

You' ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 270

Three years ago, Sienna was there when Clarissa cut ties with the Tysons and left D City with her family.

The Tysons did not announce the news to public, but Matthew never mentioned Clarissa's name again.

That had all been Shermaine's elaborate plot, but Sienna was also one of the players in the grand scheme of things.

And it had been Sienna, not Shermaine, who reaped the most benefits from Clarissa's fallout with the Tysons and breakup with Matthew.

At least, everyone thought so.

However, Sienna had also been confronted with pangs of anxiety, excitement, and expectations.

She kept quiet and refrained from talking about Matthew or anything associated with him. Back then, she could still bear it.

Sienna believed that, if Matthew had a bone to pick, he would go for Clarissa's disappointing family first or even Shermaine. There was no way she could be one of his targets.

At least, that was what she thought.

So Sienna patiently waited for Matthew to start looking for a bride again, and for the Tysons to remember her as the best candidate for a daughter-in-law. But, in the end, she did not get what she had been waiting for.

First, she got wind that Shermaine had been convicted of murder and sentenced to jail. As for the evidence or the verdict, Sienna had no need to think about them, for the first thing that came to mind was that Matthew had made his move for revenge.

It had been good to know that Shermaine was in prison. She would no longer be coming up with tricks or plotting schemes again.

Unfortunately, Sienna had miscalculated.

After Shermaine's case, a scandal suddenly broke out from the college where Sienna's father worked as a professor. Her father had been accused of assaulting a female student. His reputation was instantly tarnished and he was taken away

by the police to assist in the investigation. Not only had he lost his job, but the Grande's name was dragged through the mud as a result.

Alan, Sienna's brother-in-law, did not come to her father's aid despite having the authority as a minister to do so. Truth to be told, he had run into some financial problems himself. He might not have been directly stripped of his title, after what happened, but he got transferred out of D City instead.

Sienna was aware that this had been all part of Matthew's revenge.

She was not only afraid, gravely terrified. Not only would she no longer be welcomed by the Tysons, but the only thing she had waiting for her would be Matthew's revenge. She did not even have the chance to defend herself, for Matthew had already given her a death sentence.

Sienna had run out of chances to be accepted into the Tyson family. Not only that, she might not be able to survive in D City at all. Her mother had been heartbroken after her father tarnished his reputation and his job. It was only later that she found out everything had been her daughter's doing. Sienna had since been resented by her own family.

After all that had happened, Sienna was lucky enough to secure a job. Personally, she was not negatively affected, but she might as well have been the target of vengeance because the amount of public opinion, rumors, and all kinds of negative statements had found their way to her.

Her identity as an heiress in D City was all in the past. Now, she was the object of ridicule and mockery each time she stepped out of the house. She had fallen from grace to living what was possibly the worst period of her life.

Three years was a really long time for Sienna. She counted the days and kept a low profile as time went by, hoping that the public would gradually forget about the skeletons from her past.

Three years later, as she slowly recovered amid the passage of time, she had hoped that the general public would forget about her sins. Unfortunately, Clarissa had to come along and ruin it.

Sienna wanted so much to rip Clarissa to shreds.

Alas, she fled the scene in a hurry, just like how Clarissa had left D City back then.

The man who came with her, after being left in utter confusion, asked around about Sienna. He soon came to realize that the woman had a bad reputation and cut her off completely.

At that point, Sienna had a death wish, as once again her future was plunged into uncertainty.

But that was a tale for another time.

While Sienna ran away in utter despair, things were not looking great for Clarissa either.

Although Matthew had not specifically told her what happened to all those involved in the incident, Clarissa was acutely aware that, other than the Lester family's greed, Shermaine and Sienna must have intervened in some way.

She knew that Shermaine had been put behind bars, but Sienna was still roaming around freely.

Anybody would be upset to see the one person who had tried to ruin their life.

Joshua took note of Clarissa's face, which was drained of all colors, and tapped her on the shoulder.

"Rissa, is she your rival?"

Clarissa frowned, "How do you know that?"

"Of course, it's so obvious. I say, your rivals don't hold back at all. It's Matthew's fault, you know. You should just divorce him. He's nothing but trouble and he is not a good man. You can't stop fighting with him anyway. Ah, just get a divorce."

Clarissa scoffed. "Why don't you tell that to his face?"

Joshua grimaced in response and rubbed his nose guiltily before giving an honest response, "I'm sure you've noticed, but he's not someone to be messed with. Won't he beat me up if I tell him that?"

"That's hilarious. Joshua, you must have been beaten up by many people, haven't you?" Clarissa commented as she pictured the scene in her head.

He didn't admit it. He twitched his mouth and proceeded to change the topic.

"Whatever, Rissa. If you see anything you like, tell me. I'll pay for it. Oh, right. I heard from a friend of mine that there's going to be a simple charity auction tonight. Are you interested? She's a philanthropist. She holds these functions all the time to raise funds for underprivileged children. See, she can talk the talk and walk the walk. She puts theory into practice and spends most of her time helping the kids. The reason she keeps coming back to D City is to raise funds for them."

"Sure, I'm in!"

Clarissa was not going to miss out on such a wonderful opportunity.

As a mother herself, she was interested in helping children too.

When night fell, Clarissa realized that the so-called charity auction was not as simple as she had imagined it to be. What she thought of as a small-scale banquet turned out to be the opposite of what she expected.

Clarissa and Joshua entered the banquet hall hand in hand. She had to exercise great control of her facial expressions just so that she would not yell in his face.

This is what you call a simple charity auction? Just auctioning off some low-ended artwork? Why didn't you tell me that your friend is the highly-acclaimed artist, Ms. Olive Schloss?

"Joshua—"

Clarissa clenched her teeth. Thank goodness she had worn a gown.

In front of her were a whole host of social elites, all dressed to the nines. She was fortunate that she did not listen to Joshua, who told her to come in casualwear.

She figured that a banquet was still a banquet, so she opted for a simple gown.

Tsk. Compared with everyone else here, in their neat suits and elegant dresses, she was rather underdressed.

And it would not be a banquet without cameras and reporters.

She and Joshua were the only ones in the entire grand hall who seemed out of place.

Joshua failed to notice her frustration at all. With a smile on his face, he steered Clarissa away. "Come, let me introduce you to my friend. She would love to meet a beautiful, young woman like yourself."

"Wait, are you taking me to Ms. Schloss?" Clarissa could not hide her shock.

Joshua was already leading Clarissa backstage. There, other than the staff members of the event, she also spotted some men in black suits. They must be the bodyguards, as they looked solemn and aloof. Clearly, they were here to protect someone important.

Clarissa was astonished but Joshua did not seem to care. He led her into one of the rooms backstage and knocked on the door. There was no answer.

He knocked a few more times. "Hey, open up. Open this door if you know what's good for you! I know you're in there. Quit fooling around and open the door this instant..."

Clarissa got to hand it to Joshua.

A moment later, the door swung open from the inside.

A middle-aged man emerged from the room. He looked like Joshua, except that there was a sort of regal air about him, and he seemed to come from a place of privilege.

Clarissa froze. The man looked familiar but she could not put her finger on it.

The man reprimanded them without holding back.

"For crying out loud, where are your manners? Are you tired of living?"

Joshua chortled. "Lighten up, old man. You take things way too seriously. Life's boring without a sense of humor."

He shoved the older man aside and stepped into the room with Clarissa in tow. When his gaze landed on the woman sitting on a chair, he burst into laughter.

"Ms. Schloss, allow me to introduce Clarissa Quigley, the woman I've been telling you about. She's my employer at the moment. I'd have taken her as my wife if not for the fact that she's already married. And her husband isn't one to mess with. So, too bad."

Clarissa was utterly stunned. She did not understand why Joshua could interact with Olive so casually.

Oh, wait. Where are my manners?

"It's nice to meet you, Ms. Schloss. I'm Clarissa, Joshua's friend."

Olive was a legend. At least, she was highly influential in the country. She was successful not because of her character, but her experiences and accomplishment in life as a woman. Most importantly, her compassion for humanity.

Clarissa did not expect that she could be in such close contact with the famous woman. Up close, Olive herself looked younger, more charming, more elegant and certainly much prettier.

Olive herself was friendly and sociable too. There was something about her smile that made her so approachable.

"Good to see you, Clarissa. Joshua's told me many things about you. I hear that you're a famous screenwriter and at such a young age! Oh, I've watched your movie, 'Princess'. It is fascinating!"

Clarissa blushed faintly as Olive showered her with praise. "T-Thank you. Director Yates did a great job!"

"Oh, don't be so modest. When Ms. Schloss says something is good, then it's definitely the real deal, and she really loves it. Why, when we first met, you were going for the shoot, right? I had so much regrets after that. Like, why didn't I go

after you? If I did, you'd be my wife now. Gosh, I was such a fool! And I thought maybe we could see each other again. Boy, what was I..."

Joshua went on one of his rambling sprees again.

Olive seemed unfazed. She blatantly ignored Joshua's rant and engaged Clarissa in a conversation.

It was the middle-aged man who rudely interrupted the young man's monologue.

"Keep that up or you'll be grounded."

What was that?

The threat actually worked, for Joshua abruptly went quiet.

But he gave the older man a long, hard glare.

The man merely ignored him. He turned to Olive and informed her, "I should probably go now. I have a meeting to attend."

Olive rose to send him off. The two were locked in an embrace and held hands. As Clarissa watched them, she suddenly had an epiphany, her eyes widened in surprise.

"Joshua, isn't that Jeffrey Ferguson?"

The foreign minister who often appears in the news? He and Joshua look similar, and Joshua likes to say that he's a big shot or some nobleman's son. Could they be related...? Then, what about Joshua and Olive? Oh my gosh, I must be dreaming.