

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 96 - 100

Back then, the whole school knew that Helen had a crush on a senior. They were always together no matter where they went, so everyone believed that they would definitely end up as a couple, including Helen herself.

Although neither of them openly confessed their feelings to each other, a woman's intuition was usually spot on. The suggestive relationship between them was crystal clear. Not to mention, she had also met his friends and vice versa. How could they be anything else but a couple?

However, all of this was ruined by Clarissa.

When her senior saw Clarissa in her dormitory, he no longer had eyes for her.

He even publicly professed his love for Clarissa on the first floor of the female dormitory.

At that time, everyone looked at Helen with either pity or ridicule in their eyes. She became the laughing stock of the entire school overnight.

The explanation her senior gave her was that he never once thought of themselves to be a couple and merely saw her as his best friend. Moreover, he had never said that he liked her that way.

That was when Helen severed her friendship with Clarissa and left the school dormitory, never setting foot there again.

Although Clarissa rejected her senior, Helen felt that she would never be able to forgive her.

Hence, when she wanted to show off her marriage to others, Clarissa was the person who came to mind.

Even if she couldn't hurt Clarissa nor take revenge on her, at least she could show Clarissa that she was living a better life than her.

Needless to say, Helen hoped more than anything to see Clarissa living a miserable life.

Thus, she was delighted by this unexpected surprise, using every chance she got to jeer at Clarissa and finding it oh-so-satisfying.

Hah! Clarissa's already so pissed. This goes to show how ashamed she is of her boyfriend.

Otherwise, she would have brought him over to flaunt, right?

I clearly informed everyone that they were allowed to bring a plus one, but Clarissa is still being so secretive. This only further proves my theory.

This is perfect!

Helen pretended to comfort Clarissa, making them look like they were besties.

"Don't be mad, Clarissa. Today's my big day. Won't you cheer up, for my sake? We just want your friend to join us for a few drinks, that's all. Don't worry, we mean no harm."

"He doesn't drink. Are you guys done?"

Clarissa was well and truly furious, apparent from the bite in her tone. However, this was a wedding. As long as someone called her out on her attitude, everyone could join in and chose to ignore her anger, or perhaps even call her a party pooper.

Many a time, this was what started an upheaval at weddings.

While the people boxing Clarissa in started to jeer at her, a murmur ran through the crowd on the other side, which gradually escalated to a clamor.

The people over here hadn't yet noticed the stir and that a group of people was heading toward them.

The groom, Blake Zimmer, was the first to notice it, turning to see his father scrambling to keep up with an eye-catching man who was striding purposefully toward them.

Just as Helen and the others looked over as well, one of the male classmates grabbed Clarissa's waist, saying that it was to prevent her from leaving, but of course, he had other plans in mind.

Clarissa exclaimed in a sharp voice that penetrated through the wall of people around her.

“Let me go, you b*stard!” Then, her hand came down on the man’s face.

Following the crisp sound of the slap was gasps in shock. They were even more surprised when the man who was being treated with so much reverence quickly shoved everyone aside to pull Clarissa into his arms.

“What’s going on?”

Matthew hugged Clarissa and looked down at her face which had gone pale with anger. He lifted her chin and inspected her for injuries. The gesture was intimate, possessive, and protective all in one package.

Clarissa pulled his hand away and shook her head. Since he was already here, she felt that there was no need to hide anymore. As for introducing him, that was something she could do without.

She uttered in a low voice, “Let’s just go.”

Matthew’s eyes glinted dangerously as he swept his gaze over these people. The look in his eyes was terrorizing and cold sweat began to trickle down everyone’s backs as fear to grip their hearts.

The man who fondled Clarissa earlier was worse off.

However, Matthew kept his temper in check and only cast a meaningful glance at the bride and groom before leaving with Clarissa.

Blake’s father, Dean Zimmer, and some other elders chased after them, panting and apologizing at the same time even though they didn’t know what exactly had transpired here. They were also tripping over themselves trying to invite Matthew to stay for a drink or two.

However, Dean came back with the others after some time with dismay written on their faces.

He immediately called Blake and Helen over, leaving behind the table of ex-classmates who exchanged fearful glances.

“Blake, what exactly is going on?”

Blake was about to ask him the same question.

“Dad, who was that?”

“The president of Tyson Corporation.”

“That was him?”

Blake had only just returned to the country and joined the company not long ago. Hence, he wasn't very familiar with the influential entrepreneurs or matters related to the business circle here. Despite that, he was well aware of who Matthew Tyson, the president of Tyson Corporation, was.

While Blake was still in a daze, Dean looked at Helen, expressing mild displeasure toward this daughter-in-law of his.

“Helen, is Mr. Tyson's girlfriend your ex-classmate? Why didn't you say so?”

Why didn't I say so?

To say that she was reeling from her shock was putting it mildly.

Rather than shock, it was more like an indescribable kind of torment, one that seeped into her bones and filled every cell in her body, making her want to claw at her chest just to have some semblance of relief.

The president of Tyson Corporation?

I don't know who he is, but if he could make my father-in-law treat him with such respect, just what kind of existence must he have?

And a man such as him is Clarissa's boyfriend?

Status aside, the man's looks and demeanor were already enough to make women swoon. He had chiseled features and appeared aloof while exuding an air of authority. His presence alone made people feel a profound sense of awe and respect toward him.

When Helen saw the man earlier, her heart had fluttered wildly in her chest.

A man like him is Clarissa's boyfriend?

"Helen!" Dean couldn't help but snap at her.

Upon noticing Helen gnashing her teeth in jealousy with her hands balled into fists by her sides, Blake was inevitably quite upset.

However, this was the woman he chose to be his wife. Hence, he had to defend her in front of his father.

"Dad, Helen had no idea that Ms. Quigley is Mr. Tyson's girlfriend. They haven't seen each other in years and Ms. Quigley didn't mention about it either. We never expected something like this to happen. Besides, Helen's ex-classmates were only joking around Ms. Quigley. They didn't mean to appear rude."

"Joking around? Those ex-classmates are such uncivilized people. They were clearly being disrespectful toward Ms. Quigley. Blake, I've told you before. When it comes to your marriage, we may not care so much about family background, but we do look at character and values. Helen is fine, but look at those ex-classmates of hers, they are so unrefined."

Dean may not say it aloud, but he was indirectly satirizing Helen.

Helen's expression turned unsightly, but Blake reached out to grab her clenched fist just then.

"Dad, Helen only had good intentions. She hasn't been in contact with those classmates for many years, so she didn't expect them to be like this. Don't be mad anymore. We won't be seeing them in the future anyway."

Dean nodded and glanced at Helen again. "Helen, when you make friends, choose ones with class. Since you're friends with Ms. Quigley, you should keep in touch with her often, understand?"

Of course Helen understood the hidden meaning in his words.

Resentment swelled in her heart and it took everything in her to nod.

"I understand. Actually, I used to be roommates with Clarissa. We were quite close before, but then after graduation, we rarely contacted each other. But since she's in D City now, we'll definitely keep in touch often."

"Good, good."

Satisfied with her response, he stood up to continue mingling since the wedding had to go on.

Clarissa was still in a bad mood even though Matthew had whisked her away.

After he sent those people away, he led Clarissa into the elevator. Seeing that they were alone, he leaned over and pressed his body against Clarissa, caressing her face with a slender finger.

"Were they bullying you? Do you want me to make them regret ever doing that, Clare?" he asked in a gravelly voice.

Clarissa finally circled Matthew's waist with her arms and sighed softly.

"It's fine. It'd be overkill if you were to take action. I know what they were aiming for actually. They wanted to humiliate me and see me make a fool out of myself, but now that you've shown your face, the joke's on them."

Clarissa giggled and grinned broadly, her mood seemingly taken a turn for the better.

With mischief shining in her eyes, she tilted her head and remarked, "Everyone was so surprised the moment you showed up. Those dimwits didn't get to laugh at me. In fact, they're probably jealous of me now."

When the elevator door opened, both of them walked out side by side.

Amusement tugged at Matthew's lips as he said in a rich voice, "You're so easy to please. If you want to, I can make them even more jealous."

"No!"

Clarissa immediately shook her head. "You know I don't like showing off. I'm as low-key as they get!"

She did not want to be envied by people everywhere she went. All she wanted was to live her own life. Whether it was a happy or miserable one, there was no need to publicize it.

This was one of her notable traits and Matthew was fully aware of it. In fact, he found that more often than none, she did not even possess a shred of vanity.

He stroked Clarissa's soft hair and smiled. "Sorry to burst your bubble, but you won't be able to remain low-key in the days to come."

"What do you mean?"

Matthew did not answer her, but asked her a question of his own. "How's your relationship with the bride?"

"Her? Not good. She hated me because of a man back then."

Matthew was initially going to say something else, but this caught his attention and a deadly glint flickered in his eyes.

"A man?"

Clarissa didn't see the need to hide this matter from him. Hence, she started narrating the whole incident, airing her grievances and vehemently proving her innocence.

"Back then, I rarely saw that senior in school and we never even spoke to each other before, but he confessed to me out of the blue.

"He was a scumbag through and through. To think that I even felt angry on behalf of Helen.

"But in the end, she took out her anger on me."

Clarissa got even more riled up just then. "I mean c'mon, what does it have to do with me? That guy was obviously the problem, but Helen blamed it all on me. Is she daft or something? And don't even get me started on that crazy son of a b*tch. We've never even spoken to each other. Thinking about it just makes me feel nauseated."

Matthew stayed silent. He didn't think that the man was crazy, but it was this woman who wasn't aware of her own charm.

In a nutshell, she didn't understand men at all. Otherwise, she wouldn't still think this way and he would never have fallen for her either.

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Matthew could only conclude that this woman was indeed a one-of-a-kind temptress.

However, he knew to keep his thoughts to himself or this woman would give him an earful.

Upon returning to Zen Highlands, Clarissa and Matthew did nothing besides keep each other company. He read his book while she read her script and when she felt tired, she would lean against him and nap in his arms for a bit.

Speaking was not necessary because this warm and quiet atmosphere was more than enough for them to feel content.

However, their peaceful moment came to an end when Clarissa received a call from Helen at night.

Clarissa's brows furrowed. Shouldn't she know better by now?

Doesn't she know how angry I am at being put in a tight spot at her wedding?

Why is she still calling me?

"Hey, Clarissa. My husband and I wish to invite you and Mr. Tyson to attend our party tonight. Don't worry, it's only with some close friends. Those ignorant people won't be there to find fault with you again... I'm really sorry about what happened earlier. I didn't expect our ex-classmates to go so overboard. I hope you didn't take it to heart.

"We've been classmates and friends for many years. We were really close too back when we were roommates. You still take me as your friend, right? Since you're in D City, we should hang out more often..."

Helen had spoken so much, but ultimately, her goal was to get Clarissa and Matthew to attend the party together.

Even after Clarissa solemnly refused, Helen did not get angry and only said that if there was a chance, they should get together in the future.

After hanging up the call, Matthew glanced at her. Clarissa chucked her phone aside and leaned toward him.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and gazed at him with bright eyes.

“So, is this what you meant when you said I won’t be able to remain low-key anymore? You predicted this?”

The edges of Matthew’s lips lifted slightly as he stroked along Clarissa’s spine and raised his brows to ask, “Predicted what?”

“Don’t act dumb. You predicted that Helen would contact me, didn’t you? Well, she didn’t just call me, she apologized. She was so nice I thought we were real sisters for a second there,” Clarissa said with sarcasm.

“Mm.”

“What do you mean ‘mm’?”

Clarissa smacked Matthew on the chest. “You already expected this would happen. Hmph! She’s only so nice to me because she wants to get acquainted with you. Helen’s as stubborn as a mule, so she probably only did this because her in-laws are pressuring her. And they probably asked her to do it because they wanna curry your favor. That’s why I told you can’t just show up whenever you want. Someone like you needs to hide from greedy people and keep a low profile.”

“If I didn’t show up, they would’ve continued bullying you. You don’t seem happy that I came to your rescue.”

The corners of Clarissa’s mouth twitched and she fell silent for a moment with no way to refute. But then, she pouted her lips and spoke in a coquettish tone.

“Of course I’m happy. I didn’t say that I wasn’t! All I can say is that I underestimated how mean those people could get. Why did they single me out like that? What did I ever do them?”

Clarissa just could not understand what she did to deserve this.

However, Matthew could somewhat guess the reason behind their actions.

Ordinary people usually could not stand seeing others fare better than themselves.

In school, students often tried to best each other in terms of clothes and money. Society was more or less the same. People would often make fun of those who had the lowest-paid jobs or hadn’t yet married.

People always got off on banding up against someone whom they were envious of.

That was especially the case for Clarissa due to her stunning looks. She had probably turned down many boys in school back then and garnered the envy of many girls. Fast forward to the present, the men wanted to see Clarissa lead a miserable life just so they could feel better about themselves and the women’s mentality was even easier to understand.

Hence, it was very easy to guess their motives. Doesn’t this woman know that the so-called class reunions are just a front for besting each other and see who’s better than who?

Matthew pinched Clarissa’s cheek and chuckled in low voice.

“Silly!”

“You’re the one who’s silly. I’m a smart lady, mind you.”

“Mm, you’re the smartest.”

Matthew played along with her with an indulging smile.

Clarissa scrunched up her nose and harrumphed softly. “Save it. I don’t need your half-assed compliments. All that matters is that I know that I’m smart. I’m low-key like that.”

Matthew stopped talking altogether. Sooner or later, the word “low-key” was going to become her catchphrase.

“Oh, right. I turned down Helen’s invitation to the party tonight, but I have a feeling that she won’t give up so easily. I’ll definitely keep turning her down, that’s for sure, so it’ll be useless no matter how much she pesters me. On the other hand, if her in-laws use me to build rapport with you, don’t fall for it. Helen and I are not friends.”

Matthew raised a brow. “Tell me something I don’t know.”

“Alright, alright! My dear Mr. Tyson doesn’t need me to tell him all this. I get it. I’m stupid to have even mentioned it, okay?”

Clarissa pushed Matthew away and wanted to stand up, but it was to no avail.

Matthew gripped her slender waist and forced her to lean against him, using his free hand to grab her chin.

With a devilish smirk, he asked in a husky voice, “Are you mad?”

“No, I’m not that petty.”

“Good then.”

The next second, he lowered his head to plant kisses on her lips, taking his time to revel in the pleasure it brought.

There was no space left between their bodies as Matthew slowly deepened the kiss.

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Just like Clarissa had predicted, Helen did not give up.

She seemed desperate, inviting Clarissa out the next day itself without bothering to ask if the latter was working.

Perhaps she felt that since Clarissa had a man like Matthew as her boyfriend, she wouldn’t need to work at all.

Once again, Clarissa rejected Helen's invitation through the phone call, feeling flummoxed.

Shouldn't Helen be on her honeymoon now?

After writing for almost half a day in Zen Highlands, Clarissa went to Ellie's place and modeled the new arrivals while the latter took photos for the live broadcast at night.

Clarissa did not dare to tell Ellie about Helen, afraid that Ellie would press her for more details which would then leave her no choice but to reveal the truth.

Hence, Clarissa chose to keep it a secret for now.

But she was already thinking about the right time to tell Ellie. This matter could not be kept a secret for much longer. If Ellie were to catch wind about it from their ex-classmates, the entire matter would be exposed.

Rather than letting it be exposed, it was best to come clean herself.

Unfortunately, Clarissa couldn't seem to muster up the courage to do so.

After taking the photos, Ellie made backup copies and sent them to Clarissa. They had their dinner first before moving on to the live broadcast. Unlike the first time, Clarissa was more experienced this time round.

Seeing the number of viewers shoot through the roof, Ellie could barely contain her excitement.

This live broadcast didn't end until after eleven at night and Clarissa was completely drained of energy by then.

Matthew had called her several times, to which she discreetly replied with text messages in order to pacify him.

"Clare, your influence is seriously powerful and far-reaching. Haha! By the way, someone messaged me on my live broadcast platform offering you a job as an anchor. It's commission-based. They even asked for your number in hopes that you'd be interested in joining the showbiz. Tsk tsk, this is only the second live broadcast. You'd be famous by now if I wasn't selfishly keeping you all to myself."

Like a fish on dry land, Clarissa rolled her eyes and drew out the word, "No."

"I know, I know. You would never accept the offer. Besides, you're my exclusive model. No one else is allowed to headhunt you. Alright, I'll send you home now. Your apartment or your boyfriend's place?"

"Mine."

"Your apartment? Okay, got it."

Seeing that Clarissa was only giving one-worded answers, Ellie refrained from talking. Clarissa was her golden goose, so she had to take very good care of her.

Ellie supported her to the car, then brought her back to the apartment and even sent her right to her bed.

When she started snoring softly, Ellie finally took her leave.

Matthew came up only after he made sure Ellie was gone. He went into Clarissa's room and glanced at the woman on the bed who hadn't even changed out of her clothes yet. A hint of fond exasperation flashed across his stoic face.

He leaned down to take off her clothes, but because she was just tired and not dead drunk, she immediately woke up when she felt someone fumbling with her clothes.

The moment she opened her eyes, she collided gazes with Matthew and hence, let her guard down and sat up unhurriedly. But when she looked down, she found that Matthew's hand was resting on her chest.

Matthew did not retract his hand, nor did he have the intention to do so. His eyes flickered with a hint of mischief.

Clarissa's brows drew together. "Why is your hand still here? Are you going to leave it here until the sun comes up?"

Amused by Clarissa's tone, instead of removing his hand, he deliberately squeezed lightly.

"Maybe I will."

Clarissa snorted softly and pushed his hand away. Swinging her legs off the bed, she fixed her clothes a little before going to the bathroom.

When Clarissa came out of the shower, Matthew had already made himself comfortable on her bed.

While drying her damp hair, she asked, "Didn't I tell you that it's too late so I won't be going to Zen Highlands tonight?"

"Mm, so I came here."

Clarissa's hands paused their movements. "Can I have my own space?"

Matthew was silent for a while before countering, "Didn't you have your own space the whole day?"

"I meant at night."

"Not at night!"

Clarissa threw the towel aside and growled, "Tyrant!"

Matthew raised his brows in silent admission.

Clarissa climbed into bed, but before she could find a comfortable position, she was pulled into Matthew's arms. This was something he always had to do whenever they were both in bed.

Not just in bed, but as long as his hands were idle and she was beside him, he would automatically hug her and stroke her back. I really don't know how this fetish of his came about.

And what did he hug when there were no women beside him during his "celibate" years?

Clarissa's imagination started to run wild.

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Unwittingly, she had expressed her thoughts aloud, causing Matthew to chuckle with amusement.

It's no wonder this woman writes novels. She has such an active imagination.

And this isn't a fetish.

Before meeting Clarissa, he did not have such a fetish at all.

He simply liked her and wanted to be close to her at all times. Even hugging like this brought him happiness and contentment.

In the past, Matthew never understood why men and women often indulged in sex and intimacy. He just couldn't see the point in it.

To him, women were nothing special other than the fact that they had some advantages over men. Hence, he was often called the master of abstinence as he remained unmoved by the allure of the opposite sex.

However, when he fell for the woman in his arms, his eyes were finally opened to the appeal of the female sex.

Of course, that only applied to the love of his life.

Besides Clarissa, no other woman could captivate him.

Matthew hugged Clarissa tightly and whispered his answer into her ear.

"Clare, I don't have a fetish for hugging things, and hugging you isn't a fetish either. It's because I like you, so I constantly want to be by your side."

I think we're soulmates.

When two people are truly in love, they'd constantly want to be by each other's sides.

I didn't think that Matthew would feel the same way.

"Hehe..."

Tickled pink, Clarissa giggled uncontrollably and wrapped both arms around Matthew, acting coy as she hugged him tightly.

"Uncle Matthew, my thoughts exactly. Our hearts are connected!"

"Really? Then you should stay by my side at all times. After all, you can work anywhere as long as you have a laptop, right?"

He's just pushing it now!

I should've known that he'd use my words to his advantage.

"I don't wanna."

Matthew snorted with discontent. "What happened to 'our hearts are connected'?"

"Yeah, but that doesn't mean we should be with each other every second of the day! We possibly have a whole lifetime to be together, so there's no need to follow each other around day and night, don't you think so?"

"Since you've put it like that, what else is there for me to say?"

Clarissa broke into a triumphant smile. "Absence makes the heart fonder! We should keep an appropriate distance from each other to maintain the romance in our relationship. For example, let's meet once a week? Or twice? Or we could sleep in separate rooms. Hey, I remember you promised me that we'd sleep in separate rooms-"

That was the end of their one-sided discussion as Matthew shut her up the usual way.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder? Maintain the romance? This is all utter b*llsh*t!

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Clarissa was trending on the internet again. Although she was not the first nor second on the list, she was still trending nonetheless.

It was because a buyer had posted a screenshot saying that she was mesmerized by this beautiful young lady and bought a bunch of clothes as a result. Later on, she posted a comparison review which turned out to be an appalling sight to behold.

Even so, she expressed that she would continue to stan this live broadcast host and buy whatever clothes she wore.

And the beautiful young lady in question only went by the name Clare and was known to be a personal model for a clothing business. The buyer also stated that one could go to the store's official website to save more of Clare's high-definition photos as a private collection.

When Clarissa saw this hot topic, she couldn't help but wonder if this was a bad year for her. Otherwise, why would she keep trending on the internet for no apparent reason?

Following this hot topic were many discussions among some insiders, Clarissa's ex-classmates, and friends.

This is the campus belle of D University from back then. Her yearbook photo is proof that she's both beautiful and smart!

Wow! Clare is so awesome! She graduated from a prestigious university!

So what if she graduated from a prestigious university? Nowadays, people like them only prostitute themselves after joining the society.

To the commenter above, you're just jealous. It's obvious you don't have the looks or the brains, so get outta here!

After a detailed examination, I found no traces of plastic surgery. She's an all-natural beauty. I'm officially a fan! Can I have Clare's Twitter and phone number? Please notice me, Clare!

Clarissa felt relieved that none of them knew her full name and hence, would not be able to link her to her Twitter account that had the username @clarissa.quigley.

You're all idiots. Men always fall head over heels for beautiful women like her. I was in the same school as she and I witnessed her toying with countless boys. She enjoyed having

them eat out of her hand, basking in all the attention they gave her. She even turned on one of her classmates by stealing her boyfriend. A few days ago, we met again at an ex-classmate's wedding. She has a sugar daddy and was even so smug about it.

That makes sense. Women like her are only nice to look at but are actually revolting on the inside.

B*llsh*t. Do you have evidence to back that?

I don't believe that. Clare is always so shy. During the live broadcast, she was blushing the whole time and it didn't look like she was faking it.

You fell for that? Please, she's just good at pretending.

Nah, I don't care whether she was pretending. I'm Clare's fan because of that perfect face of hers anyway.

...

There were all kinds of comments, both positive and negative. Reading those nasty baseless remarks, Clarissa couldn't help but feel uneasy.

Later on, she gave up reading the comments altogether to save herself the stress.

Inevitably, she became more and more disappointed in the people who surfed the internet.

Ellie called her right then because of that trending topic.

"Do you want me to get someone to take it down? It started because of me anyway."

Clarissa pondered for a moment. "Can this help bring in sales for you? Does it benefit you?"

"Yeah, it does, but I won't do anything you don't like."

"I know, but since it's already out, don't bother about it. I'm just a small fry anyway, so the hype would probably die down very soon. Might as well make full use of it to gain some fame and sales for your business, so let's just leave it."

Ellie giggled. "Then I'll give you a big ass commission!"

"Obviously, or I won't help you anymore in the future," Clarissa joked, thinking that this topic was over.

To her shock, Ellie brought up Helen all of a sudden.

"By the way, I saw one of the comments talking about an ex-classmate's wedding, so I suddenly remembered that Helen's wedding was a few days ago, right? So you attended?"

Clarissa hesitated for a while before replying, "Yeah, but I left very early."

Panic-stricken, she answered warily, afraid that she might slip up and Ellie would sense something amiss.

"Oh, she invited me too but I didn't bother to go. I mean, she has such poor judgment. She held a grudge against you because of that scumbag, right? But you actually went to her wedding? Are you stupid or what? Look, they're spreading false rumors about you, saying that you have a sugar daddy and all those. That b*tch who wrote it better not let me find out who she is or I'll kill her myself."

"Okay, okay. This matter is in the past, so let's not dwell on it. What about you? Have you found the person who set you up?" Clarissa changed the topic.

"No, and from what I can see, it's that pretentious Shawn Hayes who thinks he's some kind of great detective. What the hell? He's just a measly Captain of the Criminal Investigation Unit, but he always acts so cockily. Who does he think he is?"

As Ellie grumbled non-stop, Clarissa was bewildered. Didn't they only meet once? Why does she have such a strong opinion against him?

Little did she know, Ellie and Shawn had met more than once, not to mention they had conflicts with each other.

What was more, they would even get more involved later on.

Of course, this would only happen further into the future.

Sure enough, the trending topic about Clarissa did not last long.

But of course, some would still come across it from time to time.

When Shermaine found out that Clarissa made it to the trending list just from selling clothes on a live broadcast, her heart swelled with displeasure.

Seeing her assistant so engrossed with watching Clarissa, Shermaine snatched her phone out of her hands and threw it harshly onto the ground.

“Why are you watching her? Is she prettier than me? Huh? Get out! Get out right now! As my assistant, how dare you watch someone else besides me? You’re not qualified for this job. You can forget about setting foot in this industry from now on! Get lost!”

Her assistant started crying and scurried off.

Before long, Lizzie came over with a helpless look on her face. Why is she so riled up over a pretty girl? Besides, there are many girls who are much prettier than her anyway, so why does she hate Clarissa so much? Why does she keep targeting Clarissa?

“Shermaine, I heard about what happened from Chloe. It’s just a trending topic, and it’s not even among the top ones. Why do you even care?”

“I just do. I hate her and I want to destroy her!”

Shermaine did not know why she hated Clarissa with a passion; she just did. She did not tell anyone that her hatred for Clarissa was in fact a gut feeling. Clarissa gave her a sense of familiarity the first time she saw her, but for some reason, she felt threatened by Clarissa’s existence and was antagonized by her beauty.

Hence, she wanted to stomp on Clarissa at every chance she got.

The last time when Clarissa had a dispute with Twilight Company about her contract termination, Shermaine had hired someone to slander her. Upon seeing how badly the latter was cursed at, Shermaine was in high spirits for the next few days and was easy to work with during filming.

However, all the slanderous information was deleted after that. Shermaine surmised that Clarissa had gone to Ellie for help, so she did not continue attacking.

She never expected that Clarissa would be so difficult to deal with. She had emerged once again and Shermaine couldn't stand the sight of it.

"Lizzie, I hate her. I really, really hate her. I can't stand the sight of her face. It's too perfect, really. There's no way she can be so perfect..."

Lizzie could somewhat guess what Shermaine was thinking when she heard this. She shuddered involuntarily.

Lizzie did not dare to say anything nor advise her against whatever was going through her mind.

Fortunately, Shermaine did not continue talking about it. "Get me a new assistant."

"Sure."

"Today's the last day of filming, right?"

Shermaine fluffed up her hair and plastered a smile onto her face.

"Great. Finally, it's over. I'm dead tired. I won't accept any TV series roles from now on. They don't meet my standards, especially the ridiculous script Clarissa wrote. It's childish and substandard. Those investors must be a bunch of fools."

Lizzie pursed her lips. They are no fools. They know that this series can sell. Besides, it's a good script.

It's a shame Shermaine can't see that.

In fact, isn't the Justin Yates film she's planning to star in also written by Clarissa?

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 99

Clarissa didn't know that people loathed her stories.

However, if it was Shermaine who didn't like it, she wouldn't mind.

These few days, Clarissa had received a lot of calls from Helen, inviting her for hangouts, from having fun together to shopping, but she rejected every one of them.

The last time Helen called Clarissa, she told the latter she was going to invite Ellie as well, seeing how close they were. The latter got nervous as she couldn't guess if Helen was trying to threaten her.

Even if it posed to be a threat, Clarissa had no choice but to accept her invitation, and of course, she would be the only one who would be there while Matthew would stay out of that.

That night, Matthew had some business to attend to, so he didn't return home for dinner.

Clarissa informed Matthew about accepting Helen's invitation, but the latter only laughed at her. "Didn't you say that you'll not be bothered by the Zimmers anymore? Are you so tempted by them you couldn't hold your ground?"

Clarissa snorted on the call. Looking through the car window, she saw the dazzling neon lights lit up one by one, brightening up the entire city. "It's not that I can't take it anymore. In fact, I wish to settle everything at once to prevent future disturbances."

"Really?" Matthew's soft chuckles came from the other end of the call, and his voice was soothing to the ear.

"Absolutely. But..." Clarissa murmured her words and the man couldn't hear what she was saying, so he asked, "Clare, what did you say?"

"Nothing," Clarissa didn't want to tell.

"Haha..." Matthew let out a chuckle, and his laugh sounded as if he could tell what Clarissa was thinking without hearing about it directly from her.

The woman felt embarrassed while her ears were flushed red. "I'm almost there, so I'll hang up now."

After a while, Clarissa arrived at the restaurant Helen booked.

The latter was sitting alone at a table. Seeing this, Clarissa was relieved, as she could say everything she wanted.

Looking at Clarissa, Helen smiled faintly and spoke mockingly, "What an honor to have you here. It's so difficult to invite you out for a reunion."

Ignoring the woman, Clarissa smiled and sat in her seat. "You knew why I didn't want to come."

Helen frowned. "Do you think I did it willingly?"

Raising a brow at the woman, Clarissa asked, "So, why?"

Helen argued, "I don't have a choice."

Clarissa pursed her lips disapprovingly. "Hah! If you're so reluctant, who can force you into it?"

"You don't understand how tough it was for me. By saying all these sarcastic remarks, you're just trying to humiliate me." Helen rolled her eyes and folded her arms.

Placing an arm on the table, Clarissa rested her chin on her hand and tilted her head. "Really? You're the one who invited me to your wedding and was relentless with me at the ceremony. You reap what you sow, so blame yourself for that."

"Clarissa, you..." Helen grimaced in annoyance.

Clarissa glared at her coldly. They were so direct with their words, but Helen was the only one who got angry with this argument.

Both of them fell silent for a while. Clarissa focused on eating while Helen kept on staring at the former coldly. Her stares were filled with malicious intent, and it was as if she wanted to kill Clarissa.

"Are you full just from staring at me?" Clarissa lifted her head to look at Helen after swallowing her food.

Helen scoffed, "Clarissa, I didn't invite you out for a meal."

"Oh?" Clarissa continued eating her food.

"You..." Helen was speechless.

Soon after, she said, "You know what I'm here for. Although I'm jealous of your relationship with Matthew, I don't have a choice. That's right, you've won in choosing a man of higher status. Out of respect to Mr. Tyson, I'll have to get along with you. I admit. I'm disgusting, but in the real world, and since I've married into the Zimmer family, I'll have to obey them."

After pausing for a while, she insisted, "So let's forget about the past and rebuild a new relationship for now."

Placing down her spoon, Clarissa wiped the corners of her lips with a paper towel and looked at Helen in the eyes. "There aren't any feelings between us, let alone being friends. Besides, I don't wish to have anything to do with you."

Helen snickered, "Clarissa, you've gone too far. You're just one of Matthew's women, so don't think too highly of yourself. Staying in touch with me is a win-win for both of us, and you should stop fantasizing about your Cinderella love story. Face the truth. You don't have what it takes to be Mrs. Tyson, so why not cooperate with me while you still have his favor? Think twice before you reject my offer. Otherwise, you'll regret it when he leaves you."

Clarissa had thought of everything Helen pointed out, and she knew what to do, so she remained calm and poised, not giving the reaction Helen had wanted to see, be it feeling sad, scared, or compromise with her offer.

With an aloof expression, she said indifferently, "I'm not Cinderella indeed. However, I'm not the type of person you think I am. I'm just dating a man I like, and it's as simple as that. Helen, I will make it clear for you once and for all."

Clearing her throat, Clarissa continued, "You want to cooperate with me? No way, and that's it. Don't you contact me ever again, as we're not friends, to start with. Plus, I know you hate me. I just feel that it's unfortunate and foolish of you to believe in a scumbag and develop hate toward your innocent schoolmate."

With that, Clarissa got ready to stand up. "Right. You didn't eat, so I'll pay for the meal because I don't want to owe you anything."

“Clarissa, stop right there!” Helen got so angry that she lost control of her voice, while Clarissa glanced back and raised a brow.

Helen’s expression was ferocious, and she was gritting her teeth. “Clarissa, I do hate you, and don’t be too arrogant. I’ve lowered my pride to negotiate with you. What more do you want from me? Act high and mighty all you want, but just you wait, you’ll be dumped by Matthew one day.”

Clarissa let out a sigh. Does she not understand human language?

It would only be a waste of breath to say anything else, as Helen was stubborn and self-righteous. It was impossible for her to listen to others.

Reluctant to drag on the conversation, Clarissa turned around and leave. Helen hates me anyway.

She won’t understand, even if I explain any further.

After parting on bad terms, Clarissa returned to Zen Highlands.

Matthew wasn’t at home yet, so she sat on the wool carpet in front of the French windows, doing some research on her studio and checking her emails.

One of the emails was from Justin. It was about choosing the actors and actresses for the movie. He asked for Clarissa’s recommendations, but of course, he would decide who to cast based on their performance at the audition.

Clarissa thought of Ryler initially, but she didn’t recommend him. In the end, she only recommended Jamie as the candidate for one of the supporting roles to give the young lady a chance. As for the male and female leads, she thought of a certain female artist when she was still working on the story of Princess. However, even though that female artist had the classy demeanor Clarissa liked, her age made her unsuitable for the role.

After replying to the email, she received a call from Justin.

The latter stated a problem about casting the actors. “Shermaine contacted me just now and requested to be the female lead. What do you think?”

Clarissa froze for a while and replied, "Director Yates, Ms. Smallwood is pretty and has amazing acting skills. I don't have any problem with that."

"Really? Are you not jealous?" Justin chuckled.

Clarissa knew what he was getting at. "I won't allow my personal feelings to impede my work."

Satisfied with Clarissa's answer, Justin explained, "Alright. Then I'll cast Shermaine because she has superb acting skills. However, her role isn't the real princess, but the fake princess, as she's more suitable for this character. And of course, I'm just doing my job."

Clarissa was grateful to Justin for asking her opinion. It didn't matter even if it was out of respect for Matthew. What was important was that Justin gave her an explanation.

Soon after, Justin said, "Of course. We don't know if Shermaine is willing to act as a supporting character, so we can choose others when the time comes."

When both of them were discussing the casts for other characters, Matthew came back.

Noticing she was talking with somebody on her phone, he took off his coat and tossed it aside before walking toward her. He hugged her from behind and lowered his voice. "Who are you talking to? Hmm?"

When Justin heard Matthew's voice from the other end, he burst into laughter and said something before hanging up.

Clarissa furrowed her brows slightly when the alcohol scent from his breath entered her nostrils. Putting her phone aside, she turned around in his arms.

"Are you drunk?" She was mesmerized by his dark eyes when she gazed at him. It was as if it was a black hole pulling her further and further into him.

"Yeah..." Matthew's voice was deep and husky. It sounded so sexy that Clarissa felt attacked.

Taking her into an embrace, he caressed her back while pinching her chin. Then he lowered his head and leaned closer to her face, his nose brushing across her eyes and cheeks.

Pressing his lips against hers, he insisted, "Who were you talking to?"

He's using his drunkenness to take advantage of me! What a pervert!

Clarissa rolled her eyes at him in her mind and tried to push him away, but to no avail.

The man tightened his grip on her and continued in a commanding tone. "Hmm? Tell me now!"

Seeing how stubborn he was, Clarissa could only tell him the truth. "Director Yates..."

Jealousy stirred in Matthew's heart when he heard her words.

Clarissa added, "It was about Shermaine."

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 100

Matthew's movement stopped, while Clarissa smiled subtly and pushed him away.

"We were talking about Shermaine," she said it again and it was as clear as day that she did it deliberately.

Staring into Matthew's dark eyes, Clarissa tilted her head sideways innocently while poking at the man's shoulders. "What's wrong? Why are you not saying anything?"

Clarissa knew Matthew wasn't drunk.

He just had a few drinks and was more relaxed than his usual self.

The man took her hands to his lips and landed a kiss on her finger.

His hot breath brushed against the back of her hand, and it made her feel a little ticklish. She tried to retract her hand, but she failed while the man leaned in closer and kissed the corner of her lips.

Clarissa dissed him in her mind. So you resort to kissing as you have nothing to say.

After ending their kiss, the man muttered hoarsely, "What do you want me to say? Clare, you should be the one who has something to say, not me. Say, are you jealous?"

Clarissa pursed her red lips slightly as she was displeased. "I'm not. We're talking about business, so no personal feelings are involved. Shermaine volunteered to be the female lead for this movie, and Director Yates wanted to ask for my opinion. She's pretty and her acting skills are top tier, so I'll leave it to the director, as he is the one who decides the type of movie he wants to film."

When Clarissa was saying her words, Matthew placed his hands on her body and kept on moving everywhere, so she had no choice but to brush his hands off again and again.

Furrowing her brows, she continued, "Stop it. I'm talking about something serious here. Afterward, Director Yates decided to cast Shermaine for a supporting role, and I'll say it again. This is his decision, not mine. However, Shermaine may be reluctant to act as a supporting character... Matthew, you hear me? We're only talking about business. Stop touching me..."

Suddenly, Matthew "slipped" and took Clarissa into his arms while they fell sideways on the carpet.

The woman was locked in his embrace while the man's heavy breathing brushed across her cheeks.

Seeing how happy he looked when he chuckled in a deep voice, Clarissa uttered, "You..."

What could she say?

Glaring at Matthew, she said, "Feeling guilty? You didn't know how to answer me, so you played dirty. Humph! It was obvious that you're trying to cover something up."

Leaning on his side, the man smiled faintly and supported his head with one arm. "Clare, you've said everything. What else can I say?"

He can try to defend himself, but he didn't.

It was as if he could tell what Clarissa was thinking. Letting out a soft laugh, he said, "I have no need to defend myself, as I did nothing wrong. There's nothing between me and Shermaine."

Fine! You win this time.

Clarissa couldn't say anything in return, so she looked at him in protest.

Matthew chuckled softly and brushed her lips before moving to the corner of her eyes, touching her eyelashes gently with his finger.

With her patience was running thin, Clarissa put his finger away. "That's enough. Let me stand up."

Matthew didn't agree with her request and smiled. "No. Tell me, Clare. Why are you so concerned about Shermaine?"

Clarissa remained silent while the man lowered his head and touched her lips with his. "I told you before. There's nothing between me and her. It's just that our family are quite close."

All she wanted was to escape from his embrace. "Alright. I understand, and I'm not so petty. So can you let me go now?"

The man chortled and said, "No. I feel great kissing you here. What should I do?"

"There's nothing you should do," Clarissa yelled.

"I have a suggestion..." Before he could finish his sentence, the woman interrupted, "I don't want to hear any of that."

Clarissa rolled her eyes at him while he cocked his brows with an ambiguous smile plastered on his face. "Hehe... Clare, would you let me do that?"

Looking at the expression on his good-looking features, Clarissa understood what he was getting at.

He said, "It doesn't matter even if you don't wish to hear, let's do it directly then."

Why is it this again?

Clarissa reached out and poked at his chest. "Can you not think about that just for one day?"

"Which day?" Matthew asked, while Clarissa couldn't help but answered quickly. "Every day!"

"It's normal to be like this, Clare." He emphasized on how normal he was by rubbing his body against Clarissa's.

The woman's cheeks blushed instantly from the sudden skin contact.

Matthew leaned down and showed her how normal he was without sparing another word.

Shermaine returned to D City.

She called Matthew before returning, but Donnie was the one who answered the call every time.

Donnie's excuses were that Matthew was in a meeting or he was busy. However, Shermaine knew the man had drawn a line between them.

Whenever she contacted Matthew in the past, the latter didn't push her away or rejected her, even though his attitude was indifferent toward her.

However, it was so obvious this time and, her instincts told her, Matthew had a lover.

When Shermaine hung up, her expression turned ferocious. Seeing her expression, the flight attendant froze in place before changing his mind and backed away from getting her signature.

After getting off the plane, Shermaine rushed to the Tyson Corporation. Everyone was shocked, and no one dared to block her path while she immediately went to the top floor.

Only Donnie stopped her in her tracks when he saw her. "Ms. Smallwood, you've just gotten off your plane, so why don't you head home? Mr. Tyson is busy at the moment, so he has no time for guests."

"Guest? I'm a guest? Get out of my way!" Shermaine glared at Donnie coldly.

The latter smiled and said politely, "My apologies, Ms. Blackwood. I can ask Mr. Tyson if he wishes to meet you, but you can't barge in there. Mr. Tyson won't tolerate mixing work with personal affairs."

When Donnie was saying those words, a sense of guilt rose in his chest.

Drawing a line between work and personal affairs was only emphasized in the past, given that Ms. Quigley had broken the precedent.

And of course, only Ms. Quigley is eligible for this. As for others, this rule still stands.

Shermaine didn't dare go against Matthew, so she halted and looked at Donnie with a grim expression. "What are you waiting for? Go!"

"Yes, Ms. Smallwood. Please wait in the guest room," Donnie replied politely before walking into Matthew's office.

Soon after, Donnie exited the office and gave Shermaine the answer within her expectations.

Shermaine was an impressive woman, but she never went to Matthew's company in the past. And why was that?

It wasn't because she was scared to be involved in scandals. In fact, she wanted scandals with Matthew. However, Matthew never allowed women to go to his company.

Shermaine was believed to be the future Mrs. Tyson, but she wasn't allowed to go to the company either.

And this was Matthew's rules.

This time, Shermaine was in a rush to meet Matthew that she actually went all the way to the company. How great would it be if Matthew can meet me once?

However, Matthew didn't want to meet her.

Donnie said, "Ms. Smallwood, please."

Shermaine gritted her teeth in secret as the worry in her heart grew bigger and bigger while she felt threatened.

Suddenly, she turned to Donnie and asked, "Is Matt close to any woman recently?"

Donnie only smiled at her and said nothing in reply.

Shermaine knew Donnie wouldn't tell her anything no matter what.

After calming down, she got up from the couch and left the Tyson Corporation.

When she returned to the Smallwood residence, Kayla was so happy that her daughter was home and she kept on scrutinizing the latter before bringing up her meeting with Matthias and his wife.

She uttered, "The Tysons are so outrageous! Although we didn't say it clearly, but we were pretty much implying it. How can Matthew abandon you like this? Shermaine, I know you wish to be Mrs. Tyson, and I'll help you fulfill this wish. Matthew should be grateful that you like him. There's no way in hell I'll accept their denial."

Shermaine didn't want to listen to her mother's blabbering. What can we do if the Tysons deny?

We can't do anything. Our social status is lower than theirs.

"Shermaine, let's go! I'll bring you to the Tyson residence now..." Before Kayla could finish her sentence, she was interrupted by her daughter. "Argh... Mom, please stop making things worse. Is there any woman by Matt's side while I was away?"

"Woman? Does he have a lover? Is this why he rejected you? How outrageous! He can't do this to you, my precious daughter..." Tears started rolling down Kayla's cheeks when her heart ached for Shermaine.

The latter was impatient. Seeing her mother cry, a tinge of annoyance and disgust flashed across her eyes.

When James returned home, he saw his wife sobbing and rushed to her side to comfort her.

After Kayla calmed down, James asked them what happened and fell silent when he heard Shermaine suspected Matthew of having a lover.

“Dad, does Matt have a lover? Is it arranged by the Tyson family?” Shermaine knew she was right from her father’s expression.

However, James shook his head. “No. We didn’t receive any information about this.”

Shermaine frowned. “Really?”

Patting her shoulder, James said, “We don’t have any proof, so we can’t say anything. Besides, so what if he has a lover? Shermaine, you’re our only child, and we’ll help you get anything you want.”

Shermaine was initially restless, but when she felt her parents’ love for her, she felt at ease.

Smiling sweetly, her tensed feelings finally relaxed, and she was back to her usual self, whining to her parents.

She hugged her parents and exclaimed, “Dad, Mom, I love you guys the most.”