

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 251

The birthday banquet turned out to be quite the affair. What was initially a romantic and sweet event was soon filled with a rather somber atmosphere.

Most of the unimportant attendees had already been sent on their way, and there was no telling what manner of gossip would be on their lips.

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However, the ones concerned did not seem to care about what they would think.

By then, Clarissa's relatives were the only ones left there, including Hilary and Catherine.

"And who might they be?" asked Yuliana, looking at the pair inquisitively.

Both Yuliana and Margaret knew exactly who they were but merely decided to break the silence that way.

Hilary stepped forward and smiled. "Mrs. Tyson, I'm Clarissa's mother. I know of your social standing and what the demands are to marry into a prominent family, but please allow me to clarify one thing. I initially made her break up with Mr. Tyson, seeing how she is clearly unfit to marry into your family, but she refused to listen. You needn't worry, though. I'll take her with me and ensure that she never pesters Mr. Tyson again, as long as she gets the compensation she deserves."

Hilary stole a glance at Clarissa after she finished speaking. The look on her face came off as quite a shock to Hilary.

Clarissa's gaze was grim and frightening. It was unlike anything she had seen before.

However, Hilary knew that she could not take back the words she had said, so she stood in her spot, her expression mirroring the discomfort she felt.

Yuliana and Margeret sneered. This woman is actually rather sensible.

"Hilary, you never gave a damn about Clary from the start. You have no say in this."

Catherine's remarks rang loud and clear as she shot a look at Hilary before turning to Margaret.

Margaret stiffened in surprise as she had not expected such a youthful and sprightly-looking woman to be Clarissa's grandmother.

Catherine was a simple old lady. Although she was dressed in the new clothes her granddaughter bought her, it gave her a kind albeit meek air.

She wore a faint smile and nodded at the old Mrs. Tyson. "I think our Clary is a good girl. We should consider each other in-laws now. Please don't take the impertinence of my daughter to heart. She has always been a defeatist."

"I beg your pardon. In-laws, you say?"

Margaret did nothing to hide the contempt and disdain in her voice.

Meanwhile, Catherine's smile stiffened but dissipated slowly at the insult.

"Mother, that was uncalled for," said Matthew, his voice cold.

But this only brought Margeret's ire to greater heights.

"Shut up! Have you forgotten what I said? I vehemently forbade you to marry this woman, but still, you refuse to listen! Look at them! Just look! You want me to consider these vermin my relatives?"

"Mother!"

"Be quiet!"

"Well, isn't this just perfect? Since Clarissa and her entourage is here, let me make one thing clear. You'll be able to marry her over my dead body," Margaret snarled at her son while glaring at Clarissa. "Also, you want me to compensate her? I'm not giving you greedy little

peasants a single penny. Don't think you can just get away with blackmailing the Tysons like this!"

"Grandma, you're going way overboard!"

Unable to stand her grandmother's tirade anymore, Ellie bellowed while ignoring Yuliana's glare, "Are you both here to ruin the fun today? Besides, this is Uncle Matt and Clare's personal matter. You can save your opinions as there's no need for them here. You're both practically bullying her in front of her own family! That aside, they both have nothing to do with Clare anymore!"

"What kind of a person severs family ties with her relatives? Mimi, aren't you a cousin of hers? I believe you have something to share. Go on, tell us."

Mimi, who had been addressed by Mrs. Tyson, suddenly primed herself to chime in.

However, a cold look from Matthew silenced her immediately and sent a shiver down her spine.

Margaret, on the other hand, decided to defend her.

"Well? I'm here anyway. Who dares defy me?"

Catherine was infuriated and heartbroken at the thought that their family had caused humiliation to Clarissa.

With Margaret's support, Mimi mustered the courage to say her piece, but not without adding fuel to the flame.

"Imagine being a sh*t out of luck like this one here. She lost her father at a young age, then she was abandoned by her mother, who married into a rich family. My grandmother, bless her, was also affected by Clarissa. My family was basically dragged through the mud thanks to her, and things only improved after we distanced ourselves from her. Little did we know that she was involved with gangsters too! My goodness, she was getting into fights all the time. Her teachers and classmates knew about this, of course. With a pretty face like hers, she was able to cozy up to them for money. How else did she save up enough for her education? Clarissa later managed to get into a college, even though god knows how she did it. Someone as calculating as her definitely had a plan. As expected, she then later managed to seduce Mr. Tyson. Look at her now! She's made bank! That skank not only

ignored us, but she even tried to frame me and wanted to send me to prison. When she returned home, she announced that she was going to marry into some affluent family. She never stopped showing off. When my mother nearly died of an illness, she even refused to lend us the money we needed for her treatment!”

Mimi had a lot to say about Clarissa. How many of it was true, nobody knew or cared.

When she finished speaking, she flashed a smile at Clarissa. “Clarissa, although you are my cousin, I bear you no ill will. I’m not here to exact my revenge on you either. However, I can’t bring myself to watch you deceive other people. Mrs. Tyson, my cousin is definitely the type who knows how to scheme and plan. For someone who went from rags to riches, she surely has some tricks up her sleeve. Since Mr. Tyson has already given her an inch, it’s only a matter of time before she takes over everything.”

Although this was quite exaggerated, Mimi’s words still lingered in Margaret’s thoughts.

Her burning gaze was filled with disgust as it bore into Clarissa.

However, Clarissa did not utter a word at the accusations hurled toward her. She only stood there, pale-faced and impassive.

“What nonsense! Clare is my friend, and I was the one who made the first move. You, on the other hand, colluded with Shermaine and wanted to frame Clare. Do you think we’re stupid? That we’d actually believe your crap?”

Mimi giggled. “Well, believe what you want. That has nothing to do with me. I’m just venting the discomfort she caused me. I’ve said my piece, so you guys can do as you please.”

Having said that, she turned on her heel and left.

After all, people would believe what they wanted.

Margaret, for instance, bought her lies despite how far-fetched they were.

“Matthew, you heard it all.”

Margaret looked pointedly at her son. “You’ll find out how true this is on your own. But when faced with something like this, I refuse to believe that she is completely innocent. Moreover, her mother remarried, her cousin is such a vulgar person, and her aunt’s family is greedy. I

don't quite trust the Lesters, but it's not like you're unaware of the hospital incident. You still want to marry someone like her?" She then turned her attention to Clarissa. "As for you, Clarissa Quigley, ask yourself this. Do you think you're worthy of my son? Don't you feel ashamed? What do you think those departing guests would say if not this? Even if you do manage to set the record straight, do you think they'll believe you? Don't think I don't know about all the scandals you were involved in. You, for a daughter-in-law? That stain from your past will never go away. If they want to gossip, they'll just bring it up again, and all this will follow you for a lifetime. Do you want to implicate Matthew? Is this your way of loving him?"

"I don't care!"

Matthew's voice, firm and deep, did not waver at all.

Instead of refuting him, Margaret sneered and looked right at Clarissa.

"I was asking her!"

Clarissa met Margaret's gaze, but something in her eyes fuelled Clarissa's dislike of her immediately.

This was the same look that Yuliana, Sienna, and even Shermaine shared when they looked at Clarissa—lofty, contemptuous, and full of disdain. It was as if she was the thing they hated the most.

Who would have known that the day that started off so perfectly would end up like this? Look at the sh*tshow I'm in now.

She had never imagined that Mimi would disrupt the banquet with nobody's help. Even Margaret's timely appearance seemed odd.

This was obviously collusion, something deliberate that was meant to give her the final blow. It didn't matter what lies and deceit were aired out today. Their main goal was to make her self-sabotage and leave Matthew.

The corners of Clarissa's mouth twitched, and she felt Matthew gripping her hand tightly. She was truly ashamed of what happened today, but this man was more resolute than she was. Why couldn't she be like him?

She took a moment to compose herself and smiled at the old woman. "Mrs. Tyson, if Matthew doesn't care, neither do I. If he doesn't want to leave me, there is no reason for me to break up with him. Even if what you said does happen in the future, it's between the two of us. We're adults capable of making our own choices, and these choices will be our burden to bear. "

Margaret narrowed her eyes slightly and shot a cold glare at Clarissa.

"So, you still want to be with Matthew?"

"Yes."

"Even if I oppose your union on the pain of death?"

Clarissa didn't answer, but she smiled faintly, indicating her acquiescence.

"You—" Margaret shouted angrily, clutching her chest and pointing at Clarissa. She had completely lost her cool. "You uncivilized little wretch! Look at what you're doing to our family! You're sowing discord between my son and me, and it's all your fault! You and your greedy, shameless family! How did they even raise someone like you? Matthew, are you saying that you're going to cut off all ties with me to marry her?"

Matthew frowned and said, "There is no need for this, Mother. Clare and I already—"

"Clarissa!"

Before Matthew could finish speaking, Catherine, who had been silent all this while, suddenly interrupted him.

Clarissa was taken aback as she turned around to look at her grandmother.

"Clare, come here and place your hand on the crucifix."

Seeing her grandmother's awe-inspiring expression, Clarissa panicked a little and walked toward her.

With all eyes now on Catherine, she spoke with a cold, resolute determination in her voice.

“Clare, if you consider yourself my granddaughter, then I want you to make a vow. Do this for the sake of your dead father. Swear that you, Clarissa Quigley, will never marry into this family. Otherwise, I will not rest in peace.”