

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 166 - 170

Both Yuliana and Margaret were delighted to hear that Matthew and Sienna were doing well.

Margaret had promised George not to interfere in Matthew's marriage. She was reluctant at first, but she decided to let things flow naturally for now. After all, her son was getting along with Sienna.

After that, she'd feel guilty whenever Shermaine called her.

Her guilt was clear to all.

Shermaine was currently shooting in another city. She planned to stay away from D City so the Tysons would forget about the previous incident gradually. The reason she kept calling Margaret was to persuade the old lady to accept her again.

After all, Margaret loved her dearly. The old lady was also easy to persuade. Since young, no matter what she told Margaret, the latter would accept it readily.

Right now, Shermaine sensed the old lady's oddity as they talked on the phone. Instead of pressing the matter, she hung up and went to her mother.

Through her mother's cries and complaints about how cruel the Tysons were, she found out Matthew had started dating Sienna Grande.

"Shermaine, I heard it from my friend. She brought her daughter to the Tyson residence to introduce her to Matthew, but the Tysons took a liking to Sienna Grande. Recently, Old Mrs. Tyson told others that Matthew and Sienna are dating." She wailed. "Shermaine, did you do something wrong? Why must you suffer this way? Why must you struggle in love? Shermaine, it's our fault. If we're capable enough to make Matthew marry you, they wouldn't have treated you lightly. The Tysons look down on us and the Wynters. Ah, they will betray your uncle soon. No, I need to remind your grandmother and Jacque..."

The more Kayla thought about it, the more uneasy she felt. She couldn't stop wailing, so Shermaine burst out impatiently, "Mom, stop it. Aunt Sandra already hates us. Grandma and

Uncle Jacque don't mind, but Aunt Sandra was terribly upset after what happened back then."

At the mention of Sandra Meynell, Kayla grumbled unhappily. "Why would that woman be upset? We're part of the Wynter family, too. She's just Jacque's wife. There's no way she'll take control of the Wynter family."

"Even if she wants to take control of the Wynter family, so what? You're already married and haven't been home for years. Forget it. Don't interfere in this, get it? You're doing me a favor by staying out of this."

Kayla was about to say something, but Shermaine cut the line without hesitation.

Sienna Grande? I've heard of her.

My family isn't as influential as hers. Besides, I've done something to harm Matthew earlier.

A strong sense of danger dawned on Shermaine. Sienna is way better than me. If the Tysons accepted her, does that mean Matthew will accept her, too?

"Shermaine, we'll begin filming soon. Won't you get prepared?"

The assistant director came to urge her to get ready as everyone was waiting for her.

Shermaine was still distracted. She shot the assistant director an annoyed glance. Irritated by her reaction, the latter furrowed his brows.

"I have something urgent going on. Can't you wait for me?"

She turned and made a call to her friend in D City to ask for the friend's help to keep watch on Matthew.

As the weather was getting colder, Clarissa didn't even want to crawl out of bed in the morning. She burrowed herself under the covers while someone gave her warmth from behind.

Of course, it would be perfect if the man wasn't aroused with his hard bulge pressing insistently between her legs.

Clarissa was rudely awakened by his kisses trailing down her nape. Disgruntled, she gave him a shove, but the man merely chuckled lowly and nibbled on her earlobe gently.

Pressing into her intimately, he rasped, "Clare, won't you wake up?"

"Uh-huh," mumbled Clarissa. "I don't have to work. Why would I have to wake up this early?"

"Mm, you don't. But I remember telling you to work out with me."

"No!"

Clarissa implored and continued lazing in bed. Suddenly, Matthew reached down and gave her a tickle. As she screamed softly, he covered her mouth in a dizzying kiss and started their morning workout.

There were plenty of workouts one could do in the morning.

After a long workout session, Clarissa lay limp on the bed and glared at Matthew.

"Ha! Clare, I prefer this workout. It's better than running."

Clarissa couldn't bother to refute his nonsense and continued glowering at him, her eyes burning with rage.

She snorted and shut her eyes in annoyance. Matthew smiled lovingly and ran his hand across her body, obviously unsatiated.

"Hey, stop touching me. There's nothing for you to touch!" Clarissa grumbled impatiently.

Matthew let out a light chuckle. "Clare, you like touching my muscles too, right?"

Huh? Who?

Not me.

She buried her face in her pillow and avoided answering his question.

Her reaction amused him greatly. Beaming, he kissed her smooth back and stood up reluctantly.

No wonder the ancient monarchs would miss their morning courts. I know how they feel now.

After taking a shower, Matthew exited the bathroom to a sight of a sleeping Clarissa. She was lying on her belly, her lips parted. Saliva was dripping out of her parted mouth.

Matthew found that adorable. He stood there, unwilling to leave.

Alas, he had to go to work. After helping the young lady to turn so she could sleep on her back, she frowned and pulled the covers up before snoring gently.

Matthew chuckled and shook his head. His gaze was full of adoration.

When Clarissa finally woke up, the sky was cloudy. The room was heated, but the gloomy weather caused her to feel a chill from within.

She wrapped a shawl around her and sipped on the hot tea Julia had prepared for her while lounging on the sofa.

She only returned to her senses when Hilary gave her a call.

“Clary, don’t forget Yvonne’s engagement party’s happening this weekend.”

Clarissa had forgotten all about it.

“Okay.”

“Have you prepared a gift?”

“No.”

“You can’t come with empty hands. Remember to prepare an engagement gift and cash gift.”

“Cash gift? She’s getting engaged, not getting married. I’ll have to prepare another cash gift when she gets married later.”

“Well, that’s how things work. You can get engaged before getting married next time. That way, you can receive all the gifts you want. For Yvonne’s cash gift, don’t be stingy. People will talk if you give too little money.”

Clarissa sneered inwardly. When my primary school friend got married, I gave her a cash gift of eight hundred. Yvonne and I are at odds. I’m already being generous by giving her two thousand.

Even if I give her more, she won’t care at all.

Two thousand will do.

But of course, Clarissa wasn’t about to reveal her intentions to Hilary.

For her engagement gift, a pair of dolls will do.

When Clarissa mentioned it to Ellie, the latter smirked. “Ha! That’s petty. You did the right thing. Methinks two thousand is a lot. Six hundred and sixty-six will do.”

Clarissa giggled uncontrollably. Her friend was much ruder than her.

Indeed, Clarissa prepared a cash gift of six hundred and sixty-six for the party this weekend. When she was preparing it, she couldn’t stop herself from cackling smugly.

Matthew watched her antics and shook his head with a smile.

To him, giving a cash gift of six hundred was beyond comprehension.

If she wants to annoy them, just don’t prepare any gifts. Anything’s better than six hundred and sixty-six.

“Clare, if you want to annoy your stepsister, why don’t you prepare a big cash gift? That will annoy her greatly. The lesser you prepare, the more she’ll look down on you.”

Clarissa scoffed and eyed him.

"You know nothing. Why would I give her money willingly? If you nag on, I'll give her sixty instead."

Matthew fell silent and gave up. Women are unreasonable and inconceivable.

After preparing the cash gift, the young lady changed into a gorgeous evening dress. Her face was perfectly made-up. At the sight of her, Matthew's heart skipped a beat while his expression fell.

"Clare, you look like you're getting engaged in this dress."

Clarissa ignored his dark expression and grinned. "Do I look pretty?"

"Of course."

"Good. I want to steal the spotlight from Yvonne! Ha!"

Matthew asked hesitantly, "It's her engagement party. Is it a good idea to steal the limelight from her?"

"That's what I want. I want to make her mad. Did you forget how she bullied me back then?"

"No. But I think there's a better way to defeat her. For example, make the Garretts' company go bankrupt!"

Clarissa shook her head. "You don't get it. Our fight isn't that serious. Even if you can make her family bankrupt, it won't feel as satisfying as upsetting her at her engagement party today."

Indeed, Matthew couldn't understand her intentions.

Glancing at her attractive figure, a flash of helplessness appeared in his gaze.

He wrapped her arms around her and cajoled her with a kiss. "Be good, Clare. Change into another outfit, alright? It's chilly out there. I'm afraid you might catch a cold."

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 167

Clarissa's lips curved up.

"I'm not cold. We're taking a car there, and the venue is well-heated."

"Clare!"

As Matthew was being insistent, Clarissa explained, "I prepared this dress just for this event. This is too last minute. I don't have other suitable outfits!"

"Why not? Your closet is full of clothes."

Clarissa rolled her eyes in irritation and paid no heed to him.

She gazed at him defiantly.

Arching a brow, Matthew didn't press on. Instead, he leaned over and planted hickeys on her neck and collarbone.

Immediately, Clarissa pushed him away. Yet, she was no match for him.

In the end, Matthew felt pleased to see the hickeys all over her fair skin. They were too obvious to ignore as her skin was as fair as snow.

Matthew knew how enticing she was.

The sight of her alluring figure only served to fuel his desire. His gaze darkened dangerously.

Clarissa hurriedly covered his eyes with her hands. "Stop!"

After removing her hands, Matthew pressed into her body and whispered, "Clare, let's stay at home. It's the weekend. We shouldn't spend it with those annoying people. Why don't we—"

"No. I'll change my clothes now, okay?"

Clarissa gritted her teeth and gave in.

Disappointment showed on Matthew's face. "Clare, you don't have to change. There's no need to attend that engagement party. Let's stay at home and..."

Before he could finish, Clarissa had already dashed upstairs to change.

Soon, she came downstairs clad in a simple buttoned-up shirt and knitted knee-length skirt with a long coat outside. She was totally covered up from head to toe.

"Are you happy now?"

Matthew grinned. "Clare, you look good in anything!"

"Ha!"

Due to the delay, they were nearly late for the party.

It was a grand event. They had booked a huge banquet hall in the hotel for the party. Plenty of guests were milling around. There was a photo of the engaged couple by the door.

Clarissa took a glance at the man who was supposed to be from the Wynter family. Huh, he looks nothing like Damon.

The person who was collecting the gifts at the door took Clarissa's cash gift and wrote her name down. She also sized Clarissa up.

Deep down, Clarissa was complaining silently.

It looks just like a wedding. They are obviously after the cash gifts. Are the Garretts that poor?

Luckily I didn't prepare a lot.

"Clary, you're finally here!"

Hilary parted with the guests and came over to Clarissa. She was proud to see a lot of men eyeing her daughter.

“See, there are plenty of guests here. Act demure. Also, didn’t I ask you to dress up? Why are you clad in grey and black?”

Clarissa smiled. “I’m being artsy.”

“What? Forget it, it’s too late to change now. Behave. Yvonne is kicking up a fuss. Well, that’s none of my business as her grandmother is here.”

“Huh? Why is she kicking up a fuss now?”

Clarissa was curious. Yvonne’s a stubborn woman. Something huge must’ve happened for her to kick up a fuss.

Well, my instinct is telling me Yvonne’s going to humiliate herself today.

“It’s the Wynters fault. After their engagement, Mason agreed to gift some of their company shares to Yvonne. There’s also the matter of the dowry. Anyway, they didn’t keep their word, so Yvonne is demanding to cancel the engagement. The Wynters don’t even care at all. Now, Yvonne is using her baby to threaten them. Both sides are stubbornly standing their ground.”

Clarissa’s eyes widened in surprise. Interesting. She’s pregnant.

“She’s pregnant. Why did they get engaged first? They should get married at once.”

“I don’t know. Zach was the one who made the arrangements with the Wynter family. Forget it, go take a seat. Look around carefully and snag yourself a man! I need to leave.”

Deep down, Hilary was gloating over the situation, but she had to pretend she was concerned.

Clarissa found a seat and sat down. Immediately, a man appeared in front of her.

She shifted aside silently, but the man spoke with a smile, “Clare, am I going to eat you?”

Looking up in surprise, Clarissa blurted out, “Damon?”

It was Damon Wynter. Chuckling lightly, he took the seat next to her. "Surprised to see me here?"

"Of course," replied Clarissa with a grin. "I thought you won't be attending the party?"

"I'm not here to attend the engagement party. I'm here to see you, Clare."

An awkward silence hung in the air.

Soon, Damon let out a chortle. "That was a joke. I'm here because my grand-uncle came to my house personally and asked me to attend the party. No one in my family wanted to come, so they sent me to be their representative. I had no choice as I'm the youngest in the family."

Damon was pretending to be pitiful. He had an exaggerated look on his face, causing Clarissa to laugh.

"Actually, I don't want to be here. I had no choice, too."

"We're sharing the same fate, then."

They exchanged smiles quietly before collecting their thoughts.

Clarissa had no idea what happened backstage, but she knew Yvonne wouldn't give up on Mason. The engagement party went on smoothly.

As Yvonne was in a good mood and had to keep up appearances, she had no time to find fault with Clarissa.

The party ended on a high note. At least, it seemed so on the surface.

Before leaving, Hilary spotted Clarissa chatting with Damon happily. Pleased, she was already imagining her daughter marrying into the Wynter family.

After coming out of the hall, they headed toward the lobby.

"I'll give you a ride home?" asked Damon.

Clarissa rejected his offer. "No need. I'll just grab a cab..."

She trailed off after spotting a familiar car was parked at the hotel's entrance.

Damon sensed her abrupt change and followed her gaze. At the sight of the car, a bitter feeling rose in his heart.

"Looks like you don't have to take a cab. I'll take my leave, then. We should have fun with Ellie someday."

"Sure. Goodbye!"

Clarissa dashed to the car and got in.

In the car, Matthew's brows were knitted up. When she came to him, he squeezed her hands unhappily.

"Why is he here?"

"Oh, Yvonne's fiancé is a relative of Damon."

"Damon?"

Clarissa belatedly realized the oddness in his voice.

Snorting, she leaned on his chest and posed a deliberate question. "What's wrong? You're jealous?"

Matthew's gaze narrowed. Indeed, he was jealous.

"Aren't you being too friendly?"

"Oh, Uncle Matthew. Mr. Tyson? Matthew Tyson?" Clarissa returned coyly with a hint of enchantment.

To Matthew, she was already alluring enough.

As she was drawling sexily, Matthew felt his heart melting. Desire veiled his gaze as he wrapped his arm around her waist and brought her closer to him.

“Darling, do you want to have sex in the car?” he suggested eagerly.

Immediately, Clarissa blushed beet red and glared at him.

“Get lost!”

His lips stretched into a grin as he planted a kiss on her forehead. Rubbing against her forehead affectionately, he caressed her back in an attempt to seduce her.

“Clare, actually, we should be open-minded to try more things. Besides, you’re an author. If you write the same thing repeatedly with no improvement, that won’t do. You’ll need to be open to try new things.”

Clarissa was scowling by now.

That was the first time she had ever heard someone coming up with such a pretentious excuse to have sex in the car.

Look how shameless he is.

“What do you think, Clare?” Matthew concluded and waited for her reply.

He gave her a lopsided grin.

Clarissa merely plastered a smile on her face. “Matthew, we’re home.”

With that, she got off the car swiftly.

Stunned, Matthew gazed at her retreating figure as happiness radiated through him.

Smirking, he decided. Well, this is just the start. I have plenty of positions I’d like to try out. Let’s do this slowly.

Clarissa had no idea Matthew had that thought in his mind.

Later on, when Matthew successfully tricked her to try out other positions, she finally realized how shameless the smooth-talker was.

He had shown another side of him.

But of course, that would only happen in the near future.

Right now, Matthew was restraining himself to be a normal boyfriend.

Clarissa changed into comfy clothes and came downstairs. As the weather was chilly, she told Julia to prepare some hotpot for dinner.

She had just taken a seat when her phone rang. It was a video call from her grandmother.

Matthew took the seat next to her to greet the old lady.

Instead of Catherine, the caregiver, Jenny, showed up on the screen.

“Oh, Jenny? Where’s Grandma?”

Jenny seemed upset as she said, “Clarissa, your grandma is talking to your aunt. You might think I’m being a busybody, but I think you should know about this.”

Clarissa tensed up. “Go ahead, Jenny.”

“Right. A few days ago, your grandma softened and allowed your aunt and uncle to bring her to their home. Hence, I stopped coming here. Today, she returned home. I think they had a fight, but she seemed okay. But when I went to tidy up your room, I realized your stuff is gone. Your grandma is terribly upset by that. She’s arguing with them now. I couldn’t persuade them to calm down. They are still sweet-talking their way into her heart. What should I do?”

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 168

After hanging up, Clarissa stood up and decided to return to W City.

Instead of stopping her, Matthew followed her and comforted her along the journey.

Two hours later, they arrived at the house in W City.

Pushing the door open, Clarissa rushed into the house to see Catherine and Jenny seated on the sofa.

“Grandma, are you alright? Did they hurt you?”

Catherine was stunned to see them. When she saw Matthew stepping in, she chided, “I’m fine. Why are you all here?”

The caregiver replied, “I was the one who informed Clary.”

“Clare is concerned about you. It has been some time since my last visit, so I tagged along with her.”

Catherine sighed. Matthew found out about our dirty laundry.

“I’m fine. Don’t worry. I’m her mother, so they won’t hurt me.”

Catherine consoled Clarissa and patted her hand. After a while, she sighed guiltily.

“Clare, Mimi stole all your stuff. I didn’t know they’d resort to such despicable means. I didn’t know the things were expensive. Jenny told me your bags and accessories are worth thousands each. When I tried to reason with them, they denied taking it. Clare, I’m sorry. I was—”

Clarissa interrupted her apology. “Grandma, these can be bought with money. I don’t mind as long as you’re safe.”

“But they cost a lot of money. I feel bad.”

Wrapping her arms around Catherine, Clarissa wiped off her tears and comforted her. “Don’t worry. I’ll get them back.”

“But what if they refused to admit it?”

"It's fine. I have a plan."

As Catherine had always trusted her granddaughter, she was relieved.

She gazed at Matthew, feeling embarrassed.

"You should've come back alone. Why did you drag Matthew alone? He has to go to work tomorrow!"

Catherine apologized immediately. "Matthew, sorry for making you come all the way here."

"It's fine. Clare's business is my business. I can't remain in D City alone when you're in trouble, can I?"

"Sorry for all the trouble."

"Stop apologizing, Grandma. Go to bed. We shall talk tomorrow."

After persuading Catherine to go to bed, Clarissa heaved a sigh of relief.

Matthew stretched his arms out and pulled her into his embrace. He pressed a kiss on her forehead.

Gently, he said, "Your grandma is fine. Don't worry. As long as she's fine, nothing else matters."

"Mm, that I know. But I'm upset at how they treated Grandma. I shall demand an explanation tomorrow."

"Okay. I'll come along with you."

Clarissa shook her head and looked up, her lips pursed into a pout.

"I don't want you to come with me."

"Why not? I can be of help."

Clarissa shook her head stubbornly. "I'm going to fight. It might damage my reputation, so I don't want you to see it."

Matthew chuckled and arched a brow. "Oh? Will it be ugly?"

"Yes. I'm afraid I'll no longer be your Miss Fairy after you see how ruthless I can be. You don't have to come. I can handle it myself. Of course, if things spiral out of my control, I'll ask for your help. But I don't think that will happen."

Matthew's mood elevated as he let out a chuckle. "Miss Fairy? You're quite confident in yourself, huh? But Clare, I don't see you as a fairy."

Clarissa promptly glared at him and raised her voice. "What did you say?"

Unfazed, Matthew repeated, "I said, I don't see you as a fairy."

Clarissa's lips thinned as she gritted her teeth unhappily.

She glowered at Matthew, silently threatening him to change his mind or he shall die a horrible death.

Matthew stood firm to his opinion and added, "You're not a fairy to me. That's because you're a vixen, Clare."

Clarissa was rendered speechless.

You're such a seductive vixen! Suddenly, this sentence popped up in her mind.

She smacked her lips at once.

"I'm not a vixen. I'm a fairy!" she insisted. "Matthew, you're wrong."

"Uh-huh. Really?"

"Yes!"

As Clarissa was adamant, Matthew grinned and acknowledged silently.

“Alright. Fairy Clare, are you going to become a vixen during the fight tomorrow?”

“Scram!”

Clarissa gave him a forceful push and stood up to head to her room. When Matthew trailed behind her, she realized there was no extra room in the house for him.

Suddenly, she shot him a beguiling smile. “Why don’t you sleep in my room? I can spend the night in the living room.”

Matthew folded his arms and smirked. He said nothing, but his attitude and gaze showed what his intention was.

Clarissa was scowling when the man picked her up and threw her onto the bed. She let out a tiny scream, but he covered her lips deftly and warned, “Clare, be careful. Your grandma might overhear us.”

Frowning darkly, Clarissa declared, “Then stop messing around.”

A corner of his mouth lifted against her lips. His breath puffed into her face.

“I never mess around.”

Kissing my girlfriend isn’t messing around. I’m doing this openly.

As he muffled Clarissa’s grumbles with a kiss, she cursed silently. Isn’t this messing around?

Nevertheless, Matthew stopped after giving her a kiss. Perhaps he was afraid Catherine might overhear them. Besides, he didn’t prepare any protection. After the kiss, they hugged each other and fell asleep.

The next day, Clarissa left Catherine in the hands of Matthew and went to the Lesters’ house.

It was early, so the Lesters were still asleep. She kept pressing on the doorbell and woke Gloria up rudely.

“Who is it? It’s still damn early!”

After opening the door and spotting Clarissa, Gloria cowered guiltily.

Clarissa had only ever acted this way in front of her Aunt Gloria.

Back then, Gloria and her family kicked Catherine and Clarissa out after getting the money left by her late father. After Clarissa earned enough money to live a better life, Gloria and her family shamelessly returned to reconcile their relationship.

On both occasions, Clarissa was expressionless, but her gaze was deadly cold. Gloria suddenly recalled how the young Clarissa looked like she was going to murder someone back then.

Terrified, she called for her husband.

“Honey! Clary is here! Honey...”

It was too late. Clarissa had stepped into their house.

The house wasn't big, with a few pieces of furniture scattered around. Most importantly, it was filthy.

Clarissa strode past the living room and entered Mimi's room. The latter was still sleeping soundly.

Immediately, she saw her bags, accessories, clothes, and shoes that the Lesters had stolen from her house strewn everywhere in Mimi's room. How despicable. They took everything they saw.

Carefully, Clarissa picked up her stuff and placed them into her bag. Jacob and Gloria rushed over and saw her action.

“Clary, what are you doing?” yelled Gloria.

“I'm retrieving my own stuff.”

Gloria's yell woke Mimi up. The girl's eyes fluttered open in a daze. The moment she saw Clarissa, she jolted awake at once. At the sight of Clarissa packing up her stuff, Mimi dashed over and grabbed them out of her hand.

"What are you doing?"

Calmly, Clarissa raised her eyebrow. "I'm taking what is mine."

"Yours?"

Mimi retorted without hesitation. "They are mine. How could they be yours? Do you have evidence to prove they are yours? I bought them myself!"

"You bought them yourself? With your own money?"

Mimi laughed smugly. "That's none of your business. Anyway, I bought them myself. You entered our house without permission and tried to steal my stuff. Aren't you afraid of being sent to jail? Ha! Leave while I'm being kind. Otherwise, I'll call the cops."

Gloria was trembling in fear. Seeing how calm Clarissa was, she spoke, "Clary, this might be a misunderstanding. Why would we take your stuff? You must've gotten it wrong. Recently, there is news about thieves breaking into empty houses nearby. The thieves must've stolen your stuff."

Grinning arrogantly, Mimi put on the necklace and bracelets she had just taken from Clarissa. "Clare, don't be jealous because I can afford to buy expensive stuff. You can buy them yourself. After all, you're rich!"

"You're right."

Suddenly, Clarissa smirked. "Aunt Gloria, since it was a thief, I'll call the cops."

The Lesters' expression soured at her words. Jacob was about to say something when Clarissa added, "Oh, I forgot that I've already called the police before I came here. They should be arriving soon."

Speaking of the devil, the doorbell rang.

Clarissa grinned, while Gloria and Mimi paled visibly.

"Clary, what is this? Do you think we're the thieves? I'm your aunt and Mimi's your cousin! How could you be so cruel?"

"If you're not the thieves, why would you be afraid? Uncle Jacob, won't you open the door? If you don't answer the door, the police might think you've robbed and murdered me."

Jacob glared at Clarissa darkly before he went to answer the door.

"No, honey. Don't open the door!"

"Dad..."

The police were yelling by now because no one was answering the door.

Left with no choice, Jacob opened the door. Clarissa came out and greeted the police.

"Hello, sir. I was the one who made the report. Someone had stolen earlier my stuff totaling to a hundred thousand."

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 169

"A hundred thousand?"

It was a formidable sum to name.

The police officers paused momentarily, and their expressions turned a little more serious.

"Hah... Clary, what are you talking about? Hah... She's just a kid, and she's joking with you guys. I'm so sorry for all the trouble caused, kind sirs. It's nothing big. She's jealous of some of the expensive things my daughter owns and called the police out of spite. There's no need to take her seriously..." Aunt Gloria immediately walked toward the officers with a stiff smile on her face.

"Joking?"

The two police officers turned to look at Clarissa.

Clarissa remained calmed and replied, "Sir, I'm not joking at all. I also believe that you can see for yourself that this household cannot afford such items. I can't care less about her

daughter's expensive possessions. I'm simply calling the police because mine has gone missing. When I came to visit my dear aunt today, she even bickered about how I should catch the thief myself. I don't think that's the right way to resolve this, so I called the police."

Of course, the two police officers also had their suspicions in the first place.

With Clarissa's words and their own judgment, they began to go through the standard protocol.

The two officers began questioning Clarissa about the details of the theft – what was stolen, the estimated price of the items stolen, where the items were last found, as well as the rough time of the theft.

Meanwhile, the Lesters simply sat there with uneasy looks. Mimi seemed especially tensed as she glared at Clarissa with her eyes wide.

"Alright. Clarissa, thank you for providing us with the necessary information. Any other things you wish to add?" The police officers asked.

"Oh... right! I just remembered I have a security camera at home."

"What?" The Lesters exchanged nervous looks with one another.

On the other hand, the police officers pursed their lips into a subtle smile. They could easily tell that Clarissa was bringing it up late on purpose.

"That's great."

"Clarissa! Why do you have a security camera installed in your house? Are you nuts? Who does that?" Mimi screeched, unable to contain her dread and unease.

"Well, I need a security camera for safety reasons. My grandmother is really frail, after all. Oh, and to safeguard against incidents of theft such as my current situation. Sir, I think we should get going. I'll pass you the footage from my security camera at my house. I really want my lost items back as soon as possible."

"We'll try our best."

With that, Clarissa was about to leave the place with the two police officers. Jacob quickly gave Gloria a sharp look.

Getting the hint, Gloria hurried to the door and stood before Clarissa, blocking her way.

“Clary... Oh, Clary. I... I forgot to tell you that I got Mimi to clean up your grandmother’s belongings last time when we took her to stay with us for a bit. Hah... she got the wrong idea and took all of your grandmother’s things to our house. We’ve wanted to return them to you, but it just slipped our mind. Am I right, Mimi?”

Jacob also stood up and added, “She’s right. Mimi, you’ve made Clarissa so worried! Quick, apologize to her now!”

Mimi remained silent and pouted her lips, unwilling to apologize. Hmph. I don’t want to return those things.

Clarissa broke the silence. “Sir, correct me if I’m mistaken, but I remember that the punishment for theft of over a hundred thousand would be jail time of three to ten years.”

“Clarissa! How dare you!”

Mimi stared daggers at Clarissa. “And I’m just a student!”

“Hmph. So what if you are a student. You had just become a legal adult last month,” Clarissa scoffed.

“You...”

“Hey! Cut it and apologize to her. Do it, and she’ll let you off this time. Quick! Just...”

Jacob nudged his daughter with a frantic look on his face.

“It’s alright. There’s no need to apologize. How could Mimi be the thief? Didn’t you guys say that the things that she took don’t belong to me? I have a voice recording of that,” Clarissa said.

Without any hesitation, she played the voice recording.

“Clarissa Quigley! You...”

"There's no need to be so amazed. I know. My intellect is really on the next level," Clarissa said with a smile.

"Pfft..."

The two police officers could barely control their laughter but soon resumed their professional demeanor.

"Ms. Quigley, would you like to resolve this privately, or do you wish to continue with the police investigation?" One of the officers asked Clarissa.

"We'll settle this between us! We're family! Sir, she isn't serious about taking legal action!" Gloria's voice was a little shaky.

"Clary! I'm so sorry about this. I've not done my best as your aunt. I really forgot to check on Mimi back then, and she probably didn't do it on purpose! We didn't know that those items were yours! Mimi, apologize to Clary right this moment!"

"I... I don't..." Mimi mumbled.

"Now!"

Despite her reluctance, Mimi had no choice but to go pick up the things she stole under her father's fiery gaze. Even as she handed the items to Clarissa, she hesitated and held tightly to them.

"Clare... You're so well-off, but why are you so stingy? Can't you just give these to me?"

"Hah... You're saying that I should give you my things just because I'm well-off? How about I give you all of my money? Do you want it?"

"..."

Mimi rolled her eyes at Clarissa.

"Alright, alright. Now that everything is resolved, sir, I think you have no more business here."

"Hold on..." Clarissa gestured at the police officers.

She then began to rummage through the bag that Mimi passed to her, checking each item carefully. Mimi suddenly averted her gaze.

"I'm missing a bracelet worth thirty thousand and a necklace worth eight thousand, not to mention the severe damage done to my bag and clothes. Also, Mimi Lester, you've taken almost three thousand worth of cash from my drawer. Give them back, or you'll still be serving jail time."

"You... How dare you accuse me?" Mimi shrieked.

"I have my security camera footage as evidence anyways. Sir, let's head to the police station now."

"Hey, hold on! Clary, how can you be so cold-hearted? Mimi is like a sister to you. She's still young, and she would be going to college soon. Are you trying to ruin her life?" Gloria gulped. "Clarissa, are you really doing this to your own aunt? Have I not treated you well when you were young? Now that you're so well-off, does it really matter if your sister takes something she likes from you? Are those items and money worth more than your sisterhood?"

Gloria proceeded to put on a weeping act and wobbled around as if she was about to faint. Mimi quickly gave her a hand.

Glaring at Clarissa, she snarled, "Clare, is this how you treat your aunt? You don't have any blood relatives other than us now. Are you sure you want to turn on us like this? If someone were to hear about how cold you are toward your family, nobody would ever want to be with you!"

"Clary, listen to me. We are still family, right? It's never good to fight with your family like this. You shouldn't talk to your aunt like this. You've been so disrespectful. Now, apologize!" Jacob chimed in.

Clarissa blinked. How amusing. They could totally get an Oscar for that. Hmph. And the title of their drama would be "The Three Thick-skinned Losers".

As those thoughts filled her mind, Clarissa could not help but burst out in laughter at how ridiculous the situation was. Her crisp chuckles echoed in the room.

After a lengthy outburst, Clarissa wiped her tears off and told the police officers, "Let's get going. I am serious about filing a case, and I hope that justice would be served."

The two police officers nodded. It was an eye-opener, too, for them to meet such an absurd family.

With that, the three of them left the house without any hesitation.

Upon watching them leave, Gloria was overwhelmed by panic and rushed to the gates, yelling at the top of her lungs. "My niece is trying to kill me! She has turned against us poor souls now that she made some money!" On the other hand, Clarissa seemed completely unbothered.

At the police station, she handed the officers the footage from her security camera.

"Ms. Quigley, you've provided us with all of the evidence we would need to gather. You've saved us a lot of time."

Clarissa smiled. "Well, you guys also tagged along with me despite the inconvenience. It's nothing, really."

"Hah... That's part of our job. Oh, by the way, based on how this case is heading, that cousin of yours is definitely going to jail. Do you intend to..."

The police officer did not proceed with the rest of the procedures because he could tell that Clarissa was kind-hearted and wanted to give her relatives a chance. She could very well have reported the case at the police station straight without going through the trouble of calling the police from her aunt's house.

Clarissa shook her head. "I think she would learn enough from her fright. However, I still want to file the case. As you've seen just now, those relatives of mine need a good warning in court, or they'll never change. Thank you for helping me despite all of those troubles."

"Don't sweat it. You've had it hard too, with relatives like that."

After filing a case at the police station, Clarissa went home.

As it turned out, the Lesters had come to her house. Clarissa's grandmother, Catherine, refused to come out to meet them, and Matthew was having an awkward stare down with the family of three.

Somehow, the Lesters looked tensed and dared not speak at all.

Upon seeing Clarissa return, their eyes lit up as if they had seen their last ray of hope.

"Clary! You've come home! We've been waiting for you."

"Clare... Clare... I've been gravely wrong, please forgive me..."

All of a sudden, Mimi and her mother got down on their knees before Clarissa, pleading and staring at her with desperate looks on their faces. Jacob stood on the side and talked about how Clarissa should resolve this in private. "I'll be sure to keep an eye on Mimi, and I'll compensate for your losses too!" he said.

Hmph. Little cowards.

Clarissa did not respond. Instead, she walked right past them and sat down beside Matthew, keeping an eye on how the Lesters responded to her actions.

Mimi immediately clenched her teeth, her expression and gaze becoming more aggressive.

Clarissa snorted and looked away from her.

Matthew was pleased to see her. Stroking her face with his big hands, he raised an eyebrow.

"Your cheeks are so cold. Was it chilly outside? You should have worn a jacket."

"It's alright. It was simply a little windy."

Clarissa grasped Matthew's hands, and their fingers intertwined. The two of them seemed to have completely disregarded the fact that the Lesters were still there.

"Did you go to the police station today? Why didn't you get me to go with you?"

Clarissa smiled at him. "I did just fine by myself. The officers there were kind. They told me that they would definitely bring the case to court and that I would just need to wait."

"That sounds great." Matthew smiled back.

On the other hand, the Lesters had completely lost it. Gloria began wailing in the living room, screaming, "Catherine! Catherine! You've got to come out now. Your granddaughter, Mimi, is going to jail thanks to Clarissa! Oh, god. How humiliating. And would you just say something to Clarissa? Hmph. With a heart that cold, nobody would ever want to marry her."

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 170

With her ceaseless cries, one could only imagine the next move that Gloria would make was to hang herself. Of course, she was doing all that just to get Catherine to come out from her room.

Clarissa was rather disgusted by her behavior.

"Aunt Gloria, enough is enough. Your daughter has committed theft, and it doesn't seem that she wants to change for the better. She looks rather angry at me right now."

Feeling triggered, Mimi turned her wretched face to look at Matthew. "Clare, watch your attitude. Matthew is still here. You're ruining your own image. I'm like a sister to you, and my mother is an elder who should be respected. Hmph. Matthew, don't you think she's a bit much?"

Clarissa pursed her lips and turned to Matthew. "Do you think I'm being cruel?"

Matthew gazed at her lovingly and pecked her cheeks. "Clare, how can someone call you cruel? I think you're super cute."

Eyeing Mimi with disdain, Clarissa sneered with a proud look on her face.

Meanwhile, Mimi's face was turning darker and darker by the second. Unable to keep up her act anymore, she retort..."Hah! What else can I expect? You're just a loser who relies on his wife..."

"Shut it!"

Unable to stand the ruckus, Catherine had come out of her room. Upon hearing Mimi's insults, she finally lost her temper.

Gloria quickly went up to her, holding her arm and pleading to her with a creaky voice.

"Mom, look at her! This granddaughter of yours is trying to end us all! Why is she so spiteful and cruel? I'm her aunt and your daughter!"

Catherine ignored Gloria's pleas, shook her off, and sat down beside Clarissa.

As Gloria's bawling persisted, Catherine frowned and remained quiet. Noticing that, Jacob gave his wife a nudge.

"Catherine, Mimi has admitted to her mistakes. I promise that such things would never happen again. Would you forgive us, aren't we family?" he said.

Catherine squinted her eyes at Mimi. "Admitted to her mistakes? Back when Clary had yet to come home, I've already warned you that you need to return her things. But what did you do? You refused to do it and denied that you have taken her things. Hah! Clary has already reported the case to the police now. It's too late."

"Grandma! How can you do this to me? I'm your granddaughter. Why are you treating me like this? Are you on Clare's side now just because she's more well-off? I'll be much richer than her in the future, and I'll treat you even better than she does!" Mimi cried.

"Yes! When Mimi becomes a celebrity in the future and makes the big bucks, she would definitely treat you well. She's taking her college entrance exams very soon. If you let Clary report her to the police now, her future would be ruined!" Gloria placed a hand on her chest as if struggling to breathe..."Mimi has had it tough from a young age in such a family. Oh, and now her dreams of rising to stardom have been crushed by her own family. Mimi, I'm so sorry..."

And with that, Gloria burst into tears once more, not to mention that she was pushing more and more of the blame onto Clarissa.

Clarissa rolled her eyes. Hmph. Your tears won't work here.

She looked down at her hands that were intertwined with Matthew, tuning out to the noise in the living room.

Catherine also looked rather annoyed by her daughter's whining.

"Enough! You're crying as if I'm on my deathbed."

With Catherine's thundering voice, the room finally quietened down.

Looking at her daughter and son-in-law with a serious expression, Catherine said, "So, you have admitted that Mimi has taken Clary's belongings?"

Gloria nodded. "Yes, but Mimi simply borrowed them, with the plan to return them after some time!"

"What? Say that again?"

"No... I mean... Mother, yes, Mimi took those items. But... but it's my fault. I saw that Clary wasn't really using her things and thought it would be a waste to let them collect dust at home, so I..." Gloria's excuses were becoming more preposterous by the moment.

"What Clary does with her things is none of your business! Even if it were a needle, if you were to take it without telling her, it's considered as theft!" Catherine thundered.

Mimi still seemed displeased with how things were unfolding. Catherine ignored her.

"Since you guys have done the deed, you should all apologize to her in proper!"

"Didn't I already do it?" Mimi spluttered.

"Alright then. There's no need to force yourself to do it. After all, what you face is simply some time in jail."

"No..."

Gloria immediately nudged her daughter and said under her breath, "Mimi, apologize to Clary. Now!"

However, Mimi did not seem to budge. Without even looking at Clarissa, she mumbled, "Yeah... I... I..."

"What did you say?"

Clarissa raised her voice. "I can't hear you!"

"I'm sorry! Is that enough?" Mimi yelled.

Clarissa laughed coldly, "Hmph. I'm not accepting that for an apology."

"You..."

Mimi looked infuriated. Her burning gaze was so strong as if she would lose control and tear down Clarissa any moment. However, she had to control her expressions in front of Catherine.

Looking solemnly at her granddaughter, Catherine said, "Clary, I'll make sure that this is the last time I ever nose into your business. I've done enough for their sake and won't ever help them out again, so can you spare Mimi just this once? Matthew is also here to witness my oath."

In her heart, Clarissa also did not want to put Mimi in jail. Moreover, now that her grandmother was also pleading with her, she wanted to respect her request.

However, she knew that she must not settle the incident just like that. Turning to the Lesters, she said, "I can do as Grandma says but on one condition."

"What is it?"

"Though you guys always talk about wanting to be filial toward Grandma, I can't be sure what tricks you guys may pull in the name of that. Let me tell you this. If you try to do anything to harm Grandma, I'll send Mimi to jail right away. I have all my evidence ready," Clarissa replied calmly.

"Hah... Clary, did you hear your own words? Your grandmother is my mother! Why would I harm her in any way?"

Gloria put on an awkward smile on her face but still looked shaky out of the fear that Clarissa would go back on her words at any moment.

"Whatever. As long as you do as you say. Otherwise, I'll file another case for mistreating your old mother!"

"Hah... Of course we would..."

The Lesters were well-aware of the way they had treated Catherine all that while.

For the past few years, the Lesters had never cared about Catherine at all. Clarissa had not called them out for it knowing that it would be a pointless thing to do, but that did not mean that hatred was not building up from within her.

Catherine gladly accepted Clarissa's decision. Under the expectant gazes from the Lesters, Clarissa took them to the police station. Matthew also tagged along.

After settling the case at the police station, Mimi pouted her lips and smirked at Matthew.

"Hmph. You two are truly a good match!"

With that, she left with her parents.

Clearly, she did not mean her words literally.

However, Matthew was unbothered. Chuckling lightly, he said, "Clare, it seems like she isn't completely blind. We are a true match made in heaven indeed!"

Clarissa raised an eyebrow. "She totally did not mean that."

Matthew laughed, "Is that so? I couldn't tell."

Gosh, he's acting dumb. It's pretty cute, though.

Afterward, they went back home. Catherine had been waiting for them.

“Clare, you’re not mad at me, are you?” Catherine felt bad about making Clarissa go through all of that without giving Mimi and the Lesters the punishment they deserved.

On the other hand, Clarissa was a little startled by her words. “Grandma, why would you think that? I could never be mad at you.”

“But you’ve lost so many precious items...”

“Grandma, I had also intended to give them a scare rather than actual capital punishment. Your words were also in my favor. Moreover, Aunt Gloria is your dear daughter. I can’t really be too harsh on her no matter how horrible of a person she is,” Clarissa replied gently.

Clarissa’s words brought tears to Catherine’s eyes. “Clare, you’re such a good girl. I’m so lucky to have you as my granddaughter. I... I’ve completely given up on that daughter of mine after all these years. If they repeat their mistakes, I will not butt in! I promise!”

Catherine did not expect much from her daughter even before the incident. She knew her daughter too well.

At first, the Lesters had showered her with flowery words and acted as if they wanted to set things right and treat her better from then. However, as things turned out, all they did was instruct Mimi to plunder the things in her house. Worse still, they tried talking Catherine into taking Clarissa’s money in the name of helping Clarissa stay away from men who were after her money. They even made it clear that they wanted Clarissa to break up with Matthew.

The Lesters had not expected that though Catherine was an elderly woman, she had a sharp mind and could see through their schemes right away. Catherine left their house right away upon listening to their nonsense.

However, Catherine wanted to keep those unpleasant words to herself. She did not want Clarissa or Matthew to feel hurt.

And so, Catherine decided to hide that secret in her heart, thinking that the Lesters would not go out of line after that incident.

Due to her grandmother’s physical condition, Clarissa chose not to return to D City with Matthew.

Of course, it took a lot of time and heartfelt words to convince Matthew to leave without her.

The night before Matthew left for D City, the two of them made love all night long. Fearing that her grandmother might find out about them, Clarissa dared not make too much noise, so they could not even use the bed. As a result, she caught a slight cold the next morning.

At the airport, Clarissa was still complaining about how he had caused her to fall sick.

"Hmph. It's all your fault. If it weren't for you..."

Matthew chuckled and pulled her into an embrace.

"Clare, if you can get a new bed that doesn't creak like the one right now, then everything would work out. You won't have to worry about the noise, nor would you catch a cold, am I right?"

"..."

How is my bed the main problem? He's totally messing around with me.

Clarissa rolled her eyes and said, "Hmph. Why should I get another bed? The problem is with you!"

"Gosh... Yeah... yeah, it's my problem. I went too hard on you..."

Before Clarissa could even react, Matthew leaned over for a kiss. Clarissa's face turned as red as a tomato, and she stared at him with her big, sparkly eyes as if trying to give him a warning.

"You... you'd better get going now!"

Feeling embarrassed, Clarissa tried pushing him away. Gosh, why is he always saying those things? I've hardly heard him say anything serious.

Matthew covered her small hands with his and said gently, "Clare, how about a goodbye kiss?"

Clarissa shook her head.

Matthew grinned. "Alright then, I'll do it myself."

With that, he bent down for the goodbye kiss that he yearned for.