias and Yuliana.

She felt it would bore her to death if she was to eat by herself, so she contacted Ellie when she was on the way home and went to the restaurant they agreed to meet.

They reached the restaurant rather late and saw Yvonne and Luke.

Clarissa raised a brow at the sight of Yvonne clinging to Luke. She has a fiancé, but she's cheating on him. Is she not worried that Mason will know?

Both of them saw Clarissa, while Yvonne's expression was unsightly as she was anxious about being caught cheating. Nonetheless, Clarissa pretended to not see them and held Ellie's arm while walking away, as this had nothing to do with her.

"Wait, Clarissa," Yvonne said, while Ellie smirked and beckoned at Clarissa as if she was saying "See, I guessed it correctly."

Ellie whispered, "They will surely ask you to keep it a secret."

Clarissa didn't give Yvonne any response. When she turned around, she saw Yvonne in front of them, while Luke was standing nearby. He wore a wicked smile and sized up Clarissa.

Disgusted with the way he smiled, Clarissa frowned, trying to neglect him, and turned to look at Yvonne.

She didn't wait for Yvonne to say anything, as she wanted to leave as soon as possible. "I don't have time to mind your business, so we didn't meet tonight, and I didn't know who's with you. Rest assured."

Having her words spoken by others, Yvonne fell silent, as she felt awkward.

Clarissa remained expressionless, but Luke's gaze was fixated on her beautiful features.

Yvonne didn't understand why Luke didn't lay his hand on Clarissa and was jealous of how the man was eyeing the latter.

At the same time, Clarissa was calm, and this made Yvonne feel annoyed.

Suddenly, her expression turned dark, and she scolded, "What do you mean by that? Are you assuming I'm doing some shady business with Mr. Harrison? My family has business cooperation with him, so there's nothing wrong with having a meal together. Clarissa, are you slandering us on purpose? Who do you think you are?"

Clarissa was taken aback by Yvonne twisting the facts.

Opening her mouth, she didn't know what to say, while Ellie snickered, "So what if it was on purpose? I'll tell your fiancé you're cheating on him. Let's see if he trusts you enough to dismiss my words as lies."

Yvonne had met Ellie before, and she knew she shouldn't offend the latter.

That is why Yvonne could only suppress her anger when Ellie defended Clarissa. “Ms. Tyson, don’t think that you can bully others because you have a powerful family background. There’s nothing between me and Mr. Harrison, so save your false accusations.”

Ellie folded her arms and smirked. “Haha! I do what I want, and even if there’s really nothing between you guys, I can make it so that it becomes the opposite. Wanna try?”

Gritting her teeth, Yvonne was harboring hatred toward Ellie, but she didn’t dare to express it.

From the beginning until now, Luke was only there as a spectator and he didn’t even help Yvonne when she was at a disadvantage.

When Clarissa and Ellie walked away, Yvonne paced toward Luke and whined, “Luke, why didn’t you defend me? I was bullied by them. Boohoo...”

As cringeworthy as she looked when she whined to Luke, she looked way worse when she lost her temper in secret.

Luke felt nothing from the woman’s actions, and he smiled coldly. “Didn’t you hear what Ms. Tyson said? If you anger her, she’ll expose us to your fiancé and you’ll suffer. I’m worried you’ll suffer if our relationship was exposed.”

He’s worried about me?

Listening to his sugarcoated words, Yvonne hugged him happily and said, “I know you care for me.”

She was easily fooled by the man she loved. Well, love makes people blind, and Yvonne wasn't intelligent, to begin with.

In the meantime, when Clarissa and Ellie sat at their table, the latter couldn't help but argue with her. "Clare, why not fight back when people bully you? Did you use all of your courage and temper on Uncle Matt?"

Clarissa's lips twitched when she heard Ellie's words. "That's not it. It's meaningless to fight with her."

Ellie asked, "Then what is meaningful to you?"

"I just don't want to stoop to the same level as her," Clarissa explained.

Ellie glanced at her. "It seems you're only a tyrant at home."

Clarissa smiled awkwardly. "Ellie, I'm not a coward. I admit I never hold back my temper toward Matthew, but this is because I know he can tolerate me as he loves me. However, as for others, I'll be rational. Yvonne is an unreasonable person, so there's no point in arguing with her. Fighting with her will only ruin our mood, and this isn't worth it. Besides, fighting in public will only make me look bad."

Clarissa cupped her face, showing off her beauty, which resembled a fairy. "Plus, it'll be more satisfying to ask others to put her in a sack and beat her up."

Ellie curved her lips and burst into laughter when she thought about what Clarissa said. "Fine. Let's eat, Miss Fairy. Oh, right! Do fairies need to eat?"

Clarissa replied, "I enjoy food from the human world. Hehe..."

"I bet you like men from the human world more, especially Uncle Matt. He

tastes even better, no?” Ellie gave Clarissa an ambiguous gaze as she raised a brow.

Clarissa's cheeks blushed immediately, and she grumbled, "Eat your food. Why are you so dirty-minded?"

"Humph! It's not my problem. Every human has desires. Don't tell me you're just chatting with Uncle Matt in bed. No one will believe that. I do learn something watching those porn tapes," Ellie said as she shrugged.

"Fine, Fine! Whatever. Let's eat. Eat..." Clarissa's face was as red as a tomato.

Lowering her head, she focused on eating her food, as she didn't dare to talk about that topic with Ellie again.

The latter burst into laughter as she looked at Clarissa's reaction, and ate her food.

When Clarissa had more or less eaten her fill, she got up and went to the washroom. Right when she was coming out from the washroom, she bumped into a woman.

Both of them were stunned. It was almost the same situation when they met at the airport.

Nevertheless, Sienna smiled and greeted, "Ms. Quigley, what a coincidence! I'm with Matt in the private room. Sorry for taking up his time. You're not angry, right?"

Clarissa raised a brow. "I allowed him to eat outside. It must've been tough for you. To have a meal with Matthew, you'll need Matthias and Yuliana with you."

Suddenly, Sienna laughed. "Did Matt tell you that? We're eating with Matthias

and Yuliana ?”

Her words had some underlying meaning to them, but she didn't stop and added, "Well, if that's how he puts it, so be it."

Clarissa's expression turned gloomy, while Sienna smiled apologetically and walked into the washroom, reluctant to drag the conversation.

She thought Clarissa had left.

To her surprise, when she came out of the washroom, Clarissa was on a call with someone outside the washroom.

Walking past Clarissa, Sienna heard the former said, "That's even better! I bumped into Ms. Grande just now. Are you guys having dinner together?"

After pausing for a moment, she continued, "Oh, is that so? Haha... I'll wait for you at the entrance."

Sienna halted in her tracks and this time, it was Clarissa's turn to leave without sparing the former another word.

However, Sienna was the one that spoke, "Ms. Quigley, do you think you're fitted to become Matthew's wife? Of course. I don't mean to insult you. You're young, beautiful, and smart, but these aren't enough to become Mrs. Tyson. Even if you guys love each other, how long will it last? How do you see yourself in ten years? Do you have a common topic of interest with Matthew? Are you guys on the same page? Then how about the career prospect?"

Can you understand the complicated connections between the Tysons and the business and political figures?"

When she was saying her words, she was calm and poised. Even though she

made it seem like she wasn't looking down on Clarissa, the latter could sense that she was acting all high and mighty.

It was as if she was saying that they were on a much higher level than Clarissa was, and she would never be able to reach them.

It sounded reasonable, but Sienna was just using her status to achieve her goal: make Clarissa be ashamed of herself and leave Matthew.

Obviously, Sienna was happy with how she handled this.

She said, “Ms. Quigley, I admire you too. We can still be friends.” Clarissa almost faltered, but she held her ground.

This woman is my love rival.

No matter how tempting her words are, she just wants to take Matthew away from me.

Clarissa couldn't help but sneered, “Sienna, that's a great way to phrase your words, but no matter how effective it is, you can't change a fact.”

Sienna smiled and asked, “What is it?”

“That fact is that you're just a mistress who's trying to snatch my boyfriend,” Clarissa smirked.

Sienna's expression darkened instantly, and it was unsightly.

Clarissa smiled with disdain. “Matthew is my boyfriend. Whatever reason and explanation you give, you're just trying to separate us. So it's not wrong to call

you a mistress. I admire you too.

You're well mannered, so you won't become a mistress, right?"You'll Fall for

Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 175

As soon as she finished speaking, Clarissa wore a natural smile on her face and returned the favor. “Ms. Grande, perhaps we could become friends if Matthew’s not involved. Am I right?”

Sparing a glance at Sienna, she added, “Ms. Grande, I suggest you wait until we break up before pursuing him. That’s how a well-educated woman in the upper society will behave, and your knowledge about politics and business will not be in vain.

However, I can’t guarantee how long you’ll have to wait. Ten years? Or maybe twenty years? I guess you can wait that long, right? Since you’re such a gracious and well-mannered woman. Haha... Well, I’ll have to go and not let Matthew wait for too long. See you, Ms. Grande.”

With that, Clarissa turned on her heels and left in cheerful steps while ignoring the unpleasant expression Sienna was wearing.

When she walked out from the corridor, she bumped into Ellie, while the latter was smirking at her. “Wow! Clare, it seems you’re really not a coward. When you come face to face with your love rival, you don’t seem to hold back at all.”

Clarissa smiled and explained, “If I back down now, I might as well hand Matthew to her. Playing innocent and acting a saint isn’t a thing right now, but of course, I’m not someone pitiful.”

“Yeah, Miss Fairy,” Ellie agreed.

Clarissa thought about the location Matthew gave her and shook her head while chuckling softly. “I’m a vixen.”

“Heh! That’s even better. You can deal with those shameless women better.”

Ellie nodded her head in acknowledgment.

Exiting the restaurant, both of them exchanged glances and smiled.

Soon, Matthew came out of the restaurant. When he saw Ellie, he greeted her and sent her back home.

On the way home, Ellie sat in the front seat, fiddling with her phone, as she didn't want to disturb the couple. The most important thing was she wanted to know how they interacted. Although she had seen before, it didn't feel real.

Matthew was the one who started the conversation. With a relaxed and lazy voice, he asked, "Clare, you bumped into Sienna?"

Clarissa pouted and asked, "Did she complain to you about it?" The man replied,

"Complain about what? Plus, why me?"

Listening to their conversation, Ellie praised Matthew for his answer in her heart.

Uncle Matt, you're so good at your words. You're able to disassociate yourself from Sienna and didn't fall into Clare's trap. Not bad!

Clarissa snorted, "She said you're eating with her, and it's just the two of you, so she can only turn to you."

Matthew looked at Clarissa while furrowing his brows. "Clare, don't tell me you believed her words. You're smart, so you didn't believe her lies, right?"

Ellie shuddered secretly. Is he really Uncle Matt?

Clarissa said, "So what if I don't believe her words? I bet it'll only be the two of you, as Yuliana and Matthias would surely make an excuse to leave before

reaching the destination. Am I right?”

“Yes. Clare, you’re so smart.” Matthew smiled at the woman, impressed by her intelligence.

The couple had totally forgotten about Ellie, who was sitting in the front seat.

She was initially listening to their sweet and cheesy conversation, but now that she heard Clarissa’s words, she knew her parents were behind all of this.

This must be their doings!

Although Ellie remained silent, her mood sunk.

Keeping a poker face, she didn’t express how bad she felt toward the couple. Listening to the couple’s warm interaction in the back, shame crept up her heart.

She was sent to her apartment. However, she drove to the Tyson residence after Matthew’s car sped into the night.

It was late and her grandparents were resting in their room while her parents were sitting on the couch in the living room. Matthias was watching the news on the television and Yuliana was keeping him company, applying her mask.

Noticing Ellie’s return, the married couple was shocked.

Taking off her mask, Yuliana patted her face gently and said coldly, “Finally willing to come back home?”

Now that she’s a grownup, she’s putting more and more distance between us. Not only was she busy with her work, but she’s also always angry at us for

interfering with Matthew's love life.

However, no matter how upset Yuliana was, Ellie was still the daughter she held dear, so she asked, “Have you eaten? If you didn’t, I’ll ask the helper to prepare some food.”

“No need. I ate at XX Restaurant.” Ellie was obviously upset.

The married couple was stunned, hearing her words and looking at the displeased expression she was wearing. Yuliana knew why she was reacting this way.

It seems she found out about it.

Yuliana asked, “What’s there to be upset about?”

Ellie frowned at her mother. “You know the answer to that. Is it true that you guys invited Uncle Matt and Sienna for a meal and deliberately left to let them spend time alone? Too bad for you. Uncle Matt left as soon as he knew this and sent me here just now. What do you guys think? Why didn’t he come into this house given that he drove all the way here?”

Ellie deliberately said it in a way to embarrass her parents.

Indeed, her parents’ expressions were awkward and rather unsightly.

However, Ellie would not let it end there and laughed in derision. “Sienna pursued Uncle Matt, but he didn’t even bother to spare her a glance. Serious question here. If Uncle Matt never married, is it true that Dad can’t be promoted?”

Yuliana was infuriated by her daughter’s sneers. “How dare you, Ellie! Where’s

your respect? Who allowed you to be so preposterous? You think I won't hit you now that you've grown up?"

Ellie folded her arms, refusing to back down. “Ha! Do it then! Noone’s stopping you from doing it.”

“You...” Before Yuliana could express her anger, Matthias stopped her from raising her hand at Ellie. “Enough. It’s so late in the night and we don’t want to wake the rest up. We’ll just have to clear up the misunderstandings.”

Then he looked at Ellie. “Ellie, I understand what you’re trying to tell, but we’re not forcing Matthew to marry. We’re just giving him a chance. It’s just as you said. If he doesn’t like Sienna, he can just neglect her, but if he does like her, we’ll be delighted to help. Those benefits don’t really matter, and I don’t really need them. Do I look like someone so useless to you?”

The daughter regretted mocking her parents, and she thought she had gone too far, insulting her father like that.

Keeping her mouth shut, guilt was written all over her face.

The father smiled and explained, “Ellie, you’re a grownup now.

There are many things that aren’t as simple as you think they are. After pausing for a while, he continued, “To be honest, a part of your personality resembles Matthew. However, he is wiser and more experienced than you. Let’s take today as an example. We are mainly concerned about his marriage. You should understand that there’s nothing such as marrying someone you love in a family like ours. It’s best to marry someone you love, but first, their status would have to match yours and at least, they will have to be from a good family.”

His sharp gaze glinted, and he said, “For example, your friend, Clarissa.”

Ellie's heart skipped a beat as she turned to look at Matthias.

Keeping a calm and poised tone, he continued, “Clarissa is your friend. She’s well-mannered, intelligent, diligent, successful, and rich. She may become more famous and wealthier in the future, and a woman like her will marry well. I admit it’s possible for her to marry into a prominent family. However, this doesn’t mean we can accept her, knowing her family background. Do you understand?”

Ellie wasn’t sure if her father was mentioning Clarissa on purpose.

After digesting his words, Ellie changed the topic. “So, Dad, did you marry mom because of grandma and grandpa?”

“You brat,” Yuliana scolded, but she was secretly looking forward to her husband’s answer.

Even if their marriage was just for political gains, she still wished to be loved by her husband.

Matthias smiled and replied with ease. “No matter what, we make a splendid match and have you as our kid. We are a happy family.”

Ellie couldn’t help but refute his words. “Who cares about social status nowadays? We’re not in the olden days. Are you saying that you will just marry me off to some random man who makes a fit match with me regardless of how I feel?”

Matthias asked, “I won’t. There are so many outstanding youths who suit you. Do you not have one that you like?”

“What if that’s the case?” Clasp ing her hands together, Ellie felt apprehensive

while waiting for her father's answer.

The man smiled and responded, "Of course. We'll prioritize your happiness."

Ellie heaved a sigh of relief. At least, my parents won't be so cruel to me.

Since she had returned home, Ellie didn't leave the house. After the conversation ended, everyone went to their respective rooms. Yuliana was silent all the time, and she was in a foul mood.

Matthias didn't know why she was upset, but he didn't comfort or do anything to coax her.

They had been husband and wife for so many years, so they were rational and knew very well they felt nothing for each other.

Do not wish for love.

Matthias said, "It doesn't seem like Sienna's telling the truth."

Yuliana hummed in reply and said, "However, I can see that Sienna really likes Matthew. We can see if she can make Matthew fall for her, but it's fine if she can't. After all, Mom will take care of this."

After chatting for a while, both of them lie down on the bed with their backs facing each other.

Meanwhile, in Zen Highlands, Matthew took the woman into his arms and was about to do something. However, the woman was laughing impudently, as if she was doing it on purpose to taunt him.

Raising a brow, Matthew's voice was hoarse as he landed a kiss along her neck and collarbone. "Clare, what are you thinking

about? Do you want to be on top?”

Clarissa twitched her lips and blushed slightly, but she said calmly. “Too bad for you, I felt something just now.”

Matthew smirked. “You feel something? Nice. Clare, let’s cut to the chase...”

He reached out to tear at her clothes, while Clarissa didn’t beat around the bush and yelled, “Not that kind of feeling. I think I’m on period.”

Hearing her words, Matthew felt defeated.

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 176

After Clarissa woke up and went down for breakfast, Matthew had not left for work yet. To her surprise, he was also seated at the dining table at the moment.

However, instead of greeting her with his usual gentle smile, there was a grim look on his face. It was as if someone had owed him a large sum of money. The whole dining hall was obviously shrouded by an unusually tense atmosphere.

Clarissa pursed her lips and scoffed silently. How ridiculous! She’s still feeling irritated now?

There was pin-drop silence in the dining hall as she started eating her garlic bread silently in displeasure. With her head lowered, she avoided having any eye contact with the man.

“Clare...” Matthew broke the silence by calling her name.

As both of them were still feeling displeased with each other, Clarissa could not feel the usual intimacy when he addressed her name.

She raised her head instinctively to look at him. Smearing with the oil from the garlic bread, her lips looked exceptionally alluring with a seductive glint. At the

sight of her lustrous lips, Matthew

forgot about what he wanted to say initially. In an instant, his frustration was eased as well.

Brushing Clarissa's lips affectionately with his long fingers, he leaned closer and gave her a peck on her lips.

“What are you doing? There's a strong garlic smell in my mouth! You're not angry with me anymore?”

Matthew chuckled, “How cruel of you. Knowing that I'm angry, you didn't even say anything to console me.”

Clarissa furrowed her brows and refuted, “Why're you angry? It's not my fault too. This is something out of my control. You take it too seriously. It's actually something optional and flexible. Your life won't be at risk too if we don't do it so often...”

“Clare, my life won't be at risk. Yet I'll be suffocated if my lust for you is not fulfilled!”

Clarissa was speechless and did not know how to react for quite awhile.

Her cheeks were flushed red when she finally asked, “But why you're not bothered by this previously?”

“It's because I haven't met you previously!”

Upon hearing his words, Clarissa could not help rolling her eyes and twitching her lips. He was apparently good at playing with words and flattering!

She pushed Matthew with the back of her hand, as there was a garlic smell on both of her palms.

“Stay away from me now. It’s better that we don’t see each other this whole week so you won’t be suffocated and blame me on that. How about I go back to W City and accompany my Grandma?”

“No way! You’re not going anywhere!” Matthew snapped at once.

Clarissa had just taken another bite of the garlic bread. Upon hearing Matthew’s rejection, she glared at him with puffy cheeks. Before she could open her mouth to speak again, she had to quickly chew and swallow the mouthful of garlic bread first. At that very moment, she looked exactly like a hamster.

Matthew really loved to see her comical look at the moment. How can my Clare be so adorable? She really can do magic to cheer me up at any time!

His lips lifted into a smile as he comforted her, “Take it easy, Clare. You’re just back for a few days. Besides, your Grandma surely won’t need you to keep her company as she is having a lot of fun with her friends and dance partners every day. She’s occupied and won’t have much time for you either. Yet I will be all by myself when you’re away. Do you have the heart to leave me alone here?”

“But I can’t fulfill your special need now.”

“Don’t get me wrong. It’s not solely on fulfilling me physically. It’s even more important for the needs of my soul to be fulfilled.”

Clarissa could not help bursting into laughter. “Will you feel contented with just the fulfillment of your soul?”

Matthew gave her a meaningful smile as he asked, “What sayyou?”

Clarissa snorted and continued to take her breakfast.

Matthew smiled and stroked her hair, causing Clarissa to growl instantly, “Matthew Tyson, you wiped my mouth with your finger just now, and now you stroke my hair with your hand. How can you be so unhygienic? My hair surely smells like garlic bread now! You’re disgusting!”

Instead of being enraged by her words, Matthew was feeling amused and laughed heartily. These daily bickering sessions with Clarissa really brightened up his day!

Leaning closer to Clarissa, he pinched her delicate chin and kissed her passionately on her lips. Licking his own lips, he said mischievously, “Mmm, the taste is not bad. Mrs. Lawson, I want garlic bread for breakfast tomorrow as well.”

Before Clarissa could say anything, he strode away and left for work.

Clarissa’s cheeks were flushed red, and she did not dare to look at Mrs. Lawson.

To avoid being teased by her, she quickly finished her breakfast and darted upstairs to wash her hair.

At the same time, she could not stop grumbling that her hair smelt of garlic bread because of Matthew.

Sienna had to accept the fact that she did not succeed in shaking Clarissa’s confidence at all. Furthermore, she herself was feeling discouraged as her own pride and confidence were greatly challenged.

Initially, she thought that Clarissa would easily feel inferior since she was just from normal family background. Hence, she just

needed to inflict her fingers on her vulnerable self-esteem in order to trigger her anxiety and upset her.

Unexpectedly, Clarissa seemed to become mighty within such a short span of time till she was feeling threatened by her.

Sienna was doubtful of the sudden change in Clarissa. She would never expect that Matthew's unlimited love for Clarissa was the main contributor in boosting her confidence.

A woman's confidence was not solely built by herself but was also from her man's unlimited support and love.

Was Clarissa feeling inferior?

Of course, she could not help feeling inferior. If not, she would not be having conflicts with Matthew numerous times previously and even thinking of breaking up with him at any time.

Even Clarissa herself was still not aware that the everlasting love and affection from Matthew had gradually convinced her into trusting him. As a result, she was becoming more and more confident with their relationship. Hence, she was not easily affected by Sienna's words and had no problem retaliating any other provocations.

Sienna was overwhelmed and really doubted how Clarissa suddenly became so confident and courageous.

The Tysons apparently had no idea that both Matthew and Clarissa were currently in a relationship. Sienna had put on a show in front of Matthew that she would keep mum about their relationship. However, deep in her heart, she

was actually being manipulative so their relationship would be exposed in broad daylight one day.

Nevertheless, if their relationship was revealed at the moment, Matthew would surely know that she was the culprit. Therefore, she could only hold herself back temporarily and wait patiently for an ideal time to strike again.

Anyway, it did not matter if she could continue to hold herself back any longer.

Since Shermaine was back in D City again, she could foresee there would be dramatic moments soon.

Shermaine was really jealous upon hearing the news that Sienna was getting along well with Matthew at the moment, and had even stepped into his office. Even though she was also doubting how true the rumors were, she could not help feeling anxious about the current extreme circumstance.

Someone might have exaggerated when spreading the rumors, and it even sounded as if Matthew was getting married to Sienna the following day!

Because of this, Shermaine became restless and was on emergency leaves for two days. She could barely wait to be back in D City at once in order to take prompt action to hinder Matthew from getting closer with Sienna.

Once her flight touched down at the airport, she assigned her personal assistant to send her luggage home and headed straight for the Tyson residence.

Since they had not met for such a long time, Margaret softened and was willing to welcome her again.

After handing the presents to Margaret, Shermaine begged for her forgiveness in tears with her persuasive eyes. Margaret was touched by Shermaine's sincerity and could not resist seeing her tears. They were on good terms again after

embracing each other

and shedding their tears. It was as if the previous conflict and unhappiness were thoroughly washed off by their tears.

Later, when they were having a chat, Shermaine brought up the topic of Matthew again.

“Mrs. Tyson, I know that Matt will not forgive me, and I really regret my foolish act earlier. I don’t dare to even think of winning his heart again. However, I really hope that I will still be given a chance to be by his side. Do I still have the chance?”

She totally did not mention Sienna, pretending that she had not heard anything about her at all.

Margaret said gently to her, “Shermaine, I’ve always liked you and treated you like my own daughter. It’ll be great if you’re willing to be my daughter! As for Matthew, to be honest with you, he’s currently seeing the youngest daughter of the Grandes.

Looks like both of them are getting along well with each other. Anyway, I’ve made up my mind not to interfere with his decision on his marriage anymore. You’re a pretty girl with a good temperament. I’m sure there are many other more ideal candidates for you.”

Shermaine smiled bitterly at Margaret; her eyes were welling up with tears again.

Even though Margaret could not help sympathizing with her, she knew that she had to be rational. No doubt Shermaine had better qualifications than other women, yet she was still incomparable to Sienna. Her son deserved the best among all the women.

Margaret did not comfort Sermaine further so she would not continue to stay hopeful to be with Matthew again. Meanwhile, Shermaine could sense that Margaret really liked Sienna a lot and seemed to treat Sienna as her future daughter-in-law.

A sense of hatred crept into Shermaine's heart. Margaret had convinced her earlier on that she was the only person qualified to be Matthew's wife, and she would not take any other women into consideration.

Yet Margaret broke her words unexpectedly without any explanation and did not even bother to give her any words of comfort.

Trying to suppress the great displeasure within herself, Shermaine squeezed a smile and said, "Mrs. Tyson, I truly understand about it. It's solely my own fault to ruin everything. I sincerely wish that Matt can meet an ideal woman who will be by his side for the rest of his lifetime. I have actually heard a lot about Ms. Grande. She's indeed a nice person and will surely be a perfect match for Matt."

Margaret was on cloud nine instantaneously. She could not help smiling and said, "Yeah, you're right. Sienna is demure and capable. She's also your sister-in-law's colleague in the same department."

Margaret continued to compliment Sienna and was totally unaware that Shermaine was feeling upset. Shermaine could only hold back the growing rage and wrath within herself. In order to please Margaret, she even forced herself to nod in acknowledgment and commented, "Oh! Is it? It's really great. She's really a perfect match for Matt..."

Out of a sudden, something came into Shermaine's mind. Her eyes lit up as she said abruptly, "Mrs. Tyson, since I'm back at the moment, how about you invite Sienna for a meal? With this, you can grab the opportunity to monitor how well she is getting along with Matt at the moment. Even though it's fated that I can't be Matt's

partner, I'm thankful that I can still be your daughter.

As Matt's sister, I can help him to judge his future wife as well. What do you think?"

“It’s a great idea. I’m actually desperate to know how they are getting along with each other now. However, I’ve promised Matthew and his dad earlier that I’d not get involved with his love life anymore. I guess he really needs privacy to develop his relationship with Sienna.”

Shermaine was dumbfounded and felt uneasy with her words. I never expect that Matt would request his parents not to interfere with the relationship between him and Sienna!

It seems he’s really fallen for her!

As rage surged within her, Shermaine’s fingernails sank deep into her palm. Lowering her head with gritted teeth, she tried to conceal the ferocity and coldness in her eyes.

Without hesitation, Margaret contacted Yuliana and asked her to invite Sienna for a meal on her behalf.

At night, Yuliana reached the Tyson residence with Sienna on time. The moment Yuliana saw Shermaine chatting jubilantly with Margaret, her smile froze. She was displeased to see Shermaine there. My goodness! I wonder why Mom still invites Sienna for dinner when Shermaine is around!

How can Mom forgive her easily for what she has done previously?

Isn’t Mom worried that Matthew would be infuriated?

Nonetheless, Yuliana did not express her feelings. When Shermaine greeted her courteously, she just responded indifferently. She led Sienna to sit next to

Margaret and said tactfully, “Mom, now that Shermaine is back, I hope you won’t neglect Sienna.”

Yuliana hinted at Margaret intentionally by emphasizing that Shermaine was just a daughter, and could never be her daughter-in-law.

Shermaine's face became stiff momentarily, and there was a change in her expression.

“Ms. Grande, I heard from Mrs. Tyson about your relationship with Matt. Really good to hear that.”

Yet Sienna could sense the hidden bitterness behind her smile.

Smiling placidly at Shermaine, she replied, “Ms. Smallwood, nice to meet you. I've also heard from Mrs. Tyson and Yuliana about you.”

Even though she did not mention clearly what she had heard from both of them, Shermaine felt that Sienna was sneering indirectly at her.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 177

The two women were obviously confronting each other with invisible retaliations.

Shermaine was confident due to her close relationship with Margaret, and she had known Matthew for a long time. However, her insidious deed on the Tysons previously could not be easily forgotten by everyone. On the other hand, Margaret obviously really liked Sienna at the moment, so she would be glad if Sienna could develop a relationship with Matthew.

Both Shermaine and Sienna were actually standing on the same ground; none of them stood a better chance than the other in terms of becoming Margaret's daughter-in-law.

Clarissa's figure suddenly flashed across Sienna's mind.

Her instinct told her that Shermaine could be good at playing mind games, although she had not really dealt with her yet. She could not help but wonder how Shermaine would react if she happened to know about Matthew's relationship with Clarissa.

Needless to say, she would not remain calm like how she was behaving at the moment if she were to know about that.

When it was about time for dinner, there was still no sign of Matthew.

Margaret called Matthew and ordered him to come home for dinner, yet he rejected at once.

“What? Matthew Tyson, I want you to be home now! We've guests at home. Sienna has waited so long for you. How can you treat your girlfriend like that?”

Margaret was talking on the phone with Matthew openly in front of the others. As she was pretty sure that Sienna and Matthew were in a relationship at the moment, she just naturally addressed Sienna as his girlfriend.

However, both Sienna and Yuliana knew about the truth. Thinking of the possibility that Margaret would know about the truth at any moment, both of them felt their hearts skipped a beat.

There was a change in their expressions for just a split second, yet Shermaine managed to catch a glimpse.

Meanwhile, Matthew had apparently told Margaret something over the phone.

“What do you mean? Matthew, you and Sienna...”

“I-I thought both of you are in a relationship? How could you treat her like that?”

Margaret paused abruptly as if her words were cut off by Matthew from the other side.

She remained silent for quite a while as her expression changed gradually. Everyone was curious to know what Matthew told her. When she finally hung up the phone, there was a grim look on her face.

After recollecting herself, Margaret turned to face both Sienna and Yuliana again. However, there was already a slight difference in her tone, indicating that there was a change in her feeling toward Sienna.

“Sienna, Matthew seems to be really occupied at work so he’s not coming back for dinner. It’s all right, let’s have dinner without him. Sigh... look at these men. Since none of them is home for dinner, we don’t have to keep any dishes for them as well. They are all of the same kind and really annoy me.”

Sienna was becoming a bit embarrassed. She had no idea who Margaret was referring to, and could not help feeling that she might be among those who annoyed her.

Yuliana was actually thinking of explaining to Margaret, but she did not wish to let Shermaine overhear that. Therefore, she could only choose another ideal time to do so.

At the moment, Shermaine kept glancing at Sienna with a gleeful smile on her face.

Sienna sensed it, yet she remained calm as if she was unaware of that.

During their dinner, Shermaine brought up the topic of how close she was with Matthew in their childhood. Margaret indirectly reminisced about the memorable moments of those days and chatted cheerfully with Shermaine. Sienna seemed to be neglected, as Margaret did not spare any glance at her.

As Sienna was overwhelmed by bitterness and disappointment, the sumptuous dishes seemed to be tasteless for her. She excused herself first right after dinner.

When Yuliana was sending Sienna off at the main gate, she grabbed the opportunity to explain to Sienna and comforted her.

“Shermaine is a scheming and manipulative girl. Don’t take her words too seriously. Even if she has known Matthew a lot earlier, he will never fall for her too. If not, she wouldn’t have wasted so much time and keeps playing mind games in order to win over his heart.”

Sienna nodded and replied, “Yuliana, I understand about this. I can sense that she’s apparently having something in her mind too. Yet it can’t be denied that Old Mrs. Tyson really likes her.”

Yuliana explained in embarrassment, “It’s a special case. Shermaine has been really close to the Tysons since young. She is like a member of the Tysons as well. My mom-in-law just treats her like her own daughter.”

“I see.” Sienna only replied briefly, feeling even more discouraged.

Later, she left the Tyson residence without saying anything, as she was not keen on hearing anything about Shermaine again.

Shermaine also left not long after that.

She felt relieved after meeting Sienna and scoffed within herself. I thought this woman would be a great threat to me. Anyway, she didn't manage to catch Matt's eye, too. I might still have the chance to win his heart again!

The young heiress of the Grandes? So what? No doubt she has a better family background than me, yet she still can't win over Matt's heart!

Her mind sank into deep thought as she was planning on how she could let Matthew fall for her.

Matthew had just hung up his phone. Clarissa was lying with her head on his lap, and there was a hot pack in her arms. Based on how he replied while talking on the phone a while ago, she could guess that the Tysons intended to match him up with Sienna.

Clarissa muttered at him mockingly, "Looks like your market value is not as good as it seems. They are so desperate to match you up with other women!"

"What did you say?"

Matthew raised his brows as he asked abruptly. His long fingers caressed her cheeks and moved lower to her delicate neck.

Feeling intimidated by his fingers, Clarissa smiled in embarrassment and tried to appease him.

"Haha... I'm just joking. Mr. Tyson, I'm sure you have many secret admirers. As long as you gesture to the women, all of them would surely line up for you like bees attracted to the flowers."

Matthew was apparently not the least bit pleased with the sudden twist in her words.

He squinted as his fingertips rubbed gently on Clarissa's neck. To her, this was a rather intimidating body language. It was as if her neck could be easily broken by his fingers at any moment.

Clarissa grabbed hold of his fingers instantly and moved them away from her neck.

“Don't scare me! It's not funny!”

Matthew flipped his hand and gripped her fingers. “It's quite funny to me.”

“It's not funny to me at all.”

Matthew continued to glare at her with a glint of wisdom flashing across his eyes. At that very moment, he looked exceptionally threatening like a panther on the hunt.

Clarissa could not help grumbling silently. Looks like he will continue to have mood swings these few days. I'm the one having a period, yet my mood is not affected. He seems more like a woman having mood swings during her period!

Look at the grim face. It looks exactly like the gloomy weather! It seems as if

this man has a menstrual cycle like women, too! That's funny!

The next moment, Clarissa burst into laughter.

Her laughter seemed to trigger an invisible button on Matthew's body. Pinching her chin, his face darkened as he asked in a low, threatening voice.

“What are you laughing at?”

Clarissa stuck her tongue out mischievously and replied quickly, “Nothing!”

“Are you sure? Nothing?”

He gazed at her seductive red lips with that kind of dangerous look again.

Clarissa climbed up hastily and thought of sitting further away from him, yet to no avail. In a blink of an eye, she was carried effortlessly by Matthew and placed on his lap.

She was really nervous. It was as if her menses would gush out at any moment.

“Don’t touch me. My hot pack... don’t take it away!”

Once her hot pack was taken away from her, Matthew placed his warm palm on her tummy instead.

The discomfort of Clarissa’s tummy was soothed at once as the warmth from the man’s palm was continually transmitted to her. Leaning comfortably against his warm chest, she heaved a sigh of relief.

Matthew continued to ask her curiously, “Clare, what were you laughing about just now?”

Twitching her lips, Clarissa lowered her voice and mumbled awkwardly, “It’s about your mood swing. It’s as if you’re having a menstrual period, too.”

“I get it! You mean that I seem to have a menstrual period, too!” “Huh? I was

mumbling, yet you can still catch it?”

Raising her head spontaneously, Clarissa looked at Matthew in great surprise. As Matthew gave her a meaningful look, she blinked her eyes nervously with a sense of guilt.

After a while, she could not help grumbling, "I'm the one having a period now, yet you're having an unpredictable temper. Why're you behaving as if it's my fault? It's really unfair to me!"

Clarissa was unhappy and poked Matthew's chest with her finger. "Can you tell me if there's any woman in this world who does not have menstruation period? As for those pregnant women, their spouses have to bear with it as well. For more than thirty years you have been celibate, right? To cater to your health, you can't let your desire overpower you. It's important for you to have sufficient rest and my monthly menstrual period is just convenient for that. In my opinion, we can rest more at other times as well. For example, we can convert it into a weekly activity so we'll have extra rest days. What do you think?" Matthew was at a

loss for words, not knowing how to refute her. This woman is eloquent indeed in expressing her theory on this.

"Matthew Tyson, why are you silent? You've any objection on this?"

Her slender fingers were still poking repeatedly on his chest.

Matthew grabbed her fingers and lowered his head to kiss her on the lips.

When they were both lost in their passionate kissing session, Matthew abruptly gave her a firm reply.

“No way!”

It was as if the kissing session was everlasting. Matthew finally forced himself to stop before he was aroused again, and made a dash toward the washroom.

When he was finally out of the washroom, Clarissa was still nagging.

“I asked you to have self-control in this matter, didn’t I? See what happens when you refuse to take my advice? I request to go back to W City for a few days for your sake as well. I totally didn’t do anything to seduce you, yet you were aroused. Where is the self-control you’re so proud of? When we first met, you were not like this. You were cool and not easily turned on...”

Matthew never expected that the young girl would be so blunt.

Knowing that he could not do anything to her these few days, she was really smart to grab the chances and kept nagging.

Matthew was so angry that he sneered, walked toward the bed, bent down swiftly, and positioned her in between his arms.

With only a towel tied around his waist, his upper body was naked. Clarissa’s eyes were glued to his masculine body. As the sexy figure caught her attention, her hands automatically made their way to his chest.

Matthew grinned meaningfully, “Clare, just tease and stimulate me as you like.”

Clarissa denied in embarrassment and refuted, “I never have this intention.”

“It doesn’t matter. After all, I only need to bear with it for seven days, right? After that, I have one whole month before your next menstrual period.”

Clarissa was dumbfounded and loss for words.

Her face paled momentarily. The next moment, she embraced him impulsively and pouted her lips to kiss on his cheeks. Trying to let him change his mind, she put on a sympathetic look and gazed at him with puppy eyes.

“Uncle Matthew, Mr. Tyson, Matt, dear...” She deliberately put on a coquettish voice.

Her seductive voice penetrated through his mind, transmitting the current to his entire body. It eventually focused on one point, and he felt that he was seconds to explosion.

Yet Clarissa was totally unaware of that. She continued to talk coquettishly to him with her breaths tickling his neck intimately.

“You misunderstood me. I’m just concerned with your health since it’s closely related to my happiness as well. As you’re already in your thirties, you’re not really that young anymore. Hence, it’s important to maintain your health...”

Upon hearing her words, Matthew’s temple started to throb.

Almost instantaneously his face darkened. How dare she comments that I’m not young anymore!

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 178

The dramatic shift in Matthew’s mood immediately occurred to Clarissa that she had misspoken.

She was quietly frustrated that her attempt to appease him had yielded the opposite effect.

Me and my big mouth!

But before Matthew could blow his top, Clarissa promptly pouted her lips and took the initiative to plant it upon his. That ought to alleviate his anger, at least for the time being.

Matthew was not mad.

Well, perhaps a little dispirited.

Though it may be true that he was older than this young woman by ten years, that was not something he would freely admit to in front of her.

Did her unintended remarks reveal that she unconsciously thought him a little old?

Should he hold back, or should he not? What should

he do if he couldn't hold back?

Cause right now, that thing was not happening.

Matthew rubbed his large mitts over her body before he finally patted her rear in ruefulness. He then turned his back to the woman and paid no more attention to her.

Clarissa blushed as she pretended to not have noticed the bulge between his legs. She quietly adjusted her own body to create some separation, and also made sure to clarify her previous comments.

“I was really just concerned for your health, Matthew.”

She thought it best to say no more than was necessary to convey her sentiments in

order to avoid further complications.

Matthew held his silence and kept his thoughts to himself.

Clarissa's heart thumped against her chest when she prodded at the man's shoulder with her petite finger. Once. Twice. Thrice.

“Are you upset, Matt?” He

did not respond.

Matthew then decided that there was no point in holding back.

The man suddenly grabbed a hold of her fingers and guided them onto his throbbing hardness.

“No, no, no. I don't want to. Argh.”

Matthew hushed the overreacting woman with a hand over her mouth. It was just a matter of getting reacquainted. They could totally go this route whenever the primary option was not convenient for her from here on out.

It may not be as gratifying as the real thing, but beggars cannot be choosers. He figured that they could always use some variety to spice things up a little from time to time.

After a while, Clarissa's hands are sore and she gritted her teeth while her face was buried in the pillow.

Next to her, Matthew leaned in closer, smiling. His body is still in heat after that pulsating sequence. “What are you doing?”

Boo...hoo...

“Huh?”

Clarissa started to bawl her eyes out.

“Come on. It’s not like you haven’t done it before.” He waited to see how she might respond.

Clarissa sat up suddenly and glared at Matthew. “Go away!”

Matthew smiled slightly. He pulled her back in and refused to relinquish his grasp. Once she had stopped squirming, he proceeded to kiss and comfort her.

“I misspoke, alright? Consider us even?” Clarissa snorted before she gave Matthew a peck on his lips in return.

“That’s why there’s nothing at all to worry about, Clare. I foresee that I can continue to make you a happy camper even when I turn eighty...”

Clarissa’s eyes widened.

She rolled her eye at that. “Tsk. Really. You’d still be thinking about that kind of stuff at that age, you horny geezer!”

Matthew replied with a laugh, “Horny, yes, but only for you!” “To heck with it. I don’t want that.”

She tried to keep him at bay with her hands while he would cozy up to her. The two ended up engaged in a playful tussle in bed.

Clarissa wondered if the man deliberately behaved in an infantile manner just to show that he was not old.

Tike Tyson!

Elsewhere.

After the last time, Shermaine no longer held Sienna in esteem.

That did not stop her from being worried though, as Sienna's superior family background and academic achievements made her a formidable rival.

Over the two-day break, all she could think about was how to resolve this issue.

Before she left, Shermaine intentionally engineered a chance encounter with Sienna and asked to chat over coffee.

Sienna did not decline. Shermaine's invitation left her in no doubt of her intelligence.

As Shermaine was a prominent star, her presence in the café drew no small amount of attention. Requests for autographs and photos followed, reducing Sienna to an afterthought. It took a while before Shermaine returned to her company with a sheepish smile.

“Sorry about that.”

“It's okay. You're a big name in the entertainment business, so it can't be helped.”

The pair chose a secluded booth where they could speak, away from prying eyes and undisturbed.

Sienna was not perturbed by Shermaine's little stunt either.

When they both settled down, they respectively held their silence. They kept their

own emotions in check despite being aware that it was for the same man that they have convened.

“How long have you known Matt, Ms. Grande?”

“Haven’t known him for very long. I’ve met him previously, and also heard things.”

“Is that so? Matt’s a great guy. I suppose that you’ve taken an instant liking to him since?”

“You could put it that way!”

“Not good. I’ve actually heard many women who thought the same, picturing Matt as the ideal husband and the perfect man. However, there’s only one of him to go around. I’ve grown up alongside him and seen many women, not unlike yourself, all doomed for disappointment because he won’t end up with anyone of you.”

Sienna smiled staidly and was stoic in her response against Shermaine’s provocations. “Neither does he belong to you either. What makes you so sure that he doesn’t have anyone else?”

Shermaine was stumped.

“Whatever do you mean?”

“Not that I’m suggesting anything, but I do feel that it would be improbable that a man of his qualities isn’t seeing anyone on the side. To him, we are both merely options for marriage. Since neither of us has clearly won his heart, what would be the point of your posturing? Who knows which woman he may be canoodling with as we speak?” “Impossible! Matt

isn’t that kind of guy.”

Shermaine was sure Matthew was not the type to fool around.

Sienna responded with a smirk. “We can’t know for sure, Ms. Smallwood. Should I be wedded to him, I’d probably let him have his fun. Can’t say if you’d be able to do the same as well.”

“In your dreams, Sienna. The only woman Matt will be marrying is me.”

“Ha.”

Sienna laughed mockingly. “You’re a natural, Ms. Smallwood, as your portrayal of wishful thinking was spot on. Rather than waste your time on me, it might be more helpful for you to worry for yourself. You’re welcome to come back around after I’ve won Matt over.”

Having made her case, she got up and left. If Shermaine wised up, she would have gone and looked into it herself.

However, she had serious doubts about that.

As expected, Shermaine had not fully understood Sienna’s insinuations. Were she not concerned about her own public image, she would have smashed up everything within reach.

It took some time for her to collect herself before she started outside.

Someone accidentally knocked her over when she reached the door.

The physical contact saw her already foul mood take a turn for the worse as she shot the offending party a look.

“Isn’t this Shermaine? Well, hello. Do you remember us, Ms.Smallwood? We’ve run into each other at lunch previously.”

Shermaine's hostility was instantly compounded by a hint of disgust.

Deciding against getting into conflict, she merely furrowed before she departed.

Hilary watched on before she turned to Zach who came up afterward. "I've just bumped into Shermaine Smallwood. She's very pretty, but kind of unfriendly."

Mason behind them overheard her. "Shermaine's my cousin, Mrs. Garrett. I could help ask for an autograph if you like."

"Could you, Mason? That's really sweet of you, but why haven't I heard you mention her before? Why wasn't she invited to your engagement?"

Yvonne was equally puzzled by this, and too awaited his answer.

"Kayla, who is my aunt, ran away with Shermaine's father. It was only until their return to D City this year that our family reconciled with her. However, we didn't extend an invitation because my grandfather disapproved of them," Mason explained. "Goodness me.

They'd ran away?"

Everyone wanted in on this juicy tidbit. When they entered the restaurant, Yvonne continued to probe as she had never expected there to be something this scandalous within a family as prominent as theirs.

Mason explained as concisely as he could. "I'm not exactly sure about the details as Grandpa had only mentioned this in passing. It would seem that Aunt Kayla fell for a man called Smallwood.

Their relationship was frowned upon because he was a poor chapat that time, so she ran away with him instead. She did come

back and visited a couple of times over the years, but the family was not over it. Maybe it was because Grandma was getting older and the guy has done well enough for himself to expand his business interests into D City that my Grandma was finally willing to reconcile.”

“A businessman by the name of Smallwood?” “That’s

right. Do you know him, Dad?

Zach smiled. “Could it be James Smallwood we’re talking about there?”

“Yeah...”

Clang!

The shattering of glass came out of nowhere and drew everyone’s attention toward its source. Yvonne’s furrowed her brows but made no comment.

Zach appeared concerned. “Are you alright, Hilary? Did you hurt yourself?”

Hilary looked a little pallid but smiled as she shook her head. “It’s nothing. I was just a little careless. Please excuse me.”

It would not be an exaggeration to describe Hilary as half-fleeing the scene. The conversation continued as no one saw anything else to the incident.

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 179

Hilary remained distracted and had little to contribute to their banter.

Though that was how she had always been in front of outsiders, Yvonne did not particularly appreciate her speaking in front of them.

She secretly despised Hilary, and would rather that the latter kept her mouth shut, especially in front of her own fiancé.

Hence no one found Hilary's silence unusual.

When she got home, Hilary stayed in the room by herself and sifted through her smartphone for information on Shermaine. The more she saw, the more her mood devolved. She went on to look up on James Smallwood and immediately knew that it was him.

Hilary understood now why she had found Shermaine awfully familiar and even took an instant liking to her.

She began to sob uncontrollably away in the washroom with the showers left running so that no one could hear her and continued this way for some time.

By the time Zach entered the room, Hilary was already fast asleep.

Or rather, she pretended to be asleep, as she was worried that Zach might notice something amiss.

The next morning while Zach was away at the office, she immediately called up Clarissa.

Clarissa was a little miffed that her mother has asked to meet. There was a chill in the air which encroached upon her skin, so she would rather sleep in.

“What’s so important that we’ve to do this so early, Mom?”

Hilary's words were almost upon her own lips before she swallowed them back down. She opted to adopt a more measured and casual approach.

“Early, you say? Is this your daily routine? What kind of work are you doing that doesn't pay and leaves you so undisciplined? Look at how hard everyone else is hustling. You aren't bad looking so even if you don't want to work, you should put in a little effort to doll yourself up when you go out.”

Clarissa laughed a little, only to patronize her mother. “Why aren't you talking?”

“Your observations are spot-on, Mom. I'm not able to defend myself!”

“You know, I'm this close to giving up on you, girl.” You had never cared about me that much anyway.

That was what Clarissa thought. Hilary paused before she asked, “Remember that we've met Shermaine last time? Do you know her? I really like her, so do you think you could introduce us?”

“Huh?”

Clarissa's brows perked up. “I don't really know her as we operate in different social circles. I've only interacted with her back then because she's a friend of my classmate.”

“I see. That makes sense.”

Hilary fell silent, mildly disappointed, yet oddly relieved. “Since when did you become a fan of Shermaine’s?”

Her mother chuckled. “Do I have to explain this? I just enjoyed one of her movies that I’ve seen recently.”

“It’s okay that you like her movies, but is it necessary to try to reach out to her? Haven’t you have anything better to do recently than chase idols?”

“You’re one to talk. I was wondering how you’re ever going to meet anyone when you’re holed up in the house with your so-called essays. You’ll be turning thirty soon. At this rate, you could wind up becoming an old spinster.”

An awkward silence ensued.

Clarissa would have slapped herself if she could.

She cursed at her own mouth for saying all the wrong things at the most inopportune times recently.

That strengthened her resolve to speak less going forward. “I’m sure things will work out fine eventually. The weather is getting colder, so I should be heading back to spend winter in WCity. Probably be back next year. Got a deadline to meet so I really should get back to it. Love you, Mom.”

Clarissa was a little blasé, and only because she did not understand that the purpose of Hilary’s call was not actually about getting on her case.

After she left Hilary, Clarissa did not return to Zen Highlands, but made a trip down to her studio instead.

As a business owner, her subordinates would be fortuitous if they saw her in the office once or twice a week. She was practically like a junior employee who needed supervision. Mandy in

particular had constantly pressed her for updates to her works, amongst all the other things she promised off the cuff.

The girl was a rabid fan of her writings herself with an insatiable appetite for more.

She would nag at Clarissa every single time she came in, so much so that she had to have snacks at the ready with which to pacify Mandy so that she may be able to get herself off the hook.

Rocky and Christian proved to be able assistants to Yael. They were able to bring in more sources of income in the form of a video game adaptation and peripherals within the short time they were here.

“Now that you don’t have to think about these things anymore, why aren’t you posting new chapters? Even if you write only a thousand words a day, you should have consolidated quite a lot by now. Why haven’t you provided updates? I’m going to have to jump to my death from here if you keep this up.”

Mandy spoke as she stuffed her own mouth with the pastries that Clarissa bought.

Clarissa had gotten quite used to this by now. “Alright, you do whatever you have to do. I’ll send them to you as a tribute after I’m done.”

“You’re an evil mistress.”

Clarissa laughed, “I’m not yet a missus.”

She thought that she might run with that and have some fun with it.

“Ha, if you have a boyfriend and are cohabiting with him, what else would that make you? Missus, Missus...”

Her expression and tone left Clarissa red in the face.

“Are you teasing me now? Aren’t you afraid that of getting fired?” “Oh, I’m so scared!”

At this moment, Yael came out of the office. “Mandy’s right. You should finish up whatever articles you have on hand soon, cause that’s what the production company is keen on. There are also a few more requests for you to do some screenwriting. It would be better to step it up before the end of the year, or we won’t be able to hand these guys their bonuses otherwise.” “What?”

Clarissa was dumbfounded. It would seem that she would not only need to avoid speaking but also avoid getting out of the house.

Rarely had she the opportunity to slack off. With winter around the corner, the only thing she had on her mind was idling and sleeping in. She had not expected her workload to suddenly balloon.

“What do you mean by what. Didn’t you say you want to earn more to make rent? How is this lackadaisical attitude going to help?”

Clarissa perked up immediately. “I’ll get down to writing right away.”

The thought of the rental brought her focus back. She wished she had more arms

with which to speed things up.

Yael nodded in approval. “Your office has been underutilized all this time. You should get in there. It’s quiet and you won’t be disturbed.”

“You mean like right now?”

“Yes, now. Questions?” “Nope.

None at all.”

Clarissa slipped into her own office. It was really quiet once the door closed behind her.

Outside, Mandy was in stitches. After a while, she turned and whispered to Christian, “You know, Clarissa could just marry into wealth. I mean like, why’s she even working so hard? I’d do absolutely nothing were I in her shoes. I’d fly to Europe to feed pigeons every day and return the same night.”

Even if the employees did not know about Matthew before, it would be impossible not to once they had been around the building long enough.

From admiration to fearfulness, to normalization. Clarissa was away when they were going through all these emotional stages. By the time she appeared, they were already more or less settled in.

Rocky sneered, “That’s why you’re just an assistant while Clarissa continued to grow in stature. She would be just as successful even without Mr. Tyson.”

“Yeah, yeah. I know that I’m an underachiever and I lack ambition, all right? But what’s wrong with living it up a little?” Mandy was not

really upset. That was just the way she was.

Rocky merely shook his head and got back to work.

Christian offered her some words of consolation before he too returned to his own affairs.

Meanwhile, in the office, Clarissa went through her friends' profiles, browsed Twitter, listened to some music, and stepped out to the balcony to catch some sun. An hour passed before she was able to finally settle down to work on her drafts.

Meanwhile at Shermaine's home.

She was not that dense. After she has simmered down, she sensed that Sienna was hinting at something.

What did she mean when she said that it was improbable for Matthew to not be seeing anyone?

That she would let him continue to have his fun even after they were married?

Shermaine's brows knitted in apprehension.

When she recalled how coldly Matthew treated her whenever she was in his proximity, she thought that that was just his personality.

But what if he genuinely had a woman on the side?

She paced back and forth as she tried to wrap her head around this.

There was no way she would be able to rest easy without getting to the bottom of

it.

Shermaine immediately got in touch with her regular contact. This time, her target was Matthew. She had to know whether he was seeing anyone, no matter the cost.

It would be great if there was no woman. However, should there be one, that b*tch was going to get it from her. As far as Shermaine was concerned, Matthew was to hers and hers alone.

Even Sienna would not be shown mercy.

The gall of her to even think about becoming Matthew's wife.

Sienna, like any woman that her Matt might have, had to be considered a threat.

Shermaine smirked. She understood Sienna's intention to rid herself of a rival through her hands.

Was Sienna trying to be the beneficiary of a proxy war? Was she

being serious?

Shermaine had her ways to deal with the likes of her.

The very next day, Shermaine found herself someone to teach Sienna a lesson. As for the investigation surrounding Matthew, she could only wait patiently for a report from the person tasked.

Sienna could never have anticipated the consequences that were forthcoming from that nudge she gave Shermaine. She found herself beaten unto the point of near

disfigurement. At first impression, it might look like a random case of drunken rage, but Sienna was no believer in coincidences. Even though she had not investigated the incident properly, she had a hunch that Shermaine might be behind it.

Shermaine's viciousness left her deeply worried about what the woman would do should she discover the existence of Clarissa.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 180

Sienna was hospitalized after getting hurt by accident. Her face was sliced by a knife, but the cut wasn't deep and wouldn't leave a scar if taken care of properly.

The Grandes would definitely never let the perpetrator off the hook for such an atrocious crime.

However, the perpetrator was an alcoholic diagnosed with liver cancer. Without money for treatment, he did not have long to live. Depressed, he had drunk himself into a stupor and found everyone he came across to be an eyesore. Sienna was just the hapless victim of this accident.

But of course, the Grandes took it upon themselves to investigate this matter, unwilling to believe that things were as simple as they seemed.

Even if it was indeed an accident, the Grandes wanted to make it seem otherwise.

While the Grandes ordered some people to investigate, Shermaine came to Sienna's mind.

When Yuliana brought Margaret over to visit, she even casually asked about Shermaine.

Margaret did not think much of it, but Yuliana became contemplative. There must be a reason Sienna is asking about Shermaine all of a sudden. Could her injury have something to do with Shermaine?

“After Shermaine left the Tyson residence, I heard that she went back to film the next day. Why do you ask, Sienna?”

“Just curious. Maybe getting injured has made me a little bit paranoid.”

This time, Margaret caught her drift. Looking at Sienna, she gasped. “Sienna, are you saying that Shermaine hired someone to hurt you? That’s impossible, impossible.”

Margaret did not believe that Shermaine was capable of something like this. Hence, she instinctively dismissed Sienna’s allegation.

“Perhaps I’m overthinking. Let’s just leave everything to the police,” Sienna replied blandly.

Seeing how much Margaret adored and protected Shermaine, Sienna couldn’t help but feel that the latter’s efforts in brownnosing the Tysons were not in vain.

But if she were to really become Matthew’s wife, she wasn’t sure where that put Shermaine.

Due to this uncertainty, Sienna was slightly dissatisfied with the Tysons, but she still had to live under the same roof as Matthew in the future.

Plagued with worries, Yuliana immediately shared everything with her husband upon returning home with Margaret.

After pondering for a moment, Matthias sighed. “All this time, we’ve only seen the good side of Shermaine. Ever since Matthew rejected her, she was capable of

doing things like harming Tyson Corporation's interests, which was a huge shock for us all. But

this time, I wouldn't be that surprised if she turns out to be the one behind this.”

Yuliana, on the other hand, found it immensely shocking.

“How's that possible? How can a girl be so cruel? Ellie warned us about her before, but we didn't believe her. Now, I'm just really...”

Yuliana paused, then continued, “Ellie only said that she was manipulative, but didn't tell us the details. She said that it involved her friend's privacy, so she couldn't elaborate further. Now it seems like Shermaine has been putting on an act in front of us for so many years. I really don't understand. How can she be this kind of person? The Smallwoods can't possibly be these kinds of people, can they?”

“Who knows?”

Yuliana sighed softly. “But as a son, I think you should try to bring your mom around. She's been treating Shermaine like her own daughter for so many years, but if this goes on, she might fall victim to that girl's schemes. Your mom won't listen to me, so you should talk to her once you're back.”

Matthias promised his wife that he would.

Whether or not Shermaine was behind this incident, it was still better to exercise caution.

...

Clarissa only heard about what happened to Sienna a few days later.

Her readers were indeed very well-informed. To confirm the credibility of their online discussions, Clarissa asked Ellie and came to know the full story.

The readers claimed that Sienna was attacked out of jealousy, saying that marrying Matthew was easier said than done.

Clarissa was slightly perturbed by all of this.

Ellie also said, “Sienna implied that Shermaine had hired someone to hurt her, but there’s no concrete evidence at all for now. Either Sienna is deliberately targeting Shermaine, or Shermaine really did something so inhumane. In any case, both of them are just as bad. It would be a disaster if my uncle were to fall into the hands of either of those two women. Thank goodness you’ve come to save him from a tragic future, Clare! Congratulations are in order!”

Clarissa couldn’t hold back her laughter. “Oh, please. You make it sound like I’m some kind of hero. Tragic? For you, it might seem tragic, but men think differently. Who knows? He might be enjoying having so many women fighting over him.” She shrugged.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk... What’s going on here? Is that jealousy I sense? Did you two quarrel?”

Clarissa huffed. “No.”

They didn’t quarrel, but she had seen the new spokesperson for Tyson Corporation’s shopping mall. As the president, Matthew would naturally have to communicate with her. Hence, a scandal surfaced between them.

Of course, Clarissa knew that those were only rumors, but that knowledge did not make her feel any better.

Ellie easily guessed the reason behind her best friend's jealousy, teasing her with a cheeky grin on her face,

“Somebody's really jealous! But don't worry, you have my full support. My uncle's charm is no joke, so you better keep him on a tight leash. I saw the news too. You should interrogate him a little bit, ask him what's going on between him and that female celebrity. Or maybe, you should lock him out of the bedroom when he comes home and make him sleep in the study... Hahahaha...”

Ellie was cackling with laughter on the other end of the line. Ticked pink by her suggestions, Clarissa was completely unaware that the man in question was currently quietly stalking toward her.

“Okay, I'll make him sleep in the study. Maybe I should set some ground rules too? For example, if he fails to maintain a distance of at least one meter from a woman, he has to sleep in the study. If there's some intimate behavior involved, he's not allowed to enter the bedroom for a week. If they're way too intimate, then I'll go back to W City and refuse to see him for a month.”

“Hey, how is that a punishment? You should fine him instead. One million for a distance of less than one meter. Ten million for intimate behavior... Hahaha... No sex on top of that. How nice is that? You can even make money... Hahaha...”

Clarissa was about to laugh out loud, but the sound died in her throat.

Matthew had just sat down beside her and wrapped an arm around her waist, leaning close to her with a smile playing on his lips.

Caught off guard, Clarissa let out a few awkward laughs. Ellie called out to her

several times over the phone, but the latter immediately hung up the call.

“Uhm... Uncle Matthew, when did you return? I didn't hear you come in at all. Haha...”

Overwhelmed with embarrassment, Clarissa's smile looked more like a grimace.

On the contrary, Matthew was wearing a full-fledged grin on his face as he gently drew a path down her cheek with a slender finger.

“I returned just in time to hear you say that you're going to make me sleep in the study.”

Clarissa was rendered inarticulate.

After a few seconds of silence, she circled her arms around his waist and rubbed her cheek against his chest in a kittenish manner.

Is this a sign of surrender?

Matthew chuckled softly and stroked her back while saying gently, “Clare, I'm not against sleeping in the study, but you have to at least tell me what I did to deserve this punishment. You do know that no sex is a very severe punishment, right?”

At the mention of this, Clarissa immediately pushed him away and glared at him with bright eyes.

“Work is work. Why did you have to get so close and intimate with that spokesperson?”

Matthew understood her meaning very quickly and burst out laughing.

“Clare, I made sure we were standing one meter away, but thereporters snapped photos from an angle that made it seem otherwise. I can guarantee this. So, I don’t need to sleep in thestudy today, right?”

Before Clarissa could reply, Matthew hugged her close, his large hand swiftly delving into her clothes. While she was still squealingin alarm, his hand had already reached the spot he was looking forward to.

His fingers paused momentarily as a devilish smile formed on hislips. Caught unawares, Clarissa’s cheeks flushed a deep scarlet and she squeezed her thighs together, not daring to move a muscle.

“You... pervert. Take your hand out!”

Matthew raised his brows tantalizingly. “Is your period over?”

Does he really need me to answer that? He literally has his handthere.

Blushing furiously, Clarissa retorted, “Can you please get yourraging hormones under control? It’s almost dinner time. We might be seen-”

Matthew didn’t give her a chance to speak anymorenonsense. Dinner?
She’s my favorite dinner.

These few days of abstinence was pure torture for Matthew.

Every time she was on her period, he wondered how he hadtolerated staying celibate for so many years.

As a result, Clarissa was treated like a delicious dinner spread, brought upstairs and into the bedroom to be thoroughly feasted on.

Matthew flipped her over and let her lie in his arms. Then, he caressed her naked back with one hand, feeling completely satiated.

With what little strength she had left, Clarissa pinched his waist and twisted hard.

Matthew hissed in pain, then chuckled deeply. "It seems

like you still have energy."

"Are you trying to kill me in bed? I'm starving and I feel like I'll die if I don't get some food in my belly now."

"Alright, alright," Matthew cooed.

Then, he rang the bell by the bedside. It didn't take long before Julia knocked on the door.

Clarissa hastily burrowed underneath the blanket at that. Matthew shook his head with a smile and put on his robe, coming back with a tray of food after a while.

Only then did Clarissa emerge from under the blanket, wrapping her body in it before hungrily drinking the bowl of soup.

Meanwhile, Matthew sat opposite of her and fed her patiently.

After filling her tummy, Clarissa lay on the bed and rubbed her belly with a satisfied hum. Matthew also ate a little bit before lying down beside her and

pulling her into his arms.

Clarissa touched his chest with a hand and deliberately dug her nails into it.

“I wasn’t joking just now, you know? I really am jealous. If you get too close to other women, you’ll have to sleep in the study and pay a fine of one million. Any other intimate gestures will be a ten million fine plus a month of sleeping in the study. And—”

“Alright. You call the shots.”

Matthew readily agreed, grasping her chin to plant a lingering kiss on her lips.

“Mm, the meat tastes good.”

Clarissa fumbled for words and complained, “Can you stop tasting food through my lips? It’s embarrassing, okay?”

People always hope to show their best side to the one they love, but Matthew and his weird kinks. Isn’t he bothered by the taste of food in my mouth?

Matthew grinned. “What’s there to be embarrassed about? My jealous little one.”

“Hmph! Yeah, I’m a jealous person.”

She had no qualms admitting to her jealous streak.

Matthew pressed her under him again and gazed at her dotingly. “Are you full now? Then squeeze me dry in bed to make sure I don’t find other women, hmm?”

Squeeze him dry?

Clarissa wailed on the inside. I'm pretty sure it's the other wayaround.

