

You' ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 262

A blind date? Clarissa's fury dissipated slightly at that moment. But that was a long time ago, okay?

"That was a long time ago. It was more than a month back, so why are you digging up the past? Besides, I only attended to appease Grandma. I never took it seriously," she explained patiently.

Nevertheless, it still bugged Matthew.

In the past three years, he had been like a living corpse and had only barely scraped through. He didn't want to tell her that, for he did not want to be seen as weak and whiny. However, not saying anything didn't mean that he wasn't bothered about it.

He had a standing instruction to be informed about everything regarding her and their son twice a month.

Recently, he changed it to once a month since he had more interaction with her these days. So, there wasn't much need for him to read those personal reports anymore.

Clarissa had attended blind dates several times after giving birth. He could have put up with it the first, second, and even the third time, but he wouldn't be Matthew Tyson if he could still keep his cool when it happened all too often.

He merely glanced through the report this time, but he unexpectedly discovered that she had actually attended a blind date a day before coming to D City back then.

That was the reason for the scene earlier; he was exceedingly aggravated because jealousy and fury had engulfed him.

Despite Clarissa having explained it now, he was still feeling very much disgruntled.

"How many times has it been, Clare? I understand if you were embarrassed to decline the first few times, but couldn't you have declined later?"

At that, Clarissa frowned. "Are you blaming me? Do you not believe me?"

"That wasn't what I meant."

I just want to know how much longer this stalemate between us has to persist, but if I were to give voice to it, it would sound as though I'm interrogating her.

Thus, he could only keep mum. Such silence was rare between them, and the atmosphere turned a touch cold.

Clarissa wanted to explain herself, but a ball of anger lodged within her, and the words got stuck in her throat. Perhaps she knew that she was indeed in the wrong or was similarly enraged, but she didn't feel like talking to him anymore.

So, she hung up without a word. When Matthew heard the disconnect tone from his cell phone, he heaved a sigh.

He massaged his temples with his long and slender fingers, trying to null his headache. He hadn't rested well in the past few days. Knowing that Clarrisa was visiting D City again, he had sped through his work and rushed back. He had never anticipated things to end on a sour note between them.

A trace of helplessness stained his profound gaze, and he closed his eyes with a sigh.

"Are we heading to the hotel, Mr. Tyson?"

Clarissa stayed in a hotel every time she came to D City, and Matthew would always join her there.

This time, however, Matthew paused for a moment before ordering, "Head back to Zen Highlands."

Donnie was taken aback, but he didn't comment on it, merely telling the chauffeur to head back to Zen Highlands.

That night, neither contacted the other. The usual excitement of seeing each other in the past was gone; it was replaced by loneliness and disappointment.

Clarissa had a fitful sleep, so she woke up looking haggard with dark circles under her eyes.

Even so, she couldn't use it as an excuse to skip work because she still had to do her job.

She rarely made an appearance, so it was the employees at the studio who handled everything. For that reason, she would try to complete her work to the best of her ability every time she came to D City.

She signed documents the entire morning and didn't even take a nap in the afternoon. After having a lunch box, she resumed signing.

Right after she was done, Yael dragged her to have dinner.

The filming of a TV series she collaborated on had just wrapped up, so the production team was having a celebratory dinner. She had previously cooperated

with the promotional activities despite not having shown up in person. But now that she happened to be there, Yael dragged her along.

In the evening, the two of them headed to the hotel together. The dinner would be attended by the cast, director, investors, and every other important figure. When they entered the room, almost everyone had already arrived. At the sight of Clarissa's beauty, which wasn't at all inferior to that of female celebrities despite her being a mere screenwriter, many were astounded.

However, she was merely a screenwriter at the end of the day, so the attention was only momentary. In the next instance, the limelight returned to the cast and director.

Of course, besides pleasantries, there was also gossip that would only be known to those within the circle during the dinner.

When Clarissa was shooting the breeze with the director, someone started gossiping beside her, and the conversation fell into her ears.

"I bumped into a renowned producer when I arrived earlier, but there was an internet celebrity hanging on his arm. I actually bumped into her when I went to the washroom earlier, and that woman was on the phone, proclaiming loudly that she had convinced the producer to cast her as the female lead in his next movie by sleeping with him. Tsk-tsk. While that's not uncommon, I've never seen someone who advertises it to the world like her. Have morals truly regressed that much nowadays?"

"Haha... In today's world, one can become an internet celebrity just by applying some makeup. If she hires some people to boost her popularity, she would soar to fame overnight. If that doesn't work, she can just undergo plastic surgery. As long as she has something going for her, she can be the female lead by getting herself an investor as a sugar daddy."

"That's indeed true, but those floozies must have slept with numerous men. How could those investors bring themselves to seal the deal? From what I heard, that internet celebrity slept with countless men. She was the one who had tons of indecent photos published a while ago... What was her name again?"

"Oh... You're speaking of Misty? Her name is sweet and refreshing, but her character is really far from that."

"Yup, that's her."

Clarissa knew who "Misty" was, but that had nothing to do with her.

She took a sip of juice, pretending not to have heard the two women. Out of the blue, an investor who had been chatting with the female lead turned his attention on her.

"Why are you drinking juice, Ms. Quigley? Well, never once had I imagined that not only are the cast good-looking, but even the screenwriter of this series is

stunningly beautiful. I've long since heard of you, so I definitely have to toast you today. Here, here."

He addressed her directly before he gulped down the wine in his hand, so there was no reason for Clarissa to not do the same.

Everyone at the table had their attention fixed on them. After all, one couldn't afford to offend investors.

Although the filming had already ended, many a time, they all had to make concessions for capital in this industry.

Even actresses who were currently famous had to treat the investors cautiously, much less an insignificant screenwriter.

Beside her, Yael wasn't at all perturbed. She continued eating and drinking without any intention of helping her out.

Of course, Clarissa didn't need any help either.

She smiled and replied, "I'm sorry, Mr. Warren, but I can't drink. I'm allergic to alcohol."

"Haha... Are you not going to show me even the slightest respect, Ms. Quigley?"

"Not at all, Mr. Warren. I'm really allergic to alcohol. It'll disfigure me at the very least, and at worse, it's life-threatening. Please let me off, Mr. Warren. How about I toast you with tea in place of alcohol?"

While Clarissa was speaking, she had already picked up the glass of tea beside her. Just when she was about to drink it, Winston Warren placed a hand over the glass.

Pausing, Clarissa didn't insist on drinking it. Meanwhile, Winston's expression was already darkening.

With his eyes pinned on her, he looked her up and down frostily. He didn't say anything, but he snorted coldly after taking his seat.

At the side, the female lead promptly extended the wine glass in her hand and exclaimed, "I haven't toasted you yet, Mr. Warren..."

Smirking, Winston threw a threatening glance at Clarissa before dipping his head and drinking the wine the female lead handed him.

Everything seemed to revert to usual as all of them continued eating and drinking. However, Winston would certainly be holding a grudge after having been rejected so publicly.

Thus, Yael reminded Clarissa to be on her guard when they were in the washroom.

Hearing that, Clarissa chuckled. "There's not much use saying that to me, Yael. I'm not in D City often, so even if he wants to pick trouble with me, he'll probably target the studio. Hence, you'll have to be the one to deal with it."

"Hmph! Are you not at all embarrassed to leave me cleaning up after you?"

"Ah well, you definitely have a solution, no? Considering your swift and precise temperament, I'm sure that man wouldn't dare do anything reckless."

Curling her lips, Yael groused, "Hah! You're always flattering me. But in terms of being swift and precise, I'm no match for Mr. Tyson."

At the mention of Matthew, Clarissa's gaze dimmed slightly.

"What happened? Did you fight with him again?" Yael asked perceptively.

Clarissa was silent for a moment. She said nothing, merely washing her hands before walking out.

Yael, on the other hand, didn't pursue the matter. Well, well... they've never fought in all these years. For the most part, it's because they had no opportunity to fight. Secondly, they really love each other deeply. Thus, it's truly a new thing for them to have a row this time. Well, I guess bickering is inevitable between couples.

After the two of them left the washroom, Yael went to retrieve the car, and Clarissa sat in the lobby waiting for her.

As she waited, Clarissa glanced at her cell phone, but to her dismay, there were no calls or messages from Matthew. At that, a sense of disappointment and despondency inexorably inundated her.

He seldom gets angry, so is he thinking of making a fuss when he throws a tantrum this time?

She snorted, and mild ire blanketed her face.

All of a sudden, a rush of warm breath tinged with a revolting reek of alcohol along with an unfamiliar musk assailed her from behind. Her heart jolting, she swiftly shifted away and glanced over her shoulder.

She looked back with wariness and fury in her eyes, only to be greeted by the sight of Winston, who was slightly intoxicated.

A wave of repulsion assaulted her at the thought of him having plastered himself against her back just now. Goosebumps rose all over her body, and utter disgust showed on her face.

Seeing that, Winston's eyes glinted coldly, though a smile remained on his face. He inched closer to her.

"It's late, so I can't bring myself to see a beautiful lady like you going home alone, Ms. Quigley. How about I give you a ride?"

Clarissa moved away again to put distance between them.

"I'm not alone, Mr. Warren. I'm just waiting here while Yael retrieves the car. Thank you for the offer, but no thanks."

"Haha... you're really straightforward, Ms. Quigley. You must have had enjoyed smooth sailing in this industry that you're so blunt, yes? But Ms. Quigley, your candidness is really childlike in its naivety!"

Hmm? Is this a warning and a threat?

In response, Clarissa snickered coldly. Ignoring his threat, she spun around to leave without even dignifying him with a reply. However, Winston seemingly wasn't giving up, for he blocked her path. Then, he reached out and wrapped his arm around her shoulder.

Her heart lurched, and she promptly struggled to shove the audacious man away.