

## **You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow**

### **Chapter 257 - 258**

The moment Clarissa hung up the phone, the enthusiasm on her face faded away.

She threw herself into Matthew's embrace like a little girl.

Then, she yawned with her hand over her mouth, looking exhausted as though she just

came back from a war. As she thought of the reason she was so tired, she could not help

but pinch Matthew's arm to vent her anger.

"It's all your fault."

By that time of the day, she was still feeling dizzy. How I wish I could get back to sleep right

now. But I need to get home this afternoon, so I must book the flight.

Matthew was stroking her face gently with his big hand while trying to comfort her.

"Get some more sleep."

Ignoring his suggestion, she reached out for her phone. After setting the alarm, she started

searching for the next flight. Just when she was about to complete her booking,

Matthew

snatched her phone away.

"Are you really leaving today?"

Clarissa replied languidly, "Yup, I've promised my darling."

His lips twitched. "So he's your darling, and I'm not?"

Looks like someone's jealous.

The corners of Clarissa's lips drooped to form a frown as she snatched back her phone.

"Don't be such a child. I have to keep my promise. He's expecting me to be back by today, so

I can't let him down. Besides, he's more important than you."

At that instant, Matthew was lost for words.

Holding her tightly in his arms, Matthew let out a long sigh as he realized his domineering

charisma was starting to lose its effect on this woman.

She obviously cares more about the little guy than me. Matthew had not expected that one

day, he would have to compete with another guy for her. And there was no doubt that he

was the loser in this competition.

"Clarissa!"

The look in his eyes grew cold and grim.

However, Clarissa ignored him completely while she went on to book her flight. After that,

she set the alarm and jumped right into her nap.

Matthew was beyond exasperated by her attitude, but he could only watch as she dozed off in a blink of an eye. Forget it. At least I can still feel her in my arms right now. This is way better than those days when I could only meet her in my imagination. Matthew hugged Clarissa tightly and slowly drifted into sleep as well. A few hours later, the alarm rang. But before it could wake Clarissa up, Matthew jolted out of bed and swiftly turned it off. Staring at Clarissa, who was still sound asleep, Matthew let out a cunning smile. He left a gentle kiss on her forehead while he pulled out his arm from under her head. Without making any sound, he got out of the bed and headed into the bathroom. Right after he freshened up, Donnie arrived at the door to deliver some clean clothes. After exchanging a brief conversation with Matthew, he left. With that, Matthew got changed and sat down before the desk in the room, trying to accomplish some work before Clarissa woke up. He occasionally lifted his head to check on his woman, who was still in bed. For some reason, she had cut her long hair short, but still, she was as lovely as before.

Matthew could spend the whole day staring at her. As the day started to get dark outside, Clarissa's phone rang all of a sudden. Reflexively, she reached for the phone and answered it. At that instant, the voice from the other end flushed away all her dizziness. She started explaining nervously as to why she was not yet home by that time. "I'm so sorry, Darling. Something urgent came up suddenly. Don't be mad, alright? Of course. I promise I'll bring you to play when I get back. Anywhere you want to go. Yes, I'll buy you a toy too, but you can only pick one..." Clarissa was utilizing all her available tactics to comfort the angry child on the phone. In the end, the comforting and persuading lasted for more than half an hour. Matthew sat there the entire time without moving an inch, overwhelmed with jealousy and displeasure. While on the phone, Clarissa lifted her head and spotted the upset look on Matthew's face. With a sneer, she shot him a glare. "Did you shut off my alarm?" she asked as soon as she ended the call. Matthew denied in a composed tone, "Nope. You didn't hear your own alarm." "That's not possible."

“Why not? You were so tired that you were snoring. How could you hear your alarm when you were sleeping so soundly?”  
Upon hearing that, the vein on Clarissa’s temple throbbed, and she did not question him further. Matthew’s explanation sounded pretty reasonable, and there was no way for her to prove otherwise.  
Her expression turned awkward as she could not come up with anything to retort back.

However, she was still extremely mad.  
“Then, why didn’t you wake me up?”  
“Why should I?”  
“You... You’re playing dirty!”  
Clarissa pouted at Matthew huffily, and the latter seemed to accept her accusation willingly.  
With that, a staredown between them kicked off. Eventually, Clarissa’s glare was defeated by the smile plastered on Matthew’s face. With a pout, she got out of bed and went to take a shower.  
By the time she walked out of the bathroom, she was already dressed in a simple knitted dress. She looked extraordinarily sexy in that piece, and her figure was much more shapely compared to three years ago. Gazing at the alluring sight before him, a flame of desire burned within Matthew.  
Matthew rose from his seat, abandoning his work. Then he approached her and wrapped his arms around her waist while trying to kiss her. Unexpectedly, Clarissa pushed him away at once.  
“Don’t even think about it! I am still mad at you.”  
Matthew let out a helpless laugh. “Clare, please try to understand. How much time did I have with you in the past three years? I believe we’ve not even met more than ten times. Compared to the time you spent with that kid, I don’t think I’m asking too much, am I?  
Besides, he knew you were meeting me, yet he deliberately urged you to go back. Clearly, he’s going against me.”  
“Can you stop calling him that kid? This is preposterous. He’s not even three years old. How could he possibly be that smart? He knows nothing.”

Matthew chuckled softly. "Yeah, right. The only thing he knows is how to compete with me."  
Out of words, Clarissa rolled her eyes inwardly.

Alright. I admit that my boy does surprise me sometimes. He can even say, "I love you, Mommy," while hugging me at such a young age. And ever since he learned about his daddy's existence, the latter has become the person he despises the most. Whenever Clarissa went on a business trip, he would assume she was meeting up with his daddy. No matter how hard she explained, he would not believe her. Hence, Clarissa could only go on business trips behind his back. As expected, when he found out that Clarissa was on another business trip, he cried for a long time on the phone, accusing his daddy of stealing her again. In his mind, it was all Matthew's fault that Clarissa could not spend time with him. "He's still young, and he has never been separated from me. So can you stop acting so petty?" "No, I can't!" "You..." Clarissa's face flushed red with fury. "Please! You're already over forty..." Before she could finish her sentence, she got cut off by his intense kiss, which lasted for quite a while. And after that, Matthew did not forget to mention, "Clarissa, I'm only thirty-nine, not forty." "Pfft..." I don't think there will be another man who's fussy as you. At that thought, Clarissa could not suppress her laughter while she poked Matthew's chin mischievously. "Uncle Matthew, people often say, men age like wine and become more sophisticated with time. But look at you, why are you still so childish like a little boy?" Matthew grabbed her finger swiftly and said in an earnest tone, "Do I look that old?" Look at him being petty again!

Despite feeling annoyed, she started comforting him, "Not at all. Look at your fit body. Thanks to your habit of going to the gym, I bet others will think of you as a thirty-year-old man! Just one year older than me." She did not mind lying at all in order to keep him happy.

Just like what she expected, Matthew seemed satisfied with her explanation. He let out a

genuine smile while pulling her hand to his lips and kissed it.

“Are you hungry? Let’s go out for dinner. And how about staying at Zen Highlands tonight?”

“No, thanks. I’ll just stay in the hotel,” Clarissa rejected without hesitation.

Clarissa stood her ground, refusing to enter the Tyson residence, including Zen Highlands.

Feeling helpless, Matthew hugged her and complained in a low voice, “You’re a hard woman

to please. If you don’t like Zen Highlands, we can find another place. You know I am even

willing to buy a new house for you. But you won’t accept it, will you?”

She pouted like a stubborn child. “I’ve always been like this. You should know that.”

“Yes, I know. What if you buy one for yourself?”

Clarissa blinked in disbelief. “Please... You know I can’t afford it.”

“I could lend you the money first.”

“No way!”

She says that all the time. All Matthew had been getting from her all these years was rejection. And now that she was finally earning more money, she used it to pay the office’s

rent instead of getting her own house.

She was so stubborn that he would have believed she was trying to break up with him if it

weren’t for the assurance she gave him.

“Alright, alright.”

Once again, Matthew could only give in.

“Then let’s head out for dinner and come back here after that.”

Clarissa finally agreed after Matthew compromised. But as soon as they stepped out of the

hotel, Clarissa’s phone rang; it was Ellie asking to meet her.

Soon, they arrived at the restaurant mentioned by Ellie. But Matthew noticed that there were

other people besides Ellie in the private lounge, and he raised his brow in irritation. Give me a break.

“Clarissa, why are you with Matt?”

Jeremy was the first to break the silence, addressing the elephant in the room.

With that, Clarissa responded indifferently, “We met at the entrance. We are not close.”

Right at that moment, the whole room fell into an awkward silence, and everyone burst into

laughter seconds later.

Yarick acted as blunt as he had always been. “Well, what’s so funny? Honestly, I’m not close

with some of my hookups too.”

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Everyone in the room was stunned momentarily by his insensitive comment.

With that, everyone burst into a fit of laughter again.

"Hahaha..."

Jeremy's laughter was the loudest among the group, and he made no attempt to hold it in.

The others who were laughing slowly quietened down as they spotted the menacing glint

flashing across Clarissa's eyes.

Jeremy was the last one to stop laughing, but his eyes were still filled with mockery.

He

knew that he couldn't tease Clarissa and Matthew directly. Thus, he patted Yarick's shoulder

and joked, "Yarick, that's not a very good habit. Having sex with someone you're not close

to? Sounds morally inappropriate to me!"

Surprisingly but reasonably, Yarick was offended by Jeremy's joke, and his expression darkened while he flung Jeremy's hand away. "Your hookups are way more than mine.

Who're you to lecture me? Moreover, it's just sex, isn't it?"

Upon saying that, Yarick cast a meaningful glance at Matthew and Clarissa, implying that

they were the same as him.

At that moment, Clarissa's heart skipped a beat, but she tried to act calm. "Mr.

Payne, why

are you looking at me? I won't be able to answer for you since I've never done what you and

Mr. Smallwood do."

"Hold on a second. Clarissa, why are you involving me in this? I'm totally different from

Yarick. I know my partner really well, okay?"

Jeremy responded with a blatant lie, and Clarissa showed no interest in entertaining them

anymore.

The next moment, she sat down beside Ellie and started chatting with her.

Meanwhile, Matthew chose the seat beside Clarissa, but Jeremy was determined not to let

him off the hook. "Come on, Matt. Clarissa has insisted that she's not close to you, so come

sit over here and chat with us."

Matthew shot him a stone-cold look to warn him off, to which Jeremy responded with a

shrug.

Rolling her eyes inwardly, Clarissa refused to respond to Jeremy's teasing.

“Ellie, why isn’t Shawn here?”  
Ellie snorted, apparently mad at him.

Eventually, she quoted Clarissa, “I’m not close to him.”  
Clarissa’s face was devoid of expression, but Ellie continued to explain, “I’m not trying to tease you, but I’m really not close to him. We only meet up occasionally.”  
Clarissa chuckled while shaking her head. The two of them are more like foes. However, she was aware that it was not her place to advise Ellie, as she could not even handle her own personal matters.  
“Alright, let’s stop talking about people we’re not close to. I should be on my way home now, but I missed my flight. I need to head back to W City latest by tomorrow. Since we’ve not met for so long, why don’t I stay at your place tonight and we can chat till morning? Maybe you can tell me the story of that man you’re not close to.”  
She tried to keep her volume down, but still, her words were overheard by Matthew. He interrupted abruptly, “No!”  
Her last night was supposed to belong to him. Thus, he would not allow anyone to snatch her away from him.  
Clarissa blurted out, “You have no say in this. We’re not close.”  
Matthew felt as though a knife had stabbed through his heart as he could not comprehend why Clarissa kept going against him.  
He reached out his hand to grab Clarissa’s firmly even though the latter had insisted that they were not close.  
Eventually, Ellie chose to give in as she pitied Matthew.  
“Clare, maybe next time. I have another plan tonight, so I’ve got to leave right after dinner.”  
Clarissa glared daggers at Ellie but received merely an awkward grin from her. Matthew was satisfied with Ellie’s response, but he did not realize that the other men were sneering at him.

Both of them had been through quite a journey in the past three years, and their relationship had become more complicated than before.  
Indeed, everyone had their fair share of worries and struggles in life.  
Henry, who was silent the entire time, suddenly asked, “Clarissa, have you seen Yaala?”  
Hearing his words, Clarissa rolled her eyes.

Here's another troublesome couple.  
Clarissa had no intention to be courteous. "Mr. Jackson, I've met her the previous night. But honestly, she did not speak of you. In fact, if you hadn't mentioned her, I wouldn't have known that you guys are acquainted."  
With that, a dark expression loomed over Henry's face.  
"Ms. Zaha is a cruel woman," Jeremy could not help commenting. "Even crueler than Clarissa."  
Ignoring Clarissa's cold glance, Jeremy let out a chuckle. "In fact, I could say all women are cruel. Of course, men could also be cruel at times. But I'm the exception as I always have a soft heart for women."  
Yarick snorted out of nowhere, apparently disagreeing with Jeremy's words.  
Meanwhile, Henry poured himself a glass of wine and began drinking.  
Clarissa refused to stick her nose into Yaala's business as she figured love was not a matter that others could intervene in. Furthermore, she did not think that Yaala had any true feelings for Henry.  
Men are mostly jerks. Henry was the one who wronged Yaala in the first place. Why would he pursue Yaala again if he chose to dump her back then? What a joke.  
In fact, Matthew is the only guy here who's relatively loyal and affectionate.  
At that thought, Clarissa cast a sweet smile in Matthew's direction.

Matthew was somewhat surprised by this unexpected smile, oblivious to the fact that Clarissa only appreciated him after comparing him to the other men.  
Somewhere around the second half of the dinner, Justin suddenly arrived at the restaurant.  
Without beating around the bush, he brought up Clarissa's new movie. The production of the film was fully sponsored by Tyson Corporation and would commence soon.  
"Have you confirmed the director and the actors? And where will the filming take place?"  
His series of questions rendered Clarissa speechless.  
Right then, she looked to Matthew for help, and the latter tacitly responded, "These are not decided yet, but we will provide the best resources we have."  
Justin pointed out directly, "You're spending big to buy this woman's heart. Of course, I admit that Clarissa's work is good and will surely earn back the money you invested. Anyway, it just so happens that I have a candidate in mind for the director. He's young but

extremely talented. What do you think?"

"I'm sure whoever Director Yates recommends is the best."

Clarissa did not have a single doubt about Justin's choice.

They continued to discuss some work-related issues. The more they talked, the more congenial they became to each other's tastes.

On the other hand, Matthew, who was sitting at the side, started running out of patience.

The clock is ticking. How could these bunch of people eat for so long? Especially Director

Yates, when will he stop talking to Clarissa?

He was worried that the night would be over before he realized it.

Eventually, he failed to suppress his impatience as he cut off their conversation abruptly. He

put Clarissa's coat on her and grabbed her hand.

"We've got to go. You guys have fun."

Before Clarissa could react, she was dragged out of the private lounge.

The rest in the room were also stunned by their sudden departure but soon smiled in amusement.

Since Matthew had left, they could finally gossip without holding back.

"I was wondering how long Matt could endure. Just as what I expected, his patience only

lasted ninety minutes."

"We can't blame him. I thought that they were already over three years ago. If I hadn't

discovered that they went to the hotel in secret, I would have been fooled by them."

Yarick was the first witness who saw Matthew and Clarissa going into the hotel together. To

think that I even hesitated to bring women along whenever I went to meet him for fear that it

would make him sad. Looks like I was overthinking.

Indeed, no matter how they insisted they were not close, the truth was the contrary.

"I, on the other hand, never believed that they actually broke up. If that were true, I'm afraid

Matt would have killed Clarissa before ending his own life. But of course, I doubt he would

resort to doing that."

Even though Jeremy's prediction sounded exaggerating, it was undeniably some truth in it.

Ellie chimed in, "During the first year, they did not contact each other at all. Even I failed to

meet her although I went to W City numerous times. Her grandma wouldn't let her out. So I

thought it was really over between them."

Jeremy stroked his chin, seemingly lost in contemplation.

Right then, a thought struck him, and a sharp glint flashed across his eyes.

He added, "I remember that when Clarissa came to D City for the award ceremony during the second year, she seemed to have gained some weight. Don't you think it's strange since they had broken up?"  
"What's the problem with that? Do you expect everyone to lose weight after breaking up?"  
Ellie retorted right away.

Jeremy let out a smile, shaking his head. "I was thinking about something else. Forget it then. Since they have left, we should finish eating too. I still need to find my unfamiliar friend later and spend the night with her."  
Everyone burst into laughter, while Ellie frowned in silence. Those two words made her think of Shawn. Right. He's just an unfamiliar friend. Clarissa spent a long, intimate night with Matthew before she headed back to W City the following day.  
The moment she opened the door to her house while holding onto her luggage, the kid who was playing in the living room rushed to her and hugged her leg tightly.  
"Mommy, you're finally back! I missed you so much! To the point that I didn't even have the appetite to eat."  
What a little sweet talker.  
Clarissa felt amused and moved at the same time. She squatted down and hugged him while she planted kisses all over his face.  
"Darling, it was the same for me. I missed you so much that I forgot to eat. Look at me. I've lost weight, haven't I?"  
Indeed, the chubby little kid was the perfect combination of his parents. He had big eyes with long lashes, an expressive face, and pinkish lips that kept spitting out sweet words.  
At that moment, he used his tiny hands to hold Clarissa's face while his obsidian black eyes studied her earnestly.  
He left a gentle kiss on his mother's forehead and coaxed, "Yes, you've lost some weight. I'm heartbroken."  
Clarissa's heart melted upon hearing his words.