

# You' ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

## Chapter 263

Nonetheless, such a blatant move in a hotel would only be regarded as flirting.

Despite struggling wildly and screaming at the top of her lungs, Clarissa merely attracted a casual glance from others. After all, what did it matter if she wasn't a willing participant? Who would be willing to interfere and bring trouble upon themselves?

Indeed, the most horrifying thing in the world wasn't the discovery of various despicable deeds — it was the discovery of men's apathy toward those deeds.

In other words, the most terrifying thing was men's indifference.

Clarissa knew she would be fine since Yael would be back soon, but being hugged for even a second by Winston in such a manner truly had her on the edge of breaking down.

She had merely struggled for a few seconds, but it felt like the longest time in her life. While Yael had yet to return, Winston urgently whispered threats into her ear.

"You'd better know your place. If you go along with me, I'll propel you to even greater heights by investing in every single work of yours. You can even film them however you like. Otherwise, I'll ensure that you'll no longer be able to stay in this industry..."

"Buzz off!"

"Haha, you're really making life difficult for yourself, Ms. Quigley. How naive of you!"

The intoxicated man's expression abruptly turned vicious, his threatening gaze derisive.

At long last, Clarissa managed to snag a pen from her bag. In an instant, she ruthlessly jabbed it at him. On the heels of that, a blood-curling scream echoed in the lobby. Shuddering, everyone swung their gazes over, only to see Winston clutching his arm that had the pen protruding from it. At that sight, they all flinched. Ow, that looks excruciating!

Winston's eyes blazed scarlet and teemed with viciousness. He charged toward her as though a moment away from strangling her to death.

Terror-stricken at the threat in his eyes, Clarissa backed away several steps.

At that precise moment, a sneering voice that was obviously colored with smugness rang out.

"I was wondering who it was, and I'm surprised it turned out to be you, Clare. What a coincidence! I haven't seen you in many years, but I never expected you to have stooped so low. There are actually men interested in you despite being a reject? But well, I guess that makes sense. You're indeed beautiful with your superb looks, so men would certainly flock to you. Alas, those men have no idea that you're merely a used wh\*re!"

Looking over her shoulder, Clarissa saw that the person mocking her was none other than Mimi, who now went by the name Misty.

Despite the chilly winter, the woman was only wearing a tight and revealing mini skirt. Her breasts seemed to have increased in size, and her countenance was also seemingly different from the Mimi of the past.

Indifferent, Clarissa neither refuted her words nor got up in arms.

Merely regarding her cousin as invisible, she spun on her heels and strode away.

"Hey! Stop right there, b\*tch! You injured me, yet you want to simply leave just like that?"

Winston seemed to be in such pain that he was on the verge of committing murder earlier, yet he was stopping Clarissa in the next moment. Hence, it was apparent that her assault didn't hurt him all that much.

Clarissa's lips curved into a cold arc. "I'll foot the doctor's bill, Mr. Warren."

"F\*ck you! Do you think I've got no money that I need you to pay for the doctor's bill? Who do you think I am that you're simply leaving after injuring me? Mark my words! I'll make your life a living hell! Don't dream of surviving in this industry anymore, for I'll have you begging me for mercy on your knees sooner or later!"

That wasn't all he said. Subsequently, he became even cruder as he spoke. Meanwhile, Mimi sashayed over to him. She swayed her hips and fluttered her eyelashes, radiating sensual enticement from head to toe.

As expected, Winston spaced out while staring at her chest. After a long moment, he asked, "Do you know her?"

"Haha... not only do I know her, but she's my cousin. You're Mr. Warren, yes? I've met you at a cocktail party once."

"Oh, really? I couldn't have possibly forgotten about it if I'd met a beautiful lady like you."

Giggling, Mimi murmured, "It's not too late to make my acquaintance now."

Hah! He doesn't even care about the hole in his arm anymore at the sight of a woman. How lascivious!

Mimi flashed him a beguiling smile. "Are you interested in my cousin, Mr. Warren? I know a lot of things about her. Back then, she almost married into the wealthy Tyson family. Alas, she was sadly abandoned in the end."

"The Tyson family? Are you referring to that Tyson family?"

The look in Winston's eyes changed, and his gaze on Clarissa became all the more perverted.

"Haha... I want to have a go at the woman whom Mr. Tyson has bedded as well..."

Hearing that, Mimi sniggered. "Right? I think many men would be interested in the woman Mr. Tyson has once bedded."

Clarissa stared at her, but Mimi deliberately flashed her a provocative smile as though saying that she was doing it all on purpose while she couldn't do anything to her.

Conversely, Clarissa's brows furrowed, and a sharp, cold gleam glinted in her eyes.

"Mimi Lester, was the lesson three years ago not enough for you? Do you also want to end up like that woman?"

The people nearby had no inkling who Clarissa was referring to, but Mimi did.

At that warning, the latter's heart lurched violently.

It was clear as day that she was afraid, for she ducked behind Winston.

"Don't be afraid. Calm down, Ms. Lester. Why are you afraid of a few words from a used wh\*re? You've got me, no? I'll protect you."

Wearing a fearful expression, Mimi burrowed into Winston's arms.

Just then, Yael walked in and spotted the scene. While she didn't understand what had happened, she shielded Clarissa at once.

Meanwhile, the hotel staff had already summoned a doctor to treat Winston.

Although Clarissa hadn't held back her punches, the tip of a pen could only go so far, so it couldn't have punctured all that deep.

Nonetheless, Winston would never let the matter rest. His ultimate goal was to have Clarissa beneath him, after all. To that end, he blurted a myriad of threats, basically saying that she wouldn't be able to survive in the industry, and

threatening her by saying that her days would be a living hell even if she did survive.

In that particular industry, the person with the money was the boss in most cases — he would have the power of largely determining someone else's fate.

That was a reality no one could change.

If I don't have Matthew in my corner today, I think I would definitely quiver in fright and lament the near-hopelessness of my future. After all, that would truly be the end of me if I were to be blacklisted again, Clarissa mused.

In the next instance, a wave of intense fury hit her.

I've been slaving over my job, and when I finally make something of myself, everything I've achieved is simply being denied now. What kind of world is this? What kind of industry is this?

The sudden moment of pessimism had potent violence flittering across her eyes. A brief instance of madness seized her, and she was gripped by the urge to rush up and drag the man and woman down with her.

However, that was merely a fleeting thought.

Grasping back control of her sanity, Clarissa merely swept an icy gaze over Winston and Mimi, who was watching the show.

When Yael heard Winston's impudent speech, her brutal side manifested.

"If my memory serves, Mr. Warren, you established your company with your wife, yes?"

That sharp remark hit the man squarely in the chest.

Snorting, Yael continued, "Coincidentally, I've met your wife before and even has her contact. And Mr. Warren, before I joined this industry, I was an attorney, one that specialized in divorce lawsuits."

"How dare you?"

"Alright, this matter ends here. Please excuse us."

Hah! You're not the only one who can go around threatening people!

Triumphant, Yael then left with Clarissa. As for whoever the two people behind them wanted to hook up with, that was no longer their business.

After getting into the car, Clarissa remained silent while Yael was rather peeved.

"How dare Winston Warren think we're easy prey just because we didn't counterattack? It's none of our business however he wants to mess around out there, but how dare he have designs on you now? He must be sick of living!"

"Don't be angry, Yael. It's not worth getting incensed over someone like him. Anyway, I repaid him in kind."

"Why on earth did you use a pen? You should've lashed out with a knife and chopped off his hand!"

Upon hearing that, Clarissa chuckled. "How I wish! Unfortunately, I didn't have a knife on me. It looks like I've got to bring a knife with me in the future."

After driving her back to the hotel, Yael stayed for a while. She phoned Winston's wife for real, but she didn't mention a single word about Clarissa, merely saying that she saw Winston with Mimi earlier."

When she had hung up the phone, Clarissa cast her a glance.

As usual, Yael's face was devoid of expression. She merely arched an eyebrow. "What is it?"

"I never knew you're such a patient person, Yael. I thought you'd furtively find an opportunity to deal with him."

"That's precisely what I'm doing right now. Why do you think I notified Mrs. Warren? Her lethality alone is far greater than any other means I can utilize. She was a gang leader in school back in the day; a top dog in the underworld. As such, her methods are extremely ruthless."

"Then, why does Winston Warren still dare to mess around outside?"

"Most of the time, she merely turns a blind eye to it, but I deliberately phoned her just now to bring it out in the open. She'll naturally be mortified, so he'll definitely get it from her when he goes home."

As Clarissa imagined the scene of a man fearing his wife, she inexplicably found it rather hilarious.

She giggled while leaning back against the chair languidly. Looking at her, Yael suddenly asked, "How much longer are you planning to remain in this relational state of vagueness?"

At that, Clarissa's laughter drew to an abrupt halt. "Why are you asking?"

"No particular reason. But it's actually bad for both you and Mr. Tyson. You'll certainly suffer much aggravation since you can't associate with him publicly. However, the same goes for Mr. Tyson. I think he must be far more eager than you to put an end to this situation."

“So, you’re standing up for him now?”

Yael shook her head. “No, I’m just mentioning it in passing. Alright, I’ll leave you to your rest.”

After she left, Clarissa returned to the bed. Plopping heavily onto the bed, she sprawled out and buried her head. Her mind was a chaotic mess, and sorrow bogged her down.

She naturally knew that it was unfair to Matthew when even Yael could sense it.

However, she had been so reliant to accept his kindness and tolerance toward her that she had been reluctant to bring up past hurts again and take the issue to the table.

Three years wasn’t a long time, but to them, time flew. After a long three years, she was now nearing thirty years old, while Matthew was approaching his forties.

How many more three years did they have to squander?