

# You' ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

## Chapter 267

What's that? Oh, the marriage certificate. The one from three years ago.

Clarissa had not seen her marriage certificate in a long time and had almost forgotten that she was a married woman.

Of course, only Matthew and I know about this. Oh right, my part-time lawyer, Yael, and Tyson Corporation's chief lawyer Hector too.

Clarissa's mouth twitched.

"Matthew, do you carry your marriage certificate everywhere with you?"

The man in question raised his eyebrows as if to ask, "Is there a problem?"

However, she could not deny anything. No problem. Of course not.

Feeling somewhat guilty, she remained silent and avoided his gaze.

On the other hand, Joshua widened his eyes. "Is that a marriage certificate? Can I see it? I haven't seen one before."

Feeling helpless, Clarissa asked, "Is that your main focus, Joshua?"

Upon hearing her words, he came back to his senses and quickly composed himself.

"Oh, right, that's not the point. But the point is, Rissa, he really is your husband. I don't really want to provoke him, so I'd better quit first."

He's a good man who knows how to read the room.

Matthew smirked in satisfaction and looked over at Clarissa, but was she rolling her eyes at Joshua instead. How hopeless! He's admitting defeat before he even tried. No wonder he can't find a girlfriend.

Matthew put away the marriage certificate, then walked in and sat down, not the least bit looking as if he was there to care for a patient. He acted as if he was in his territory, his movements powerful and graceful.

"Clare, you've stayed here all night. You must be tired too. Go back and rest. I have a caretaker here anyway."

However, she still had some anger left in her and wanted to vent it out. Yet, even though Matthew made it a point to come over, she would not let him off easily.

With a calm expression, she ignored Matthew, looking at Joshua as she said, "What do you want for breakfast? I'll get it for you."

Despite Clarissa's "warm" concern, Joshua felt the air turn cold as a dangerous aura filled the surroundings. He had never felt that cold before.

He chuckled awkwardly, then said, "It's fine. Let her go and buy it. I'll eat anything."

He then asked his caretaker to go and buy him some food.

However, it meant that only the three of them were left in the ward. Instantly, Joshua felt the air become more suffocating.

As long as Matthew was there, he felt as though he could not breathe properly.

If things continued the same way, Joshua would suffer from frostbite first before his injury even healed.

"Um... I..."

He suddenly spoke weakly, interrupting the strange silence between the other two people.

Then, when suddenly faced with the unusual stares from both of them, he awkwardly tried his best to seem as small as possible before he said, "I want to sleep. I still don't feel very well. You guys should leave and don't disturb my rest."

Since the patient was already chasing his visitors out, Clarissa had no other reason to continue staying there.

She left the room first, and Matthew soon followed after.

Just as they exited, Matthew grabbed Clarissa's wrist and pulled her hard into his arms. His other hand grabbed tightly onto her slim waist, making her unable to move at all.

"Let me go..."

Clarissa pretended to struggle, of course, without success.

Matthew then lowered his head as he leaned into her face. His breath tickled her cheek, hot and intimate.

"Clare..."

His voice was low and firm.

“Still angry?” he asked.

She snorted coldly then glanced away, not wanting to meet his gaze. She clearly did not want to bother about him.

However, regardless of how angry she was, things were fine as long as explanations were given.

But I can't handle it. I'll just stay silent like this till the end.

Helpless, Matthew leaned further in, nosing her cheek. His voice softened and had an additional tone of compromise.

“Clare, I really didn't mean anything else when I said those words last night. I wanted you to head back to the hotel and rest well. If I'd said something wrong or didn't realize my problem, could you please tell me? If you tell me what I did wrong, I'll definitely correct it. If you don't say anything and just sulk like you're doing right now, I still won't know what I did wrong. Then, wouldn't your anger be in vain? In that case, I might still upset you because of the same thing in the future.”

Clarissa asked coldly, “Are you threatening me?”

Wow, look how innocent he thinks he is!

“Clare, Darling. That's not what I meant. Look, you're overthinking again.”

“Yeah, okay, I love to overthink. Happy?”

Matthew was speechless at that.

Why is she getting angrier the more we talk?

He felt helpless, for he really could not understand why she was angry.

It's really tough being a man.

Of course, he could never speak his mind.

He sighed and kissed her on the forehead before he laughed lowly. “Clare, you've really wronged me.”

After speaking, he did whatever he could to show her exactly how pitiful and wronged he was. Gradually, Clarissa began to smile slightly. As she met his soft gaze, she became softhearted.

However...

Her eyes were still swollen.

When she suddenly recalled how badly she had cried the previous night and how her mind had been wandering off wildly, she felt uneasy.

Her expression abruptly turned cold again as she pushed Matthew away.

"I'm going back to the hotel."

Who cares if he's pitiful. Is he as pitiful as I am?

Moreover, Clarissa had already forgotten that she was his wife. However, seeing the marriage certificate had made her even more confident. Even if what she imagined was true and he really wanted to dump her, she would take half his assets before getting divorced.

Humph!

With her chin held high, she strode proudly out of the hospital.

Matthew still did not understand anything as he watched her proud, leaving back. Everything from her previous anger to her arrogance then was really all incomprehensible to him.

After sending her back to the hotel, he did not disturb her rest.

Subsequently, he left after she had eaten.

Since he still had some time, he needed to deal with those reckless men.

Elsewhere, Winston had not been able to snatch Clarissa away from Luke. Thus, in addition to his anger, Winston was actually more frustrated because he could not get her.

Perhaps Clarissa was not all that desirable. However, time and time again, he failed to get what he wanted. Therefore, the longing he had for something he could not obtain was very obvious.

That night, he left the bar dejectedly and went home only to get scolded by his wife. The angry Winston then headed to see Mimi, otherwise known as the internet-famous Misty.

Misty was then more of an escort who had been with many men. As long as they had the money, she was willing to sleep with them. Therefore, Winston, who was both rich and could invest in films and dramas, was someone that she could not miss out on. After a session of sex, he began to talk to Misty, who was lying beside him, about Clarissa.

"Misty, if you help me get her, I'll let you be the female protagonist. How about that?"

What he offered was actually what Misty wanted.

Disregarding her naked body, she rolled over and sat on him, deliberately rubbing her body on his. Thick makeup was still intact on her face.

"Do you mean it, Mr. Warren? What movie? What kind of female protagonist? You'd better not lie to me..."

He laughed, once again aroused by her body, but suppressed his desires first as he rubbed and squeezed her body with his big hand.

"A new movie I invested in. It's about youth love, called something like Folding Youth. Have you heard of it?"

"Really?" she became more excited as she continued, "If it's really this movie, then you have to promise me, Mr. Warren, that I'll be the female lead. You can't go back on your words."

"Haha... I'm the investor, so I have the final say. But, only after I've gotten that woman. Come, tell me, how sure are you that you can help me?"

She smiled and bent over, rubbing her chest against his body. Then, she deliberately lowered her voice, seducing him.

"Mr. Warren, she's my cousin. Does it look like I don't have the means to? Back when she wanted to marry rich into the Tyson family, I was the one who wrecked her plans. Compared to that, bringing her to your bed is a piece of cake. I'll get someone to knock her out and send her over to you, then you can do whatever you want to her."

"Ha! You make it sound so simple. Do you think I can't do that? Why would I need to come to you then?"

"What do you mean?"

"She has Luke behind her. Do you know who he is?"

Of course, I've heard of him before.

"She's now Luke's woman? That can't be, right?"

"Why not? I didn't succeed this time only because Luke stopped my plans."

"But Luke has so many women. She's merely one of them. Moreover, he can't be by her side every second of the day, right? Isn't it enough to get someone to kidnap her when Luke's not there? Once you've slept with her, so what if she tells

Luke? She'll be nothing but a harlot. Would he cause trouble with you over a woman like her? When that time comes, you can easily solve the problem by finding him some better women."

As soon as he heard her plan, he smiled and held her chin, smiling wretchedly.

"Tsk, Mimi, I didn't expect you to be so cruel. She's your cousin! Back then, you ruined her marriage into the Tysons, and now you're doing this to her. How big is the grudge you have for her?"

"Hate? Haha... No, there's none. I just can't stand to see her living well. Or are you pitying her now and don't want to take action anymore?"

"How's that possible? Since she belongs to Mr. Tyson, I really want to try her for myself."

Winston became more excited the more he thought of Clarissa. Even though he could not sleep with her then, he still had a woman ready in front of him. He rolled over, trapping Mimi underneath his body. Then, he imagined Clarissa's face in his mind and gave in to his sexual desires.