

# You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

## Chapter 36 - 40

Everyone held their breaths and looked at Clarissa. She's actually confronting Shermaine?

At that moment, Jamie was pulling at Clarissa's fingers to stop her. Her eyes were red.

Nonetheless, Clarissa showed no signs of backing down. She even wore a grin on her face in front of Shermaine.

"Ms. Smallwood, what's your opinion about what I just said? They are just my suggestions but I hope you can adopt them."

After all, someone did accuse Clarissa of ignorantly explaining a scene to Shermaine, so Clarissa decided to make that a reality and actually do it.

"Sure! What do you think, Mr. Brown?" Shermaine responded with a smile.

Despite being unhappy about it, the director nodded. "No problem. We're done with this part then. Everyone ready up for the next scene!"

Immediately, the entire crew started scurrying around with their work while an assistant held an umbrella over Shermaine's head. Jamie's assistant also rushed over to check on Jamie, concerned about her artiste.

On the other hand, right as Clarissa turned to leave after Jamie, Shermaine approached her out of the blue.

Shermaine still had a smile on her face as she spoke, "Ms. Quigley, you and Jamie seem close, I'm jealous."

"I treat her the way I treat any other artiste," Clarissa said plainly.

"Haha... Ms. Quigley, is it true that you're leaving tomorrow? Why so soon? If you're not here, who's going to go through the script so passionately with me?"

“The director. He’s actually far more thorough than me. Sometimes, what’s written and what’s acted out are quite different. I’m new after all, and there are so many things I’m lacking in. So, go look for the director, he’s better than me.”

Shermaine gave Clarissa a thoughtful look before bidding her farewell. “Alright, Ms. Quigley. I wish you all the best. Hope we meet again someday.”

“Thank you.”

As Shermaine walked proudly past Jamie, Jamie gave her the death stare as her rage and dissatisfaction burned from within.

“Stop staring, you need a facial right now. Do you have any more scenes for today?”

The few of them sat in the lounge when Jamie sent her assistant away. While she did her own facial, Jamie looked at Clarissa. She mainly felt touched and also slightly apologetic by Clarissa’s actions.

“Ms. Quigley, thank you so much.”

“What’s there to thank me for?”

“No. To me, this is important, very important. If you hadn’t said anything, god knows how long Shermaine was going to torture me like that. I knew I was going to get bullied one day, but I’ve never been through such cruelty in my entire life.”

While talking, Jamie tried her best to hold in her tears. The changes she was going through after such a traumatic experience was not something Clarissa could clearly comprehend.

At the moment, the only thing Clarissa could do was comfort her. “Jamie. To be honest, this type of situation happens in every field and there are bad people everywhere. However, as long as we stay true to ourselves and work hard, there will come a day when we can finally shine. By then, maybe you’ll look back to this incident and shrug it off. You know, what I’m trying to say is, you shouldn’t go on living with a vengeance in mind because of what happened today. Your dreams and your goals are far more important.”

Ellie had always said that Clarissa had a big heart. Truth be told, her heart was just normal-sized, but she did have an open mind.

"I understand, Ms. Quigley."

Nevertheless, Jamie's answers were just words. It was still uncertain whether she could really overcome this mental hurdle and let go of her grudge.

That being said, due to the fact that Clarissa was leaving the next morning, Jamie invited her out for a meal as a sign of gratitude.

Outside the film studio, there was a restaurant where all sorts of artistes mingled. The famous, the unknowns, the extras, and such, all gathered there.

In there, it was as though all that glamour became ordinary.

While Clarissa and Jamie were dining, Ryler appeared and approached the two.

"Jamie, is your face better now? I'm so sorry. I wasn't there this afternoon and I didn't know what happened."

Hearing Ryler's concern made Jamie flush as she shyly shook her head.

"Mr. Cooper, it's okay. I'm fine now. See, it's not swollen anymore."

The way Jamie looked at Ryler was like a little girl looking at her childhood hero, her eyes filled with affection and admiration. Even Clarissa at the side felt like laughing.

"Jamie, didn't you say you were a big fan of Mr. Cooper? Why don't you tell him?"

Clarissa's words made Jamie turn bright pink as she stared at her. Even so, Jamie still mustered up some courage and confessed timidly to Ryler.

"Mr. Cooper, I've liked you ever since your debut and watched every production with you in it, multiple times. Oh, and your singing is really superb! I'm even a member of your fan club. I..."

"Thank you, Jamie."

Ryler thanked her with a smile but did not seem too enthusiastic about it.

Noticing the situation, Clarissa butted in. "You have such an awesome fan here, Mr. Cooper. You really ought to take care of her. After I'm gone, please help her out if someone's bullying her."

"Definitely! I dare not go against Ms. Quigley's request."

Jamie looked at both of them and noticed how familiar they were with each other.

Clarissa did not keep her out of the loop and told Jamie that she and Ryler were from the same city and knew each other since a long time ago. "But he's famous now, so I obviously have to put some distance between us to avoid the media taking photos and spreading rumors."

Jamie was a little surprised but could understand.

She would not pry nor gossip about it, but seeing Clarissa entrusting her with such a piece of sensitive information made Jamie feel moved.

After the meal, the three of them headed out with their respective assistants following behind them. Jamie was the first to leave as her assistant brought the car over whereas Clarissa and Ryler just stood at the door.

"I was serious. It's not easy for a little girl like Jamie. If it's possible, take care of her for me."

"You really like her, huh?"

"Yes. She's quite candid and doesn't scheme around behind people's backs. We get along quite well."

"Alright then, I'll do what I can. But you did just make an enemy of Shermaine. Aren't you afraid? If she really was the petty kind, she'll certainly do something about what you did today."

"Not really. I have nothing to hide and am leaving tomorrow. What can she do? Alright now. You should go. Don't you see even your manager's rolling his eyes at me now?"

Ryler's ride was parked not far in front of them with the manager staring at them from the inside.

Ryler smiled awkwardly as Clarissa gave his arm a shove.

"Alright, I'll be leaving then. Send me a message when you reach the hotel. Don't go running around, got it?"

"I'm just going to wait for the car here, not going anywhere."

With that in mind, Ryler got in the car and left. Clarissa smiled as she took out her phone and called a cab.

The restaurant and the hotel were quite near each other, roughly around a ten-minute drive. Having said that, after getting on the cab, Clarissa was slightly nauseated by the smell of alcohol that filled up the interior of the vehicle.

The driver seemed to have noticed her reaction and quickly explained that the last passenger was really drunk and caused the smelly situation.

After that, Clarissa soon found out that he was a talkative type as the driver asked a bunch of questions.

It was fine in the beginning as the questions were more general, like what was Clarissa's job or why was she not an actress with how beautiful she was.

Nevertheless, the questions quickly spiraled out of control, asking about her personal life, like whether she had a boyfriend. There were even some unsavory comments mixed into his questions.

"I know there are a lot of actresses here that would sleep with anyone. Even the screenwriters do it too. Where would they get funding from if they didn't? How would they get a role? You have a pretty face too, young lassie. How many men have you slept with? Haha... By the way, I'm not actually a full-time driver. This is just a side gig for me after work to make some extras and meet new friends. My cousin is a director. Do you want a big role? I can help you with that!"

"No!"

Clarissa refused the driver's offer with a stern look on her face. She was immediately on high alert as she took out her phone. Looking outside, she could see that they were arriving at the hotel. I'm calling the police if this driver does anything suspicious.

Meanwhile, the driver took a glimpse of Clarissa as his perverted intentions sipped out of those bloodshot eyes.

Clarissa took notice and quickly dialed the number on her phone.

All of a sudden, the car took a sharp turn and caused Clarissa to slam into the door, dropping her phone in the process. As the car was moving at a really high speed and kept shifting around, she could not actually pick up her phone. So Clarissa shouted.

“Stop the car! Stop the car right now! You can’t run! My friend knows I’m on this car and I just sent him my position!”

The driver started to panic when he heard that, and at that instance, Clarissa’s phone rang.

However, the phone had fallen under the front seat and Clarissa could not retrieve it. Unable to think of anything else, she grabbed the driver’s neck at the spur of the moment, threatening him to stop.

The cab almost crashed into another car as that happened, barely grazing past it. The driver was likely more afraid of dying, so he floored the break. As soon as the car stopped, Clarissa immediately unlocked the door and ran out of the cab.

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Jamie walked out of the police station with Clarissa and got in a car.

“Thank you, Jamie. I’m so sorry to bother you at a time like this.”

“You’re treating me like a stranger, Ms. Quigley. I’ll get mad if you say that again!” Jamie responded.

After they got back to the hotel, Jamie stayed with Clarissa for a while before finally heading back to her room.

Clarissa was left alone in her room, still shaken by what had happened.

That night, she would drift off into a slumber and then get woken up by nightmares, over and over again until she eventually fell sound asleep at dawn.

Nevertheless, Clarissa's rest was cut short as the phone in the room suddenly rang.

"Clare! I'm so sorry! I was in a shoot last night and Toby told me you've reached the hotel. I didn't know he would lie to me. I'm sorry, Clare. Are you okay now?"

It was Ryler.

"I'm fine. It's over now," Clarissa said as she sat up, her voice was a little hoarse.

Knock. Knock. Knock. Knock.

There was a rap on the door that startled Clarissa. "One second, there's someone at the door..." She said before Ryler could say anything.

"Clare, don't open the door..." Ryler was anxious, but Clarissa did not hear him.

She got off the bed and went to open the door. To her surprise, the moment a gap formed between the door and the frame, someone immediately forced the door open.

There were flashes of lights, microphones everywhere as more people piled in and surrounded Clarissa. She was forced to back up until she stumbled to the floor, no one cared though. Everyone there was ruthlessly aiming their equipment at the woman sitting on the floor. Snapping photo after photo, firing questions after questions.

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### Chapter 37

"Ms. Quigley, last night, after your failed attempt to seduce Ryler Cooper, you went on to hook up with the cousin of a director, Mr. Mackenzie. Is this true?"

"Ms. Quigley, last night, what benefits were you promised after spending the night with Mr. Mackenzie's cousin?"

"Ms. Quigley, did you obtain the opportunity for the movie adaptation of The World via similar means with the investors?"

“Ms. Quigley... “

At that instance, the first thing that came into Clarissa’s mind was to cover her face. For her to be forced onto the floor like that was humiliating. On top of that, the people there were mercilessly firing shots at her, saying all sorts of slander and satire.

In that situation, Clarissa’s mind went totally blank.

“What are you people doing? Get away! Move!”

Someone came to help. It was Jamie, and not Ryler.

She brought her driver and assistant, as well as several hotel staff, chasing the crowd out of the room.

After the room was cleared, silence ensued. Clarissa was still in shock. Her hair and clothes were in a mess. Bruises could be seen forming on her delicate face as Jamie helped her up and sat her on the bed.

Clarissa sat there, speechless for quite a while.

Seeing her situation made Jamie furious. All that had happened was definitely deliberate. Why else would a paparazzi ever follow a screenwriter that is so low profile? I swear, if this had nothing to do with Shermaine, I’d cut my head off and use it as a football.

“Ms. Quigley, it’s alright now. Everything’s okay. Don’t be scared,” Jamie said as she gave Clarissa a hug and patted softly on her back to comfort her.

Right then, Clarissa came to her senses again. She started shivering in Jamie’s embrace. Even though there was no sound, Jamie could feel her shoulder getting wet with tears.

She let out an internal sigh.

“Ms. Quigley, just let it out. I’d cry too if something like this happened to me. It’s okay, so just cry your heart out and pick yourself up afterward. There are still a lot of questions for this incident that need answers, you can’t give up so easily.”

Hearing what Jamie said, Clarissa immediately raised her head. “Those reporters... “



“Don’t worry. Mr. Cooper said he’ll handle them. He actually wanted to come, but he just didn’t have the time. So he asked me to check on you because he’s really worried.”

“Okay, I understand.”

Ryler should not be involved with scandals at the moment and Toby never actually liked Clarissa anyway. Even though he never said anything, it was clear that Toby’s attitude towards her was average at best.

Hence, Clarissa knew better and rarely contacted Ryler.

Even them meeting at the film studio was an unexpected occasion.

Why did those people say I attempted to seduce Ryler?

“What happened? Why did they suddenly all wind up here looking for me?”

Jamie started fuming as she began to explain.

“Someone posted the photo of you and Mr. Cooper on Twitter this morning. It was when you two were waiting at the door of the restaurant. The angle was especially deceptive and they wrote that you tried to seduce Mr. Cooper but was ignored. Then, you got in some director’s cousin’s car and they found out that this cousin had been going around sleeping with many women using the name of the director. Some people even came out and said they saw you abuse your position to get close to Mr. Cooper and disrespect Shermaine... ”

And with that, Clarissa was finally able to grasp a general idea of the situation, feeling weak as she lowered her pale cold face.

“Ms. Quigley, this is definitely the work of Shermaine. That witch is getting back at you for protecting me yesterday. I’m so sorry.”

“This doesn’t concern you, Jamie,” Clarissa said calmly. “Even if you weren’t there, I was already targeted prior to yesterday’s incident. She’d eventually do this anyway.”

“Ms. Quigley, weren’t you leaving today? Why not you just get out of here for now?”

Clarissa shook her head. “It’s already too late. If I go out now, I’d most probably just get surrounded again.”

Then, while she was still trying to figure out a solution, the phone in the room rang once again. Clarissa picked it up to hear a cold voice from the other end.

“Why can’t your phone be reached?”

Unknowingly, hearing that voice made Clarissa unable to hide her feelings. Tears started welling up again as she wanted to cry.

“I lost it.”

“What happened? Are you in trouble?”

“You... you know?”

Her voice was crackling. Clarissa was trying her best to hold in her tears as she did not want to show signs of weakness to the man on the phone, but she could not control herself for wanting someone to depend on.

Anyone would feel the same if the same thing happened to them.

Hence, Clarissa quickly explained to him, “Those people are slandering me. I was just having dinner with Ryler and another artist from the crew. After the meal, I got in a cab but the driver was...”

She could not continue any further.

On the other end of the phone, Matthew immediately stood up and left hurriedly. His handsome face remained cold as ice.

He did not need Clarissa to say anymore as he could already guess the rest. The only thing he wanted to do at the moment, was murder.

With the rage of burning hell, Matthew gave Clarissa an order.

“Wait for me!”

The call ended right after, and he proceeded to call Donnie.

“Donnie, find out everything about what happened last night at the film studio, immediately. Take down all the articles and photos regarding the incident. Also, find that driver and take care of him.”

Matthew’s tone sent out a very clear message to Donnie. Mr. Tyson is extremely angry.

...

After the phone call, Clarissa’s heart was racing.

“Ms. Quigley, was that your friend?”

“Yes. Jamie, I’m alright now. You should go back, you still have a shoot going on.”

“Are you sure you’ll be okay alone? Maybe my assistant can stay here to accompany you. She can call me if anything happens.”

“There’s no need. I’ll just stay in the hotel, so it’s okay. The paparazzi won’t be able to take any photos of me even if they wanted to.”

Hence, Jamie left soon after. Clarissa was the only one left in the room, just sitting there waiting, oblivious to how much time had passed.

Until, there was a knock on the door.

Her heart started racing as soon as she stood at the door. With a shivering voice, she asked, “Who’s there?”

“It’s me!”

A low, magnetic voice resonated through the door and Clarissa immediately opened it.

Matthew stood there in front of her, his eyes as dark as the midnight sky.

Tears instantly welled up in Clarissa’s eyes and Matthew swiftly stepped in to embrace her tightly in his arms.

No words were needed as Clarissa just stayed there in his arms, taking in Matthew's chilling scent. She was finally able to loosen up as she felt more secure than ever before.

With her face on Matthew's chest, Clarissa's tears sipped into his shirt. The warm tears felt like it was scorching Matthew's heart at the same time as he could feel the pain emanating from his chest.

His long fingers stroked Clarissa's back slowly, allowing her to be vulnerable in his arms.

After a long while, Matthew sat down beside Clarissa on the bed with his hand around her waist.

The man caressed Clarissa's pink and tender face. In his embrace, her eyelashes fluttered as she looked at him. Her shyness was accented by those shimmering beady eyes.

The woman in front of Matthew made his throat tighten. Even the blinking of her eyes was seductive to a point that made him fantasize about ways to devour her whole.

Nevertheless, Matthew showed no signs of emotion as he maintained the straight face that he always wore. No one would have known that under that mask of his, was something so wild and raw.

Matthew's endurance was top notched after all.

He only had to twist some of his fingers before speaking with his low raspy voice.

"I've handle the news articles and the photos."

"Thank you."

Another thank you!

Matthew snickered and pinched Clarissa's chin, forcing her to look up at him.

"Your thanks will eventually have their uses."

"Huh?"

Clarissa did not understand what he was trying to say, but Matthew explained nothing.

“Pack your bags and come back to D City with me.”

It was another order, but this time, Clarissa hesitated. She did want to leave, but her destination was not D City.

“I... I want to... take a trip back to my home.”

As soon as she finished, Matthew’s piercing gaze came shooting over. So, Clarissa quickly explained, “It’s been so long since I went back. The elders must be worried sick. Furthermore, I never said I wasn’t going back to D City!”

She unknowingly lowered her gaze, not wanting to meet the intensity in Matthew’s eyes.

“How long?”

“One... One umm... Week?”

Under the immense pressure coming from Matthew’s stare, Clarissa was forced to shorten her one-month plan into a one-week trip.

“It’s been two days since you gave me the reply.”

Which meant that, within a week, Clarissa had to give Matthew an answer.

Truth be told, what Matthew meant was that the answer did not matter since he was just that domineering. In his eyes, Clarissa was already his. The more important thing was that the one-week time limit he gave her had five days left.

In spite of that, Clarissa was going home for a week.

Which meant the confirmation from her will have to be delayed by two whole days.

Clarissa’s face flushed, “It’s... It’s just two more days!”

Can’t you wait for just two more days?

Lo and behold, Matthew actually could not.

“Five days.”

Clarissa did not expect him to be so eager, and she certainly did not know that Matthew badly wanted to devour her whole.

“One week, please. I want to spend some time with my family. They’re getting really old. Even though I hired a nanny, I’m still worried about them. This is something I will not back down on.”

For her grandmother, Clarissa would face anything head on.

Matthew’s eyes darkened as he sat there silently. While Clarissa, on the other hand, felt tense as if she was waiting for a verdict.

“One week!”

Matthew finally agreed. It felt like Clarissa was shown mercy as a dazzling smile formed on her face.

“Thank you! I... “

A thank you was not enough as Matthew lowered his head to kiss her smile. His tongue exploring even further, intertwining with another while he inhaled every bit of her breath away.

In the room, the breathing sounded heavier and clearer as Clarissa’s body weakened under the kiss, allowing her to be pushed onto the bed. Meanwhile, the man on top of her increased the intensity of his kisses, shifting his hands onto her body and touching her as he pleased.

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

### Chapter 38

All of a sudden, Matthew’s phone rang and interrupted them.

Clarissa looked at her almost naked self and quickly pushed Matthew away to sit up.

As for Matthew, his shirt was unbuttoned. He looked exceptionally sexy with his black eyes hinted with lust.

He was breathing a bit heavily as he lay on his side, looking at Clarissa tidying up with her back against him. After quite a while, he finally picked up the phone.

“Talk!”

Matthew’s voice was low and hoarse, and Donnie could feel his frustration from the other end of the call. So he spoke very cautiously.

“Mr. Tyson, we caught the man. He’d usually be driving a cab around the film studio, and many young women had fallen prey to him. Last night, Ms. Quigley coincidentally got on his cab. No one was behind that. As for the paparazzi at the restaurant, it was a small artiste from the same crew that tipped them off to slander Ms. Quigley.

“Okay, I understand now. You can handle the rest.”

After ending the call, Matthew looked up to find that Clarissa had already left the bedroom and was sitting in the tiny living room provided. Seeing that he was looking at her, she avoided eye contact and poured some water.

That was when Matthew got up, and went to sit with her.

“You know anyone named Carley Fey?”

Hearing that name stumped Clarissa for a second before she nodded. “She’s one of the extras. When she just came in, she had a role as a maid, but I thought the character wasn’t suitable so I told the director. The director swapped her out after that.”

When she finished speaking, it dawned on Clarissa. “So, she was the one that framed me?”

“Yes.”

Clarissa felt slightly perplexed at the discovery and still had some doubts.

It was to be expected I guess. There's no way Shermaine would leave a trail back to her. There's also a chance that she was not involved in any of this at all.

However, the things Shermaine did to Jamie and her were in fact, still intentional.

Nevertheless, Clarissa decided to not overthink it and put up a smile.

"I understand now, thank... "

Before she could say her thanks, she realized how funny it was. "What should I do? It seems like I have been saying thank you all the time. Every time you help me, I'd only say a thank you. It really feels like I'm being insincere. How about this? You tell me how I should express my gratitude, and if it's within my capabilities, I'd do it."

While she was talking, Matthew pulled out a cigarette and lit the tip.

As the cigarette burned, smoke slowly formed, floated, and dispersed. Through that smoke, Clarissa met the gaze of Matthew's onyx eyes, and her heart rate accelerated.

All of a sudden, she realized it was a bad idea and regretted letting those words out of her mouth.

"Well, actually, you don't really lack anything, and you do have people assisting you with your work, why don't I just bring you some local delicacies after I come back from home?" Clarissa said as she felt awkward under Matthew's stare.

Matthew simply uttered a response.

With that, Clarissa finally felt relieved, though she still felt bad.

"I've taken you away from your work long enough. Seeing that there's no more problem here, you should head back. I'll pack up and head home."

He was indeed held up.

Truth be told, Matthew actually had an important meeting to attend, but he left it behind.

Even he himself did not expect to do something like this for a woman.



Then, Matthew took one last puff from the cigarette before putting it out in the ashtray. As he stood up, he pulled Clarissa into his arms and gave her a passionate kiss.

I'd be suffering an even bigger loss if I don't get my worth out of this woman.

Matthew only made deals that were beneficial to him.

Eventually, he would need to get back everything that he invested into her.

...

After Shermaine was done with a scene, Ryler's smile towards the female lead immediately disappeared.

It was obvious that he was not too happy with her, but Shermaine was not bothered by it.

"Someone had pressured the media to retract Clarissa's news. I heard it was Ryler's manager." Lizzie came to report to Shermaine during the night when everything was done.

"Huh? Do you know what's the relationship between Clarissa and Ryler? If he's helping her so much, is he her sponsor?"

"That I can't be sure, but Ryler and Clarissa seem to come from the same hometown. Maybe they already knew each other a long time ago."

"Is that so? They are really close then."

Lizzie did not respond, allowing Shermaine to ponder while she applied a face mask.

"Shermaine, maybe we should just let Clarissa off the hook. She's just a measly screenwriter after all. She's not in the same league as you. Even back then, she's just an author. There's nothing to be bothered about. Moreover, she booked a flight this morning to go back to her hometown. Maybe she's going to hide in that small town?"

Shermaine did not respond.

After quite a while, Shermaine took off her face mask and patted her cheeks, admiring her youthful face in the mirror.

“Alright, if she just stays in that small town of hers, I’ll let her off the hook.”

“Alright.”

Lizzie felt as though a huge weight had been lifted from her shoulders.

Shermaine was a stubborn artiste with a strong background, so Lizzie had always felt aggrieved. Especially so since Shermaine was really petty. The general public might not know what type of person she was, but Lizzie had been by her side for two years. She had seen all that Shermaine had to offer.

Shermaine did a lot of things that Lizzie did not like but she had no choice but to follow her will.

Thankfully, Shermaine decided to hold back this time and did not go all out.

On the other hand, Clarissa finally reached her hometown. After she bought a new phone, she quickly contacted Ellie.

The first thing Ellie did after hearing from Clarissa was to give her a good scolding. Ellie had been looking for her the whole day to no avail. She did not know whether Clarissa had left the film studio, so she waited for Clarissa to contact her up until that point. By then, her tolerance was already well over the limit.

Not only did Ellie scolded Clarissa, but she also reprimanded Shermaine and blamed her for everything that happened.

Nonetheless, Clarissa spoke out in Shermaine’s defense since she knew the truth. “Ellie, I’ve asked my friend to do some investigating. Turns out, Shermaine had nothing to do with any of this. It was an extra that I offended a while ago. She had a grudge against me and so she got people to write about me.”

“No way! You’re the only one that’ll believe in surface-level investigations like this. An extra providing an inside scoop on a screenwriter? Where’s the value in that? And what about those people in the comment’s section, does she even have the money to hire them?”

What Ellie said did in fact cross Clarissa’s mind before, but there was no evidence that pointed towards Shermaine, so it was pointless.

"Ellie, let's just leave it be. There's finally some peace and quiet in my life, so that's it. I'll be looking after my grandmother for a while. You work hard, okay? Ms. Independent."

Ellie felt helpless. She knew Clarissa had a big heart. It was like Clarissa had achieved enlightenment somehow, something Ellie could never hope to achieve.

"Yeah, yeah, stop teasing me. Let me ask you, what's going on between you and Ryler Cooper?"

Ellie was curious since the photos the paparazzi took did in fact show the two of them having physical contact in front of the restaurant.

"Me and Ryler were neighbors when we were still kids."

"Oh? Childhood sweethearts by any chance?"

"Don't overthink it. You sounded so romantic there. He's like a brother figure to me."

"You... What kind of guy do you actually like? Damon might not be good since he's a little childish, but Ryler is older than you, and handsome too. He checks all the boxes for an ideal man. What's not to like about him?"

The topic they were on made Clarissa think of Matthew, and her face flushed. "You should be worried about yourself. We're the same age here. Stop worrying about me and go find yourself a man."

"Right, that's enough of that. Send your grandmother my regards..." Ellie got scared of the topic and quickly ended the call.

Clarissa smirked and left her room to find her grandmother plucking some vegetables with the nanny, so she decided to join in.

"Ellie sends her regards," Clarissa said as she sat down. "She really took care of me when I was in D City. Grandma, why don't we send her family some local delicacies?"

The old lady, Catherine, had white hair with tanned skin but was very energetic.

"Alright. But they are a wealthy household. Would it be too cheap of us to send jerky?"

“Don’t worry. Ellie loves them. She used to fight for them whenever you send some over back when we were in university. Besides, they have everything, sending those is just a form of good gesture.”

“Alright then. I’ll go pack those jerkies up and you can mail it over to her. By the way, I’ve got some fruits from the market that tastes really good, all-natural without preservatives. Do I pack those in too?”

“Sure, why not?”

After Catherine was done with everything, she sat down and asked about Hilary. “Did you and your mom not get along?”

Clarissa did not tell her about how Hilary was going to sell her off to an old man. She knew her grandmother would be frantic if she heard about it.

Therefore, she only gave a simple response. “We never had much of a relationship, to begin with. She has her own family and that doesn’t concern me. We only met once. We’re more like strangers to each other than anything else, to be honest.”

“Your mother really wasn’t a good mum when she was young.” Catherine let out a sigh. “But I’m getting old now. When I’m gone, you’ll be alone and I can’t let that happen. She’s still your mother after all, she... “

“Grandma, I’m an adult now. I don’t need her. Don’t worry, I have everything I need right now and am living a good life. Besides, you’re going to live a healthy and long life.”

Catherine shook her head and smiled. “You’re still missing something.”

“What’s that?”

“A man.” Her Grandma answered. “Did you meet anyone suitable while you’re gone? Oh, by the way, that young man, Ryler, called me the other day. I think he’s a fine lad, you... “

“Grandma, stop, please stop. I beg of you. I’m going to do some work.” This sort of topic had been brought up far too many times, so Clarissa immediately surrendered.

She quickly left the scene, leaving her grandmother shaking her head and sighing.

The nanny on the side smiled. "Ms. Catherine, Ms. Clare is beautiful and talented. There's definitely a lot of people going after her, don't you worry. When she finally brings a man back, I'm sure he'll be the *crème de la crème* since she's been choosing really carefully."

Catherine felt proud hearing her granddaughter being praised like that, but she wanted to stay humble. "What's there to choose? I just hope she finds someone that cares about her, that's all."

Clarissa let out a sigh in her room.

All of a sudden, her phone rang. It was Matthew with his magnetic voice.

## You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 39

Before she picked up the phone, Clarissa actually went and locked the door as she felt a little guilty.

Once she picked up, her voice unknowingly changed into a lighter and more coquettish tone.

"Uncle Matthew!"

As soon as those words left her mouth, they felt weird and Clarrissa was dumbstruck.

"Hmm?"

With just a sound, Matthew's raspy voice sounded especially sexy and it made Clarissa turn red.

"Is something up?"

Another stupid line!

Clarissa was embarrassed by herself.

Do I usually sound so dumb? Or have my feelings really changed? If I act like this in front of him, I doubt I'd have to go D City anymore. He'd probably leave me within days!

With that in mind, Clarissa covered her face in shame and hop onto her bed. She had decided to not say anything and just let Matthew talk.

"I'm missing you. Does that count?"

Woah...

Clarissa felt weak.

Who would have known that the calm and collected president, Matthew Tyson, was so good at wooing women!

"Y-you... "

Clarissa had absolutely succumbed to his charm and was stuttering. If it was in person, she might actually get weak in her knees.

"Don't you feel the same?"

"O-of course not."

Clarissa could not express her feelings like how he did as she still did not want to admit being Matthew's girlfriend. At least, it was not a certainty just yet, so she stopped herself from being too unreserved.

Besides, she had always been a reserved woman, to begin with.

"No?"

Clarissa could hear the chills coming from his voice. However, Matthew was really far away, so she was not worried.

"It's not that I didn't think of you. I prepared some delicacies with Grandma just now. I'll courier them over tomorrow along with your share to the Tyson residence, as promised."

I don't have to give it to him directly, but I still gave it to him! How smart am I?

Clarissa was proud of how she handled the situation.

"Okay," Matthew quietly responded.

Hearing his curt reply, Clarissa felt a tad guilty.

So, she quickly added, "I'll also hand-deliver a parcel specially for you when I get back to D City."

"You decide."

Matthew could not care less about what she was giving him.

What he wanted was not something that could be replaced with some souvenir.

With that in mind, Matthew narrowed his eyes and took a puff from the cigarette he had. His throat tightened as he pictured Clarissa's body in his head.

The longer the wait and anticipation, the sweeter it would be when the time finally arrives.

"Uncle Matthew? Matthew?"

Clarissa called out to him a few times but there was no reply. She thought that it was because she had a bad signal.

But all of a sudden, Matthew tossed out a question. "What's your relationship with Ryler Cooper?"

"Huh? We're... Friends!"

Clarissa continued with a simple explanation, "We were neighbors back then."

Matthew thought about that day where Ryler held Clarissa, looking so intimate with each other. He was really unhappy about it.

"Childhood sweethearts?"

He asked with a hint of jealousy in his voice.

However, Clarissa did not notice it and just laughed as she denied. "Not really, he's more of a brother figure to me. He had been treating me really well throughout the years and I'm grateful towards him."

"Grateful? You really have a lot of people to be grateful to."

This time, Clarissa caught on and understood the meaning behind his words.

"What are you trying to say here?" She frowned.

Matthew stayed quiet and took a puff before saying anything. "Clare, is giving me an answer so hard?"

His question left Clarissa stunned. Why is he bringing this up now?

"Didn't you say you'd wait until I get back to D City?"

"You coming back doesn't mean you're going to accept me. Yes or no, that's it. Coming back to D City means nothing.

Is he angry at me for being hesitant?

Clarissa's heart sank and started aching.

Does he think I'm leaving him hanging for a reason? Does he think I'm playing hard to get?

Clarissa suddenly felt betrayed and immediately retaliated with some aggression in her tone. "Alright, you want an answer? I'll give you an answer. No, I refuse."

Clarissa ended the call as soon as she said that. She even turned off the phone and tossed it aside before laying in her bed, wanting to cry her lungs out.

Originally, she was still reluctant about accepting Matthew. There were too many concerns and doubts. Is he thinking about me like this because he thinks I'm already in the bag? With just one kiss? Does he really think I'm some easy girl?



Clarissa thought a lot about it, unable to calm herself down.

She only came out of her room when it was time for dinner. Her grandma noticed that she was not looking so well and assumed she was tired.

“Don’t just sit in front of the computer the whole day, you’re being too lazy. Try to get some exercise when you’re not writing, walk around the area maybe. Your body won’t be able to handle it if you go on like this.”

The topic at hand was also something Clarissa was familiar with, so she stayed quiet and said nothing since she would not follow it anyway.

Having said that, Catherine still dragged Clarissa out after dinner and visited the park. There were people exercising and they met some little kids playing around. It made Clarissa’s mood slightly better.

Then, she started thinking about it a little more and realized that she shouldn’t care too much about what happened. It’s just a breakup, right? In fact, we’ve never even started, to begin with! I’m Clarissa Quigley after all! The strong and independent woman from the Quigley family!

After that realization, Clarissa decided to join her grandmother in exercising. Later, she focused on writing up something new as inspiration came flowing in like water. It was a direct contrast to when her mind was in a mess because of Matthew. Clarissa herself thought it was funny that she actually had to cut off her emotions to achieve greater heights in terms of writing.

...

Clarissa stopped contacting Matthew, thinking that he was probably extremely agitated about it, and may have realized that he never needed a girl like her in the first place. Everything went back to how it was before Clarissa first went to D City.

The World’s filming continued while there were some teasers being released occasionally to keep the fans interested. Clarissa would sometimes share those teasers to help promote it as well. Other than that, she left Twilight Company in charge of negotiating the movie adaptation of all her other works.

Within those few days, she earned quite a lot and her mood naturally got better. She even gave Ellie a video call to express her good mood.

However, Ellie's mood was not as good.

"Clare! I'm so mad right now! Shermaine and Uncle Matt stayed in the same hotel! And everyone in the house's so happy about it. My grandma is already treating her like she's her daughter-in-law, calling her every day to tell her to take care of herself. If I said something bad about Shermaine, everyone would just ignore me and think that I'm being deliberate. Ahhh!"

Ellie's scream, as well as the amount of frustration and madness she exhibited clearly indicated how displeased she was.

Meanwhile, Clarissa just kept quiet.

After Ellie's rage died down a little, she let out a sigh and apologized to Clarissa. "Sorry about that. I just can't find anyone to talk to about this. Shermaine's just too good! Everyone around me and in the industry has nothing but praise for her. It's driving me insane! If she really became my aunt, it might just be hell for me."

Clarissa finally reacted, grinning as she replied, "It's not that big of a deal right? She's the one chosen by your uncle. Even if she becomes your aunt, you won't be living together under the same roof. There won't be much of a problem if you don't see her often. Besides, maybe she really does have something special about her. You shouldn't interfere with your uncle's decision. Maybe... It was all just a big misunderstanding."

"I definitely did not misunderstand anything. But you're right. I can't interfere, only accept. Sigh... "

Clarissa accompanied Ellie in the silence, but the aching in her heart made it extremely difficult to keep calm.

"Clare, when are you coming back to D City? It'd be great if you were here with me." Ellie asked out of the blue.

"Sorry, but I'm not going back. All my work there is done."

I'm never going back there.

There were two days left of her promise to Matthew. Even though she said she would let it go, she was still secretly hoping for something.

And now, there really is nothing left to anticipate. The two days mean nothing at this point.

Clarissa forced a smile out for Ellie to see and said, "Ellie, I think I like this warm and serene little city more. D City is glamorous and all, but I don't think I like how unwelcoming it is.

"Huh? You can even make this into something so sensual? I'm impressed." Ellie was humored by Clarissa's description.

"Alright then. I'm not going to force you. That poor Damon won't know what hit him though. He's still really persistent. I'll talk to him about it next time. By the way, we got your package, my grandma said..."

A knock on the door interrupted Ellie.

"Give me sec. I'll go see who it is. Don't disconnect," Ellie said before heading to the door while Clarissa waited.

"Uncle Matt? Why are you here?"

Clarissa instantly froze at the other end of the call.

"Did you know that running out like this would make everyone worried?"

"Humph! Do you guys even care?"

"Why are you so angry?"

"You all know it, why are you asking me? I don't want to talk to you guys anymore. Nobody listens anyway."

After that, Ellie came back in and picked up her phone. "Clare, where were we just now?"

However, Clarissa did not remember either as she saw Matthew standing behind Ellie.

Her mind suddenly went blank and the first thing that came to mind was to end the call.

"Ellie, looks like you're busy. I'm hanging up then."

Clarissa's face quickly disappeared from Ellie's screen. Ellie did not think much about it and placed her phone down to look at Matthew.

"Uncle Matt, you should be paying more attention to Shermaine instead of me."

## You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 40

Matthew showed no reaction to what Ellie just said and just sat down.

"Your friend Clarissa?"

"Yes. What about it?"

"She's not coming back to D City anymore?" He said after a moment of pondering.

"Uncle Matt, what are you trying to say here? Don't change the subject. Clarissa is not involved in our problem. Let me just ask you, is Shermaine really going to be my aunt?"

Matthew gave Ellie a profound look. "What if she is?"

"Uncle Matt, you... "

Right then, Ellie thought about what Clarissa just said. I really can't do anything about it.

Hence, she just snorted and gave up. "Clare was right. Being with Shermaine is your choice, I can't interfere with that. Maybe she's evil to me but you may have seen something in her. I can give you my blessing, but don't ask me to like her. This is the limit of how much I can tolerate this."

"Clarissa said that?"

"Huh? Yes?"

Ellie did not know what was going on. Why is he constantly shifting the conversation to Clare?

Immediately after, Matthew stood up and left. His eyes were dark and cold.

It all felt so ridiculous to Ellie, but she decided to take Clarissa's advice and not be angry. Be like Clare. Have an open mind and stay calm.

One month had gone by.

Clarissa's hometown was cooling as summer had come to an end. But, when she set foot in D city, she could feel heat waves plunging at her. The city felt like a big hot sauna and it was not very comfortable.

After leaving the airport, Clarissa immediately rushed to the hospital. At the hospital, she found Hilary, whose face was pale as snow under the light.

When Hilary saw Clarissa, her tears started streaking down her face, a sight that Clarissa was not used to seeing.

Hilary held Clarissa's fingers tightly in her hand as she sought forgiveness from her.

"Clary, I know I made a mistake. Look at me, I'm not even living well. When I fell sick, it became clear to me that no one actually cares about me. The maids don't give a damn, Zach is always busy, not to mention Yvonne. She never accepted me in the first place. I only have you now..."

Clarissa listened to everything Hilary said and came to a realization. She only thinks about me when she has no one else to take care of her. And now she wants me to take care of her for the rest of her life.

Clarissa doubted that falling ill would change Hilary so drastically. The illness was not even serious, to begin with.

However, Hilary was her birth mother. If no one took care of her, Clarissa would have to step in, regardless of how much she did not want to.

"I understand. I'll take care of you until you're discharged. Let me go book a room at a hotel nearby. I'll come back when I'm done."

“Alright. Clare, I’m really sorry for troubling you at a time like this.”

But no matter what Hilary says, Clarissa remained skeptical. More than ten years of abandonment was not something a few words could erase, or forgiven.

After Clarissa was done with the hotel, she headed straight back to the hospital and spoke with the attending doctor. She found out that Hilary had an ovarian cyst, so surgery was required. But, it was just a small issue that posed no danger, relieving Clarissa of her worries.

After that, Clarissa visited the hospital every day. Sometimes she would listen to Hilary nag at her, but most of the time, they did not talk. Clarissa would just sit there with her laptop and typed for an extended period of time.

In between, Jane called her to talk about the publishing of her new book and some issues with the adaptations.

Clarissa’s books were all hot commodities now and everyone was trying to get their hands on the copyright. Even her latest attempt at a new setting, albeit short, showed potential and caught the eyes of some people that wanted to get in while it was still hot.

This was something Clarissa would have never ever thought about.

At night, Clarissa took some time off from the hospital and went to a restaurant. Besides Jane, there were some other editors from the company present too. Even though they usually communicated via the internet, meeting them in person posed no problem. All of them quickly mingled with each other and had some fun, improving their team cohesiveness in the process.

After the meal, the gang split into two cars. Jane and another young editor called Tessa were in charge of driving. Because of how good Clarissa’s books were selling, Jane had proposed to buy them drinks at a club. Hence, everyone cheered as they headed out.

Their fun was about to be cut short, however, as something unexpected happened.

When they almost reached the club, Tessa slowed down her car, but a car suddenly appeared from the fork of the road at a dangerous speed. Tessa, being a new driver, panicked, even forgetting to step on the brake as she just screamed. In the end, the two cars crashed.

Clarissa was sitting at the back, so her body got thrown forward and slammed into the seat as the crash occurred. Nevertheless, Tessa had already slowed down prior to the crash, so no one suffered any serious injury.

Jane was stunned by what just happened, so she stopped her car behind them. Everyone else quickly got out of the car.

When they saw the car in front of them, they all had a small panic attack.

Tessa had it the worst as she looked at Jane. Jane gave her a comforting look as the people in the sports car came out.

Since the sports car stopped, a long line of luxurious cars soon came stopping one after another after it.

“Wow, Luke. It’s a brand new car. It’s not even been a day yet. Tsk tsk... I think someone’s gonna explode.”

“Explode? Who? Look at those idiots. I think they’re the ones that should kill themselves before Luke does anything. Hahaha... “

A whole lot of people stood by the car. They looked like a bunch of rich playboys with the women beside them, everyone taking a shot at Clarissa and her friends as they joked around.

The owner of the car came out. It was a young man named Luke, in a pair of jeans and a simple t-shirt, nothing too over the top. If he was not driving a sports car that symbolized his wealth, no one would be able to tell that he was from a rich family.

That sports car was imported and just arrived not long ago. Luke waited a long time for it and it was his favorite car. But now, it got crashed within a day of arrival.

He had never been a good-tempered person, and as of that moment, it was like the others had said. He was fuming with rage.

“What the f\*\*\*! Who was driving this? Are you people trying to get yourselves killed? Goddamnit... “

A series of foul mouths and vulgarity came flying out in an extremely loud manner.

Everyone on Clarissa's side was stupefied. All of them had unknowingly backed away, wanting to hide and not get involved in the situation. Tessa drew the worst end of the straw and she was scared to tears by Luke's reaction.

She was just a small editor that joined the company not long ago. The company had not even gotten her the basic insurances yet, and the car she was driving was one of the colleagues'. She was only driving because her colleague was drunk.

Listening to Luke's curses, she could already envision the darkness that was about to loom over her future. There's no way I could afford this. I'm going to jail...

With that in mind, Tessa started crying a river.

Clarissa, on the other hand, was just as scared. But even though she did not know how to drive, she knew that Tessa might not fully be at fault for this.

While all those rich kids just sat there enjoying what was going on, and while all the other colleagues were panicking, Clarissa took out her phone and called the traffic police. "Hello, we've got into an accident. the location is... "

Clarissa looked to the roadside and found a sign stating the address. There were also some big buildings and landmarks. So, she gave all that information to the police. Luke's cursing had stopped by then as everyone on his side was listening to Clarissa's beautiful voice, stunned by the hidden beauty right in front of them.

After Clarissa was done with the call, she instructed her colleague to call the insurance company. It was then that the colleague snapped out of it, and quickly took out his phone.

All of a sudden, the air became still.

Until someone broke the silence with a whistle.

"Hey! There's a pretty lady over there! Luke, you trading a car for a lady? It's a good deal, isn't it?"

Clarissa did not like what she heard, so she knitted her brows while Luke sneered.



"I don't really lack any woman. Do you f\*\*king think she'd be more expensive than this car? Ha! Police? Be my guest. I'm gonna make you guys pay with everything you have or my name's not Harrison!"

Hearing that made everyone's heart sank, no one was able to keep calm from that.

"You... The one that called the police, were you the one driving?"

Luke started walking over to Clarissa, staring at her as the people behind him started cheering.

"It's not me," Clarissa said after taking a step forward.

"Oh? It's not you? So you're standing up for your friend then? Seeing how that these people behind you look like they're about to wet their pants, you are actually quite calm."

Clarissa did not respond.

"It's not going to end well for you people tonight, pretty lady. It took me so long to bring my baby here home. Within a day, she's already hurt by your friend. Do you know how much she cost? I can tell you that, the insurance company's going to do jacks\*\*\*. The only thing your friend can do is either go bankrupt or stay in jail for a long, long time. But, I can offer you a discount. For everyone night you spend with me, I'll decrease the payment by 1 million. How's that? The longer you stay with me, the lesser they have to pay."

Having said that, Clarissa did not look at Luke as she saw the police car arrive, along with people from the insurance company.

When both parties came out and saw what happened, the insurance immediately prayed for Clarissa's side.

As for the police, they asked nothing and just stood by Luke, greeting him with a smile.

"Mr. Harrison."

Clarissa's heart sank when she heard that.

"You know me?" Luke replied.

"Everyone knows that your car just arrived," the traffic police was being really respectful.

"Ha! That's good then. Go tell those idiots. And hey! Insurance company, come here! Let them know that they won't be able to pay me even if they sold their bodies and organs."

The traffic police looked at Clarissa and her colleagues, paying extra attention to the beautiful Clarissa. However, before they could say anything, Clarissa spoke.

"Sir. I personally don't drive nor do I know the law behind it. But I do know that, in this situation, you should be going around understanding what went on here and determine both sides' responsibility, and not just stand there and exchange pleasantries."