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# You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

## Chapter 269 - 270

Clarissa's question surprised Matthew. At least, she could tell from the expression on his face that he had not seen it coming.

And that was how Clarissa realized that Matthew did not share her thoughts.

The discovery put her at ease, but Matthew chose that time to speak.

"Clare, is that what you've been thinking about these past few days?"

He sounded cold.

Clarissa could sense the displeasure in his tone, as though telling her that all of her thoughts and troubles were foolish and insignificant.

In Matthew's opinion, she was just being silly.

They were husband and wife and would remain a couple even if they were separated. How could she think that I will not wait for her?

Matthew's hard jawlines tensed up even more, as though he was trying his best to restrain his anger.

"What were you thinking, Clare? I thought we were just having a couple's quarrel these past few days, but you're actually thinking about separation?"

His voice sounded stiff.

Gazing into his deep, dark eyes, Clarissa took a step back.

"I wasn't thinking about that..."

Muffling her voice, she came up with a weak defense.

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“You weren’t? Then, why have you assumed I can’t wait any longer? If that’s not suggesting a separation, then what’s it supposed to mean?”

Clarissa stammered, “I... I...”

She could not look Matthew in the eye. Bowing her head, she mumbled, “I’m just asking!”

Of course she would not admit that she had really been thinking along those lines.

Under Matthew’s stern gaze, she dared not admit it.

Matthew stared at Clarissa as she struggled with her guilty conscience. He briefly pursed his thin lips and opted to keep quiet.

Clarissa could feel the fiery, sharp gaze upon her. Her lips quivered and she finally spoke.

Because staying quiet would only make things worse.

“Okay, maybe I’m overthinking it. It’s just that... three years is a really long time.”

She could feel the tension in the air the moment she finished her sentence.

Damn, I’ve really done it this time.

Then, she made a feeble attempt to amend her mistake.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered an apology, but it came too late.

Matthew might not accept it.

The silence hung in the air for some time, leaving Clarissa at a loss. When she lifted her head, her eyes met Matthew’s cold, dark orbs.

Her heart skipped a beat. Her eyes flitted away.

A moment later, Matthew spoke.

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“Clarissa, I don’t think I can accept your apology.”

Matthew abruptly got up and turned to leave.

Clarissa did not like where this was going. She hurriedly got out of bed, caught up to him and grabbed him by the sleeve.

“Matthew, are you really mad at me? Don’t do this, please. I beg you. I was wrong. I apologized...”

Matthew gritted his teeth, clenched his fists, and forcefully wrenched his arm out of her grip.

He remained quiet and did not want to say anything. In fact, he was afraid that whatever he might say or do would cause harm to his beloved.

More importantly, he was suppressing a temper.

Bang!

The door was slammed shut. Heartbroken, Clarissa remained rooted to the spot, her head bowed like a school kid who had erred. After a while, teardrops fell onto the carpet and seeped into the fabric, leaving no traces behind.

“It’s my fault! Why are you doing this? I said I was sorry...” Clarissa mumbled in between sobs, but Matthew never came back for her.

Matthew was furious, heartbroken, and helpless at the same time.

He got into the car but did not immediately tell the driver where to go. He sat in silence for a while, and then he made up his mind.

“Kyle, get me a pack of cigarettes.”

Kyle was surprised to hear that. He could not remember for the life of him the last time Matthew smoked.

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Three years ago, he witnessed Matthew work himself to the bone day in and day out. Back then, the man could forgo sleep and smoke non-stop. A few months down the road, after finding out that Clarissa was with child, the man had sworn to give up smoking for good.

So, Kyle did not expect Matthew to pick up the habit again.

Anyway, Kyle did what he was told. When he returned to the car, he got nosy and asked Matthew, "Sir... I thought you've quit smoking?"

Matthew held a cigarette between his fingers. There was a pause, and then a change of mind. Next, he returned the cigarette into its packet.

"Let's go!"

Kyle said nothing and started the engine.

"Take me back to Zen Highlands."

The driver did as he was told.

That night, Clarissa could not sleep. The next day, she had dark circles under her eyes.

Looking at her, Joshua could not help but laugh at her expense. "Oh, gosh. Look at those eye bags. I'd love to draw a cartoon character based on how you looked right now. A giant panda would fit perfectly!"

Clarissa rolled her eyes and threatened him harshly through gritted teeth, "Don't you dare!"

Joshua chuckled regardless. When he had had enough, he added, "So... You haven't reconciled with Matthew yet?"

Clarissa fell silent. The corners of her lips drooped to form a frown.

Joshua added excitedly, "Forget about it. Divorce would be quicker. Hey, I know! You should date me instead! I swear, I won't ever argue with you, and even if we do, I'll let you win!"

Fat chance!

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Clarissa silently rolled her eyes at Joshua and allowed him to figure it out himself.

“Tsk,” Joshua scoffed. “It’s your loss for not choosing me. For your information, I’m a nobleman’s son.”

“Sure you are,” Clarissa replied half-heartedly. “My bad for not recognizing your worth. Are you happy now? But, dear god, it doesn’t matter even if you’re a prince. I’m married now, and I love my husband very much.”

“Sheesh... you’re trying to provoke me, aren’t you?”

Clarissa merely shook her head, sat down, and sighed.

She could speak so well then, but why couldn’t she utter a single word last night?

Maybe she had become estranged with Matthew, and thus incapable of sweet talk.

Clarissa sighed again.

Joshua put down the brush he had been using and glanced at Clarissa, “I say, what are you sighing for? You should be glad that you two got into a fight.”

What’s that supposed to mean?

Clarissa darted a stern gaze at him.

Joshua proceeded to explain, “Don’t take it the wrong way. What I mean is, what’s with the gloom and doom? Lighten up! Matthew will turn around eventually! You should stop overthinking. If he doesn’t want a divorce, then he’s just being stubborn. At a time like this, it’s the man who should step up the game. If he doesn’t, then there’s no use keeping him around.”

Joshua got down from the bed and chuckled, “Alright, you’re coming with me. I’m taking you on a fun day out, and we’ll wait for Matthew to come get you.”

“Stop fooling around! Your injury—”

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“Come on, it’s no big deal, Clare. When I was a kid, my father used to beat me up so many times that I lost count. Sometimes, I couldn’t even get out of bed, but I usually got better the next day. This little injury is nothing! Plus, I’ve been here for a few days already. And it’s not even because of a fight! Come on, having a little fun won’t hurt. Let’s go!”

Joshua changed his clothes and dragged Clarissa out of the hospital very soon.

In the name of having fun, Joshua actually brought her to the art gallery.

So classy?

Clarissa quirked her brows, to which Joshua smirked and said, “Oh, come on. I’m a man of culture. It’s your loss for not choosing me. Come, just enjoy it. We have other places to go after this but, for now, you just take your time to walk around. Excuse me while I say hi to a friend.”

The art gallery belonged to one of Joshua’s friends, so of course he had to show his support.

Clarissa hovered in the gallery alone, accompanied by her thoughts.

Perhaps the world was a really small place, let alone D City. Looking around the gallery, it did not take long before Clarissa spotted a familiar face.

Is that... Sienna?

Both Clarissa and Sienna were equally surprised to see the other person.

In addition to that, both of them had mixed emotions upon meeting the other’s gaze.

The young man beside Sienna was gushing at her adoringly. He turned to face Clarissa and was briefly overcome by bewilderment, but he quickly withdrew his gaze.

“Ms. Grande?”

Sienna immediately composed herself, but the fright she had obviously experienced would not settle so easily.

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When Clarissa examined the man next to her, Sienna only got more flustered.

But Clarissa thought nothing of it. Her gaze merely lingered on the man a second longer before she glanced back at Sienna with disinterest.

She crossed to the other side, walked past Sienna and tried to leave.

“Clarissa...” Sienna called out to the other woman, her expression darkened. “Hold it right there.”

She stepped in front of Clarissa, blocking the woman’s path. It was then that Clarissa managed to get a read on the mix of emotions swirling in Sienna’s eyes, including anger and frustration.

It was worth noting that she was no longer the aloof, arrogant woman from years ago.

“I can’t believe you’re back!”

Clarissa sneered, “Excuse me, does D City belong to you? Why can’t I come back?”

Sienna had no words to rebut her.

“But, Clarissa, you’ve been rejected by the Tysons. How dare you show your face here?”

“Oh, wow. For a second there, I thought you’re asking yourself that question.”

“Y-You...”

Sienna failed to suppress her anger. Clarissa’s rebuttal left her speechless with a flushed face, and it was too late when the woman realized that her partner had witnessed her rashness.

Sienna felt greatly humiliated. Gritting her teeth, she stared Clarissa down and wished that she could kill Clarissa.

“Ms. Grande, you obviously have a very nice man by your side now, and yet you still haven’t given up on the Tysons? Tsk, I wonder if this gentleman knows about—”

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“Shut up!”

Feeling exposed, Sienna was enraged and felt frightened.

She walked straight up and approached Clarissa. It looked like she was going to attack her or smack her mouth, both of which were not ladylike at all.

But Clarissa was quick on her feet. She dodged just in time and managed to avoid Sienna’s physical contact. It was then that Joshua showed up and quickly pulled Clarissa aside.

“What’s going on, Rissa? Who’s she, and why’s she bothering you? It’s alright, I’m here. Hey, you! Just who do you think...” he blabbed on.

Joshua came to Clarissa’s defense and did all the talking, not even pausing to gasp for air as he launched into a debate.

Sienna’s face flushed. She glanced at Clarissa before her gaze landed on the man who appeared out of nowhere. Their conflict had attracted many onlookers. Sienna had the feeling that she had become the brunt of the joke once again.

For so many years, she had been the topic of ridicule by the elite circles of D City. She had finally managed to move forward and even got into a relationship with a man who knew little about her past. Is fate pulling my leg when it arranged for Clarissa and me to meet today?

## You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 270

Three years ago, Sienna was there when Clarissa cut ties with the Tysons and left D City with her family.

The Tysons did not announce the news to public, but Matthew never mentioned Clarissa’s name again.

That had all been Shermaine’s elaborate plot, but Sienna was also one of the players in the grand scheme of things.

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And it had been Sienna, not Shermaine, who reaped the most benefits from Clarissa's fallout with the Tysons and breakup with Matthew.

At least, everyone thought so.

However, Sienna had also been confronted with pangs of anxiety, excitement, and expectations.

She kept quiet and refrained from talking about Matthew or anything associated with him. Back then, she could still bear it.

Sienna believed that, if Matthew had a bone to pick, he would go for Clarissa's disappointing family first or even Shermaine. There was no way she could be one of his targets.

At least, that was what she thought.

So Sienna patiently waited for Matthew to start looking for a bride again, and for the Tysons to remember her as the best candidate for a daughter-in-law. But, in the end, she did not get what she had been waiting for.

First, she got wind that Shermaine had been convicted of murder and sentenced to jail. As for the evidence or the verdict, Sienna had no need to think about them, for the first thing that came to mind was that Matthew had made his move for revenge.

It had been good to know that Shermaine was in prison. She would no longer be coming up with tricks or plotting schemes again.

Unfortunately, Sienna had miscalculated.

After Shermaine's case, a scandal suddenly broke out from the college where Sienna's father worked as a professor. Her father had been accused of assaulting a female student. His reputation was instantly tarnished and he was taken away by the police to assist in the investigation. Not only had he lost his job, but the Grande's name was dragged through the mud as a result.

Alan, Sienna's brother-in-law, did not come to her father's aid despite having the authority as a minister to do so. Truth to be told, he had run into some financial problems himself. He

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might not have been directly stripped of his title, after what happened, but he got transferred out of D City instead.

Sienna was aware that this had been all part of Matthew's revenge.

She was not only afraid, gravely terrified. Not only would she no longer be welcomed by the Tysons, but the only thing she had waiting for her would be Matthew's revenge. She did not even have the chance to defend herself, for Matthew had already given her a death sentence.

Sienna had run out of chances to be accepted into the Tyson family. Not only that, she might not be able to survive in D City at all. Her mother had been heartbroken after her father tarnished his reputation and his job. It was only later that she found out everything had been her daughter's doing. Sienna had since been resented by her own family.

After all that had happened, Sienna was lucky enough to secure a job. Personally, she was not negatively affected, but she might as well have been the target of vengeance because the amount of public opinion, rumors, and all kinds of negative statements had found their way to her.

Her identity as an heiress in D City was all in the past. Now, she was the object of ridicule and mockery each time she stepped out of the house. She had fallen from grace to living what was possibly the worst period of her life.

Three years was a really long time for Sienna. She counted the days and kept a low profile as time went by, hoping that the public would gradually forget about the skeletons from her past.

Three years later, as she slowly recovered amid the passage of time, she had hoped that the general public would forget about her sins. Unfortunately, Clarissa had to come along and ruin it.

Sienna wanted so much to rip Clarissa to shreds.

Alas, she fled the scene in a hurry, just like how Clarissa had left D City back then.

The man who came with her, after being left in utter confusion, asked around about Sienna. He soon came to realize that the woman had a bad reputation and cut her off completely.

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At that point, Sienna had a death wish, as once again her future was plunged into uncertainty.

But that was a tale for another time.

While Sienna ran away in utter despair, things were not looking great for Clarissa either.

Although Matthew had not specifically told her what happened to all those involved in the incident, Clarissa was acutely aware that, other than the Lester family's greed, Shermaine and Sienna must have intervened in some way.

She knew that Shermaine had been put behind bars, but Sienna was still roaming around freely.

Anybody would be upset to see the one person who had tried to ruin their life.

Joshua took note of Clarissa's face, which was drained of all colors, and tapped her on the shoulder.

"Rissa, is she your rival?"

Clarissa frowned, "How do you know that?"

"Of course, it's so obvious. I say, your rivals don't hold back at all. It's Matthew's fault, you know. You should just divorce him. He's nothing but trouble and he is not a good man. You can't stop fighting with him anyway. Ah, just get a divorce."

Clarissa scoffed. "Why don't you tell that to his face?"

Joshua grimaced in response and rubbed his nose guiltily before giving an honest response, "I'm sure you've noticed, but he's not someone to be messed with. Won't he beat me up if I tell him that?"

"That's hilarious. Joshua, you must have been beaten up by many people, haven't you?" Clarissa commented as she pictured the scene in her head.

He didn't admit it. He twitched his mouth and proceeded to change the topic.

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“Whatever, Rissa. If you see anything you like, tell me. I’ll pay for it. Oh, right. I heard from a friend of mine that there’s going to be a simple charity auction tonight. Are you interested? She’s a philanthropist. She holds these functions all the time to raise funds for underprivileged children. See, she can talk the talk and walk the walk. She puts theory into practice and spends most of her time helping the kids. The reason she keeps coming back to D City is to raise funds for them.”

“Sure, I’m in!”

Clarissa was not going to miss out on such a wonderful opportunity.

As a mother herself, she was interested in helping children too.

When night fell, Clarissa realized that the so-called charity auction was not as simple as she had imagined it to be. What she thought of as a small-scale banquet turned out to be the opposite of what she expected.

Clarissa and Joshua entered the banquet hall hand in hand. She had to exercise great control of her facial expressions just so that she would not yell in his face.

This is what you call a simple charity auction? Just auctioning off some low-ended artwork? Why didn’t you tell me that your friend is the highly-acclaimed artist, Ms. Olive Schloss?

“Joshua—”

Clarissa clenched her teeth. Thank goodness she had worn a gown.

In front of her were a whole host of social elites, all dressed to the nines. She was fortunate that she did not listen to Joshua, who told her to come in casualwear.

She figured that a banquet was still a banquet, so she opted for a simple gown.

Tsk. Compared with everyone else here, in their neat suits and elegant dresses, she was rather underdressed.

And it would not be a banquet without cameras and reporters.

She and Joshua were the only ones in the entire grand hall who seemed out of place.

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Joshua failed to notice her frustration at all. With a smile on his face, he steered Clarissa away. "Come, let me introduce you to my friend. She would love to meet a beautiful, young woman like yourself."

"Wait, are you taking me to Ms. Schloss?" Clarissa could not hide her shock.

Joshua was already leading Clarissa backstage. There, other than the staff members of the event, she also spotted some men in black suits. They must be the bodyguards, as they looked solemn and aloof. Clearly, they were here to protect someone important.

Clarissa was astonished but Joshua did not seem to care. He led her into one of the rooms backstage and knocked on the door. There was no answer.

He knocked a few more times. "Hey, open up. Open this door if you know what's good for you! I know you're in there. Quit fooling around and open the door this instant..."

Clarissa got to hand it to Joshua.

A moment later, the door swung open from the inside.

A middle-aged man emerged from the room. He looked like Joshua, except that there was a sort of regal air about him, and he seemed to come from a place of privilege.

Clarissa froze. The man looked familiar but she could not put her finger on it.

The man reprimanded them without holding back.

"For crying out loud, where are your manners? Are you tired of living?"

Joshua chortled. "Lighten up, old man. You take things way too seriously. Life's boring without a sense of humor."

He shoved the older man aside and stepped into the room with Clarissa in tow. When his gaze landed on the woman sitting on a chair, he burst into laughter.

"Ms. Schloss, allow me to introduce Clarissa Quigley, the woman I've been telling you about. She's my employer at the moment. I'd have taken her as my wife if not for the fact that she's already married. And her husband isn't one to mess with. So, too bad."

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Clarissa was utterly stunned. She did not understand why Joshua could interact with Olive so casually.

Oh, wait. Where are my manners?

“It’s nice to meet you, Ms. Schloss. I’m Clarissa, Joshua’s friend.”

Olive was a legend. At least, she was highly influential in the country. She was successful not because of her character, but her experiences and accomplishment in life as a woman. Most importantly, her compassion for humanity.

Clarissa did not expect that she could be in such close contact with the famous woman. Up close, Olive herself looked younger, more charming, more elegant and certainly much prettier.

Olive herself was friendly and sociable too. There was something about her smile that made her so approachable.

“Good to see you, Clarissa. Joshua’s told me many things about you. I hear that you’re a famous screenwriter and at such a young age! Oh, I’ve watched your movie, ‘Princess’. It is fascinating!”

Clarissa blushed faintly as Olive showered her with praise. “T-Thank you. Director Yates did a great job!”

“Oh, don’t be so modest. When Ms. Schloss says something is good, then it’s definitely the real deal, and she really loves it. Why, when we first met, you were going for the shoot, right? I had so much regrets after that. Like, why didn’t I go after you? If I did, you’d be my wife now. Gosh, I was such a fool! And I thought maybe we could see each other again. Boy, what was I...”

Joshua went on one of his rambling sprees again.

Olive seemed unfazed. She blatantly ignored Joshua’s rant and engaged Clarissa in a conversation.

It was the middle-aged man who rudely interrupted the young man’s monologue.

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“Keep that up or you’ll be grounded.”

What was that?

The threat actually worked, for Joshua abruptly went quiet.

But he gave the older man a long, hard glare.

The man merely ignored him. He turned to Olive and informed her, “I should probably go now. I have a meeting to attend.”

Olive rose to send him off. The two were locked in an embrace and held hands. As Clarissa watched them, she suddenly had an epiphany, her eyes widened in surprise.

“Joshua, isn’t that Jeffrey Ferguson?”

The foreign minister who often appears in the news? He and Joshua look similar, and Joshua likes to say that he’s a big shot or some nobleman’s son. Could they be related...? Then, what about Joshua and Olive? Oh my gosh, I must be dreaming.

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