

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

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"Matthew, don't... don't you dare lay your hands on me!"

Now, Clarissa was no different from a helpless animal waiting to be slaughtered. She could hardly do anything if he really forced himself on her.

Clarissa stuttered and tried to resist when she sensed the growing desire in Matthew's obsidian eyes.

As they were so close to each other, Clarissa dared not to move an inch. Besides, she could clearly feel Matthew getting hard.

She held his arm forcefully and nervously and stared at him, hoping that he could feel her resistance and pleas.

"Don't..."

"Clare..." He suddenly leaned forward and whispered in her ear in a slightly hoarse voice.

The next moment, her body shivered when he gently bit her ear.

"Clare, when can I lay my hands on you?"

"... Well, it won't happen now. Since we've just started going out, we don't really know each other yet..."

"Is that so? I know you very well!"

Matthew grabbed Clarissa's waist tighter when he spoke to give her an obvious hint. Obviously, he had some misunderstanding about whether he really knew Clarissa.

Although Clarissa's face was flushed, she looked at him with dissatisfaction.

She wasn't as embarrassed or nervous as before when she said solemnly, "We haven't really known each other yet. We might like each other now, but the feelings we have now are rather superficial. Uncle Matthew, you and I haven't really understood our true selves. We are probably getting along well now but might eventually figure out that we are not as perfect as expected. So, why don't we just take our time? After all, I don't want to rush into a relationship."

Matthew fell silent and calmed himself down. After that, he turned around and sat next to her. At this moment, the intimacy between them had faded away.

After a while, Clarissa sat up and kept a slight distance from him.

Although she could only see his back but not his face, she could somehow feel that he was angry.

Despite his vexation, she was determined to tell him the truth.

"I might seem ungrateful, but I mean what I said."

A moment later, Matthew replied in a deep voice, "You're indeed ungrateful."

As she was baffled by his response, she couldn't help but let out a "Humph."

Unexpectedly, he turned around and pushed her body down. The next moment, he pressed against her body with his arms.

Why is he so unpredictable? He looked upset and said unpleasant words earlier on but hugged me now.

"What are you trying to do?"

She avoided his gaze as soon as he opened his eyes.

"Go to sleep!" He said coldly.

Upon hearing his command, she immediately closed her eyes and slept.

Meanwhile, his lips curled into a smile, which soon disappeared.

The next morning, Matthew had already left the room when the alarm rang and woke her up.

She thought to herself when cleaning herself up. Is he still mad at me?

Her guess was proven to be right because he didn't harass her in the office throughout the day.

Humph! So, he's mad at me? Why is he angry?

Does it mean that we have to break up just because we didn't do the deed?

In that case, Clarissa thought he wasn't the man who deserved to be loved by her.

Also, she unilaterally declared a cold war against Matthew because her mind was in turmoil.

After she returned to the apartment angrily, she didn't even have the appetite to eat. Instead, she pondered if she had to make things clear with him. Since he is mad at me because of that reason, I must break up with him.

Suddenly, her phone rang. She answered it and asked grumpily, "What do you want?"

Miles away, Ryler was startled for a moment and chuckled upon hearing her grumpy voice. "What's wrong, Clare? Who pissed you off?"

Once Clarissa heard his voice, she immediately composed herself and changed her tone.

"Oh, nothing. Ry, you are not filming now?"

"No. I'm back in D City for an event and happened to have some free time tonight. Would you like to have dinner with me?"

"Sure, but..."

Since Ryler knew Clarissa's concern, he reassured her, "Don't worry. We'll meet at a private place where no one will take pictures of us." "Alright then. Give me the address."

After hanging up the phone, she put on a dress, a cardigan, and a pair of high-heels. She looked gentle but still a little sexy after letting her long hair down.

Given that Ryler suggested the place, it would certainly be a private restaurant.

After entering the private lounge in the restaurant, Clarissa finally heaved a sigh of relief.

“You look so nervous. Why are you so afraid that someone might spread a rumor about us? I mean, a lot of women out there wish to be involved in rumors with me. Am I not good enough for you?” Ryler led her to a chair as he said teasingly.

Besides, he even gently poured a glass of water for her.

“Well, I’m afraid of it. Not that you’re not good enough for me, but you’re way out of my league. I might be eaten up alive by your fans if there is any rumor about us.”

She grabbed the glass of water from him and took a sip. After that, she looked at him and asked smilingly, “It hasn’t been that long since we parted ways in the film studio, is it? Why do you look even more handsome now?”

“I’ve always been handsome. It’s just that you didn’t notice it.”

“Jeez! I really can’t see a connection between your good looks now and your embarrassing image during high school...”

“Clarissa! Stop it!”

She was giggling when she covered her mouth and said, “Alright, I won’t dwell on it. However, the way you looked in the old days has stuck in my mind. You know what? I even have some pictures of you at home! If I need money one day, I can sell the pictures and definitely make a lot of money.”

Ryler shot her a warning glance. After the waiter came in to serve the dishes, both of them chatted over dinner.

“Weren’t you at W City? Why did you come back? I talked to your grandma over the phone a few times. She said that you’ve been in D City for quite some time, is that right?”

She nodded and replied, “My mom was admitted to hospital back then. So, I stayed here to take care of her.”

Ryler remembered that he met Hilary when he was young. However, he never saw her again ever since she abandoned Clarissa.

As such, he was surprised to hear that Hilary was in D City.

Nonetheless, he soon changed the subject to avoid touching her sore spot again.

“By the way, when will you go home?”

Clarissa shook her head and answered, “I haven’t had any plans yet. Since I have to write about things that usually happen in an office, I’ve started working in a company to get some experience. So, I haven’t thought about when I should go home.”

Ryler nodded his head and said approvingly, “You’re really serious at work. Also, you’ve sold the film rights of some of your works. Apart from the one that I’m filming now, another production company is preparing for filming with your script. Well, you’re a great writer now, and I’ve to depend on your help in the future.”

Clarissa pretended to be cocky and teased him, “Everything is negotiable. It won’t be difficult if you desire to be the male lead. All you have to do is to give me some benefits in return!”

“Well, what kind of benefits do you need? Are you hinting at sleeping with me?”

She was stunned as Ryler suddenly came closer and acted suggestively.

Nevertheless, he soon retreated as he sensed that Clarissa looked a little embarrassed. He immediately added smilingly, “What’s wrong? Are you afraid that I’ll offer up my body as payment? Little girl, don’t you think it’s too much to ask? After all, I am the husband to numerous ladies out there. I can’t bear seeing the ladies weep because we’re together.”

“Hump! Do you think I want you? I have numerous fans too! The readers who leave their comments for me every day are my true love.”

With that, both of them weren’t embarrassed anymore and didn’t take the earlier conversation seriously.

Time flew by as they chatted over dinner.

It was about time for them to leave after Ryler received a call from his manager Toby.

"Don't leave yet. I was just informed that they are in the private room next to yours. Go and greet them. Director Yates, who has made Shermaine the international best actress, is also there. Since you've come a long way, you only lack an opportunity to venture into the overseas market."

"Okay, I get it."

After hanging up the phone, Ryler said, "Clare, please wait for me here for a moment. Toby said that Director Yates is in this restaurant too. So, I've to greet him and hope that he can remember me from now on."

"Director Yates? Are you talking about the genius director Justin Yates?"

Since Ryler noticed that her eyes sparkled with excitement, he nodded and said, "Do you want to meet him?"

She nodded repeatedly in response. "Yes, I want to!"

Justin was Clarissa's idol because he had directed high-quality films at a young age. Apart from film directing, he was also good at writing scripts. Besides, he was considered her senior because he also graduated from D University. Clarissa became Shermaine's fan because she loved the movie which he directed.

Putting aside Shermaine's personality, the movie as a whole was impressive. Moreover, the director's skill showcased in the movie was outstanding. Although he wasn't a film studies graduate, he became both a screenwriter and a director with various achievements. As such, Clarissa felt deep in her heart that Justin was amazing.

Meanwhile, Ryler put on a smile on his face after noticing her excitement. He wrapped an arm around her shoulders and walked out of the room.

"Ry, wouldn't it be awkward if we greet him all of a sudden? Since Director Yates is here to have dinner, he surely doesn't want to be disturbed. If he is meeting his family or friends privately, we would be..."

"Don't worry. Director Yates permitted it, or else I won't disturb him."

"In that case, can I come along?"

“Sure! We’re only going to greet him anyway.”

In another private room, Justin hung up the phone and put on a wry smile. “I don’t know which bastard revealed that I’m back. Alas, I can’t even have some time for myself.”

“My great director, since when did you purify your heart and become ascetic? Back then, you were always surrounded by ladies. Didn’t you say that you are willing to be intoxicated and die in a woman’s arms? I mean, it has been only a few years since then. Are you getting old or impotent already?” A man said in a fricking confident but impish manner.

Justin rolled his eyes and replied, “What a jerk! Can’t I change because I’ve been enlightened? What’s the problem if I’ve learned about purifying my heart from him?”

“Him?”

The man who teased Justin was Jeremy. When he glanced at the man who had a “purified” heart, he couldn’t help but laugh in a rather strange manner.

Justin looked at him bewilderedly and asked, “What’s wrong?”

Jeremy raised his brows lewdly while his lips quirked to tease Justin.

“Matt’s heart was indeed purified in the past. However, you’ve gotten rid of your chains now, haven’t you?”

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Justin stared at Matthew shockingly. In this private room, those sitting at the table were all friends. For all these years, Matthew remained cold and indifferent to anything, particularly women.

As such, they even thought privately that he was probably a monk in his previous life.

Even though there used to be a rumor between Shermaine and him, they were aware that Matthew treated her like how he treated every woman.

They usually wouldn't pry into his relationship with any woman. Nonetheless, since Jeremy brought it up, they couldn't help but glance at him shockingly.

As Justin wanted to say something, someone suddenly knocked on the door.

He only recalled now that he promised to meet someone.

As soon as Ryler came in, he saw several prominent figures in the private room apart from Justin.

Besides, Henry, who was Ryler's boss in the production company, was also present. He waved at him and said, "Come here, Ryler, they are..."

Ryler came into the room and greeted them one by one. At the same time, their eyes lit up as Clarissa followed Ryler into the room.

Henry glanced at him and asked, "Is she your assistant?"

"No, she isn't. Director Yates, this is Clarissa Quigley. She's my friend and your fan. When she knew that I would be meeting you, she was so excited and wanted to come along to meet her idol. Clare, this is Director Yates."

Clarissa never expected to meet this bunch of people even though she was only here for dinner. Nonetheless, her mood wasn't affected because all she cared about now was her idol.

"How are you, Director Yates. I love your movies and your scripts. Can... can I get your autograph?"

Since a beautiful girl with sparkling eyes made the request, Justin certainly wouldn't refuse.

She excitedly handed over her notebook and pen to him. In fact, she always brought these items whenever she went and could finally make good use of them now.

The rest of them couldn't help but chuckle because she looked rather cute when fangirling over Justin. Also, because she was gorgeous, they certainly wished to know her better.

Before this, Ryler thought that they had to leave right after greeting Justin and his friends. He didn't expect Henry to ask for two extra chairs for Clarissa and him to stay in the room.

After that, Henry couldn't help but ask her smilingly, "Ms. Quigley, are you interested in venturing into showbiz? Judging by your good looks, you can be Ryler's junior and will become a star soon."

Clarissa behaved meekly and shyly. Also, she grasped the notebook with Justin's signature on it like a precious item while ignoring Matthew's gaze.

She shook her head and replied, "Mr. Jackson, part of my career is actually related to showbiz because I'm a screenwriter now. However, because I only love writing stories, I've never thought about going to the front stage."

"Oh? A screenwriter?"

Ryler explained, "Clare is the screenwriter of the original version of 'The World', which Shermaine and I are filming now."

"I've heard about it before. Your social media account name is @clarissa.quigley, right? You're now a popular writer! Besides, I only realized today that you're actually a young and beautiful girl! I mean, you're pretty and smart!"

Once Justin heard her background, he glanced at her and added, "Ms. Quigley, I've read 'Princess' that you wrote, and I like it very much."

"Oh?"

She was surprised to hear that the great director Justin would read her book. Moreover, "Princess" was one of her early works, and so her writing wasn't as mature as now.

After listening to the compliments, she couldn't help but flush. "Director Yates, 'Princess' was one of my early works, and so it probably didn't meet the standards of a good novel."

"Although there is still room for improvement for this novel, your conception is wonderful. In fact, I'm thinking about discussing with you to turn it into a movie because I'm planning to direct a martial art movie."

"Oh?"

Clarissa was even more surprised now. As she opened her eyes wide, she looked a little dumbfounded but cute.

Meanwhile, Ryler was happy for her and gave her a poke. With that, she tried to compose herself but became nervous instead.

“Director Yates, I can give the film rights of “Princess” to you. Please feel free to make any amendments you want, and I won’t have any objections.”

“Hahaha... you’re gifting it to me? Well, I’m not used to taking advantage of someone. Anyway, we can talk about it next time because this place is not suitable for any proper negotiation.”

“Sure! I’ll agree to any conditions you propose!”

“Hehe... Since Ms. Quigley admires Justin so much, I should have introduced you to him sooner.”

Once Jeremy finished, those who began to like Clarissa turned around and stared at him shockingly.

Justin also asked, “Jeremy, do you know Ms. Quigley?”

“I know her, of course...” Jeremy smiled subtly as he spoke.

Since Jeremy was always surrounded by ladies, they thought that Clarissa was probably one of his exes.

After noticing his mysterious smile, Clarissa immediately explained, “I’ve met Uncle Jeremy and Uncle Matthew a few times.”

“Uncle?”

Clarissa deliberately let out a laugh and added, “Yes, Uncle Jeremy. I didn’t expect that you still remember me.”

Actually, Jeremy didn’t mind that she called him “uncle”. Nonetheless, Matthew had been wearing a cold expression and fell silent ever since she came in.

Jeremy glanced at Matthew and said, “Huh? Oh yes, the last time I met Ms. Quigley was when you were with Uncle Matthew. Am I right?”

Clarissa was startled by his response. Jeremy must have deliberately said so.

She forced a smile and answered, "Yes, it hasn't been a long time since Ellie and I met Uncle Matthew."

"So, you're Ellie's friend? No wonder you know Matthew."

At this moment, everyone at the table somehow stopped harboring any inappropriate thoughts towards her.

Given that she was a friend of Ryler and Ellie, they had to refrain from treating her with disrespect.

On the other hand, Justin didn't really care if Clarissa was a friend to Ellie or anyone else in the room. Instead, he seemed to get even more interested in talking to her because of her book that he liked.

When both of them engaged in conversation, the rest at the table could sense that Matthew looked increasingly colder. Perhaps only Jeremy was aware of what was actually happening.

Jeremy had always enjoyed being an onlooker, after all. It was particularly true now because Jeremy could finally get the dirt on someone with a dull life after all this while. Since he finally found an avenue to tease Matthew, he would never let go of such a golden opportunity!

The next moment, he smilingly interrupted Justin and Clarissa, "Ms. Quigley, I remember you saying that you have a boyfriend during the last time we met. Would Ryler happen to be the lucky man?"

Clarissa gnashed her teeth while the rest, particularly Ryler, were startled.

Besides, Matthew seemed to be staring at her and nervously waiting for her answer.

Clarissa put on a wry smile and gazed at Jeremy. "Uncle Jeremy, I never told you that I have a boyfriend. How did you know about this then?"

"Really? You didn't say it? But if my memory serves me right, you admitted it before."

"Hehe... you must have remembered it wrong. Since you've to meet so many ladies every day, I'm afraid that you might have mistaken me for someone else."

"How is it possible? I won't mistake you for someone else because you're so beautiful. Besides, how can I forget someone who calls me "uncle"? Matt, uncles like us care a lot about the younger ones. Am I right?"

Matthew wore a cold expression for quite some time. At this time, he finally shifted his gaze toward Clarissa after Jeremy finished.

His eyes looked piercingly sharp as if he could see through her soul.

Clarissa was a little afraid upon seeing his eyes. In fact, ever since they knew each other, she felt that his cold eyes were like sharp knives that could pry open anyone before him.

She immediately avoided his gaze and lowered her head as she couldn't take it.

Meanwhile, everyone in the room felt a little curious due to her reaction.

When they still weren't sure about what hidden message Jeremy wanted to deliver, Jeremy suddenly laughed.

"Ms. Quigley, you haven't answered my question yet."

She couldn't help but feel annoyed by Jeremy's harassment. Even though she purposely glanced at him with vexation, he still put on a casual smile and didn't intend to let her go.

As she couldn't stand the interrogation, she murmured, "You obviously know the answer."

Once Clarissa finished, she stood up and said, "Director Yates, bosses, uncles, I'm sorry. We've to get going because it's getting late now. Director Yates, please feel free to talk to me if you have any requests about the story. Here's my number, and you can call me anytime. See you!"

As soon as she bid them farewell, Ryler followed suit and left.

After they left, Henry suddenly spoke up as his interest had been aroused, "Jeremy, why do I feel that there is something between you and Clarissa? Besides, what did she mean when

she said that you obviously know the answer? Was it some romantic hint between you two? In that case, would it be that you two..."

"Hold it right there!"

Jeremy immediately put a stop to their wild imagination. "Stop it, guys. She really is a friend of Ellie and calls me "uncle".

"Is that true? I mean, as long as you are fond of a woman, you wouldn't care less if she was someone else's friend."

"That might be true to a certain extent. However, I dare not to do it because she apparently has another uncle."

"Which uncle? What do you mean?"

When Jeremy glanced at Matthew, everyone followed his gaze.

Justin furrowed his brows for a while. Suddenly, a thought flashed through his mind.

"Matthew, you..."

"Hahahaha..."

Jeremy said smilingly, "Matt, did you two have a quarrel?"

"Damn! Matthew, you cradle robber! Don't you feel embarrassed?"

Justin's response was more dramatic than the rest as he scolded him loudly. Apart from the fact that Clarissa was Ellie's friend, he treated her like his junior because he thought highly of her.

As such, he could hardly accept it when he realized that she was Matthew's girlfriend.

In fact, the news wasn't only shocking to Justin but to everyone in the room.

Now, they were lost for words.

After a while, Matthew glanced at Justin and said sternly, "Do you have a problem with that?"

Justin chickened out. "Matthew, you are shameless."

When the rest laughed teasingly, he added, "But you have good taste."

"Of course! Justin, you should know Clarissa isn't someone you can mess with because even Matt has lost control of himself in front of her. All of you have to be mindful and don't let anyone bully her. However, we won't interfere if Matt bullies her. Hahaha..."

The rest laughed and chimed in. Meanwhile, Matthew also didn't deny Jeremy's claim that Clarissa was his girlfriend.

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Clarissa and Ryler exited the room in a hurry. If Ryler didn't stop her in her tracks, she could've forgotten to disguise herself.

She said, "I'm sorry, Ry. Maybe you should leave first. We'll have to be careful of those paparazzi."

However, Ryler was concerned about another matter.

"Clarissa, is it true you have a boyfriend?" His gaze was fixated on Clarissa's face, searching for any traces of uncertainty.

To his disappointment, Clarissa gave him a firm answer. "Yes."

Ryler fell silent as he stared at the woman in front of him. The atmosphere was still and time seemed to be frozen.

Clarissa couldn't bring herself to look at him in the eyes, as they would be full of hurt and disappointment by then.

"Who is it? Do I know him?" Ryler lowered his voice while Clarissa shook her head instantly. "I'll introduce him to you one day. Ryler, we have to leave."

Turning around, she started heading toward the exit, but Ryler gripped her arm tightly as he was reluctant to part with her.

She glanced back and saw Ryler's deep eyes. He didn't say anything, but Clarissa was flustered.

It was as if she knew what he would say.

Before Ryler could say anything, Clarissa changed her tone. "Ry, aren't you happy for me?"

She called Ryler "Ry" ever since they were young and they treated each other like siblings, but now Ryler knew what she meant.

Ryler froze as the both of them fell silent. After a while, he forced a smile. "Clarissa, I'm happy for you."

Clarissa's expression softened, and she said, "Yeah. Ry, I'll be counting on you to determine if he's the one for me. You'll have to beat him up if he bullies me."

Releasing Clarissa's arm, Ryler smiled and rubbed her head lovingly. "I'm not someone so rude. There are plenty of other ways to punish him for bullying you."

"Alright." Clarissa smiled delightfully. The smile on her face was still so beautiful.

All these years, Ryler loved her and wanted to make her his, but he didn't dare to do it while Clarissa had found another man to be with.

"Let's go," he spoke. But Clarissa shook her head and replied, "Leave first. I'll hail a cab and return later. I'll text you when I get back."

Ryler nodded as he didn't force Clarissa to do as he said. At that moment, he needed some time for himself to calm his broken heart.

Right after Ryler left, the cab Clarissa hailed arrived. However, before she could get into the car, someone closed the door from behind.

And she was dragged to the side.

“Eh? Lady, are you okay? Do you need me to call the police?” The kind-hearted cab driver couldn’t help but voice out his concern when he saw Clarissa being dragged away by someone else.

Clarissa shook her head. “I’m sorry. Please wait a moment.”

After saying her words to the cab driver, she lifted her head and looked at the man in front of her. “What are you doing? Let me go! I’m going home.”

Clarissa was obviously displeased and struggled to escape from his arms, but she failed to do so no matter how hard she tried.

“I’ll send you home.” Matthew’s low voice had made it clear that it wasn’t a suggestion, but a statement.

Clarissa frowned and glared at him. “I don’t want you to send me back. Who are you to me? Let me go, or else I’ll shout and cause a scene.”

Matthew cast a fierce glare at her, and she immediately fell silent.

Reluctant to back down, she scrunched her nose up in irritation and pursed her lips, wearing an upset expression.

The driver saw everything that happened and sighed. I came for nothing. The people in this area must be rich or with high status. He didn’t dare to request for some compensation, so he left quickly, resigned to his fate.

“Eh? Driver...” Seeing that the car sped away, Clarissa could only stomp her foot in anger and glare at the man who made her miss her cab home.

However, meeting Matthew’s sharp gaze, Clarissa could only give in and suppress the reluctance in admitting defeat.

Taking the lady’s hand into his, Matthew brushed the back of her hand with his thumb.

“Wow, Clarissa must miss Matt. See how she is waiting here for him.” A familiar voice came from the other side of the road.

Why is Jeremy always so nosy? There's nothing to gossip about.

Following behind Jeremy and others were those people from the private room just now.

Scanning the people standing in front of her, she wanted to distance herself from Matthew, but their fingers are laced together, so she looked at Justin awkwardly.

However, they weren't surprised to see Clarissa being so close with Matthew. They even greeted her.

Clarissa found herself unfit of receiving their respect, as they were all big shots. Smiling awkwardly, she wished the earth could swallow her up. Jeremy has a big mouth, so he must've told them everything.

Detecting Clarissa was feeling awkward, Matthew finally spoke. "That's enough. Now leave. I'll introduce her officially next time."

What he meant was that he had set his eyes on Clarissa to be his wife.

They sized up Clarissa. Who knows? She might become Mrs. Tyson in the future.

After bidding farewell to each other, Jeremy left with others.

The driver drove to their front, and Matthew dragged Clarissa into the car.

Once they got into the car, Clarissa immediately flung Matthew's hand aside and sat in the seat far away from the latter, her head facing away from him.

Matthew frowned and turned his body toward her. Looking at her with a sharp gaze, his voice was icy. "Why are you making a fuss?"

Clarissa was stunned by his words. What the... I'm the one making a fuss?

He's the one that was angry.

Clarissa didn't glance back and stayed silent to show her dissatisfaction while Matthew's dark eyes gleamed. "Clarissa Quigley!"

“What?” Hearing Matthew call her by her full name, she knew the former was angry, but she didn’t care. Turning around without fear, her eyes met his, but her resolve was a tad too weak.

A glint flashed across her eyes, and she snorted. “Why bother calling my name? Just say whatever you want.”

Matthew pursed his lips and smiled coldly. “Tell me. What are you throwing a fit for?”

Hearing his question, Clarissa’s fury exploded from within. “I’m the one who’s making a fuss? When and what did I even do? Matthew, you’re shifting the blame! I’ve made it clear before. We don’t know each other well and we won’t get along. Let’s just break...”

Clarissa couldn’t get the last word of her sentence out, as her mouth was covered by Matthew’s hand.

“Hmmp! Mmm!” Clarissa could only let out a muffled noise in defiance.

Matthew pulled her closer to him while covering her mouth with her hand. Glaring at her coldly, he asked, “Break up? Because of Ryler?”

Clarissa widened her eyes in anger.

Matthew whispered in her ears, “Clare, no matter what, you won’t be able to break up with me.”

Well, there was no way of running after being trapped in his clutches. She would’ve to abide by his rules unless he let go of her himself.

“Ngh...” Matthew didn’t take his hand away from her mouth as he locked Clarissa into an embrace, his other hand fiddling around the hem of her skirt. It was as clear as day what he was hinting at.

“Argh!” Clarissa glared at Matthew while kicking her petite legs. She was scared, yet mad at the man’s actions.

However, he was just doing it to scare her. Soon, he hugged her waist and released her mouth from his grip.

"Matthew, you despicable, nasty, bastard, scumbag..." Having a taste of freedom, a series of curses broke free from Clarissa's mouth.

They didn't have any rhyme or rhythm, nor did they make any sense. It was just that Clarissa wasn't used to scolding people, so she had used similar words over and over again.

Matthew listened to her grumbles until she ran out of words to use. It was perhaps she found herself not able to form any new words, and she stopped.

"You've gone overboard! If you continue to do this, I'll break..." Clarissa stopped her sentence halfway, as she didn't have what it took to threaten the man in front of her.

Noticing Matthew's darkened expression, Clarissa pursed her lips.

Wanting to express her stance, she said, "Anyway, you're too much. I'm just out with my friend for a meal. Nothing wrong with that, right? Don't accuse me and Ryler. And am I the one who was throwing a fit? It was you! Don't push all the blame on me."

Matthew argued, "Ryler likes you!"

It wasn't a question coming from him; it was a statement.

Clarissa retorted immediately, "No. I've always treated him like my brother. And that's all."

Frowning, Matthew insisted, "Does he think the same way?"

Clarissa fell silent, as it was indeed the truth that Ryler had feelings for her. She recollected her thoughts as she turned to look at Matthew and pouted. "No matter what, we knew each other for such a long time, and I can't be jumping to conclusions for things he didn't say, let alone cutting all ties with him. We've been friends for so long, and we're like siblings. Besides, I didn't demand you to cut ties with Shermaine."

Tsk! Tsk! Her words were dripping with jealousy.

Matthew's brooding expression disappeared into thin air after sensing the jealousy in her words.

He curled his lips and pinched her chin, turning her head to face him. "Are you jealous?"

Clarissa blushed slightly and asked him in return. "You're the one that's jealous, no?"

Matthew chuckled softly. "Yeah."

Clarissa was stunned at how briefly he admitted, and it was until Matthew bit on her lip that she let out some soft moans.

Matthew looked at her in the eyes and smirked. "From now on, stop meeting Ryler. He's someone famous. I'll make you suffer... in bed if you make it to the headlines, having a scandal with him."

"Y-y-you..." Clarissa was so embarrassed that she blushed and kept stuttering on her words.

And she could only protest softly. "You pervert!"

The man whispered, "Yes. Only for you."

"I don't want it..." Clarissa turned away, completely flustered, while Matthew cupped her face. "You don't get a say in this!"

"You... You..." Forced to make eye contact with the man, Clarissa continued to stutter as her head was in a mess from all the teasing.

Leaning in, Matthew covered her lips with his to block her protests.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 74

Clarissa entered the apartment, while Matthew followed behind her.

She frowned. "Who said you can enter? I said I don't want to live with you, so leave!"

Pretending to be deaf, Matthew tossed his coat on the couch while unbuttoning his collar and got closer to Clarissa, looking all sexy and relaxed.

Clarissa was so vulnerable to his seduction that she sat there, not moving an inch.

Very quickly, she was pulled into the man's embrace. His deep, magnetic voice brushed across her ears, making them redden immediately. "I'm not here to live with you. I'm here to sleep with you."

The heat in the blood from her ears moved to her entire body, and Clarissa could feel her face burning. Her face was like a steamed crab, reddening quickly, and her body temperature rose.

However, she remained headstrong. "I reject!"

Matthew didn't care about her rejections as he chuckled softly. After landing a kiss on her lips, he released her and took off his clothes before entering the bathroom.

Clarissa was angry, but it was different, as she felt aggrieved for the first time in her life.

Ever since she was young, her life had been a bed of roses. Even though she was abandoned by her mother, she was happy living with her grandmother, and there wasn't anything that made her suffer. At school, she was good at her studies and often passed her exams with flying colors. She was her teacher's favorite, and she received scholarships every year. After getting herself into a prestigious university, she hadn't even graduated yet but rose to fame due to the novel she wrote.

One can say that Clarissa had never felt so uncomfortable and discontented before meeting Matthew.

He suspected me of having other intentions of approaching him and caused me a lot of trouble. From introducing boyfriends to testing me, to dragging me into awkward situations. Afterward, he used various tricks to force me into agreeing to become his girlfriend.

I'm just like a monkey, being played around in his clutches, unable to resist, no matter how aggrieved I feel.

Clarissa regretted knowing Matthew and becoming his girlfriend.

However, she could only grumble in her mind as she didn't dare to say them out loud.

After bathing, Matthew came out of the bathroom. Clarissa was on her laptop, reading the novel named "Princess" which she wrote in the past.

Reading it now, there were a lot of areas that needed to be worked on and the chapters were quite short. However, she got some new inspiration after discussing it with Justin, and she wanted to write them down. If she was lucky, and her book did well, maybe Justin would agree to adapt it into a drama, fulfilling her wish of becoming a screenwriter for Justin's films.

Noticing Matthew walking out of the bathroom, Clarissa had completely forgotten about how aggrieved he made her feel, as she had some important matters to ask him. "Uncle Matthew, are you good friends with Director Yates?"

Matthew sat beside her and handed the towel to her.

Clarissa grumbled in her mind before taking the towel and dried his hair for him.

Actually, he didn't have long hair, and he could easily dry it himself. He obviously wants to make things difficult for me!

However, Matthew knew Clarissa was going to ask for a favor, so he was sure she would give in.

Clarissa dried his hair obediently and asked in a flattering tone, "Uncle Matthew, did Director Yates mention anything about filming a movie? Is it really martial arts themed? Did he choose a script? Is he coming back to film a new movie?"

Matthew said, "I knew Justin ever since we're young."

Clarissa's eyes flickered, and she asked, "Really? Then do you know him well?"

Matthew smirked. "Justin's movies were mostly sponsored by the entertainment companies under Tyson Corporation."

Clarissa froze for a while and returned to her usual self after a while. Tossing aside the towel, she felt excited as she laid on Matthew's back, placing her head on his shoulder. "Really? Then who's the one in charge of deciding what to film? Him or you guys?"

Matthew raised a brow at her actions. "He decides what he wants to film, but we have the final say."

“Oh...” Clarissa dragged the words in realization before letting go of Matthew and contemplated for a bit.

Raising his brow, Matthew turned around and placed her on his legs. “Clare, you want Justin to use your script?”

Clarissa looked at the towel on the floor. “I won’t insist, but I’m quite tempted by what Director Yates told me just now. I know that my level of writing isn’t that incredible, and even if Director Yates wasn’t interested in the story I create, I won’t have any regrets. After all, there are many screenwriters better than me.”

Matthew caressed her silky smooth cheeks and couldn’t help but fall in love with them.

He asked, “You have a good mindset. But what if I can make Justin use your script?”

Clarissa’s eyes sparkled when she heard his words, but she shook her head. “No. Director Yates is my idol. I admire and like him...”

Before she could finish her sentence, Matthew pinched her cheeks, while the latter frowned and asked, “You like him?”

Clarissa furrowed her brows, as she was displeased at his assumption. “I like him as an idol... Can you be more serious? I admire him because of the story he portrays in his films. He has his own ideas and style in portraying the images and the characters. If you ask him to film and he agrees, this isn’t his style, and I won’t like the work he shows. So, it’ll be best to go with the flow, following Director Yates’ own ideas.”

Matthew squinted his eyes and stared at Clarissa, while the woman added cheekily, “And most importantly, I refuse to involve myself in any shady business.”

I know what he’s trying to do, offering to help me like that.

He must want me to sleep with him.

Clarissa raised her chin delightfully. It was as if she was proud of her achievement of rejecting Matthew’s help before he could state his condition.

Matthew raised his brow and asked, “Shady business?”

Clarissa's expression seemed like she was saying, "You must be thinking this way, and I guessed it correctly, so don't deny."

However, Matthew wasn't on the same page as her.

He caressed her back and smirked languidly. "Clare, you're my girlfriend. I can do anything I want, even when it comes to doing you."

Clarissa suffered a huge blow.

Snorting in defiance, she pushed Matthew away and sat far from him.

"Don't interrupt me. I have work to do." Holding her laptop, she tried to immerse herself in the story she wrote.

But that's impossible.

Matthew snatched her laptop away before carrying her into the bedroom and pinned her down on the bed.

Clarissa struggled to escape from his clutches, but she was threatened, so she stopped.

Matthew leaned in and whispered, "If you don't want to sleep, then let's do something else."

This threat was so cliché, but effective.

Clarissa couldn't do anything but to stay between Matthew's arms, being pressed down by him. Feeling his body against hers, she closed her eyes timidly.

However, a tinge of guilt started forming in Clarissa's heart.

She didn't fall asleep after closing her eyes for a while, and every breath she took was full of Matthew's scent.

"Don't you feel uncomfortable in this position?" Seeing how the man was lying on top of her, she reached out and poked at his chest.

Matthew gripped her finger and lowered his voice. "Are you going to make me feel good?"

Clarissa retorted, "Yeah. Don't sleep in the same bed as me."

What she meant was he brought it upon himself.

Matthew fell silent for a while, and Clarissa poked his chest again. Actually, it feels good to touch his muscles.

She was always shy to look at them, let alone feel him up like this.

However, now that the lights in the room were switched off, Clarissa got more daring in the dark.

She kept on poking at his muscles and said, "For real, don't blame me if anything bad happens there. I'm saying this for your good, so go back to Zen Highlands. It's more peaceful there. If you... Ah!"

Matthew gripped her finger and bit on it while the woman gasped out in pain.

However, the pain wasn't the reason Clarissa let out shrieks. Her screams were muffled as the man kissed her lips while directing her hand downward.

"Mmph..." Clarissa tried to resist and scream, but her mouth was covered by Matthew's, and he used her hand forcefully to bring pleasure to himself.

Standing in the bathroom with her eyes red, Clarissa lowered her head to wash her hands.

Matthew stood behind her and leaned over, but he was pushed away by the woman. "Go away..."

It didn't sound very intimidating but like she was whining.

Matthew chuckled at her adorable actions and hugged her tightly. Standing behind her, he bent down and took her hands in his to wash them together. "You asked if I'm uncomfortable. Clare, I thought you're trying to help."

She looked at Matthew in the mirror and retorted pitifully, "I didn't!"

Soon after, she lowered her gaze, as she didn't dare to look Matthew straight in his eyes.

She felt a weird sensation in her heart, and that feeling was pacing back and forth in her mind. She was so restless that she wanted to bang her head against the wall and die. The burning hot sensation was still lingering on her hand.

Clarissa couldn't describe how it felt like, and even though she had a lot of ideas for writing stories, she was at a loss for words.

In the end, she stayed silent, feeling restless, and no matter how hard Matthew tried to coax her, she was moody.

When they lay on the bed, she stayed away from Matthew and wrapped herself with the blankets like a burrito, forming a barrier between herself and the man.

Matthew smiled helplessly and hugged her together with the blankets. Right after the woman gave up struggling, he said, "Clare, don't be angry. If you're still angry, you'll have to help me with something else. I..."

"Matthew, what do you know other than threatening me?" She got mad after listening to his words.

Turning around, she pinned Matthew under her and straddled him while poking at his chest furiously.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 75

Clarissa looked at Matthew smugly and felt like a queen when she straddled the proud man beneath her.

However, the complacent feeling was only temporary as she immediately felt awkward about the position.

Her fierce expression was quickly stained with guilt and embarrassment while her fingers were still lying on his chest.

She was startled when her eyes met his intense gaze. Then, she quickly tried to climb down from him to keep her cool, but it was too late.

Matthew had firmly pressed her slender waist against him, and his hug around her tightened on purpose.

She felt that she was sitting in an awkward spot, and her expression turned sour upon realizing that.

“Let me go! I won’t make a fuss about it.”

“So what if you do, Clare?”

“You—just let go of me! Go to sleep. Just—calm down, alright?”

“You’re the one who aroused me.”

Now that’s a false accusation.

When she was about to have a fit, she could only give up as she was defenseless.

“All right, it was my fault. I’m sorry, okay? Let me down...I’m exhausted. I still need to work tomorrow morning...”

Matthew was utterly unfazed by her various excuses, regardless.

He simply wanted to tease her, although knowing that he couldn’t get the release he wanted.

So the man looked at her with his obsidian eyes, pulled her against his chest and hugged her forcefully.

She felt uneasy lying down like this. How can I possibly sleep by lying on a man but not a bed?

She looked up at him. “This is really uncomfortable.”

“Hmm. Kiss me and you’ll feel better.”

“ ”

Why does this sound explicit?

However, because of Matthew’s relentless dominance, Clarissa could only give in, so she looked up and kissed him.

“Happy now?”

Matthew didn’t expect her to satisfy him, so he drew near and kissed her deeply to show her how to do it properly.

...

Since Clarissa’s apartment was near the subway station, she refused to go with Matthew to the company as it was faster than going by car.

When she reached the company, she received a text from Ryler: I’m returning to the film studio. Take care.

Clarissa only sent him a smiley face.

Since they had been friends for many years, they knew each other very well, and staying friends was the best for them.

Soon, Clarissa’s work was piling up, and she didn’t have time to think about Ryler anymore.

While taking a break at noon, she was listening to Mrs. Wallace gossip.

“Mrs. Zeller from upstairs said that Mr. Tyson might have a girlfriend now, but they might not be official yet.”

“Oh?” Clarissa’s heart sank as this piece of news was referring to her, and she couldn’t help wondering to herself: Was I seen when I went to his office?

“Yeah, I think he’s getting married.”

“Why are you so sure about this, Mrs. Wallace?”

The woman put on a mysterious look.

“Clarissa, I told you before about suspecting Mr. Tyson being gay, and the woman might just be a cover to hide his identity. Her appearance had undoubtedly stirred things up, and he would marry any woman just to hide it.” Having said that, she even shook her head. “That poor woman, she has been deceived.”

Clarissa tried to suppress her laughter and pretended to be pondering about it.

“Also, Mrs. Zeller also revealed that this woman might be from our building.”

“Erm...” What? Did they find out about me if they knew this too?

“So...does Mrs. Zeller know who she is?”

Mrs. Wallace shook her head. “She only knew that it was a young lady. Hey, I’m only telling you about this—don’t tell anyone else.”

Of course, I will keep this to myself. Aren’t I exposing myself if I tell others?

When she went back to the office, she saw everyone talking about it and even discussing it on the company’s forums and in the group chats. Many were guessing who the woman was, and some felt that it was absurd to call her Matthew’s woman just because she handed him a document.

Anyhow, some believed it, and some didn’t.

Clarissa only prayed that they would not suspect her amidst this chaos.

When she was scrolling through the messages in the group chat, she received a text from Jane, who wanted her to attend Twilight Company’s annual meeting.

It wasn’t a custom for her to attend it, and this year wouldn’t be an exception either. Besides, she didn’t want to go when her contract with the company was about to expire.

Jane knew very well that Clarissa wouldn’t go, so she didn’t urge her to. However, she told her that Mr. Johnson from Twilight Company wanted to meet her and have a meal to discuss their future partnership in detail.

This Clarissa did not refuse. Since she had been working with them for so many years, she had to be honest with him about intending to quit, and they probably would propose some generous terms to keep her in the company.

Although she felt sorry toward her former colleagues, she was determined to leave.

As they had made dinner plans, Clarissa showed up on time right after work.

Robert, the president of Twilight Company, and Jane, the chief editor, along with other editors, were present when she arrived. When they saw her, they couldn't help being amazed by her beauty even if they had known her for a long time.

He felt that it was a pity for such a pretty writer like her to stay behind the scenes as she would be famous if she went public.

After greeting each other, they began their meal.

Nobody brought up work or unpleasant matters initially, but Jane finally spoke when the meal was almost over.

"Clarissa, since Beanie and Tiger had never apologized to you in person about the previous incident, they wanted to now. They're sorry that they failed to protect you and had wronged you."

When Jane said that, Tessa and Bruno quickly apologized with a sincere attitude, especially Tessa, who was new. She was genuinely frightened by the incident and felt powerless and guilty about it.

This happened a long time ago, and Clarissa thought that it was not really anyone's fault. If there were, she should blame it on Luke's shamelessness.

"Fortunately, nothing happened. The past is in the past."

Her attitude moved Tessa, and the poor girl almost cried.

Robert added, "I want to apologize to Clarissa as well. I tried to ask for help that night, but I couldn't do anything about it as I'm just a nobody in D City."

“Mr. Johnson, let bygones be bygones. None of us could’ve done anything about it. Shall we let it go, then?”

“All right, we will. By the way, Clarissa, your contract is about to expire. We’ve been working well together all these years, and we’re like a family. Just let us know if you need anything, and the company will try to fulfill it.”

Clarissa smiled. “Thank you, Mr. Johnson. I’ll think about it.”

“You certainly can. However, Clarissa, you do intend to renew your contract with the company, right? You can tell us directly so that we’ll make arrangements accordingly.”

Since he had brought this up, she nodded, “I understand. I’ll give you a response as soon as possible.”

She had her reasons not to give them an answer right away. As she was a soft-hearted person, she had known them for many years and could be easily convinced by them to continue working. Therefore, she would either talk to Jane privately about terminating her contract or ask for the lawyer’s help later.

Clarissa left right after the meal. However, Robert’s expression was dark when he walked with Jane.

“She doesn’t intend to renew the contract.”

“Yes, you’ve guessed correctly, Mr. Johnson. What should we do? Justin Yates Studio just contacted us—how can we let this rare opportunity slip away? Moreover, Clarissa is an essential employee; it would be tough for the rest to promote our company.”

Robert was also deep in thought. Their small company had benefitted tremendously from employees like Jane and Clarissa, and Clarissa had a close relationship with the company. Had it not been for the car accident, they wouldn’t worry about her terminating her contract at all since she was someone who valued long-term relationships.

“Beanie is nothing but a jinx; I’ll fire her tomorrow.”

Jane sighed. “Mr. Johnson, firing Beanie is easy, but what should we do about Clarissa leaving? Snowy, my subordinate, initially learned from Clarissa and has improved over the years. She can still be useful to the company.”

“All right. Besides, Clarissa’s contract isn’t terminated yet; we can still use this time to get the most out of her. After all, it’s not unreasonable for us to do so after helping her for the past few years.”

Although Jane didn’t like what she heard and was worried about the consequences of his plans, she remained quiet.