

# You' ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

## Chapter 264

Clarissa hadn't yet managed to sort out the inexplicable conflict between her and Matthew because she was swamped with work.

"The publisher plans to have an illustrated book for all your works and design a cartoon image for you to make up a complete hardcover collection. I've contacted the illustrator, so why don't you meet him and tell him your terms? The two of you can discuss if there are any problems."

Yael then gave her a location and told her to meet the illustrator there.

Upon arriving at the quiet teahouse, Clarissa met the so-called illustrator.

Hmm... he seems rather familiar. The illustrator then lifted his head from his fragrant tea that emanated wisps of steam. As he smiled faintly the moment he spotted her, he almost seemed ethereal.

That was, if he didn't speak.

Clarissa remembered him as the man who kept chattering incessantly on the plane back then.

And as soon as she sat down, Joshua started going on and on. Well, well... No wonder he asked to meet in a teahouse. It's so that he'll have tea to drink when he gets thirsty from his non-stop blathering.

"We meet again, pretty. It seems that our fates are truly intertwined. I never thought you would actually be the renowned writer, Clarissa Quigley! I've read your works, and I really love the various themes that range from cardinal issues of morality to the ups and downs of life. They're truly liberal and classy. It's really a surprise that such a beautiful and adorable girl can actually produce such novels! Indeed, I salute such writers!" He then continued, saying, "Oh yes, I'm a slightly famous illustrator. We'll be collaborating for some time, so let's get acquainted. Where are you from? What food and drink do you enjoy? And what's your favorite color? By the way, what kind of habits do you have when writing? Oh, don't think I'm trying to intrude on your privacy with all these questions. Actually, I just want to understand you better. Of course, it's perfectly fine if you don't feel like answering. I can ask you other questions, such as whether you base your characters on real people and..."

"Mr. Ferguson!"

As her patience wore thin, Clarissa finally interrupted the man's prattle.

"Ah, don't address me as Mr. Ferguson, Ms. Quigley. That's too formal. Why don't you call me Joshua? Can I call you Clarissa? I think the first thing after getting acquainted is to change the way we address each other. Or do you mind me calling you Clarissa? How about I call you Rissa? I think Rissa sounds more intimate, and I believe it'll enhance our relationship for our upcoming collaboration..."

Clarissa lowered her head and stared at her cup of tea. As she watched the tea leaves sinking to the bottom, her thoughts drifted.

Matthew drinks tea occasionally though he also drinks coffee and wine. He seems to prefer red wine. She remembered that he had quite a collection of red wine back when she was with him. There are many famous wines in the wine cellar in Zen Highlands, but I don't know which one he prefers since I've got no interest in red wine.

Strictly speaking, apart from his favorite food, she didn't really know what else he liked.

I claim to love him, but in hindsight, I don't think I'm doing a good job of it. I have no inkling of many of his preferences. In this aspect, he's much better than me. Oh yes, why are we giving each other the cold shoulder now? Well, I can apologize first, but I'm used to him compromising throughout the years. Thus, such an attitude of mine is probably the result of him spoiling me. Therefore, it's not entirely my fault. At least half the blame lies on him!

"Rissa? Rissa?"

At Joshua's repeated calling of her name, Clarissa finally lifted her head.

She flashed him a faint smile while wondering inwardly, So, he has finally finished talking?

"Well, let's go now, Rissa!"

"Go? Where to?"

"To have fun! I've been cooped up for a long time, and I've been planning to relax after meeting you today. We can talk about the characters in your works as we do something fun together! Oh yes, the publisher also asked me to design a cartoon image for you, so I need inspiration! Let's go! Inspiration always comes to me when I'm having fun!"

As Joshua said that, he dragged her out without giving her any room to protest.

When he said "having fun," he truly meant it, for he brought her to an amusement park with kid rides as well as dangerous, high-altitude rides. Clarissa didn't want to go on any of them, but he coerced her into doing so. Even though she almost retched when she alighted from the ride, it was undeniably thrilling.

Of course, he also brought her to many other places in D City. Most of them were places she had never visited, for he had a knack of finding surprising spots in hidden alleys and snack streets.

She was truly exhausted after going around the entire day, but she also realized that the man wasn't actually all that annoying.

"You never expected to find all those places in D City, no? I love exploring places unknown to others throughout the years, and it's not just D City. I've also been to..."

Still, the issue of his non-stop talking had been plaguing her.

She merely buried her head in her dinner without interrupting him, allowing him to speak at length.

After dinner, Joshua was still unwilling to allow Clarissa to leave. Instead, he brought her to a bar.

The woman was initially against it, but she was then taken aback when he started drawing in the bar with such a chaotic atmosphere.

"I like drawing conflicting scenes in such an atmosphere. Look, the various facades of humanity are entirely bared in this bar. I think such a scene is very suitable for the scene where you described the meeting between the various sects. While everyone wears a mask of civility, each of them have an ugly side deep within them. They claim to uphold justice, but they actually instigate strife for their own interests."

Joshua then showed her the drawing in his hand. "Don't you think so?"

Surprisingly, the drawing easily attracted Clarissa's attention. While every single one of them dressed finely, the expressions on their faces vividly depicted their innermost thoughts.

Seeing that, she was truly astounded. Meanwhile, Joshua had finally attained a sense of accomplishment from her approval, so he was incredibly smug. He then continued drawing.

Clarissa had no further arguments in the face of such convincing proof, so she merely sat there quietly without bothering him.

Although no one bothered them in the semi-translucent private lounge upstairs, others could make out their countenances.

Besides, Clarissa was a stunning beauty, so she naturally attracted attention.

The thought that he was truly living in a small world hit Winston when he went home that day. His wife laid into him, so he had been exceedingly aggrieved. Never had he expected to bump into Clarissa today.

Ever since she stepped in the door, he had noticed her as well as the “boy toy” beside her.

All at once, he ordered some men to do something for him. Shortly after, a drunkard staggered into the private lounge while tussling with another man, bringing the fight there. However, Joshua was entirely lost in his own world. Despite a fight breaking out, he continued drawing with his head lowered. Clarissa, on the other hand, could only dodge in avoidance. However, the two men seemed intent on drawing closer to her, almost injuring her amidst the chaotic brawl. Joshua only lifted his head furiously when his drawing book was knocked off, getting into their faces in chagrin, only to get dragged into the fight and beaten up.

As the commotion grew, it naturally attracted attention. The bar manager came over, and someone pulled the brawling parties apart. Clarissa was in a sorry state because she had been knocked around and injured in an attempt to protect Joshua during the fight.

“What happened? What’s going on here?”

As it was a bar, the manager was from the underworld. Thus, he was unfazed despite often having people causing trouble.

Unexpectedly, the two men who were fighting suddenly pointed their fingers at Joshua.

“This kid seduced that woman, Mr. Quinn. That woman is our boss’ woman. He’s a weakling, yet he wants to seduce our boss’ woman with a pen and paper! And that woman is truly audacious. We’ve caught her red-handed, but still...”

They twisted the facts, claiming that Clarissa was their boss’ woman who hooked up with a boy toy, so she started the fight since she was caught red-handed.

The manager usually didn’t get involved in such a matter, knowing whose underlings those two men were regardless of the veracity of their claim.

“Alright, all damages will be borne by the two of you. I won’t be showing you any mercy if you continue brawling. Go out now and settle any problems outside my bar!”

“Yes, of course, Mr. Quinn! We’ll get going at once.”

They then happily dragged Clarissa away despite her desperate struggles. “Let go of me! I don’t know either of you! Save me, Joshua...”

However, Joshua had been restrained, leaving him helpless to resist. In the next moment, someone clapped a hand over Clarissa’s mouth before she could speak further and dragged her out.

No one seemed to care about such behavior.

As Clarissa continued to cry out, only muffled sounds escaped out of her mouth. A sense of despair rose within her. Oh my God, could they be human traffickers?

Fear engulfed her at that moment, but she urged herself to remain calm. All of a sudden, her gaze snagged at something by the side, and she swung her leg out while being dragged away. The table stacked high with wine glasses swayed before the wine glasses on it came tumbling down, shattering into pieces on the ground. It caused a great commotion that had the music abruptly cutting off and everyone's gazes shooting her way.

She continued struggling, yet she simply couldn't break free from their hold. All she could do was to kick out and stomp around frantically...

Upon seeing that the situation was getting out of hand, the two men wanted to drag her away swiftly. But out of the blue, a voice rang out, and someone blocked their path.

"Where did you go, Clare? Didn't you say you'll wait for me at home? Why, were you going to surprise me?"

Luke sounded languid and unperturbed as he spoke. There was an intrigued smile hovering over his lips as he stared at Clarissa, whose eyes were bugging out of her head. At such a sight, he couldn't help but chuckle lowly.

"Ah, this is certainly an epic surprise. Come over to me, Clare," he murmured.

Meanwhile, the two men wavered. What the hell? Don't tell me this woman really belongs to Mr. Harrison?

They naturally knew who Luke was.

Hesitant, they both glanced at Winston, who was at a corner of the bar. Clocking that, Luke followed their gazes and caught sight of Winston as well.