

# You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

## Chapter 226 - 230

Everyone present understood Mimi's implication.

Catherine glanced at her granddaughter. She knew deep down that Matthew had a hand in it, or they couldn't have handled the hospitalization so quickly.

However, Clarissa merely smiled and debunked Mimi's claims, "This has nothing to do with Matthew."

Mimi chuckled sheepishly, befuddled. "Then it must have been my mistake."

Clarissa did not elaborate further. Instead, she turned to speak to Gloria, who was currently bedridden, "Aunt Gloria, it shouldn't be anything serious, but please have a good rest. Grandma, there's no need to worry. Let's go home for now."

Just then, Gloria grasped Catherine's hand before the older lady could respond.

"Mom, please don't leave. Stay with me."

Catherine regarded her daughter with affection. "Clary, I'll stay and accompany your Aunt Gloria. Why don't you head home first? I'll go back later."

Clarissa nodded in understanding. "It's fine; I'll stay here with you," she announced as she took a seat.

She then said to Mimi, "I assume Uncle Jacob will pay me back for Aunt Gloria's hospital bills. You should also buy some daily necessities, Mimi. Perhaps you can pack some of Aunt Gloria's clothes and bring them here. This way, you can avoid unnecessary expenses and save some money. Also, you should remind Uncle Jacob to prepare the surgery fee for tomorrow."

Silence fell upon the room after Clarissa finished her piece. She appeared nonchalant as if what she had said was within the norm.

While it was true that Clarrisa's expectations were reasonable, Gloria's family had wholly different notions.

The moment Mimi heard that, she was livid. Words of ire danced on the tip of her tongue, but she gritted her teeth and suppressed her fury.

Snapping out of her daze, Catherine immediately berated Jacob, "What are you waiting for? Hurry up and withdraw the amount you owe Clary. You have no right to use her money. And don't forget the surgery fee!"

"Mom, we... don't have money."

"Mom, you are well aware that we can't afford it," Gloria lashed out, evidently displeased. "Clary, can't you have some compassion for me? It's just a hospital bill and some additional charges – the fees are technically insignificant to someone as wealthy as you. Are you really so cold-hearted that you'd shun a relative in need? Don't you remember how I coddled you when you were young? Even beasts show more gratitude than you!"

Despite that, Clarissa chuckled humorlessly. Gloria's outraged shrieks had garnered the attention of other patients and their families.

They observed the commotion openly, intrigued but unsurprised. The hospital was a prime location to expose a person's true colors, with people ranging from magnanimous philanthropists to merciless psychopaths.

Even so, they never expected to witness a dispute up close. At that, they pricked their ears to eavesdrop on the conversation.

Clarissa's laughter died down. Just as she was about to speak, Mimi interjected, "Mom, don't say that. We might not have the money, but it's our responsibility to bear the costs. Clare worked hard to get her money, and it belongs to her. Don't worry about it, Clare. Dad, why don't you withdraw some money to pay her? If we don't have enough, I'll borrow from others."

Mimi shot her father a look as she spoke. Gloria was indignant, but her daughter stopped her before she could protest.

Mimi's antics made her seem like the textbook example of a girl who refused to let poverty crush her dignity – mature and resilient.

Clarissa scoffed internally. Mimi has only been in D City for a short while, but her acting skills have improved greatly. In addition to that, she has also become more manipulative and conniving.

Catherine, too, could see through their ploy and quickly defended Clarissa, "What are you insinuating? Are you trying to guilt-trip Clary into paying for you? How dare you have the audacity after doing all that-"

"Grandma, you can stay here and keep mom company while I go with dad," Mimi interrupted, tugging her father out of the ward.

The room resumed its quiet state. Just then, an elderly patient decided to spark up a conversation with Catherine.

"You are really fortunate to have such beautiful granddaughters!"

Catherine's plastered a smile and made small talk with her. They chatted about where they were from, whether they were originally from D City, and other customary, albeit trivial, topics.

Meanwhile, Clarissa was unbothered by others' perceptions of her. She was on her phone, sitting quietly in a corner.

Mimi and Jacob soon returned. They passed the money to Clarissa, and she breezily accepted it.

"She's growing more stingy by the second," Gloria muttered with a huff.

Clarissa's lips curled as her gaze swept over her aunt. Feeling uncomfortable, Gloria's eyes darted around the room.

"Clare, don't take it to heart. My mom does not mean ill. It's just that we're short on money lately. I hope that you understand our predicament."

Clarissa had just pocketed the money when her phone rang. Her expression softened as she picked up the call and left the ward.

"Did everything go smoothly?" Matthew's voice traveled through the receiver, sonorous and gentle.

"Yes," Clarissa answered, sounding dispirited. "I shouldn't have interfered; sticking my nose in their business did me no good."

"What happened? Did they took advantage of you?"

"No, I can stand my ground now. It's just that they tried to put up an act before me. It was so pitiful that I didn't have the heart to tear it down."

"Looks like someone has grown up a lot! Aren't you a wily one?" Matthew teased.

Clarissa giggled. "Enough of that. I've been smart from the very start; I just couldn't be bothered enough to play along with them. At the end of the day, we are related by blood. My grandma would be heartbroken if we actually broke ties, and I can't do that to her. I can go against the whole world, but never Grandma."

Matthew knew her best.

Hence, he replied with a simple "I'll sort it out later."

"There's no need for that. Don't come over," Clarissa declined quickly.

Pouting, she mumbled, "They're not worth a visit from you, and if you do show up, it'll just make things messier."

Matthew laughed with amusement. "Alright, whatever you say. I'll be waiting at the entrance to fetch you and Grandma home."

"Alright. Give me a call when you arrive, and we'll head out. Just don't come in!" Clarissa reiterated.

"Alright."

Clarissa hung up and returned to the ward. At the same time, Gloria was in the midst of a conversation with Catherine when she noticed Clarissa. She paused to ask, "Clary, were you talking to your boyfriend? Matt is from D City, and yet he never came to visit even though I am hospitalized. How busy can he be? I heard that he has a huge business. Are we, your poor relatives, not worthy of his presence?"

“Mom, what are you rambling on about? Matthew is the president of a company – he must be drowning in work!”

Mimi figured that she had responded with tact, but Clarissa ignored her completely. “Indeed, he’s quite busy. He has no time to visit, and he won’t visit.”

“Clarissa, how dare you-”

“Enough!” Catherine cut her off and brought a hand up to rub her temple. Both parties fell silent.

“Grandma, let’s go.”

Clarissa approached her grandmother to hold her, but Gloria clung to Catherine. “Mom, please don’t leave. Stay here and keep me company.”

“Aunt Gloria, Grandma is old, and she needs her rest. Furthermore, your husband and daughter are here. You’re not a child anymore, yet you’re still begging for Grandma to stay. Do you not worry about her health at all?”

Try as she might, Gloria could not find the words to rebut Clarissa’s statement. She rolled her eyes at the younger lady, her distaste written plainly on her face.

Mimi spoke on behalf of her mother. Each line was adorned with praises as if her pretty words could offset the tense atmosphere. Everything she said and did was a result of careful strategizing with the aim of painting a perfect image.

Clarissa watched her performance indifferently, too disinterested to even comment.

The moment she received Matthew’s text, she left the hospital with Catherine. Mimi insisted on seeing them off and trailed behind them.

Clarissa knew all too well what intentions Mimi harbored.

Nonetheless, Clarissa could do nothing to stop her cousin, so she let her do as she pleased.

Matthew had parked right outside the hospital. When he caught sight of the two women, he immediately exited the car to help Catherine. Clarissa beamed when she met his eyes and prepared to get into the car.

"Long time no see, Matthew," Mimi piped up.

They ignored Mimi's enthusiastic greeting and acted like she did not exist.

Realizing that they were about to leave, Mimi hastily grabbed the car handle and leaned toward the window. "Are you guys leaving so soon? Why don't you stay for a bit? By the way, Clare, is Grandma living with you? Where are you staying? Please tell me. I'd love you visit you more often and of course, Grandma too. Grandma, would you like it if I went to see you more?"

"No," Clarissa rejected her bluntly. "Mimi, no one is watching us now, so you can drop the facade. Your acting skills have improved a lot, but the eyes are the windows to the soul, and yours remain insincere. Stop pretending, because I'm tired of watching your antics."

"Clare," Mimi called out, her smile appearing forced. "What do you mean? I never, I-"

"Move away. If you don't, you can't blame us for running you over. Start the car."

The car started to move. Mimi ran alongside for a while before deciding that it was not worth risking her life.

She then let go and glared at the vehicle as it shrunk in the distance. A myriad of emotions brewed in Mimi's dark eyes, but Clarissa had no concern for them.

After all, it was no more than a reflection of the foolish and malicious thoughts buried in her heart.

Upon arriving at Zen Highlands, Catherine prepared to retire to bed.

She pulled her granddaughter aside to talk to her before leaving. "Clare," she said with a sigh, "I know that you've been hurt. Gloria and her family are cunning, so I can't judge any of your choices. However, you have to understand that your aunt is my daughter. After your father passed, Gloria became my only child. If she were safe and sound, I wouldn't intervene in your matters. But now that she's sick, I thought I would lose another-"

The pain of a mother attending her son's burial was too much to bear. Catherine was overwhelmed by the memories of that dreary day. Tears streamed down her weathered face, her heart bleeding for her lost son.

Clarissa enveloped the agonized woman in her arms and consoled her, "Grandma, I understand what you mean, which is why I refrained from lashing out. I know that she's sick, and I won't hold it against her. As for the hospital bills, I'm willing to help them out if they really can't afford it, but I have to let them know that I'm not a pushover and that they shouldn't take me for granted. I wouldn't leave Aunt Gloria to suffer."

"I know, I know." Catherine returned the hug and murmured, "My dear Clary, it must have been hard on you."

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### Chapter 227

After Catherine left to rest, Clarissa threw herself into Matthew's embrace and wrapped her arms around his waist like a child.

Chuckling lightly, Matthew caressed the top of her head as if she were a pet.

Clarissa's hair became a mess, but she did not mind. They held each other for a long while, neither of them breaking the comfortable silence.

Matthew allowed her to work through her churning emotions while he waited patiently.

Quite some time passed before Clarissa spoke.

"Grandma cried her eyes out the day my father passed away. Had it not been for me, she might have followed him soon after. Now that Aunt Gloria's sick, Grandma's greatest fear is attending another child's funeral."

"What did the doctor say?"

"It's nothing serious, and it's definitely not fatal, but Grandma still feels anxious. The way I see it, Grandma will keep worrying until the operation is over."

"Well, just have the surgery as soon as possible."

"Yeah, it shouldn't take long, but Grandma would probably be too preoccupied to enjoy herself in the meantime. I'm feeling pretty depressed myself. I understand that it's a matter of life and death, but I know all too well that they have hidden agendas."

Matthew smiled. He tilted her chin and lowered his head to give her a peck. "Don't worry about their petty schemes. Those issues will resolve themselves."

"I'm only holding back because Aunt Gloria is sick. If they push me over the edge, I can be mean too," Clarissa stated, pursing her lips.

"Mean?"

Matthew laughed lightly and pinched her cheek.

"Clare, you don't have a mean bone in your body. Why don't you show me how mean you are, hmm?"

Matthew's stare bore into Clarissa, making her chortle. She gave him a coquettish look.

"Stop it," she whined in mock anger.

She then grabbed Matthew by his ears and faked a fierce expression. Narrowing her eyes, she tried to appear as menacing as possible.

"I look mean, don't I? I'm telling you, I'm a bad person. I'm rotten to the core."

"Pray tell, what makes you so horrible?" Matthew asked, entertained.

Clarissa could barely hold back the laughter that threatened to burst out at any given moment. Her lips twitched as she pondered for an answer. Nevertheless, to Matthew, her contemplation was especially endearing.

The young woman sprang up in excitement when she found the right words.

She clutched Matthew's shirt collar and gave him a devilish smirk. "Trust me. I'll be the worst person you know if I unleash my horrible nature. I'll swindle you of all your money and emotions. I'll make you my slave for life and trample you underfoot."

Matthew arched an eyebrow and deadpanned, "Wow. What a bad woman you are, Clare. That's terrifying."

"That's so insincere. Whatever. I'm not actually that bad. I'm the kind and caring Miss Fairy!"

It was said that women were creatures of change, and the way Clarissa's mood shifted drastically in a matter of seconds was excellent proof of that.

Even so, no matter which side of her she chose to show, Clarissa would always be adorable in Matthew's eyes.

Enamored by Clarissa, Matthew bowed his head to kiss her cheek. She giggled and attempted to dodge his lips. Both of them fooled around for a while, laughing in delight.

Clarissa had been sullen all day, but coming home to Matthew had quickly vanquished the gloom.

The following day, Clarissa brought Catherine to the hospital.

Clarissa could feel the odd stares riveting on her the moment she set foot in the room. She glanced at Gloria and wondered what her aunt had told them.

The doctor soon came over to confirm the operation time. Needless to say, the Lesters could not afford the surgery.

Just then, Mimi pulled Clarissa out of the room and asked her for some money.

"Sure, but the old rule stands – you need to write me an IOU."

Mimi complied without hesitation nor complaint and received the money.

Just as Clarissa returned to the ward, she heard the chatter of the occupants. "Your granddaughter must be really lucky to marry into a rich family. It's the Tyson family! I'm sure you and your daughter will be able to enjoy your later days. The Tysons have huge businesses. In fact, I heard that they're one of the wealthiest people in the country."

"No, no-"

"Oh, no need to be modest. Your daughter told us everything! I didn't know about the Tysons before, but my son told me that his former classmate who studied overseas is now working at Tyson Corporation. The president of the company is a good catch! The Tyson family also has a good reputation. After all, their eldest son is an important official."

"No, no, you've all been misled. My daughter was blabbering nonsense," Catherine denied hastily while Gloria listened smugly.

"What do you mean 'nonsense'? Mom, there's no need to hide the truth. I'm telling you, Matthew Tyson is my nephew-in-law. It's only a matter of time before my niece marries him. So what if he has a prominent background? My niece is a great beauty, and she'll be able to live a luxurious life in the future. Hey, didn't you say that your son is unemployed? I can help him get a job at Matt's place with just a word. Matt might seem like a formidable boss, but he treated us with so much respect back in our hometown-

"Shut up!" Catherine chastised her daughter for speaking without reservation.

Gloria, however, refused to tone it down and retorted, "Mom, this is nothing to be embarrassed about, so why won't you let me brag a bit? Did Clary tell you to keep it a secret? That little brat has become so stingy after marrying into a rich family. Can you believe that she asked me to pay her even though she's rolling in money? The fee for my treatment is nothing to her! Mom, listen to me. You must let Matt foot the bill for this surgery and all of our expenses in D City. He should also pay for Mimi's tuition fee once she enrolls in a film academy. I'm sure he has connections that can help get Mimi accepted. Since he has so many properties, he should gift us a house as well. It's really not too much to ask of him, and if he fails to satisfy, I'll object to his marriage with Clary. I won't even attend the wedding."

Gloria sounded confident and self-assured when she started the tirade.

Unfortunately for her, she caught sight of Clarissa just as she announced her threat.

Gloria's face paled, but she put up a strong front and bluffed, "Clary, I'm not afraid of you overhearing our conversation. I'm your aunt. If I oppose your marriage and refuse to attend the wedding, you'll have no one from your family. We're supposed to be a family, but Matt never showed up to visit me. What insolent behavior! You have no regard for formalities."

Catherine tried to intervene but eventually surrendered and heaved a sigh. She appeared disgruntled.

Her daughter had ruined their reputation in the span of one night. By now, the onlookers would see through anything Catherine said if she tried to amend her daughter's mistakes.

Catherine gave up trying and sat in a corner, incensed. She knew that Clarisse would be infuriated as well. Her thickheaded daughter had brought it upon herself.

Clarissa was indeed annoyed, but she was not as furious as Catherine expected.

Instead, she was more confounded. How stupid can one get?

Aunt Gloria's unparalleled idiocy is a result of her inflated ego. Even a person who had fried their brains would be wiser than this woman.

Clarissa was still smiling. Unfazed by the onlookers, she repeated Gloria's words in a gentle tone, "You won't agree to our marriage? And you'll be absent for our wedding?"

"It's not that I won't agree, but I do think that Matt should pay more attention to formalities. If I'm satisfied with his performance, then there's nothing to nitpick anyway. As your aunt and a member of your family, I treat your marriage very seriously. We can't let others look down on us."

"Aunt Gloria, I think what you said is very logical except-

Clarissa faltered. In an instant, her gaze became glacial – cold and cutting as she glared at Gloria. Her voice carried the chill of north winds, and her indifference sent shivers down one's spine.

"Except I don't care about you or your family; whether you agree or not has nothing to do with me. You want to attend the wedding? I'm sorry, but I never planned to invite you in the first place."

While her words might sound cruel, Clarissa had actually gone soft on her after taking into account the fact that they were in public.

In layman terms, she meant to say "Who do you think you are?" with a degrading twist.

Gloria's features scrunched up in an ugly scowl. "Mom, look at this little brat. How dare she disrespect her elders. She-

"Enough of this nonsense. Haven't you made a big enough fool out of yourself? You're the one hospitalized, so you should bear the costs. While you're at it, remember who helped you arrange this surgery. If you wish to throw away your life, be my guest and talk to your heart's desire. We shall see who comes to your aid if you anger Clary."

Gloria was chastened by Catherine's warning.

The other occupants of the room held their tongues, none of them daring to speak.

Every sensible person had the ability to observe and assess a situation. Ever since last night, the Lesters had no qualms about acting high-and-mighty as they spouted empty boasts and tooted their own horns. As for their niece, regardless of whether she actually married into a rich family, it was obvious from her aloof manner that there was an ongoing family conflict.

Thus, steering clear of sensitive matters as such would be the wise thing to do.

After that, Clarissa snickered and sat down to play on her phone, appearing unruffled.

When noon rolled around, Clarissa took Catherine home.

Clarissa received a call from Hilary that afternoon. Ever since the incident with Shermaine, the two had never been in contact.

However, Hilary had called to emphasize her status as Clarissa's mother instead of mending their relationship.

"I am your mother no matter what, so shouldn't Matthew at least pay me a visit? News about the two of you preparing for a wedding is spreading like wildfire. Has he offered dowry? Are you not going to tell your own mother that you're getting married? Clary, you've crossed a line," Hilary grilled her daughter.

Obviously, the purpose of this call was to reprimand Clarissa.

Clarissa patiently explained, "We're not getting married yet. It's just a rumor. I will definitely let you know when the time comes."

"When the time comes?' What do you mean 'when the time comes?' It will be too late by then! The proper etiquette is to meet the parents first to receive a blessing before

proposing! Matthew never expressed his intention to marry you, and I've never agreed to this marriage. How improper it is to get married without my approval! As for the dowry, what use do I have for an island?"

Hearing her response, Clarissa clenched her jaw. "Mom, are you suggesting that you object to our marriage?"

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"I..."

Hilary paused for a while before she continued, "It's not that I disagree but it would be very insincere to just inform me of your wedding in such a way. Of course I would be upset and reluctant to agree to it."

Clarissa heaved a sigh and frowned.

"What you said isn't really what I meant. Why are you so anxious? It's not even decided yet. Besides, even when the time comes, the marriage proposal will be discussed with Grandma and not you."

"Clarissa, are you disregarding me? I'm your mom. I have the final say on your marriage. What an ungrateful sod. Is it because you have a man to back you up now so I'm nothing to you anymore? Is that what you're thinking?"

Hilary's voice turned increasingly piercing from the other end of the phone. She seemed to be exasperated.

Meanwhile, Clarissa held the phone farther from her ear and suppressed her anger. Nevertheless, Hilary was still running on over the phone.

"Don't you ever think that you're terrific now because you've found Matthew. Yes, he's well-off and he comes from an affluent family. However, do you think a man like him wouldn't have other women? What can you get by marrying Matthew? You stood out among other women now because of novelty but you'll only have a regrettable ending when he grew

weary of you. Besides, you haven't even got married yet and you're already treating me in such a terrible way. Would you even recognize me as your mom after getting married?"

Listening to Hilary's words, Clarissa got more and more bewildered.

Initially, Clarissa was of the opinion that Hilary would be the happiest person to know of the news of her marriage with Matthew.

Hilary had always wanted her daughter to marry a man from a prominent family to make her proud and strengthen her footing in the Garretts so that it would also benefit Jonathan in the future.

But Hilary is actually telling me about the banes of marrying a man with a prominent background now?

Clarissa almost laughed aloud. When does Hilary become so level-headed?

As soon as Hilary finished talking, Clarissa asked her in a very frank manner in return, "Mom, other things aside, I'm very surprised this time. You actually said that it's not good to marry a man with a well-off background?"

Hilary seemed to be troubled by the inconsistency in her own attitude as well. She replied only after pausing for a moment, "I'm not saying that it's not good but I still want you to be happy. Wasn't it you who said that you didn't want to marry someone from a prominent family but only wanted to lead a peaceful life with a dependable man? I've thought it through now and I don't want to force you into doing things that you're against. To be honest, marrying Matthew isn't as good as it seems especially when the Tysons also oppose your marriage.

"How did you know that the Tysons opposed our marriage?"

"Well, regarding this... I heard it from a friend of mine. Old Mrs. Tyson even fell sick because of this, didn't she? That's also why I'm calling you. It's for your own good. If his family doesn't welcome you, you won't be able to have a pleasant post-wedding life. Clary, let's forget about marrying Matthew, alright? You're such a beauty. You can always find someone else. Why do you have to pick an aged man whose entire family objects to your marriage? I can help to introduce some—"

"Mom!" Clarissa returned in a deep tone.

Something isn't right for sure.

Hilary's attitude is perceptibly strange.

Clarissa asked, "Mom, what are you trying to do? Weren't you thrilled that I was going to marry Matthew? Why are you persuading me to be with someone else now? Is it you or is it something wrong with my hearing? Are you plotting some conspiracy?"

"You— what are you talking about, Clary? What conspiracy? Am I that kind of a person?"

Without a doubt!

Clarissa could no longer trust Hilary. That was exactly what she thought about her.

Hilary must have some ulterior motive. Otherwise, she wouldn't have made such a request out of the blue.

"Mom, Matthew and I are truly in love with each other. It doesn't matter if he's from a wealthy family or not. The objection of the Tysons is not a problem either, so, what else do you want to say?"

"You..."

Hilary was at a loss for words. She mulled it over before replying, "Clary, do you still regard me as your mom?"

"That depends on your actions."

"W-What do you mean?"

"I should be the one asking you that. Let's be frank. What is it that you're trying to imply? Let me tell you this. If you really want me to be happy, marrying Matthew is the right thing to do. What else do you have to say?"

Hilary fell silent while Clarissa was greatly disheartened.

Before Hilary could say anything else, Clarissa spoke her mind, "I'm going to marry him irrespective of your stance. Also, I won't insist if you decide to stop being my mom. After all, you gave up on that many years ago."

With that, Clarissa ended the call promptly, leaving no chance at all for Hilary to react.

However, the matter was undoubtedly peculiar to Clarissa. She became very suspicious as to why there was such a huge change in Hilary's attitude. What is she trying to do? What is the conspiracy behind this?

Clarissa found Gina and asked her about it.

"Can you help me find out if my mom is up to anything unusual recently?"

Gina thought for a while and without any investigation, she replied directly, "Your mother meets up quite frequently with Shermaine these days."

Clarissa's heart sank and she couldn't help but cuss silently.

It's Shermaine again! How did she even get involved with Hilary?

Is Shermaine coming against me deliberately with Hilary's help?

Be that as it may, is Hilary empty-headed? One is an idol whom she adores while the other is her own daughter. Shermaine is just an outsider who was sowing discord among us and yet, Hilary trusted her completely? Is Hilary such a simpleton?

Undoubtedly, it was Shermaine's idea to instigate Hilary to stir up troubles for her. Of course, Clarissa wouldn't listen to Hilary's words at all. She would never give up on Matthew just because of some harsh words spurted out by Hilary which resulted from Shermaine's persuasion.

Clarissa sneered as she couldn't decide who was dumber between Shermaine and Hilary.

None of them was good anyway.

"What's Shermaine up to lately?"

If it wasn't because the name "Shermaine" was being brought up, Clarissa might have even forgotten about her existence. But then, her curiosity was aroused as to what this woman was doing in recent days.

According to Gina, Shermaine's latest actions were exceedingly plain. Other than meeting with Hilary, she spent most of her time at home. Apart from that, she was summoned by the authority for cooperation with the cases' investigation.

She seemed to have stayed tractable without rocking the boat.

Clarissa stroked her chin as she pondered about whether it was because Shermaine's reputation had been tarnished or she was actually behind something else that she was so well-behaved.

"Gina, is she plotting something secretly?"

Gina shook her head at that question.

"Well then, did she contact anyone unusual? Has the culprit of the road accident and the assault in the valley last time been caught?"

Gina responded, "The police have identified a target and he was the leader of a mob. He managed to escape when the police went to arrest him."

"What? Why didn't you tell me earlier? Is he related to Shermaine in any way? Will this discovery lead the investigation to her?"

"Not at the moment. From what we've gathered, he's not related to Shermaine."

That means Shermaine will still not be convicted.

Clarissa gritted her teeth. What should I do to let Shermaine reveal her true colors and bring her to justice?

"You're still keeping watch on her, right?"

Gina nodded.

Clarissa thought for a moment before she added, "Good. Continue to keep her under surveillance. I'm worried she might be up to no good again."

Meanwhile, Shermaine had the slightest idea that she had been kept under watch.

She had just finished talking to Hilary over the phone and was preparing to meet her in person.

However, after hanging up the phone, Shermaine tossed the glass of water beside her again. The maids at home were already used to seeing her in such a way.

For a month, since Shermaine stopped working and just stayed at home, her temper had been getting worse by the day. In addition to that, she was being investigated, which contributed to her losing her temper at any point in time.

But someone like her could be really gentle and kind when there were outsiders around. After all, she was an actress with fabulous acting skills. Nevertheless, her maids had long been familiar with her hypocrisy and they wouldn't be surprised at all to know that Shermaine had committed all those offenses. By judging her temper and the inconsistency in her comportment when outsiders were present, none of them would regard her as a kind person.

After Shermaine vented her anger, she changed and went out again.

The place where Shermaine and Hilary met frequently in recent days was a private lounge. The reason Shermaine gave was that she didn't want to be filmed by the paparazzi. Other than that, she wanted to keep her meeting with Hilary a secret to others, especially the content of their conversations which was much more important.

Every time she met with Hilary, Shermaine would put on all kinds of pitiable and distressed expressions.

Hilary's impression of her was always a piteous wry smile which was exactly what Hilary would fall for. Seeing the pained expression of Shermaine would inflict a similar sensation within Hilary and she would feel sorry for her. Therefore, every time when Shermaine talked about how she couldn't be with Matthew no matter how much she loved him, even when Shermaine didn't explicitly ask for anything, Hilary would be desperate to fulfill her wish.

That was why Hilary was against Clarissa's marriage.

However, her objection was nothing to Clarissa and she was even rebuked by Clarissa in return.

And when Hilary showed up in front of Shermaine this time, even before she could say anything, Shermaine hugged her tightly and started tearing up.

“Ms. Hilary, sob... Why must I suffer all these? All these slanders made no sense at all. Not only that but even Matt was stolen by someone else now. Ms. Hilary, I know that Clarissa is your daughter and I don't blame you for that but Clarissa is so pretty. She's even prettier than I am. She would definitely be able to find a better man. Why does she have to take Matt away from me? I love him so much. Without him, I'll die. Sob...”

Hilary was stirred by Shermaine's wailing and she started tearing up as well.

After a long while, seeing that Shermaine was still wearing her depressive look, Hilary grasped her hand decisively.

“Shermaine, that daughter of mine was unworthy of Mr. Tyson, not to mention that the Tysons were unsupportive of their marriage. They wouldn't be happy together. Hence, I'll definitely make my daughter leave Mr. Tyson. She wasn't even half as good as you who was a perfect match for Mr. Tyson.”

“T-That's not true, Ms. Hilary. You can't be sacrificing your relationship with your daughter for me.”

“That's not a sacrifice. I— I'm also doing this for my daughter. It's for her own good and happiness.”

Shermaine was so moved she didn't speak in a long while.

## You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

### Chapter 229

Gloria's surgery went well.

Clarissa accompanied Catherine and they waited for the surgery to be over together. Only after that were they really relieved.

Gloria was still asleep in the ward after the surgery. Catherine seemed to have unwound a lot and wasn't as anguished as she had been since her eyebrows were no longer knitted together like they used to be in the past few days.

Clarissa felt bad for her grandma but she knew very well that nothing she said would help ease her anxiety.

Now that Gloria's surgery was a success, what was left to be done was for her to rest and recuperate and everything would become better.

"Grandma, you've been keeping her company long enough today. The operation went well. Let's go back to rest first."

As Clarissa persuaded her, Catherine nodded in agreement.

However, when they were leaving and Mimi came out to see them off, she couldn't hold it any longer and made a request.

"Clare, I know I should be embarrassed to say this but I have no other choice either. I'm preparing for examinations recently and it's a critical period while my dad has to work to earn a living. We don't have much money left and no one has the time to take care of Mom after her surgery. Clare, I'm asking for your help to find a caretaker to look after my mom for a while. Will you, please?"

Embarrassed?

Does she really feel embarrassed?

Clarissa replied placidly, "Hiring a caretaker costs a great deal. Are you sure about this?"

Mimi's lips twitched. She was expecting Clarissa to help pay the caretaker's salary which was the only reason she was asking her to help.

Nevertheless, Clarissa was no longer someone that they could afford to offend. She has already been upset when Mom was shooting her mouth off last time. Thus, Mimi didn't dare to be too outspoken.

Awkward and embarrassed, she answered, "Forget it, Clare. I'll spare some time to look after my mom and if she couldn't manage herself, we can only leave it to the nurse."

Clarissa had the heart to turn her down but Catherine couldn't bear to see such a pitiful scene.

Catherine finally started, "Let me take care of your mom. It's not that I can't move. Hiring a caretaker is costly and I can come and help for a few days until your mom is able to manage herself."

"Grandma, how can that be?"

Mimi's expression was very sincere.

And when she turned to Clarissa, there was a pleading look on her face. Despite that, Clarissa knew all too well what was actually running in her mind.

She knew very well that I would help even though I was reluctant. And she's taking advantage of that.

Perhaps Mimi might even be complacent about this.

Clarissa smiled and said, "Grandma, there's no need for you to do that personally. Let's hire a caretaker if that's what they want. We'll go by the old rule— you have to write me an IOU."

Catherine nodded. "Okay. Let them give you an IOU."

Mimi was quick in writing it as she knew that even though an IOU was written, the repayment period was never certain.

Besides, Clarissa and Matthew are together now. They're rolling in money and wealth is merely a figure to them. When the time comes and I'm required to return such a small amount to them, others will only ridicule Clarissa for bullying her poor relatives if the news spreads.

That was probably what was in Mimi's mind, which was why she could write the IOU in the blink of an eye without any hesitation.

That very afternoon, the caretaker hired by Clarissa came.

Clarissa let the driver send Catherine to the hospital but she no longer followed around after that. Neither did she pay any attention to it anymore.

It was nothing unusual for Catherine to see her own daughter but Clarissa was in no mood to deal with Gloria after she underwent the surgery and recovered.

Besides, she was rather occupied as well.

Since Shermaine's reputation was ruined, there had been no updates regarding the release of the drama—The World which had been adapted from her original piece. The producer asked her to help promote it on Twitter and put in a good word for Shermaine.

Nonetheless, she was willing to help with promoting the drama but not putting in a good word for that woman.

It was indeed regrettable that Shermaine had caused trouble to the drama. Also, it was undeniable that Shermaine's acting was satisfactory. Hence, she posted a tweet to help promote it.

However, the outcome was not ideal.

Her loyal readers in the group chat also lamented the drama fiasco. To them, it was unfortunate that Shermaine had been cast in the drama and they could only wish that the movie filmed by Director Yates would not be affected when it was released. After all, Shermaine did not play a leading role in the movie. Therefore, the impact should be minor.

Sigh...

Clarissa heaved another sigh. She was holding a cup of tea, sitting in Ellie's studio.

Ellie was dealing with the factory and when she was finally able to take a breather, she saw her Aunt Clare letting out a huge sigh.

Ellie's eyebrows twitched a little. If Aunt Clare is displeased, I won't be having a good time either.

In fact, Ellie was facing a strain on her cash flow recently and was planning to seek help from Matthew. And Uncle Matt has given me a task over the call this morning. As long as I'm able to cheer Clarissa up and let her forget about all the miserable issues she was facing these days, I won't have to worry about the funds anymore.

Thinking about this, Ellie put aside all her work and walked over to Clarissa.

"Aunt Clare."

Her tone was so ingratiating that it brought goosebumps to Clarissa's arms and made her shiver.

Clarissa couldn't help rubbing her arms and side-eyed Ellie.

"What's your problem? Are you sick?"

Ellie snuggled up. "Aunt Clare, what are you sighing for? Let's forget about the chaos and be happy. Isn't it better that way?"

As she was saying that, she held Clarissa's pretty face in her palms and drew herself closer. Smiling, she said, "Look at this beautiful little face glowing like white porcelain. Why are you sighing when you have such a fine man with you and a good life to live? Carpe diem. Enjoy your life and be happy. Cheer up, pretty! Give me a smile, come on..."

Clarissa was amused. However, as soon as she started laughing, Ellie yelled immediately, "Stop, hold up. Keep that smile. Keep it on your face."

Clarissa was a little perplexed but it was exactly the moment Ellie was waiting for. Immediately, Ellie snapped a picture of Clarissa with her phone. Even though the smile was not as bright as when she started laughing, she had cracked her mouth into a sunny slit.

After Ellie finished taking the picture, Clarissa asked rather helplessly, "What are you doing?"

With a smile on her face, Ellie sent the photo to Matthew.

"Well, there's nothing to hide. I had been running short of funds recently so I asked Uncle Matt for help but he gave me a task which is to cheer you up. Hehe, so how's it? Your heart melted, didn't it? Uncle Matt is so good to you, Aunt Clare. All this was just to make you happy. Tsk, it's so romantic. Never would I have imagined a man like Uncle Matt would be doing such a thing."

"You're running short of funds? Isn't your shop doing pretty well?"

Ellie was speechless. "Hey, is this what you're supposed to focus on? You should be moved right now and not worry about my cash flow problem."

Clarissa's face was a little flushed when she was countered by Ellie.

"Hahaha... Are you being shy?"

Clarissa rolled her eyes irritably. "Please don't talk to me in that tone. Are you flirting with me?"

"Alright. I was just joking. Even though I've earned some money, I'm also quite heavily invested in this. Initially, I was only looking for some jobs but now I plan to set up my own factory and provide a one-stop service. As a result, I've invested all my money in it, and to be frank, I'm a little strapped for cash."

"Ellie, you sure are capable. Your business is growing and you'll soon become a lady boss."

"Oh please. I'm just tinkering around. Anyway, cheer up! If you're pleased, I'll be able to get some funds."

Clarissa laughed while shaking her head and just as she was about to say something in reply to Ellie, her phone chimed. It was Matthew.

"Oh! Uncle Matt is calling. Quick, put in a good word for me and he'll channel some funds to me."

Clarissa shot Ellie a sideways glance. "What? Do you think you're in a disaster zone? Channeling funds, huh?"

As she said that, she had already picked up the call. Ellie looked like she even wanted to come closer and listen to their conversations, but Clarissa got up right away and strode to a corner. Seeing as such, Ellie did not follow.

Matthew's deep and husky voice came from the other end of the phone and Clarissa's heart melted instantly, but it was also because of Ellie's words moments before.

"Clare, what are you doing?"

Clarissa chuckled softly and replied, "Don't you already know?"

Matthew laughed as well. "Ellie told you about it? So, are you happy now? Other things aside, I'll only be happy if you're happy. You know that, don't you?"

Clarissa was indeed delighted. Being missed, treasured, and doted on in such a way by a thoughtful man, how could she not be happy?

"I am. I'm joyful every day. So, you'll be giving her the funds she needs, right? She is brilliant. I really admire her. I'm confident that she'll excel in what she's doing. You'll definitely not lose out if you invest in her."

"Sure. I'll let Donnie get it done. There's one more thing."

"Huh? What is that?"

Clarissa couldn't get her head around it.

Matthew was silent and Clarissa was puzzled.

"Uncle Matthew, what else is there? Can you be kind and tell me, please?"

With such a flattering tone, even though Matthew couldn't see her expression then, he could already picture the look on her little face, especially the clever glint in her pretty big eyes."

Matthew curled his lips into a smile and spoke over the phone, "Come and I'll tell you in person."

"Can I not go?"

"No way!"

Clarissa pouted a little dispiritedly. Actually, no matter what Matthew said, his only purpose was to ask her over to see him.

Likewise, Clarissa was not really reluctant.

"Okay. Then, you'll have to wait for me."

With that, Clarissa ended the call and turned around. Before she even parted her lips, Ellie was like she had already expected what Clarissa was going to say.

"You're leaving for Tyson Corporation now, aren't you? Hurry up then and don't forget about my fund..."

Clarissa blushed and nodded shyly, "Don't worry. I won't."

She packed her things up and left Ellie's studio.

Clarissa arrived at Tyson Corporation in a short while. It seemed to her like she hadn't been here in a long time.

She had been sneaking to the highest floor secretly in the past. Therefore, habitually, she was about to avoid being seen by anyone but it was at that moment that she hesitated, thought it over, and decided differently. She paced into the building via the front entrance openly and took the elevator. Even as she met someone from the building, she was composed and totally unabashed.

The staff walked in and out of the elevator and Clarissa was actually nervous within but with the thought that she had to buck up and not embarrass Matthew, she appeared unperturbed and gracefully elegant. Despite that, even Clarissa herself had no idea how she feigned it superficially.

The elevator continued to go up and eventually, the last group of staff walked out of it. Before the door closed, Clarissa could hear someone speaking.

"Ms. Lady Boss is so pretty!"

Because of this compliment, the vanity of Ms. Lady Boss, Clarissa was gratified.

## You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

### Chapter 230

Clarissa, the "Ms. Lady Boss," went straight to the boss' office.

The boss greeted his lovely woman by giving her an affectionate hug and a passionate kiss.

After a long while, Clarissa pushed Matthew away. She wanted to be a considerate woman who supported her man's work, so she sat on the sofa quietly and went about her own business.

However, she giggled with her mouth covered from time to time.

Matthew raised his eyes and looked at the woman. She seemed to be in a good mood with a silly smile on her face.

When she met his penetrating gaze, Clarissa's smile faded.

Even so, Matthew didn't intend to let her off so easily. Her secretive manner had piqued his curiosity.

What is this silly girl so happy about? Why is she keeping it to herself?

"Clare, what you're laughing about?"

The corners of her mouth twitched, and she waved her hand dismissively as she answered, "It's nothing. Don't overthink things."

"Haha!"

Clarissa's back stiffened upon hearing his sudden burst of laughter. His deep voice contained an undertone of warning.

Turning to him, she put on an innocent look, pouting her lips.

She teased, "Why must you know? Actually, it's really nothing. Since when have you become so nosy? You're not the president of Tyson Corporation I know."

She tried to change his mind by mesmerizing him with her charming face.

However, Matthew was still gazing at her with a smirk on his face. Although he didn't say a word, Clarissa could tell that he wouldn't relent until he got the answer.

Clarissa let out a deep sigh as her shoulder slumped.

“Alright, I’ll tell you then.”

Her face flushed red, and her eyes were gleaming as she mumbled.

Clarissa felt embarrassed to say it aloud, so she purposely lowered her voice to keep her words vague. Nevertheless, Matthew was still able to get her point in an instant.

So, she’s on cloud nine because someone called her “Ms. Lady Boss.”

Amusement glinted in his eyes. Upon seeing that, Clarissa immediately gave him a warning look.

“Don’t you dare laugh at me!”

“Why can’t I laugh, Ms. Lady Boss?” Matthew asked with his smiling eyes.

Clarissa frowned at him, clearly annoyed. “Don’t call me that!”

“Sure, Ms. Lady Boss. But I’m curious. Why are you so happy to hear them calling you ‘Ms. Lady Boss’? As their boss, I’m glad to hear them addressing you that way. Do you know who the employee is? I must promote that person for pleasing my woman,” Matthew teased her.

What an annoying man! He’s doing that again!

He kept teasing me with “Hubby” back then, and now he is teasing me with “Ms. Lady Boss.” Such a man-child!

Clarissa rolled her eyes and retorted, “Dear Boss, you don’t seriously think I’m happy because of the title, do you?”

Matthew arched his eyebrows as he asked rhetorically, “Ms. Lady Boss, are you not?”

Looking at his mischievous expression, Clarissa had a sudden urge to punch his handsome face.

She turned her face away before snorting, “You’re wrong. I’m happy because they said I’m pretty.”

"Yes, Ms. Lady Boss is very beautiful indeed."

Clarissa didn't intend to join his word game. The latter was exceptionally good at giving her sweet talk, which made her wonder if he had picked up his flirting skills elsewhere or he intuitively knew how to please women.

He's too arrogant to ask other people for advice, and he would never spend his time reading lovey-dovey stuff. Could it be that he's a natural romantic? How is he so good at sweet-talking?

Clarissa pondered over his unusual talent, but she unwittingly spoke out her mind.

Matthew burst into a soft chuckle upon hearing her mutter. "Clare, I wasn't sweet-talking you. I meant every word I said. I just spoke whatever came to my mind. To me, those are the most sincere words that I've ever said."

Hearing his words, Clarissa rolled her eyes at him.

See? He's doing it again.

She looked at Matthew with scorn, yet the corners of her mouth curled upward into a smile while she covered her burning cheeks with her hands.

Then Clarissa shot a glance at Matthew. "Alright, you win! Stop that! You're burning me up. What if my brain is fried? You don't want to be with a dumb woman, do you?"

Chuckling with delight, Matthew stood up and walked toward her. The man hugged his beloved woman and kissed her, imitating her giggles just now.

Happiness filled his heart at the moment. "Clare, you'll still be my lady boss even if you become dumb," Matthew said that while kissing her all over her face.

"I'm not dumb! You are!"

"I wouldn't have chosen you if I'm dumb."

Clarissa was rendered speechless.

She wasn't sure what his words actually implied, but she didn't want to give him a chance to make fun of her. Therefore, she smacked her lips and snorted in response, refusing to continue the topic.

"Alright, Boss. You go get busy while I continue being the pretty lady boss."

"Petty lady boss?" She spoke too fast that Matthew misheard her.

"I'm not petty! You are!"

"Why are you angry at me, Clare?" Matthew asked her in confusion.

What should I do with this man?

Looking at his puzzled face, Clarissa took pity on him. She patted him on his shoulder. "I said pretty, not petty. Forget about it. Mr. Tyson, your time is too precious to talk about such things. Just focus on making money, alright?"

"Make money for Ms. Lady Boss?"

"That's right!"

"Then Ms. Lady Boss should give me some encouragement."

She made a heart shape with her fingers, cheering, "You can do it!"

Matthew said with a smile, "I'll help myself."

The next second, he pulled her closer and kissed her passionately. The room was filled with an air of romance instantly.

They would have gone all the way to third base if Donnie hadn't called.

Later on, Clarissa plopped down on the sofa, unable to look at the office the same way again. It was still acceptable if they made out in the break room since it was meant for relaxation. However, they did it at every corner of the office—the office table, sofa, the conference table... She could see the skyline of the city through the French windows. Although no one saw what they were doing, she felt embarrassed, as if they just made out in public.

Oh my! What am I doing?

Clarissa hid her face behind her hands as she kept telling herself to calm down.

Seeing her so embarrassed, Matthew couldn't help but burst into laughter. Pretending like nothing happened, Clarissa quickly put on a solemn expression, then grabbed a magazine and flipped through it.

Matthew shook his head with a smile before he proceeded to bury himself in his work. After all, he had to distract himself from her, or else no work could be done by the end of the day. He wouldn't mind spending the whole day with her, though.

Why can't I just be a fatuous leader?

Now I understand why King Edward VIII abdicated from his throne for the woman he loved.

After a long while, the two of them finally calmed down. Then, Clarissa took out her phone and typed something on it.

As they accompanied each other in silence, the warm sunlight poured into the office through the windows. It was a blissful moment indeed.

At night, the couple went back to Zen Highlands. By then, Catherine was already home. However, she didn't come back alone; Mimi was there too.

Clarissa furrowed her eyebrows when she spotted Mimi, clearly displeased by her presence.

Catherine quickly explained, "Clare, I accidentally tripped in the hospital just now. It was Mimi who helped me get into the car. She accompanied me back because she was worried."

Upon hearing her words, Clarissa immediately approached Catherine. "Grandma, are you alright? Did you get hurt? Has the doctor checked on you? Let me take a look..." she asked out of concern.

"Clare, don't worry. I've taken Grandma to the doctor. It's just a small scratch. The doctor also took an X-ray which revealed no broken bones."

Mimi showed the X-ray result as she spoke.

However, Clarissa noticed the bruises on Catherine's leg. "Grandma, are you really fine?" she asked worriedly.

"Yes, I am. It's no big deal."

"How did you fall?"

"There was a nurse pushing a trolley. Perhaps because she was in a hurry, she accidentally crashed into me. She apologized to me after the incident, though. Besides, she's just a young girl, and I'm not hurt anyway. So don't worry, alright?"

Clarissa nodded. "Alright. Did the doctor give you any medicine for the bruises? Are they painful?"

Catherine chuckled. "I'm not a child, Clare. A fall like that is nothing. The doctor prescribed some medicine, and Julia applied it for me after I came back, so I feel much better now. Relax, it's just a small wound."

Clarissa pouted. "You're my Grandma. Even a small wound matters to me. Grandma, you have to take good care of yourself no matter where you are. Okay?"

Catherine's heart melted as she looked at Clarissa's worried expression. She caressed the latter's head and smiled. "Sure. I promise you that I'll live a long life. After all, I want to see you get married and play with my grandchildren. I'll also help you take care of your children. What do you say?"

"Sure! You mustn't break your promise, Grandma."

"Of course!"

After talking with Catherine, Clarissa turned to Mimi, who stood aside quietly like a harmless little girl.

However, Mimi's eyes sold her out. A glint of greed flashed across her eyes as they flickered.

Meanwhile, Matthew went upstairs after he spoke to Catherine since he couldn't care less about Mimi.

Matthew was never a friendly person, to begin with, and he was cold to everyone except Clarissa. That was just how he was. Besides, he knew that Clarissa wouldn't wish to see him get close with the Lesters.

Catherine was well aware that Clarissa didn't like to see Mimi there. Therefore, she turned to Mimi and urged, "Mimi, it's getting late. You should head back to the hospital to accompany your mom."

"My dad is there. He and the nurses will take good care of Mom. Let me accompany you, Grandma. Besides, I want to have a chat with Clare. We've never had a proper talk all these years."