

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 211 - 215

As Matthew looked at Clarissa, he didn't answer her at once.

All he did was take in the sight of her, which he could never have enough.

Blushing from his stare, she blinked before asking, "Matthew, I asked you a question. Why aren't you saying anything and looking at me instead? Don't you recognize me anymore?"

Matthew beamed at her with glistening eyes.

"Mmm-hmm. I can hardly recognize you. You have grown prettier over the few days I was gone," he teased.

Clarissa bit her lip and smiled. Extending her hand, she pushed him away to stop him from coming closer.

"You have become better at flattery the few days you're gone."

Matthew raised an eyebrow. "It's not that I'm better at it, it's because I miss you too much and can't help myself. Every word I said stems from the bottom of my heart."

"Tsk Tsk Tsk..."

Clarissa tsked before bursting into laughter.

Amidst the crisp sound of her laughter, she pulled Matthew closer and pecked him on his lips.

"Alright, you made my day."

Matthew went along with her pull and locked lips with her again.

Clarissa was unable to avoid him and was fondled by him in the car. The moment they reach home, they could no longer hold back their desire for each other. Nothing was going to stop them from unleashing their passion.

They continued from the afternoon she picked him up from the airport to the evening of the very next day.

Only on the third day did Clarissa come down to the living hall.

Hmm, absence makes the heart grow fonder.

As Clarissa descended the stairs rubbing her back, Matthew had already gone to the office.

After she had breakfast, she curled herself up on the sofa languidly and didn't intend to move a muscle.

The only part of her that moved was her finger scrolling through her phone. She saw that the controversy surrounding Shermaine had not died down one bit.

Other than the exposé on the first day being censored which triggered a backlash from the netizens, the subsequent exposés were left untouched. No one dared to censor them for fear of creating another outrage.

As for Shermaine's latest scandal, it related to the rumors involving a prominent company president which was planted by the Smallwoods themselves. Their relationship had always been one-sided while the pictures of her being together with that president were all taken by the paparazzi paid for by her.

The netizens cursed and swore at her while pitying the president involved. Her earlier schemes had caused him to be labeled a jerk by the public.

Furthermore, there was also news about her time in school where she dated a couple of guys at the same time. Some of the guys she dated got into a brutal fight where one of them ended up being killed. After the incident, Shermaine disavowed her relationship with them and declared that she was innocent. However, the diary of the male student who died had revealed intimate details of their relationship. As for his family, they didn't have the opportunity to bring her to court. Hence, they could only expose her hypocrisy this way.

During Shermaine's time in university, history repeated itself. But this time, her methods had evolved further. She only flirted with a bunch of guys which all her dorm mates knew about. Hence, they stood out to expose Shermaine for all her misdeeds during that time.

The most vicious incident involved a pretty classmate who was duped by Shermaine and ended up being raped by a rich kid. She had attended a party after being coaxed by Shermaine and fell into her trap.

In a nutshell, there were innumerable incidents similar to that.

And that was how the public found out how evil Shermaine was. Her wickedness was simply unimaginable and had broken every possible human sensitivity to disgust.

If only there was enough evidence, Shermaine would have been convicted for her crimes.

Sadly, other than the cases that the Smallwoods paid to cover up, the others were not brought to light because they did not have sufficient evidence.

Therefore, they could only leverage the current controversy to voice their grievances and denounce Shermaine.

Although they weren't sure if Shermaine would be punished by the law, it was enough to utterly destroy her reputation.

Clarissa sneered as she felt Shermaine's punishment wasn't severe enough.

She could only hope that God was merciful enough to allow evidence of Shermaine's wrongdoings to be discovered, so that she would be imprisoned and not be able to hurt anyone else.

As for Shermaine, she had become the number one public enemy.

She went to many people but no one was able to help her.

Shermaine was aware that this was an act of revenge against her by both Clarissa and Matthew.

She knew her scheme had failed when the news of Clarissa being gang-raped didn't surface.

Instead, what followed was the flood of allegations against her. They weren't considered slander as all of them were true. Even her wrongdoings from more than ten years ago were dug up in detail. Evidently, the person behind the exposé had wanted to ruin her.

Shermaine knew that this person was undoubtedly Clarissa, and only Matthew had the capability to gather such detailed information and have them exposed online.

Her company had also cut off contact with her. When she called Henry he didn't answer at all.

Even her manager, Lizzie, ignored her. When she subsequently enlisted the Wynters' help to censor the news, it ended up creating a bigger backlash.

After that, Jacque stopped helping her when he came to realize the allegations were true.

In his anger, he regretted even helping her out in the first place.

Therefore, the only ones left who could save Shermaine were her own family.

In reality, James found out his daughter was actually a vicious person in his attempts to help her.

Although he was aware of her arrogant demeanor, he didn't expect to discover the sheer amount of ill deeds that she had committed. Nevertheless, she was still his daughter at the end of the day, so he had little choice but to defend her.

Hence, he spent a fortune hiring cyber troopers to change the tide of public perception but to no avail.

When he tried looking for alternatives, he couldn't find anyone else who was willing to help Shermaine.

After a few days, the Smallwoods grew desperate but were powerless to do anything.

Shermaine had also given up on saving her reputation as whatever she said now was useless.

All she could do was vent her frustrations in her room, cursing Clarissa vilely in her heart, and almost got a voodoo doll of Clarissa to stick pins in.

However, the worst had yet to come as the police came knocking on her door next.

The disfigured actress, the parents of the deceased male student, the family of the raped girl, and many other victims had filed their respective police reports. Therefore, Shermaine would likely be busy dealing with her accusations and likely not have anytime to undermine anyone else.

Within a single night, Shermaine had fallen off her pedestal into the depths of an abyss.

Someplace else, Sienna had been watching everything quietly.

She didn't believe Clarissa was capable of this as she could recognize Matthew's methods of dealing with things when she saw them.

Sienna was surprised at the extreme lengths Matthew had gone to and wondered if it was motivated by Matthew himself or for Clarissa's sake.

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At the Tyson residence, Ellie had already informed Margaret of what was happening online.

"Grandma, the deceased male student was the reason I resented Shermaine. I knew him well and was aware of Shermaine fooling around with his feelings. Furthermore, he got to know Shermaine through me."

After so many years, Ellie finally explained the truth to them.

She was previously reluctant to share it due to the guilt she felt.

Besides, they wouldn't have believed her even if she told them. During that time, Shermaine had visited the Tyson residence to declare her innocence which the Tysons believed.

"Look, everyone is pressing charges against her. Do you still believe her now?"

"Did she really do all that? The number of incidents and the cruelty are appalling. Is it possible that she had been set up?"

"Set up? Look, the police have already filed the cases. How can it still be a set-up? The victims have revealed their own identity which means they are not afraid of being

investigated and attest to the authenticity of their accusations. Grandma, only Shermaine can commit such a vicious atrocity against Uncle Matt's company. Luckily, he was smart and managed to fend her off. Or else, he would have gone bankrupt by her malicious act then. Is that what you want to see? When that happens, it will already be too late as our family will be at her mercy. She will then show her true colors by lording it over us as we have all fallen into her evil grasp."

Margaret was horrified when the image of what Ellie had described flashed across her mind.

"I didn't expect her to turn out like that. Ever since she was young, she managed to put on such a convincing facade. How did..."

"You can never judge a book by its cover. By now, it's obvious whoever you thought was good, wasn't. And whoever you thought wasn't, turned out to be a wonderful lady."

However, Margaret didn't understand what Ellie was trying to hint at. Instead, she was still shocked at Shermaine's true nature.

Ellie simply shook her head in disappointment.

As for the others, their reaction was mellower than Margaret's.

"Dad, Mom, look, many people are not what they make themselves out to be. Let's take Sienna for example, how do you know her character isn't similar to that of Shermaine's?"

Yuliana shot Ellie a glance. "Sienna isn't Shermaine so stop with your games."

Just as she spoke, she returned to her room.

Ellie snorted, as she was confident of finding skeletons in Sienna's closet too.

In the bedroom at night, Matthias suddenly remarked to his wife who was busy applying cream on herself, "Matthew must be behind what happened to Shermaine."

Yuliana frowned. "Even if he resented her, I think he went overboard this time."

After a brief moment of silence, Matthias replied, "Matthew is known to be ruthless. And it's now obvious that Sienna doesn't stand a chance."

Yuliana turned around and looked at her husband. "Do you mean that Matthew would do the same to her? Is he that cruel?"

When Matthias didn't reply, Yuliana couldn't help but ask, "I really don't understand what Matthew sees in Clarissa for him to take such extreme measures on her behalf."

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 212

Meanwhile, Clarissa figured that Shermaine must have gone into hiding and wouldn't be able to hatch any plots at the moment.

In truth, Clarissa felt they had not done enough as Shermaine's punishment did not commensurate with how much harm she had done to others. She thought of Mandy's attack while Xander was still lying in hospital. As long as she could get her hands on some evidence, she would definitely want to put Shermaine in prison.

However, she had nothing incriminating now but it was just a matter of time before she found any.

As she was in a good mood recently, Clarissa decided to have an island wedding. The tropical weather there meant that it would always feel like spring. Hence, with great scenery and weather, she needn't have to worry about feeling cold in her wedding gown.

However, when she suggested it to Matthew, he threw a contract in front of her.

Having read through it, Clarissa gaped in shock.

"You... bought an island for... me?"

Matthew raised his brow in a charming manner and smiled. Inexplicably, he had the same expression Jeremy used when he flirted.

Clarissa's surprise quickly turned into laughter. She remarked, "Why are you giving me that look? Did Jeremy teach you that?"

Matthew snorted softly with letting out a half-smile.

“Do I even need to be taught by him?”

In truth, it was Jeremy’s idea for Matthew to buy an island for Clarissa as a present.

Lifting her chin, Matthew asked, “Do you like it?”

Clarissa nodded slightly before nodding again with greater conviction.

I can’t believe it!

It’s such a romantic gesture.

To become an owner of an island was something out of a fantasy.

However, she quickly regained her senses and shook her head. Having thought of something, her expression became conflicted.

“Don’t you like it?”

“No, it’s just too expensive. This...”

Matthew smiled in adoration. “Clare, all that matters is that you like it. So, don’t think about anything else. Besides, I bought this island a long time ago and have no use for it. Now that I can give it to you as a present and make you happy, that alone makes it all worthwhile. What you need to do now is to accept it happily and give me a kiss to express your gratitude.”

Given the look in his eyes, Clarissa simply couldn’t refuse.

As their gazes locked, she suddenly snorted in laughter. Putting her hands around Matthew’s neck and leaning in, she kissed him on the lips.

“Hmm, dearest Uncle Matthew, I really love the present you have given me.”

Matthew smiled as he tousled her hair. After that, he took out another picture which showed the villa on the island and its facilities.

“When I first bought the island, I ordered a house to be built and the surrounding landscape to be planted with trees and flowers. There’s also a basketball court...”

When Clarissa looked at the pictures, she felt as if she was looking at paradise itself.

Laughing sheepishly, she remarked, “It feels like I’m the queen of the island.”

Matthew leaned in, brushed her ear with his lips, and whispered, “My queen, our island, I wonder...”

The moment Clarissa heard his words, she instantly knew his mind was filled with dirty thoughts.

She quickly interrupted him with a playful peck.

“You pervert...”

Instead of feeling embarrassed, Matthew was actually proud of himself. Hugging Clarissa, he continued his “perverted” advances.

Nevertheless, they quickly got their wedding date nailed down.

Since it was going to be an island wedding, they appointed a wedding planner to make the arrangements. The earliest date they gave was spring next year.

Clarissa figured that a backdrop of blooming spring flowers would be a beautiful sight.

Any earlier date would be too much of a rush.

Hence, they decided for it to be spring.

Until then, Clarissa could continue to “hibernate” through the uneventful winter.

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Recently, Hilary paid close attention to Shermaine’s controversy. Watching how Shermaine was attacked broke her heart, to the extent that she could hardly sleep and eat. She would look gloomy all day worried about Shermaine.

Even Zach noticed her strange reaction. When he checked with her out of concern, she refused to talk about it.

Later on, he found out that she was feeling unsettled because of Shermaine's case. Feeling amused, he assumed that she was just worried for her idol and didn't think too much of it.

However, Hilary's concern didn't just remain a concern.

Racking her brains, she finally thought of Clarissa and gave her a call.

The moment the call connected, she announced her objective right away.

"Clary, how did Shermaine end up like that? Can you help her by getting Mr. Tyson to do something?"

Hilary was unaware that her words would hurt Clarissa to a great extent.

"Mom, why do you care about Shermaine? Is it because she's your idol?"

Clarissa tried her best to suppress her displeasure. What she didn't understand was why Hilary was so concerned about Shermaine. There was definitely something more to it than just being her fan.

The care and concern she showed Shermaine was similar to that of her own daughter.

Unfortunately, her own daughter was treated lesser than that of an actress.

In the face of Clarissa's question, Hilary simply sidestepped it.

All she did was counter Clarissa in a frustrated tone, "Why can't I just like her? Clarissa, you're my daughter. Is it too much to ask for your help on this? You refused to help me look for Shermaine the last time. And now, can't I help her because I sympathize with her for being slandered? Now that you have ingratiated yourself with Mr. Tyson, one word from him will put the matter to rest. Clary, I'm your mom for goodness sake. Hence, you have to do this for me."

By the time she finished, her tone sounded as if she was ordering Clarissa to do her bidding.

After a brief silence, Clarissa suddenly sneered.

"You don't even know the truth behind the allegations against Shermaine and yet you're ordering me to do this? Putting aside whether I or Matthew are even willing to help you, don't you know all those accusations online are true given how closely you follow her? Also, why don't you take a close look at what she has done? Do you realize that Matthew is the fiancé that she has slandered with her rumors? After what she has done, do you think it's possible that Matthew help her?"

"Wh...what?"

Hilary read about what Shermaine did but choose not to believe it. Furthermore, she didn't expect the man to be Matthew.

However, Hilary remained defiant. "But... since he is her fiancé, shouldn't he help her?"

Speechless, Clarissa took a deep breath as she was on the verge of swearing at Hilary.

Gritting her teeth, Clarissa ranted, "Shermaine falsely claimed that he was her fiancé. Given how she maligned Matthew online, do you think that Matthew will forgive her? Mom, I'm not sure if you're really being naive or feigning it. Not only are you forcing me to be the bad guy, but also intend to destroy my relationship with Matthew for Shermaine's sake. Am I your daughter or is she? Since you care so much for her, you might as well make her your daughter."

With that, Clarissa ended the call.

Hilary was still in shock as she held onto the phone, and it took her a long while to regain her senses.

Only then, did she mumble to herself something about mother and daughter.

Despite what Clarissa said, Hilary couldn't allow Shermaine to continue suffering.

She contacted a few of her friends to see if they could help her arrange a meeting with Shermaine. Since Clarissa was of no help at all, she had to use her own network.

Finally, she found out that one of her friends at the beauty salon knew Kayla. However, she wanted to meet Shermaine and not Kayla. Hence, with the help of her friend, Hilary and Shermaine met at a secret location.

Hilary wanted it to be discreet as she had skeletons in her closet.

Shermaine share her sentiments on top of the fact that her reputation was in tatters.

The moment she saw Hilary, Shermaine could roughly guess what it was about.

However, she remained calm as she observed Hilary's nervous expression, causing her to scoff in her heart.

"Mrs. Garrett, I hear you wanted to meet with me and that you're my fan? I didn't expect to still have a fan like you given the current circumstances."

Shermaine acted as if Hilary was a stranger.

She didn't know who Hilary was or why she wanted to see her.

Hilary was extremely nervous as she looked at Shermaine longingly, with tears welling up in her eyes. However, she struggled hard to hide her true emotions from Shermaine so as to not appear awkward.

However, she was already acting strange enough but somehow Shermaine didn't seem to notice.

"Mrs. Garrett?"

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'm just so nervous geeking over you since this is the first time we have met. I'm just embarrassing myself."

Hilary looked away to wipe off her tears before returning her attention to Shermaine with a gentle smile.

"Ms. Smallwood, I like you a lot, and I know you have been going through a hard time. However, I will definitely support you as I don't believe in the accusations against you. I know it's all a plot to ruin you."

"Thank you Mrs. Garrett. Your faith means a lot to me."

Shermaine smiled wryly as she lowered her head to have a sip of water. However, she was visibly filled with disappointment and sorrow.

Hilary felt her heart sting when she saw it and was overwhelmed by the urge to hug Shermaine and comfort her.

However, she knew she couldn't do that.

After a brief moment of silence, Shermaine smiled and changed the subject.

"Let's not talk about my troubles. Why don't we chat about something else instead? Mrs. Garrett, I have not left home a long time nor talk to anyone. Hence, I'm happy that you're still a fan. I recall that I have seen you somewhere before."

"You're right. You did. But, Ms. Smallwood, you must have forgotten."

"Don't call me Ms. Smallwood. Just Shermaine will do. Mrs. Garrett, you're really pretty..."

"No, Shermaine. You're the pretty one."

"Haha... thank you. In that case, it appears that both of us are pretty ladies. Taking a closer look, it does seem I resemble you a little."

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 213

Shermaine's comments about their resemblance shocked Hilary.

As her expression changed, she laughed awkwardly. "Is that so? Haha... we really are fated to find one another given that we resemble each other."

However, Shermaine didn't elaborate further on the topic.

After all, she was only being polite.

"By the way, I just remembered. Aren't you Clarissa's mother?"

Hilary nodded. "That's right. I'm surprised you remember."

"Of course, I do."

Shermaine smiled but Hilary didn't understand why her expression changed until she recalled the matter involving Matthew.

However, Hilary wasn't sure if Shermaine knew anything about Matthew and Clarissa.

She couldn't help but probe, "Shermaine, have you really broken up with Mr. Tyson?"

Shermaine didn't expect such a question from Hilary. Smiling wryly, she made it look like she was sad and hurt. Before Hilary knew it, Shermaine started to shed tears.

As teardrops streamed down her cheeks, Shermaine began to sob in silence. Anyone who saw her would feel heartbroken, let alone Hilary.

She felt as if her heart had been torn open as tears dropped from her eyes. Overwhelmed by emotion, Hilary couldn't stop herself as she sat beside Shermaine and embraced her.

"Shermaine, stop crying. It hurts me when you do. This isn't your fault but theirs instead. How can they do this to you? My child... my poor child..."

As if she had found outlet, Shermaine couldn't help but bawl in Hilary's arms.

As both women hugged each other crying, it was as if they were venting all the frustrations pent up in their hearts.

After a long time, they began to calm down.

Shermaine got up and went to the ladies to freshen up.

While Hilary was angry at herself for not keeping her own emotions in check.

By the time Shermaine returned to the private room, Hilary didn't say much while Shermaine just smiled.

"Mrs. Garrett, no, can I address you as Ms. Hilary?"

"Of course, as you wish."

“Ms. Hilary, I’m sorry about just now as I haven’t cried in a very long time. It’s just that there has been so much welled up inside me. No one believes me, and no one is willing to hear me out.”

Hilary shook her head quickly. “It’s alright, Shermaine. I like you a lot and you can trust me. No matter how sad you are, you can always share it with me.”

Shermaine nodded with a bashful smile. “Thank you, Ms. Hilary.”

“Why don’t you tell me what happened between you and Mr. Tyson?”

When she saw how depressing Shermaine’s cry was, Hilary couldn’t help but curse Matthew in her heart.

Evidently, she had forgotten the joy she felt when she first knew Clarissa and Matthew were together.

Shermaine shook her head with a sardonic smile. “Let bygones be bygones. There’s no point saying more or else I’ll be accused of being bitter. Once he has someone new, I no longer mean anything to him.”

Although she made it sound ambiguous, her words caused Hilary to assume that Clarissa was the third party.

Underneath the table, Hilary clenched her fist at the thought of Clarissa breaking up Shermaine’s relationship.

And that she still dared to accuse Shermaine of being the slanderer when in fact she was the one who slandered.

Gritting her teeth, Hilary felt that Clarissa wasn’t being fair to Shermaine.

“Ms. Hilary, what is it? What are you thinking about?”

Hilary shook her head and grinned. “Nothing much. Alright, let’s not talk about sad times. I shouldn’t have brought it up.”

After that, both of them casually chatted until night fell. Even then, they still felt as if they had a lot more to say, and realized they seem to click very well.

Finally, they bid each other a reluctant goodbye.

When Hilary returned to the Garrett residence, her mood improved significantly compared to the last few days. Hence, she personally cooked dinner and spent a happy evening with Zach.

At the end of the night, after her husband had slept, Hilary was still awake.

There was a lot weighing on her mind. She thought back to twenty years ago, about Shermaine, and many other things except for Clarissa.

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Before Ryler left, he came to see Clarissa who was already expecting him.

Besides saying goodbye, there was something else, for example, Jamie.

"Has Jamie come to you?"

Clarissa took the initiative to ask when she saw that Ryler had something to say.

He nodded. "She said that you have sidelined her. Now that she has been blacklisted by the company, no one dares to approach her. All she can do now is sing in bars and work on other small gigs."

"I did do it."

Ryler fell silent and didn't ask any further.

Clarissa pursed her lips before asking, "Did she tell you why I took such drastic action?"

"Since you chose to do this, she must have done something utterly unforgivable. Clare, I know you are someone that's very soft-hearted. For you to do something like that, Jamie must have gone overboard. In fact, she must have done something really serious, am I right?"

Clarissa had no intention of hiding anything as she told him what Jamie did.

After hearing what Clarissa had to say, Ryler was outraged. His eyes were filled with cold, murderous intent.

“Ryler, it’s already over. But this time, I wasn’t soft-hearted. The fact that I didn’t send her to jail was considered mercy I showed her.”

“I understand. So, was Matthew behind what happened to Shermaine?”

“I think so. He didn’t tell me much but I suppose there can be no one else.”

Ryler pondered about it before he commented, “She has gotten off easy this time.”

“Indeed, she has. Therefore, we won’t be so merciful next time.”

Ryler didn’t say anything further. But, he was keen to be a part of any move against Shermaine.

After he left, Clarissa spoke to Catherine on video, telling her that they plan to hold their wedding next spring.

“Spring? It’s a good time as it won’t be too cold. Where will you be holding it? D City?”

“No, Grandma, we will be holding in on an island in the south. Hehe... there, it always feels like spring throughout the seasons and won’t be cold. When the time comes, you will travel overseas with us and stay on the island for a few days.”

“Overseas? I know. Jenny has mentioned it to me before. Many rich people travel overseas for their weddings. It’s a wonderful idea. I’m also happy that I can do the same in my life on your account.”

Clarissa’s heart warmed when she watched how happily Catherine laughed.

“By the way, do you need me to do anything for your wedding? Although I’m advanced in age, I’m still capable of doing a lot.”

Knowing that Catherine was keen on doing something, Clarissa racked her brains quickly and suggested, “Grandma, why don’t you pick the date for us? We have only decided on spring but not the exact date. You should pick it since you’re good at this.”

"Alright, alright, I'll check the calendar. No, wait, maybe I'll get help from a fortune teller."

Just as she spoke, Catherine hurried to end the call. As she was given a duty by her granddaughter, she treated it with all seriousness.

Clarissa shook her head with a smile as she wondered if it would manage to keep Catherine occupied for a few days.

Finally, after dinner at night, while Matthew and Clarissa were having an intimate moment, Catherine called back.

"I've decided after consulting an experienced fortune-teller I know and have narrowed it down to three auspicious dates to hold your wedding. Why don't you take a look and choose one, Matthew?"

Matthew scratched his head, and replied to an excited Catherine with a smile, "Grandma, what do you think? We still have time."

"Alright, let's make it on the eighth of April."

"Sure. We'll go with your choice."

Clarissa, who was beside Matthew, popped her head over and beamed, "Grandma, thanks for helping us. Anyway, I have checked out some clothes for the elderly. When the time comes, I'll tailor..."

Matthew lay aside as he listened to Clarissa chat with Catherine. It turned into a long-winded talk where she just wouldn't end the call.

Suddenly, Matthew realized what she was up to. She must be doing this on purpose. Is she whiling the time away because she doesn't want to get intimate with me?

Matthew let out a half-smile before reaching his hand underneath her pajamas and started to fondle her.

Despite feeling unsettled, Clarissa continued to chat with Catherine while Matthew's hands explored deeper.

It was at that moment that she almost yelled out aloud.

In the face of his onslaught, she quickly bid Catherine goodbye and ended the call. The next moment, Matthew pounced on her and pinned her underneath his body.

His hands were still underneath her pajamas. Lowering his head, he bit her lip gently and murmured, "Clare, don't be so lazy, alright? If you don't 'exercise' in the morning or at night, it's not good for you."

He surely has some guts to say that!

Clarissa's temple twitched. Perverts always find an excuse.

"Stop it. Don't use a valid excuse such as exercise to justify your dirty intentions."

Matthew chuckled. "Mmm-hmm. I'm dirty while you're innocent. Let me see how innocent can you be?"

Lowering his head, he kissed her on her cheeks, ears, neck, and worked his way down while unbuttoning her top.

"Which part of you is innocent? Here? Or here?"

"Mmm..."

Clarissa moaned as she was no longer in the mood to answer.

Matthew smiled to himself deviously and mumbled, "It seems every part of you is innocent. I like it..."

When an innocent girl meets a dirty pervert, she would end up being devoured.

Post-coitus.

As Clarissa lay drowsily in Matthew's embrace, she suddenly remembered she was supposed to do something important.

However, she couldn't remember what it was as she was just too tired to do so. Before she knew it, she had already fallen into a deep sleep.

Half-asleep, Matthew was still kissing her and saying something which she couldn't hear.

The next morning after breakfast, Clarissa suddenly remembered the important thing that she had forgotten last night.

"Ah!"

Exclaiming in surprise, she looked at Matthew.

"Last night, you didn't put on..."

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 214

Clarrisa pointed out the problem from last night, but Matthew was not surprised.

Obviously, he did it on purpose.

Clarrisa pursed her lips and stared at Matthew in silence.

Matthew, on the other hand, lifted his head and responded with a gentle grin.

"Did you do that on purpose?"

"It's about time, Clare." It was as if he was trying to coax a child to accept a decision that he had already made.

Clarissa was tongue-tied, but she still gave him a wry smile and continued eating.

Neither did she agree nor reject his suggestion.

Matthew's smile became even more pronounced.

"What do you think?" he still asked insistently.

Clarissa took a deep breath, raised her head, and looked into his eyes.

“Since you’ve already done it, what else can I say? Can you take it back?”

An awkward silence ensued after she threw out the question.

Clarissa was so embarrassed that she wished she could turn back in time and swallowed those words.

But it was too late.

She even tried hiding under the table after spewing those words, but that move had only deepened her embarrassment.

Matthew froze for a bit but responded with a chuckle.

Clarissa was too embarrassed to see him, so she decided to curl up under the table.

Instead of comforting her, Matthew burst into laughter. She was rather speechless at his reaction.

Clarissa was so bored that she started tapping her index finger on the ground, but all of a sudden, Matthew grabbed her finger and carried her into his arms.

“Oh, Clare.”

Matthew was still all smiles when he looked at her. Clarissa hid her face in his chest as she refused to have any eye contact with him.

She then pinched his waist as a punishment for teasing her but stopped when she began to feel heavy breathing above her head.

Matthew looked at her and smiled wryly.

He might be an invincible man, but he was also made of flesh and blood. The fact that the woman he loved pinched him so hard made the pain more difficult to endure.

Matthew gently pinched Clarissa’s chin, forcing her to look at him.

Clarissa pushed his hand away and covered her face with her hands while lowering her head. "Forget everything I said earlier. Just pretend that you didn't hear anything."

Matthew chuckled and played along. "All right then. As you wish."

Clarissa finally lifted her head and looked at him. But upon seeing him smiling, she could not help but blush instantly.

"All right, stop it! Let's eat."

She turned around, walked away from him, and returned to her seat. Yet, Matthew still refused to look away. She gave in after letting out a sigh and decided to finish her meal as soon as possible.

After the meal, Clarissa looked at him and asked, "Don't you have work today?"

Matthew grinned, held her hand, and walked her to the living room. He then tenderly caressed her hair and said in a deep voice, "I want to have a kid with you, Clare."

Clarissa pouted and mumbled, "Okay...I didn't say no"

Matthew's mouth curled into a smile. He gave her a peck on the forehead and looked at her lovingly.

"Thank you, Clare," Matthew expressed his gratitude very formally.

Clarissa looked at him and smiled. "Don't thank me first. There's no guaranteed success anyway. We should just let nature take its course, so don't you dare rush me or give me pressure!"

"All right," Matthew chuckled, "No pressure!"

Pfft!

Clarissa, too, responded with a chuckle. "Okay, stop the drama. Go to your office now. I still have some important things to do."

Matthew raised his brows. "More important than spending time with me?"

Clarissa rolled her eyes at him. "All the shopping, okay?"

She then pushed her away and went upstairs to change. She was hoping he could give her a ride to Ellie's studio.

Ellie had found a few helpers to help her out with the shopping carnival, and Clarissa was one of them. Not only was she impressed by the number of products Ellie sold during her live stream, but she was also taken aback by the spending power of the consumers.

The sales were so good that Clarissa had to stay and help her until midnight. If it were not for Matthew, who came to take Clarissa home, Ellie would not have let her go.

While they were on their way home, Clarissa showed Matthew what she had splurged on.

"I bought a lot of stuff too. Look, these are all discounted items. But come to think of it, I'm not even sure why I bought them in the first place. I've been a spendthrift, haven't I?"

Matthew smiled and took a serious glance at her shopping list. "Do whatever that makes you happy. I'm pretty sure you're not capable of emptying our family wealth, anyway."

Clarissa's mouth twitched. "Fine. I know you're filthy rich."

"Not me alone. We're both rich."

That remark brought a smile to Clarissa's face, especially after she had splurged on so many things.

She responded with a grin and kissed the corner of his mouth.

"You're the best, Uncle Matthew. I love you."

Matthew shook his head and laughed, "You're so vain."

Clarissa nodded and blinked. "Yup, I'm all about money and beauty. The only reason I'm with you is that you're rich. Well, it's too late for you to get rid of me now. I'll shop till you drop!"

"All right. Don't forget to shop for baby's necessities too."

That remark immediately rendered Clarissa speechless.

She pursed her lips and said, "Come on, give me a break, Mr. Tyson."

"Have some faith in me, Clare."

Err...

Instead of lingering on the same topic again, Clarissa decided to ignore him and let out a yawn.

She was genuinely exhausted as she had not stayed up late in a very long time.

Matthew knew she was tired, so he decided not to tease her anymore. He let her lean against his arm and sleep. After they had reached home, he helped her changed and tucked her in her bed.

Clarissa was aware of what he was doing, but she intentionally kept her eyes shut as she wanted to enjoy his service.

Once Matthew got into the bed, Clarissa rolled over to his side and slept with a smile on her face.

Ellie finally could take a breather after a few days of hard work. She took some time off and invited Clarissa to a beauty parlor.

While lying down on the beds and enjoying their massage, Ellie let out a sigh.

"It's so true that the more money we earn, the harder we have to work!"

Clarissa gave her a smile. "Of course! Look at your Uncle Matt. People think he makes a lot of money, but they don't see the efforts he put in and how busy he is. Even I feel so sorry for him."

"Yes, yes, yes, Aunt Clare. We all know your life revolves around Uncle Matt now," Ellie sneered.

Clarissa said, "Well, you can always go find yourself a man."

"Excuse me? Look who's giving me an attitude now." Ellie gave her a stare. "Don't you dare forget I was the one who brought you two together!"

"All right, all right. I'll make sure I'll announce this to the world on my wedding day, okay?"

"Damn you!"

Clarissa chuckled. "Relax! I'm just kidding. I'd for sure appreciate you for what you've done for us on our wedding day."

"That's better," Ellie said, "Oh, so how's the wedding going? What's the plan?"

Clarissa could not help but giggle when she thought of the island wedding.

Ellie looked at her and knew something was on her mind. "So what is it? Stop laughing, and tell me now!"

Clarissa thought she might as well tell Ellie her wedding plan now.

"Are you serious?"

Ellie suddenly bounced up from bed and shocked both of the masseurs.

"Ms. Tyson, your mask..."

"Don't talk to me about mask now." Ellie waved her hand in the air and turned to Clarissa. "I didn't know Uncle Matt can be so romantic. Damn it! I must get a man who can buy me an island too."

Clarissa's eyes brimmed with happiness.

Ellie lay down on the bed once again and continued, "You know, I always thought Uncle Matt was going to remain single for the rest of his life. I'm so surprised to know that he's quite a romantic! He's definitely crazy about you."

"Hahaha...stop being so ridiculous." Clarissa giggled once again.

"I'm not! You must be so happy about it. Go on, laugh it out."

Clarissa was indeed thrilled, but the excitement had subsided since it was not a secret anymore.

Ellie continued asking Clarissa about the island, and she could not help but gasp repeatedly upon hearing all the details.

What they did not know was the masseurs overheard their conversation. They then went and spread the news to people in the beauty parlor.

The clients who frequented the beauty parlor were from the upper echelons of society, and Ellie was one of their regulars. They had no clue who Clarissa was at first but finally got to know her identity.

Ms. Ellie Tyson's uncle, Mr. Matthew Tyson, is now dating Ms. Clarissa Quigley. He even bought her an island, they're about to get married!

How romantic! The island must have cost a fortune!

The rumors about their relationship continued to spread like wildfire. While some were envious of Clarissa, some were jealous of her.

Even clients of the beauty parlor were aware of the relationship between Matthew and Clarissa.

From there, the wedding became the talk of the town. Soon, everyone found out Matthew Tyson from the Tyson Corporation was about to get married, and he had bought her fiancée an island.

It did not take the Tysons too long to find out about the wedding.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 215

Getting married?

Margaret was so mad that she nearly broke George's favorite teapot.

Fortunately, Yuliana managed to stop her from venting her frustration on the exquisite item.

Yuliana froze for a moment when she first learned about the marriage from her friends. After finding out about the island Matthew bought for Clarissa, Yuliana believed it was not just a baseless allegation.

After checking with a few more friends, she also got to know Matthew was not only a generous man but also very romantic. Yet, no one in the Tyson family knew about this. They were not aware of his wedding plan either.

But Yuliana believed Matthew was capable of making such a private arrangement.

Since they had previously opposed this relationship, Yuliana wanted to take this opportunity to sabotage them once again.

She reported the rumors to Margaret who had all this while been kept in the dark, was instantly exploded with rage.

Yuliana shot daggers at Ellie and asked, "You're aware of this, aren't you?"

Upon seeing how calm Ellie was, Yuliana knew she was on their side.

"Yes. And what you expect me to do? Break them apart?"

"How could you hide this from us? What if they had gotten married behind our back?"

Ellie pursed her lips. Then, I'd be the first to congratulate them!

Now that their wedding had become the talk of the town, Ellie regretted discussing it openly in the beauty parlor.

She knew something bad was going to happen when she was called home. While she was on her way to the Tyson residence, she texted Clarissa and told her to be mentally prepared for the chaos.

Before this, Clarissa had made up her mind not to step into the Tyson residence anymore. Even if she had to, she would only go with Matthew.

Since the Tysons constantly humiliated her and refused to accept her, Clarissa thought she did not have to play nice anymore.

She knew they would never be please with her no matter how hard she tried to win their approval.

The best solution now was for her to stay away from them and let Matthew handle his family.

Clarissa informed Matthew about what Ellie had said. She then looked at him with a pair of sad puppy eyes and told him about the humiliation she suffered.

"I'll not go the Tyson residence alone anymore," she added, "Whether you like it or not, you have to accept it. And I want you to know I'm not complaining. I'm just telling you the truth."

Matthew looked at Clarissa's pitiful face from the video call and felt so bad for her.

"Got it. If anyone calls you to go and meet them in person, you don't have to do it anymore. Just tell them I say no."

Clarissa responded with a grin. "Make sure don't forget what you said today."

Suddenly, she received an incoming call from an unknown number.

Though the number was not in her record, she somehow recognized the digits.

She raised her brows. "Speak of the devil. They're calling me, but I'll not answer it. You take care of it for me."

Matthew ended the video call and immediately dialed the Tyson residence's home number.

Margaret, who was already fuming, exploded with rage when Clarissa ignored her call, and she vented it out entirely on Matthew.

"You come home right now, Matthew Tyson. Explain your relationship with that girl. Are you going to hide the wedding from all of us? Are we all strangers to you now?"

Matthew responded in a calm tone, "I'll go home tonight."

After work, he went straight to the Tyson residence to accept the interrogation.

This time, Margaret looked up at Matthew with a scowl and started throwing her teacup at him.

Matthew managed to dodge the teacup, which later shattered into pieces when it hit the ground.

Margaret continued giving him a sullen glare but did not say a word.

The rest of the family members were shocked to see her throwing a fit in such a manner.

Even George could not help but step in and exclaim, "What are you doing? Are you trying to tear down the house?" He then turned around and looked at Matthew. "You. Sit here and explain yourself."

As the most impartial figure in the family, George tried to stay as neutral as possible. He had not been involved in any family affairs after his retirement, but this time, he had no choice but to intervene.

Matthew's expression remained stoic and sat in front of them.

Yuliana, who stood next to Margaret, dared not say a thing as she knew she was not in a position to make any remark.

"What's going on?" George asked when everyone seemed settled.

Margaret instantly raised her voice. "Do you know your son is secretly planning a wedding? He's going to marry Clarissa Quigley! He even bought her an island as a wedding gift. Do you know why I'm mad? Because he insisted on marrying her even though he knew we would never agree to this marriage! I cannot believe we have to find out about this from others. I cannot imagine if they had married behind our back!

"She then looked at Matthew. "You think you're rich, huh? You can simply buy that woman an island. What's next? Are you going to give her the entire Tyson Corporation? Look at how she has bewitched you. She's going to be the death of the Tyson family!"

"Watch your words, Margaret," George knitted his brows. Obviously, he did not like the way she spoke.

He then turned his attention to Matthew. "Is it true?"

Matthew paused for a moment and admitted, "Yes."

"Did you all hear that? Did you all hear what he just said? He has become Clarissa's man now," Margaret bellowed, "Are you sure you're still from the Tyson family? Are you still my son?"

"I'd be pleased if both of you could accept Clare as our family," Matthew said seriously.

"Over my dead body!" Margaret exclaimed.

Matthew remained calm and did not retaliate.

"Stay away from Clarissa if you still want to be my son. Otherwise, don't call yourself a Tyson anymore!"

Just when Margaret was about to leave after making that threat, she experienced a sudden pain in the chest and collapsed on the ground. While everyone else gasped in shock, Matthias immediately carried her and rushed her to the hospital.

There was no outcome from the family meeting as all the Tysons made their way to the hospital.

Matthias walked out of the ward and saw Matthew talking on his phone along the corridor.

Matthew sounded different from his usual cold tone. He had never spoken to any of his family members in such a manner.

"You don't have to wait up for me. Just sleep early. Everything's going to be fine, so don't worry. Goodnight."

Matthew ended the call and turned around.

Matthias looked at him and said, "She just slept. You don't have to stay here."

Matthew stood still while putting his hands in his pockets. He pursed his lips for a moment but there were hardly any emotions on his face.

Matthias remained silent and looked at him for a while.

He was surprised that Matthew had found himself a partner in life. He had always thought an emotionally distant man like Matthew would remain single for the rest of his life.

After staring at him for some time, Matthias decided to break the ice. "You surprised me. I never thought you'd fall in love. And you seem to be deeply in love with her."

Matthew did not respond to his remark.

Matthias was not expecting a reply from him anyway. He continued, "I admire your determination, but you have to think of a way to defuse the tension between Mom and Clarissa if you don't want to give Clarissa up."

Matthew finally spoke, "Are there no easier ways to overcome this dilemma?"

Matthias thought for a moment and replied, "I don't know. I might sound selfish, but I hope family should be your priority. You deserve someone better. But I also understand the pain you'd have to endure if you have to break up with the love of your life."

Matthias understood what it felt like to be stuck in an awkward position.

And Matthew, too, could relate to his experience even though Matthias did not show his emotional vulnerability in front of others.

"Do you regret your decision?" Matthew asked.

Matthias froze for a bit and gave him a smile. "It's getting late. You should go home and rest. There'll be people here to take care of Mom, so she'll be fine. "As for your wedding, don't rush it. I'm sure things will get better eventually."

Matthias turned around and left. He did not answer Matthew's question.

At the end of the corridor, Matthias bumped into his wife, Yuliana. Matthias looked at her pallid face and wondered if she had overheard the conversation.

Matthias smiled and said, "Come on, let's go. I'll need you to come early tomorrow to take care of Mom."

Yuliana gazed into his eyes but remain silent. She then left the hospital with her husband.

Matthew, too, left the hospital and returned to the Zen Highlands.

Clarissa might have told Matthew that she would not wait for him, but somehow, she could not sleep.

Upon hearing the sound of a car entering the compound, she bounced out of bed and ran to the window. When she realized it was indeed Matthew, she immediately ran downstairs to meet him.

When Matthew noticed how Clarissa had run out barefooted, he walked up to her and swiftly carried her in his arms.

He frowned and expressed his dismay, "Where are your shoes? Why are you still awake?"

Clarissa pouted. Worry was written all over her face. "I can't sleep without you."