

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 253 - 254

Even though Clarissa stayed with Catherine the whole night, her mind was somewhere else.

She only had a few bites of her food before she got lost in her thoughts once again. Naturally, her behavior did not go unnoticed by Catherine. But knowing that Clarissa had a

lot on her mind, Catherine chose not to say anything.

After dinner, Clarissa accompanied the old folks to the beach for a stroll. To them, it was a

lovely time as they laughed and chatted. To Clarissa, however, every second felt like torture.

It was past nine when they finally made it back to the hotel.

Even the short wait for Catherine to shower and get into bed proved to be arduous for

Clarissa.

"Why aren't you sleeping yet, Clare?"

"Oh, I'm not sleepy. Why don't you go to bed first, Grandma? I'll be at the balcony."

As she watched her granddaughter walk away, Catherine sighed, not saying anything else.

Clarissa stood on the balcony, enjoying the view and night breeze. Before long, Matthew had

also come out to join her, albeit on his room's balcony.

Not only had he changed into a more comfortable outfit of T-shirt and pants, but he also

seemed to be in visibly better spirits than before.

Clarissa immediately broke into a radiant smile when she saw him.

She realized how goofy she must look with such a big smile plastered on her face, but she

didn't mind it one bit. Seeing Matthew always brought so much joy to her that she couldn't

help but smile.

She wanted to say something, but the words were stuck in her throat. The more she tried to

get them out, the more she hesitated.

In the end, she got so upset at herself that she stood rooted to her spot and pouted.

Matthew chuckled and shook his head. "It's okay. We'll just look at each other."

But I want to do more than just look!

Despite craving physical contact with Matthew, she knew she could only contend herself

with looking at him.

If the balconies were any closer, she'd have run over to join him without hesitation.

Alas, she didn't have the superpowers to carry out that feat, so she could only watch him

from a distance.

But with every passing second, it got more torturous when all she could do was look and not touch.

All of a sudden, an idea flashed in Clarissa's mind. She tiptoed back into her room, only to

hear a sound asleep Catherine snoring away. She hurriedly snuck out of the room, her heart pounding away.

After closing her room door and making sure there weren't any movements in it, she ran to

the room beside hers.

She had only just reached the room when the door opened, and Matthew pulled her in. The

next thing she knew, she was pushed up against the wall while Matthew kissed her hungrily.

Clarissa responded in kind by wrapping her legs around his waist as she kissed him back

just as fiercely.

In that moment of passion, it was like nothing in the world existed except for the two of

them.

Amidst their heavy breathing and sensual moans, they soon made their way to the bed.

When Matthew tried to pull away, Clarissa clung on tightly and pouted.

He chuckled before kissing her again, though his kisses were softer this time.

Clarissa, however, wasn't satisfied. She started to grind against him to titillate him further. It

didn't take long for Matthew's body to react to that, but he continued to keep himself in

control.

He merely kept her in a tight embrace as he continued to kiss her tenderly.

"Matthew..."

The sweet, sensual voice of Clarissa almost pushed him over the edge, but Matthew didn't

give in to the temptation.

He held her down and growled softly, "It's not appropriate, Clare."

Clarissa pouted as she stared at him. "Grandma's sound asleep. She's not going to know. I'll

head back earlier, so she won't find out."

Matthew knew she had a point. The way things were going, it wouldn't be long before he lost

self-control and gave in to temptation. So why not go with the flow?

Just as he was about to take it a step further, there was a sudden knock on the door.

Clarissa immediately pushed Matthew away and sprang out of bed in shock.

Seeing how frightened she was, Matthew felt amused.
“It’s okay, Clare. It’s just room service delivering my dinner.”
“Oh? Dinner?”

Patting her chest, Clarissa heaved a sigh of relief. “I almost died of fright. I’ll go open the door then.”

She was about to chastise Matthew for having his dinner so late when she found a rude shock waiting for her at the door.

Instead of room service, it was Catherine who had paid them a surprise visit. Matthew had also made his way to the door when he heard Clarissa’s loud gasp. And once

Catherine saw him, everything instantly became clear to her.

“Catherine!” Matthew exclaimed.

Catherine ignored him and stared daggers at Clarissa. “Are you trying to drive me to my grave?”

Tears welled up in Clarissa’s eyes as she hurriedly shook her head. “No, no. Grandma, I’m not. We’re just... I...”

Unfortunately, the more she tried to explain herself, the more tongue-tied she became.

Matthew grasped her hand in a bid to calm her down and turned his attention to Catherine.

“Catherine, you know how much Clare cares about you. That’s why she promised not to marry into the Tyson family. She may have interacted with me, but she hasn’t broken that promise. I admit that my family has humiliated you and Clare, and I’d offer my sincerest apology if you’d accept it. One thing’s for sure, though. Clare and I are truly in love. We can—”

Before he could finish his words, Catherine held her hand up to him. “That’s enough.”

She then walked into the room and took a seat, her calm demeanor a stark contrast to her outburst in D City.

Clarissa’s heart was racing so fast that Matthew had to calm her down.

Hand in hand, the two of them walked toward Catherine and sat in front of her.

“Matt, I know you’re a good one. But if I had known earlier what your family was like, I wouldn’t have agreed to you and Clare being together. Of course, I am partly to blame for

this. I was too naive and didn't realize how discriminating wealthy families could be when it came to social statuses."

Matthew looked like he was about to say something when Catherine once again held her hand up to stop him.

"Let me finish what I have to say."

Matthew nodded and stayed silent.

Catherine glanced at her granddaughter, who was feeling guilty after getting caught red-handed. Despite that, her hand was still tightly clasped with Matthew's.

"Clare, I can't stand being humiliated and bullied by the Tysons. But more than anything else, I can't stand the shame I have to face. Never had I expected Gloria and Mimi to be so despicable. Do you know how depressed I get every time I think of the shame they've brought to our family? It's no wonder others look down on us. I can sever my ties with them, but their actions will still be an eternal stain on our family's name. Unfortunately, that stain is what will follow you like a plague for the rest of your life. That's also the reason the Tysons will never give you the respect you deserve."

Catherine sighed at the mention of her daughter's family. The Lesters' greed was something outsiders would never be able to fathom.

"I may be old, but even I could tell that the Tysons set you up that day. Even if they accepted you, you still wouldn't be able to hold your head up high in their presence. Clare, we've been through a lot, but look how far you've come. You've turned out to be a beautiful and independent woman, and you're so much more capable than your peers. You may not mind putting up with the Tysons, but I do. Even if you hate me for it, there's no way I'd let you get mistreated by them. Besides, you won't have a lack of suitors, so why limit yourself to one man and put up with his family's disdain for the rest of your life?"

Tears started to stream down Clarissa's face as she listened to Catherine's words intently.

She didn't even cry after the humiliation she faced on her birthday, yet she found herself unable to hold back her tears at that moment.

Once again, Catherine turned her attention to Matthew. "Matt, I do understand your

intentions. But the truth is, love alone wouldn't be enough to sustain your relationship. Clare might eventually give in, so let me be the villain to end your relationship once and for all. If you must, you can direct all your anger and hate at me. I can live with that, as long as it's for Clare."

Matthew pursed his lips and contemplated Catherine's words for a moment before he finally said, "You did nothing wrong, Catherine. I can understand where you're coming from."

Catherine shook her head sadly. "No one can truly understand another person unless they've been through the same experience. Perhaps you and Clare just aren't destined to be together. Clare, stop crying. I won't let you be with Matthew, and that's final. If you still treat me as your grandmother, walk out of this room with me right now and never see him again.

After today, I won't restrict you anymore. You'll have to make your own choices. But if you

think I'm wrong, you're free to stay, and I'll stay out of your affairs from now on."

Clarissa knew Catherine was implying that if she chose to stay with Matthew, it'd be as

good as cutting all ties with her grandmother.

"Grandma..."

Catherine steeled her heart against her granddaughter and walked out of the room without any hesitation.

Meanwhile, Clarissa stood frozen in the room, torn between following her grandmother or staying with the love of her life.

She was on the verge of hyperventilating as her cries got louder. Faced with the hardest and

almost impossible choice to make, her heart ached like never before.

Matthew was devastated, seeing Clarissa in so much pain. He felt like his heart was being

stabbed and slowly ripped apart with every tear that rolled down her face.

"Clare..." he called out to her.

Both of them knew that if Clarissa left, it would spell the end of their relationship.

Matthew

tightened his grip on her hand, not wanting to let her go.

Suddenly, Clarissa turned around and hugged him tightly, bawling even louder as she did.

Matthew was her world, and the thought of losing him terrified her.

Matthew's heart sank even further, weighed down by his inexpressible sadness, for he knew that Clarissa had made up her mind.

It took all of her strength, but Clarissa finally walked out of the room, and it was a decision

she would have to live with for the rest of her life.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 254

Three years had passed in the blink of an eye.

As Clarissa stepped out of her car, a gust of cold wind blew into her face, instantly sobering

her up.

Pulling her coat tighter together, she was glad that she had worn a warmer one out in this

frigid weather. After quickly making her way into the restaurant, she was led to her reserved

table.

Clarissa smiled apologetically at the man who was already seated at the table. "I'm so sorry

for being late."

When he saw her, the initial irritation he felt from having waited for so long instantly vanished.

"Not at all. I was just early. Miss Quigley, you're even prettier in person."

Under normal circumstances, any woman would be flattered after being praised by a man.

But after going on so many blind dates, Clarissa had gotten used to such compliments.

To her, there was no longer any point in looking pretty or being showered with praises.

Clarissa merely smiled faintly and removed her coat. Even with short hair, minimal makeup,

and no jewelry, she still radiated elegance and beauty effortlessly.

She may be approaching thirty, but her complexion was still as youthful as someone in their

early twenties.

"Ms. Quigley, what would you like to eat?"

Since he had asked, Clarissa didn't hold back either and ordered her favorite dishes.

Her blind date never stopped asking questions even as they tucked into their meal.

"Ms. Quigley, for someone as young and pretty as yourself, it shouldn't be difficult to find a

boyfriend. Could it be that you have very high standards?"

"Not at all. As long as it's someone I can see eye to eye with."

"What about me then? Do I meet that requirement?"

Clarissa's lips curled into a tiny smile as she looked at him. "You aren't too bad yourself, Mr.

Danvers. It shouldn't be difficult for a fine, young man like you to find a girlfriend, or could it

be that you have very high standards?"

Trent was a little taken aback when Clarissa smoothly directed his question back at him.

Instead of being offended, he gave out a hearty laugh.

"Ms. Quigley, you're very interesting. But you aren't wrong. My standards are very high

indeed, so I only have eyes for people like yourself."

"Because I'm pretty?"

"No. It's because you're good in all aspects. You graduated from a prestigious school and

went on to become a famous screenwriter and author. Even though I may not know what

shows you've worked on, I do not doubt your abilities. I'd be lying if I said looks never

mattered to me, so the fact that you're beautiful blows me away even more. You've pretty

much met all my requirements. Besides, I'm starting to realize just how interesting you are."

Clarissa stopped eating and stared at Trent.

"Mr. Danvers, I think you left out the most important requirement."

"What would that be?"

"Love. Blind dates are pretty old school, but in my opinion, a spark is still required to get the

relationship going. Why would you marry if there isn't love? Would you do it just because

you've checked off your list of requirements?"

Trent laughed it off and tried to change the subject. "Ms. Quigley, I'm sure a beauty like

yourself has practically everyone fawning over you."

Clarissa smiled and shook her head without saying another word.

As much as she tried to hide it, Trent still noticed Clarissa's disapproving look. Even though

he felt snubbed, he was more than willing to put up with it. After all, the prettier the women,

the more patience he had for them.

"Ms. Quigley, can I call you by your name?"

Slightly taken aback by Trent's straightforwardness, Clarissa kept quiet for a while before

she replied, "I'm sorry, Mr. Danvers. Are you aware of my situation?"

"Yes, I am, Ms. Quigley. But if we do get married in the future, we could perhaps discuss it."

Clarissa pursed her lips as her expression instantly darkened.

"I think I've stated my terms very clearly, Mr. Danvers. There's no room for discussion. You shouldn't have come today if you have any objections."

"No, it's not that. I just think that—"

Before Trent could finish his words, Clarissa had beckoned the waiter. "Check, please."

Trent was dumbfounded at the sudden turn of events, and he could only look on helplessly

as Clarissa settled her half of the bill.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Danvers. I still have a business trip to rush for, so I'll be leaving first."

She got up from the table right after and quickly made her way out of the restaurant. As soon as she reached home, she grabbed the luggage she had already prepared before

calling a cab to the airport.

Before her departure, Clarissa decided to call her grandmother to let her know of the trip.

"Something urgent has cropped up, so I'll be there for about two days. Don't worry, Grandma. I've packed warm clothes, and there will be heaters in the hotel room too.

I'll be

fine."

"How was Mr. Danvers?" "He's okay, but he's not my type. Besides, he wasn't agreeable with

my terms, so why bother? Okay, I have to board the plane now. I'll call you later at night."

After ending the call, Clarissa glanced at her phone and suddenly broke into a smile. With a

shake of her head, she pushed her luggage and boarded the plane.

Before long, she had arrived in D City, where the strong gusts of wind nearly blew her over. It

was so cold that she started trembling as she quickly hailed a cab.

Along the way to the hotel, the driver started chatting with Clarissa. He went from complaining about the weather to talking about the recent developments in D City.

When he

found out about Clarissa's occupation, he even tried to get her to spill the beans about the

latest gossip.

Clarissa had no choice but to pander to him until she reached the hotel.

After a long hectic day, she could finally take a breather when she checked into her room.

Exhaustion set in as soon as she lay in bed, and she fell asleep almost immediately.

When her phone rang, Clarissa woke up groggily, only to realize it had started snowing

outside.

After a good, long stretch, she finally answered her phone.

"Mandy? Aren't we only meeting tomorrow?"

“Oh, my dear Clarissa! Have you checked into your hotel?”

“Yes, I’m already here. In fact, I just took a nap. What’s up?” Clarissa replied with a yawn.

“I was out earlier and bumped into Ms. Zaha. She heard you were coming to D City and suggested meeting up tonight.”

“Oh, that’s no problem at all as long as she’s not busy.”

On the other end of the call, Mandy chuckled. “Well, she is indeed a little busy. She’s got a

movie premiere to attend tonight, followed by a gathering. And right after that, she has to fly

off to another city. That’s why she suggested that you come along for the movie so that we

can go for a meal after. It’ll be fun!”

“How can I say no when you’ve already planned everything out for me? Alright then, you can

pick me up tonight,” Clarissa said with a smile.

“Great! You should grab something to eat first. I’ll come by at five to pick you up.

Better to

leave earlier in case of bad traffic... “

As promised, Mandy showed up punctually, and the pair made their way to the movie

theater. After being ushered to her seat by Yaala’s assistant, the premiere soon got underway.

Yaala was a veteran actress, and her popularity had soared even more over the last few

years. She might have only done a few movies, but they all went on to become blockbusters.

To her, quality was always more important than quantity.

Even though this was her only movie release for the year, there was no doubt that it would

be another stellar box office performer, thanks to the top-notch directing and acting.

After the screening, Clarissa waited patiently inside Yaala’s car. It took a while before Yaala

finally joined her, and the two of them shared a warm hug.

“You know the director too, don’t you? He said to treat this as an early celebration for having

worked so long and so hard. Let’s just relax tonight! Tomorrow, I’ll have to begin my nationwide tour.”

“It sure is tough being a movie star,” Clarissa said with a chuckle.

“It is. You know, I do envy you for having the talent to be a screenwriter since you get to relax

once you finish writing. When I get too old and wrinkly for showbiz, I'd probably have to work behind the scenes."

"Old and wrinkly? Surely you jest, Ms. Zaha. Even when you're sixty, you'd still be a traffic stopper."

Yaala grinned and shook her head, her gaze never once leaving Clarissa. All of a sudden,

she stretched her hand out and pinched Clarissa's cheeks.

"Speak for yourself. You're almost thirty, and yet you've still got such a youthful complexion!

Share your secrets with me!"

"Sleeping, napping, more sleeping... "

Yaala rolled her eyes in mock annoyance. "Fine. I haven't had a good night's rest in months,

unlike you. Your schedule's flexible, so you can sleep all you like."

As the two friends chatted, they soon reached their destination. They then entered a private

lounge full of staff who had worked on the movie, from the directors to the actors and

videographers. Some were familiar to Clarissa, but the others were new faces.

Yaala kept the introductions brief, telling everyone that Clarissa was her friend.

Naturally, no

one was insensible enough to probe further.

However, Clarissa's beauty attracted attention wherever she went.

A few men tried to strike a conversation with her, but her cold and detached demeanor

made her very unapproachable.

Other than Yaala and the director, she wasn't interested in talking to anyone else.

"Clarissa, you've had such successful, award-winning collaborations with Justin and Xavier,

but why haven't you produced any new works recently?"

"I have, but production has been slow, so the movies aren't out yet," she replied with a polite smile.

"Come on, Clarissa. Don't just show your scripts to other directors. I'd love to see them too!

Is there any chance of us working together?"

Clarissa nodded with a hearty laugh. "Of course! Working with you would be my honor, Mr.

Goode."

"That's good! Once I've freed up some time on my end, I'll come to you. And I'm not lying. I'll

even do it the proper way, through your studio and all."

"Sure, Mr. Goode."

Clarissa's previous collaboration with Justin had gotten her a "Best Screenwriter" award. Even the movie she wrote after that became a surprise hit at the box office. With two achievements under her belt, Clarissa's popularity had soared, turning her into a highly sought-after screenwriter. Despite her fame and fortune, she still preferred to keep a low profile and hardly showed up in public. Ever since she had her own studio, her sole responsibility was to churn out scripts, while everything else was left to her staff to manage. Of course, she would still show up at a handful of events and meetups with friends. But after three years, not many people could remember the reason she wanted to keep a low profile.