

You' ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 266

"At the hotel?" Matthew asked suspiciously.

His question sent a chill up Clarissa's spine. "Are you here too?"

"No."

She heaved a sigh of relief. "Okay. I'm sleeping, so let's talk tomorrow."

Before she could relax her guard, he continued, "I was there."

He must be feeling upset that I wasn't in my room when he came earlier.

She bit her lower lip, a little taken aback by his harshness.

Clarissa came clean with him immediately. "I'm hanging out with my friend. It's late now, you should get some rest."

"I know all your friends. Tell me, who are you with? And where are you now?"

She was feeling guilty.

"Tell me, where exactly are you now?" he repeated, sounding intimidating.

Memories of the brawl at the bar flooded into her mind. She knew Matthew would hear about it eventually.

"I'm at the hospital."

Thirty minutes later, Clarissa was waiting at the entrance of the hospital with her trembling hands in her pockets as she stamped her feet impatiently.

Then, a black car stopped in front of her.

She pursed her lips when the tall man got out of the vehicle. "My friend is asleep. Let's talk outside his room."

Matthew gave her the once-over. After he assured that she was all right, he stared at her unhappily with his profound eyes.

"What happened?" he questioned.

She slowly lowered her head to evade his eyes.

They hadn't met each other for two days. The air was thick with tension. Instead of showing his care, he interrogated her like a criminal.

Despite that, she spat everything that had happened to her that day, including her encounter with Winston.

"That's it. My friend was beaten because of me, so I need to stay beside him. Not to mention, I have to thank Luke for saving me. Hmph! I will never forgive Winston Warren for this!"

Clarissa knew she didn't have the means to deal with Winston. She would have to ask Matthew for the favor, but she couldn't muster the courage to bring it up since he was giving her the cold shoulder.

He said nothing after she was done talking. Suddenly, he turned away, lit a cigarette, took a drag, and blew clouds of smoke out.

She glared daggers at him.

He's smoking instead of saying something! Does he have to act this way?

She snorted and fell into a moody silence.

Matthew's hands were shaking uncontrollably as he tried to contain his rage to avoid scaring Clarissa.

Initially, his anger was directed at her, but the moment he heard someone abusing his woman, he wished he could strangle the culprit. Regardless of how he felt, Matthew thought it was wiser to keep their conversation to a minimum. That would reduce the chances of them getting into another fight.

He took another long drag to calm himself before turning around to face her.

"Go back to the hotel now. Just hired a caretaker."

The moment she heard that, the anger she had bottled up a while ago exploded.

"This is none of your concern. Besides, I can't just leave my injured friend behind. Mr. Tyson, thank you for coming. But you can leave now."

Matthew grabbed her elbow just as she was leaving.

"Clare, stop making a scene. I just-"

"I'm making a scene?"

Her anger ratcheted up another notch. How dare he pin all the blame on me!

"What do you mean by that?" Clarissa shrieked. "Are you saying that I brought this upon myself? Fine! I deserved everything for making a scene. Tyson, let go of me now! You jerk, hands off!"

She kicked his shin hard and broke free from his grasp. Then she stomped back into the hospital, leaving a clueless Matthew at the entrance.

He massaged his temples, deep in thought.

Did I say something wrong to offend her? Was I wrong to ask her to go back to the hotel?

Like most men, Matthew thought women were unpredictable with their constant mood swings.

After a while, he finally returned to his car and said to Donnie, "Hire a caretaker to look after Clarissa's friend. Also, I want you to run a background check on Winston Warren and placed the information on my desk tomorrow."

He didn't want to put more pressure on her, so he took his leave. He would meet her again after her anger subsided.

Meanwhile, in the ward, Clarissa was sobbing after being wronged by Matthew had wronged her. They had been together for so long, but he had never broken her heart like this time.

It was late at night, and she was crying to herself in the corner with no one to comfort her.

He left without even comforting me. I guess he must be really irritated and upset with me. The pain in her heart intensified.

Indeed, they hadn't spent much time together in the past three years.

I know it has been hard on Matthew with Grandma opposing to our relationship. He's a proud man. It's a wonder he could put up with the illegitimate status with his family for so many years. Why is he suddenly so distant? Am I no longer worthy of him? He might even have another woman in his wife now.

At that moment, Clarissa was immersed in a world of doubt and anxiety.

She waited up for him at night. Each time there was a knock on the door, her heart raced, expecting to see Matthew. Instead, the nurse walked in and she forced a smile on her face.

The following day, Joshua awoke and was surprised to see her puffy eyes. "Rissa, what's wrong? Did you cry?"

Suddenly, she burst into a fresh bout of tears.

“Rissa, I get it. I know you like me and you’re worried about me. You cry because you feel bad, right? I appreciate it. Don’t worry, I’m totally fine. It’s just a broken rib. I’m happy that you’ve finally opened up your feelings. Please don’t cry. I promise I’ll never let you down. I’ll love you and protect you. I...”

He misunderstood her. For some reason, she found him amusing.

“Enough. Stop being delusional. I’m crying not because of you.”

“Then what are you crying for? Did your husband abuse you? If he makes you cry, leave him. He’s not the right man for you. Rissa, divorce him. I’ll treat you better than him.”

Suddenly, the door burst open. They instinctively turned their attention in that direction, and Clarissa’s expression changed immediately.

Joshua raised his brows. “Who are you? What the hell are you looking at? How dare you look at my woman? Get out now!” he roared at the intruder.

The man was none other than Matthew, who overheard their whole conversation from the other side of the door.

He shot Joshua a murderous glare. “Clarissa is mine!”

“Rissa, is he your husband?” Joshua asked in surprise.

“No.”

“Great, I’m glad he’s not. I’m confident in myself, but if this man is your husband, I don’t think I can beat him.”

Clarissa stared at Matthew, her expression sour.

He met her eyes and asked, “Should I show him our marriage certificate to prove I’m legally your husband?”

“Why not?” she replied. She didn’t take his words seriously.

At that, Matthew pulled out a document from his suit pocket.