

# You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

## Chapter 201 - 205

Clarissa did not plan to play along with Matthew.

After teasing him, she still clutched him by his ears for fear that the man would pounce on her.

The man chuckled helplessly. "Clare, why are you being so insensitive?"

To that, she merely snorted, "I'm saving that for another time. Hurry up, what can I do?"

It seemed like the woman was really desperate for an answer.

Matthew removed her hands from his ears and put on a straight face. "It's simple, really. You can organize a gathering and treat them to something good. Of course, I will be by your side then."

Clarissa raised a brow in a quizzical manner. "Why do you have to be by my side? Only a few of them know about us anyway."

Matthew smirked and ticked off her forehead gently with his finger.

"Silly girl."

Clarissa was still too naïve to get his point. Matthew's presence was her way to make up for her friends.

I mean, what good is treating them to just some good food?

The woman still could not wrap her head around his idea. Matthew then said, "Just ask them when they are free to drop by for a visit. Since you're my woman, they're essentially helping me when they help you. I'm going to thank them properly."

Matthew was still ambiguous with his reply. After pecking her on the lips, he turned around and headed upstairs.

Still, Clarissa did not get what he was trying to say. After getting in touch with Justin, she expressed her gratitude toward him.

“Clarissa, are you going to cook us a meal? I’m definitely going. I’ll rush back even if I’m overseas. Your cooking is well worth the effort.”

The woman smiled. “You’re exaggerating.”

However, she was grinning from ear to ear from receiving praises for her cooking.

Perplexed, she asked for Justin’s two cents on the matter. She figured that he might have a clue as to what Matthew meant since the two were quite close.

Justin had gotten the gist of it right away. Matthew has never fancied socializing with others. He’s really going all out to support his girl. Man, that is true love.

He decided to let the woman in on Matthew’s true intention. She needs to know how much Matt actually cares about her.

“What he’s essentially trying to say is that he’s going to owe those people who show up to the gathering a huge favor. They will actually be able to seek his help if they encounter anything in showbiz. Matt is doing you a huge favor by being indebted to those who have helped you out.”

Clarissa was stumped at the revelation.

She went silent, lost in her thoughts. Justin said nothing either. He thought it was best to leave it for the couple to talk it out.

Still, Clarissa said nothing as she invited the rest and set a time. After she was done, Matthew came downstairs after taking his bath.

His damp hair covered his forehead, and the man was dressed in a soft beige sweater and a pair of grey pants. His usual sharp-witted and impassive manner was nowhere to be seen. In front of Clarissa, he would showcase his rare gentle side.

Her beautiful eyes twinkled as she glanced at Matthew.

The woman’s demeanor took a 180-degree turn in just a short span of time.

Amused, the man raised a curious brow as he made his way to her side. He took a seat and the woman showered him with hugs and kisses out of the blue.

“What’s the matter?”

Matthew caressed her back as he whispered into her ears, “What’s the matter? What am I getting rewarded for?”

The woman looked just like a kitten.

Clarissa snuggled herself against the man and cooed in appreciation.

“Uncle Matthew, I know what you’ve done for me.”

Has this woman finally realized it? Did someone shed some light on her or something?

Matthew smiled. “You’re my woman. Who else would I do this for?”

Clarissa nudged her face against his chest. She lifted her head and locked gaze with the man.

Her clear eyes were transfixed on the man, full of love and admiration for the man before her.

Matthew’s thin lips curled into a slight smile. He traced his slender fingers against the contours of her pink cheeks as he gently caressed her neckline. The woman looked captivating and inviting.

His voice was deep, drawing her in like a magnet.

“So do you love me more now?”

Clarissa nodded her head in a determined manner. “Uncle Matthew, I love you more and more with each passing day.”

He is all I need to feel loved in this life.

She knew it would be near impossible to encounter another man like Matthew. Her love for him was overwhelming, almost flooding over as she felt the urge to let the emotion overtake her.

Clarissa circled her hands around his neck and snuggled against his cheeks. She brushed her lips against his as the warm, fuzzy sensation washed over her.

“Uncle Matthew, why don’t we get married?”

The woman was flabbergasted at her own words.

However, she did not feel the need to retract her words as it was a heartfelt question.

Clarissa did not think those words were jarring since they were words which came from the bottom of her heart.

A few seconds after she had uttered those words, Clarissa parted her lips to make statement instead of a question when Matthew was still trying to regain his composure from the sheer shock.

“Matthew, let’s get married!”

The man went silent. Clarissa felt her heart thumping wildly in her chest as if it was about to leap out of her throat.

Her fingers started to quiver from the crippling anxiety. Her bright almond eyes stared right at Matthew as she tried to gauge his reaction. Her emotion took a roller coaster ride as she went from being thrilled to being overwhelmed with anxiety, and finally fear...

“Yes.”

The corner of Matthew’s lips curled into a loving smile.

He carried the woman to the sofa aside in a sweeping motion, and dashed upstairs.

Clarissa was puzzled by his sudden move, but the weight bearing down on her chest was finally lifted.

So... He agreed to it, right?

He said yes, right?

But why did he leave?

When her mind was in turmoil, Matthew dashed downstairs, excited like a teenager, and finally stopped in front of Clarissa. He took in a deep breath and got down on one knee.

Clarissa's breath hitched.

There was a ring in Matthew's hands. His deep-set obsidian gaze was set on Clarissa's petite face.

His voice was hoarse, and rather croaky.

"Clare, will you marry me?"

He's proposing.

As a best-selling author and screenwriter, Clarissa had written her fair share of poignant and romantic wedding vows. Even though he did not actually utter any, it was still no comparison to her well thought out and sentimental vows in her scripts. She swore she could get lost in his deep-set gaze, falling deeper and deeper for the man before her, always and forever.

Clarissa beamed bright with a sweet smile. The lights in the whole house combined were shy in comparison to her bright smile.

"Yes, I do."

Matthew beamed brightly at her reply, grinning from ear to ear.

He clutched her hands as he slid the ring onto her ring finger.

Glancing at the shiny ring on her fair and slender fingers, Matthew lowered his head and planted a solemn kiss on it.

The two of them lifted their heads, locking eyes with each other, and smiled.

Matthew got up and swooped her into his embrace in a swift motion. He carried her and did a 360-degree turn as he laughed.

Blissful tears escaped the corner of her eyes as Clarissa twinkled with a smile.

Nobody would be able to reverberate with their happiness right then.

From that moment onward, the two would stay true to each other as they braced through any obstacles coming their way, rain or shine.

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“When did you buy the ring? Why don’t I know about it?”

Clarissa leaned against Matthew’s chest as she regarded the ring on her hand.

The man pecked on her hair as he caressed her bare shoulders and beamed brightly.

“Oh, I just bought it on a whim.”

Clarissa pouted and pinched on his waist, hard. Matthew gasped from the stinging pain as she glared at him.

“On a whim? Then, I don’t want it anymore.”

She was about to take the ring off when he gripped her hands, stopping her from doing so.

“Alright, I’m just kidding.”

Clarissa did not actually want to take the ring off as she pouted with mock fury. The man smiled and kissed her fingers.

It was a pink diamond. Even though it was not a screaming overstatement, it was still a decent-sized diamond.

Of course, Clarissa knew the man did not buy it on a whim.

“This diamond was in Jeremy’s possession when he’s involved with the diamond business. It was only made into a ring this year, and I bought it from him. It was handed over to me when you threw a tantrum and ran back to W City.”

Clarissa recalled the time when she got angry over Matthew’s scandal with Shermaine. She even harbored the intention of breaking things off with the man and move on with her life.

So, he’s prepared this since then.

Clarissa turned around and circled her hands around Matthew’s neck. Her eyes burned into his as she asked, “How did you know we would get back together? What if I’d really dumped you back then?”

The man raised a brow and caressed the ring. “Yes, that’s why I prepared this ring. I was hoping that you’d give me a second shot, at least for the sake of the diamond,” Matthew said with a mischievous smile on his face.

Clarissa chuckled and played along with him. “I think you’d really stand a good chance of getting back together with me if you’d flashed the diamond back then. I mean, diamonds are a girl’s best friend, and I’m not going to let this big buddy slip off my hands. I could just accept the ring, and then just dump you right after. I think it’d be quite thrilling to do something like that, isn’t it? Now that I’ve gotten this ring, does it mean that I can dump you now?”

“Don’t you dare!”

Matthew threatened her with a playful smile. “Clare, I have a lot of diamonds.”

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“Pfft...”

Clarissa could not help but burst into a laugh.

The man behaved as if he was tempting a child with candies.

Circling the woman in his embrace, Matthew smiled at the sight of the woman laughing blissfully.

"I'm going to shower you with diamonds after we get married. I will buy whatever you want, okay?"

Clarissa pouted, "You're coaxing me like a child."

"Well, aren't you my little baby?"

Matthew cupped her cheeks. The weather had turned chilly, and she had been just chilling at home lately. Her daily routine consisted of just some casual writing, and she had not been engaging in any physical activities. As a result, her cheeks had rounded out. However, Matthew found her even more adorable that way.

"I'm going to love you like your father would as your husband."

"Well, the way you put it is just plain confusing."

She was complaining, but it did not hide the fact that she was beyond elated and blissful.

"Hmm, I think this diamond is far too dangerous for me to wear outside. We'll find a day and get a more subtle one. I'll pay for that."

Amused, Matthew chuckled. "Okay, you'll cover for that."

Pleased with his answer, Clarissa gave him a big kiss on the lips and beamed brightly. However, she was pinned beneath him in a sweeping motion.

It was a great night for some on-the-bed action.

I'll take it as a celebration for my successful proposal.

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"Wow, Clarissa! You actually proposed to him? I really have to give it up for you."

Ellie gave Clarissa a thumbs up, admiring her courage.



However, the latter shook her head and explained repeatedly, "No, Matthew got down on one knee and proposed to me. I did not propose to him!"

It was impossible for her to admit that she was the one who proposed.

Ellie disregarded Clarissa's multiple attempts in explaining herself.

"You're the one who brought the topic up, right? So you're the one who proposed. That's so cool! So what if you're the one proposing to him? You're my idol, Clarissa! If someday I meet the man of my dreams, I'm definitely going to get into bed with him and propose to him in bed."

"You're going to ask him to marry you?"

"Well, yeah."

Clarissa emphasized again, "I did not propose to your uncle. If we're going by your definition, then Matthew was the first to bring up the topic a long time ago. So, technically he was still the one who proposed to me."

The woman was adamant in denying that she had proposed to Matthew.

Ellie could not seem to stop herself from laughing. "Fine, fine. Uncle Matt proposed to you. Happy?"

"Yes, that was exactly what happened."

"Alright, alright. Geez."

Ellie then mumbled to herself. What a prideful woman.

However, Clarissa did not catch onto that. Ellie looked at the video on her phone and said, "Let me look at that ring again. Tsk tsk, Uncle Matt really gets your taste. A pink diamond is really more romantic."

Clarissa was beaming with pride.

She had always been a low-profile person who did not prefer to stand in the limelight. Hence, it was difficult for her to mask her glee.

Right then, all she wanted was to let everyone in the world know that she was the happiest person in the world.

Hence, she could not help but flaunt her ring finger with the pink diamond on her social media.

The caption read: I'm on cloud nine.

Ellie was the first to like her photo. At the same time, almost everyone in the group chat congratulated the bride-to-be.

Jeremy: Congratulations, Matt and Mrs. Tyson. Get a baby soon!

Henry: Congratulations, Matt and Mrs. Tyson. Get a baby soon!

Justin: Congratulations, Matt and Mrs. Tyson. Get a baby soon!

Yarick: Why doesn't Mrs. Tyson treat us to a homecooked meal to celebrate this joyous occasion?

As a foodie, Yarick only had one goal in mind.

Clarissa smiled as she read the comments. She promised them that she would organize more gatherings so that they could come over more often.

Meanwhile, her social media was buzzing with likes and comments.

A few of her close friends back in high school forwarded the photo in their group chat after commenting on it. The forwarded photo sparked heated discussions in the group chat.

A number of her schoolmates who were usually quiet surfaced after seeing the photo of the huge pink diamond. Some congratulated Clarissa after knowing that the campus belle had been proposed to while some were trying to sound her out.

When Helen was getting married back then, Clarissa had made an appearance. It was rumored that she had bagged a rich middle-aged man. Her reputation went down the drain because of it as a lot of people were disdained with her.

Those who knew the truth did not stand up for her to clear the air either.

Now that she was getting married, those people were green with envy instead.

“Yo, it’s just a ring. She didn’t say she’s getting married though. Maybe it’s just a toy or whatever.”

“Even if she’s getting married, who is she marrying anyway? The rich middle-aged man from the last time?”

“Well, so what if it’s indeed the middle-aged man? How else is he going to afford such a huge rock? Why isn’t Clarissa saying anything though? Is she just pranking us by posting this photo though? Is she even really getting married? Why doesn’t she just post her wedding invitation? We’d be sure to attend the wedding.”

“Right, why aren’t you responding? Are you really getting married?”

Clarissa usually paid no heed to the group chat. She had only skimmed through it after some people messaged her in private. There were mixed reactions to her engagement, among them were congratulatory, doubtful, and even derisive ones.

Clarissa snorted, decided that it was best to disregard them all.

She did not reply to any of the messages since she was not planning to invite them to her wedding anyway.

Almost all her close friends had seen the photo on her social media, including Ryler.

He texted Clarissa: Congratulations! See you on Saturday.

Ryler could make it back on Saturday, and Clarissa planned to organize the gathering on the same day as well, inviting friends who had shown support for her. She would make them a homecooked meal as a heartfelt thanks for them as they had backed her up.

As Matthew intended, he would owe them all a favor.

Clarissa was still cracking her head to decide on the venue.

She asked for Matthew’s opinion on the matter. To which he replied, “Just do it at our place.”

“At Zen Highlands?”

Access to Zen Highlands was strictly limited to authorized personnel only. The Tysons were only here for a handful of times, and even Matthew's siblings had not been there more than a dozen times. Outsiders were generally prohibited from entering.

Matthew smirked. "Why are you so surprised? It's best to organize a party at our own place, isn't it?"

"But I thought you don't like people coming here?"

"It's not like I don't like it. I just preferred silence back then. But now that I have you, I think it's good idea to have people over sometimes too."

Clarissa brimmed with tears at his remarks, touched by the concessions that he was willing to make for her. The man's heart softened at the sight.

He planted a kiss on her lips. "Clare, are you really that touched?"

She nodded her head earnestly.

"Then should we unlock some new position tonight?"

Clarissa was rendered speechless and rolled her eyes at him for ruining the moment. She turned around to hand Julia the food and liquor menu for the party on Saturday. It was her first time organizing a party, and it was a party to express her gratitude nonetheless. Hence, she paid extra attention to every little detail to make sure everything was perfect.

Matthew smiled and trailed behind her. Even though he was showering kisses and being all affectionate, he still provided her with solid suggestions.

As such, Clarissa thought she should reward him for being so helpful.

At night, she played along with him and tried out a few new positions in bed.

Matthew was pleased with the adventurous nature of their activity, and thought that they should be more creative and unlock more positions in the future.

To which, Clarissa replied, "In your dreams."

Matthew nodded his head. "Yes, my dreams are hauntingly beautiful, and more so when they come true."

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Soon, it was already Saturday night.

Zen Highlands which was usually deserted was brightly lit.

There were a lot of cars parked in the courtyard, and the house bustled with people.

Unlike the usual parties held outside, the party was filled with the heartfelt laughter of close friends, instead of just strangers observing social niceties.

Other than the handful of Clarissa's close friends who already knew the truth, the others were taken aback to realize that Ms. Quigley's fiancé was in fact Matthew Tyson, the president for the Tyson Corporation after arriving at Zen Highlands.

Knowing full well what Matthew's presence meant at the party, the others considered themselves extremely lucky.

On top of that, a couple of influential figures of the industry such as Justin, Henry, and Jeremy were there as well.

Connections were extremely important, no matter which circle one was in. Clarissa had essentially provided them with the perfect chance to expand their connection as knowing any one of the bigshots would benefit them greatly.

Some were excited to be given such an opportunity, while others were apprehensive about embarrassing themselves.

However, since there were only a number of them, they had gotten closer to each other in no time as they beamed with delight.

Jamie and Yaala sat beside Clarissa. Jamie was thrilled since she was one of the lucky ones, and especially since Ryler was coming later.

"Ms. Quigley, let me have a look at that diamond ring."

Jamie was curious of the huge rock, as was Yaala.

Clarissa had only taken the ring downstairs right then. She did not wear it all the time since the diamond was really big, and it would be quite inconvenient. She had bought another pair of rings which were more low-profile to be worn daily for both of them.

She felt quite awkward when she had to take it out for others to have a look.

“Ms. Quigley, this is huge! Oh, I meant Mrs. Tyson! Haha...”

Yaala eyed Clarissa right then, in awe of the latter’s luck.

The ring made its way around as people congratulated her again. Even though Matthew was chatting with the other men, he still cast occasional glances at Clarissa. The sweet, loving gaze between the two was teeming with chemistry. It was nothing like an inappropriate exchange like some people rumored it to be.

Not long after, Ryler finally made it to the Zen Highlands. He greeted Clarissa and made his way over to talk to Matthew. However, they did not delve deep into any topic.

The small gathering was rather successful.

After the party came to an end, everyone bade goodbye. Ryler and Matthew had finally gotten the chance to have some serious face-to-face talk.

Right then, Jamie had not left yet as she sat together with Clarissa. She was absentmindedly engaged in a conversation as she stole glances at Ryler.

She was actually worried to see the two men chatting over a drink.

In the end, the two men seemed like they were getting tipsy. Jamie steadied Ryler as they left Zen Highlands together. Meanwhile, Clarissa dealt with the slightly drunk Matthew. It was her first time seeing him intoxicated.

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Matthew seldom got drunk.

At least, Clarissa had never seen him like this.

Besides, who would dare to force drinks on him anyway?

Having said that, drunk Matthew was a rare sight.

Clarissa was perplexed as to why Ryler and him started to drink as they chatted, and they drank quite a lot too. It's so weird.

While Julia and the others were cleaning up, Clarissa transfixed her gaze on Matthew who was fast asleep on the sofa. His eyes were closed as his head was slightly tilted to one side. He wore a plain buttoned shirt and long pants for the house party with a few of his buttons undone, exposing his tanned skin underneath. There was not a hint of his usual cold and distant demeanor. His picturesque face was perfectly sculptured as he relaxed his slender legs on the sofa. The man put one hand on the armrest.

He looks so gorgeous, even when he's resting.

Clarissa heaved a sigh, and chuckled the next moment.

She leaned forward and tapped on his shoulders.

"Matthew, wake up. Let's go upstairs."

The man did not respond.

Helpless, she helped him up by supporting his shoulders, attempting to get him upstairs this way.

However, just when she propped him up, Clarissa almost slumped to the floor from his weight. It's true. Moving a drunk man is like trying to move a mountain. Julia came to her rescue and the two of them steadied one side each as they helped him upstairs.

After entering the bedroom, Clarissa threw the man onto the bed and tried to catch her breath. Meanwhile, Matthew narrowed his eyes as if he had just woken up. But then again, it seemed like he was still asleep.

Noticing the woman at his side, he instinctively reached out to grab her hand and pulled her toward him, making her fall into his embrace.

Matthew had his hands on her back, immobilizing her. Clarissa tried to struggle herself free but to no avail.

“Matthew!”

Clarissa increased her volume as she fumed with fury.

Matthew merely tapped on her back as if he was coaxing a child as he mumbled something.

Clarissa smiled resignedly.

She punched Matthew’s chest gently. However, the man turned around abruptly, pinning her underneath him. He did not open his eyes but he acted unconsciously as he caressed her all over. The man slid one hand into her shirt while his other hand was working to remove her pants. Matthew was mumbling her name all the while.

“Clare, Clare...”

“Stop, Matthew-”

It was a futile attempt trying to get a point across to a drunk man.

Her effort proved to be fruitless in face of his surmounting desire. It seemed effortless for him to pin her down as he immobilized her.

In the end, Matthew had his way with her as he claimed her with his eyes closed.

Clarissa furrowed her brows as she regarded the man on top of her. The man was obviously enjoying himself while all she felt was discomfort. She reached out and grabbed his waist tightly in an attempt to vent her frustration.

However, it seemed like her gesture had only served to excite him as his movements became increasingly fast and furious. Clarissa could only take it passively and only felt better toward the end.

Nevertheless, Clarissa was going to let Matthew have it, sooner or later.



The next day when Matthew was awake, his head was pounding. He finally came to his senses and started to recall what happened the night before.

There were only fuzzy images in his head. Nevertheless, he was well aware of what went down.

He chuckled resignedly, slightly aggravated by himself.

Surprisingly, Clarissa was up earlier than he was. Matthew sat upright and noticed that the crumpled shirt on him.

He mindlessly penetrated her last night without an ounce of consideration for her, not to mention that he fell right back asleep last night after he was done. Of course Clare is going to be mad at me.

Matthew got off the bed and headed for the bathroom. When he was downstairs, he was his usual self – the formidable president, Mr. Tyson again.

Clarissa was leaning against the sofa as she sat in front of the window. Bathing in the warm sunlight, she was working on her laptop.

Her hands paused in its track as she noticed the footsteps. However, she did not turn around. Clarissa merely saved her work and opened the browser instead. She did not intend to pay any heed to Matthew.

Matthew's thin lips curled into a slight smile. He made his way to Clarissa's back, and hugged her from behind.

He lowered his head and snuggled against her ears. The man smelled fresh after his shower with the lingering scent of shampoo.

Clarissa feigned disgust with the man as she tilted her body to one side in an attempt to keep her distance from him.

Matthew chuckled. "Clare, why are you mad?"

He acted innocent as if he had no inkling as to why Clarissa was mad at him. Matthew deliberately edged himself close as the woman dodged him every single time. In the end, he steadied her head with both his hands and planted a kiss on her cheeks.

Clarissa glared at Matthew as she wiped her cheeks with her hand.

“Don’t you know why I’m mad?”

She was shooting sharp little daggers at the man with her eyes.

Matthew felt as if the daggers had punctured his heart.

He pressed a hand against his chest and acted like he was in pain. Then, he sat on the floor, right next to where Clarissa was standing, and pretended like he was suffering a heart attack in a childish manner.

“Clare, my heart is in pain.”

The woman rolled her eyes at him. “Matthew, get real. What’s with your childish act!”

He knitted his brows. “Clare, I’m not...”

“Who said you’re old?”

“So, I can be childish, right?”

“You-”

Clarissa was rendered speechless as she glared at him.

Matthew reached out his slender fingers and touched her eyes. The woman managed to dodge his touch and heard him bursting into a laugh.

He clutched her fingers and kissed on it. She tried to struggle herself free but to no avail. His obsidian, deep-set gaze was gauging her.

Clarissa felt her cheeks burning under his scrutinizing gaze. She cast him a sideways glance and averted her gaze as she tried to focus on her laptop.

However, Matthew continued to transfix his gaze on the woman as his burning gaze was laser-focused on her. Clarissa felt her cheeks increasingly hot with each passing moment while the man burst into a fit of laughter.

Clarissa fumed with fury.

“Just go away.”

Even though she sounded frustrated, Matthew still found her adorable.

He moved her laptop away and swooped her into his embrace in a swift motion. He grabbed her chin with one hand and steadied her head, planting a kiss on her lips.

“I think I know why you’re mad, Clare. I remember now.”

Clarissa snorted as her ears blushed on cue.

Matthew smiled and kissed her again.

“Clare, I was drunk. Will you forgive me, please?”

“So that’s how you get when you’re drunk? How many times have you been drunk then? Do you just do it with any woman who just happens to be by your side then?”

Matthew clarified himself right away. “Clare, that was the only time I was drunk.”

“Why should I believe you? And who can prove that you’re not lying?”

“Donnie is always beside me. He can prove that I’ve never been drunk.”

“He’s your subordinate. You can order him to say whatever you want.”

Matthew found it hard to refute her. “So how can I convince you then?”

Clarissa snorted again. There was no point in proving it since it was all in the past. I don’t have the right to keep pursuing this matter anyway.

She knew she was being unreasonable. Clarissa was just letting Matthew have it for his inappropriate behavior last night.

Surely, he knows I’m doing this on purpose, right?

In an attempt to appease her, the man could only shower kisses and hugs on her as he apologized profusely to her.

“Clare, I’m sorry for my behavior last night. But I know that you’re the only person with me in this place. I will not get drunk outside, and I never do. I will only be disarmed around you. You have to believe me that I only behave like that because I just feel safe around you...”

Well, he sounds sincere enough.

She was intoxicated by his kisses and sexy voice.

The woman slumped in his embrace as he kissed her repeatedly.

After some time, the two of them enjoyed breakfast together. They took the opportunity to take a walk at the courtyard since the weather was nice outside. Clarissa had only asked what Ryler and Matthew were talking about last night then.

“What did you guys talk about anyway? And you guys drank so much.”

There was actually nothing much to say.

It was essentially a face-off between two love rivals as they tried to triumph over each other.

It was obvious that Ryler had feelings for Clarissa. Even though he claimed that he was only a big brother to Clarissa, it was still hard for him to stomach his feelings toward her. Meanwhile, Matthew was the winner who eventually won Clarissa’s heart. It was only natural that the love rivals did not look eye to eye.

Since Clarissa treated Ryler like a brother, that essentially made him more senior than Matthew. Nobody was happy with the dynamic of their relationship and the two men could only resort to drinking to vent their frustration at each other.

“Nothing much. He just asked me to take good care of you.”

“Is that all?”

“Yeah.”

Matthew cupped her cheeks and smiled. "Since we're already engaged, let's break the news to Grandma. She's been worried sick about you getting married and having kids."

Clarissa eyed him and nodded. "I will let her know. But it is not going to be that easy for us to get married though? What do we do about your family?"

Matthew went silent for a moment before saying, "It's my decision to make. So there's no need to consider whether they agree to it or not."

Clarissa furrowed her brows. "It's impossible to not care about their opinion, Matthew. What if your parents don't even show up during our wedding? What then?"

"No problem. We can still get married."

Clarissa parted her lips in an attempt to say something but she bit her tongue in the end as she sighed.

She did not know whether to be happy or sad about him being indifferent about his parents' presence at their wedding.

However, it seemed like he was only looking out for her.

Clarissa hugged Matthew and sulked in his embrace. "They're going to be so sad when they find out that you're indifferent about their presence at the wedding."

The man merely patted her back as he pecked on her hair. Gently, he said, "Don't worry, they won't be sad. At most, they're just going to be mad at me."

"It's not a good thing for them to get mad either."

"They'll be alright after some time."

Clarissa was at a loss for words.

She lifted her head and gave him a puzzled look as she found his words incomprehensible.

Her Grandma was essentially her lifeline as they depended on each other their whole lives. However, it seemed like family ties were a disposable aspect in Matthew's life, something that he could discard and completely cut out of his life, judging by his impassive manner.

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It was not that Matthew wasn't on good terms with his family, but he was put off by the things they did to him.

In the end, the family bond worn off by the day.

Nonetheless, he kept his mouth shut. He was used to keeping this toxic family relationship to himself. In fact, he was a man of few words.

"Ok then, I'll deal with Grandma while you take care of your family."

Matthew lifted the corners of his lips and patted her butt. "Ok, leave it to me."

Clarissa wrinkled her nose to show her displeasure at Matthew for getting handsy.

However, she let him be since that was just how he was around her. She was used to it by now.

They walked along the road facing the sun as Matthew blocked the wind for her. He wrapped her up in his coat, closed his eyes and took a whiff of the cool crisp winter air. It felt like he was enveloped in warmth even though they were out in the bitter cold.

Moreover, Clarissa need not be afraid of the cold anymore with Matthew around.

They made out for a bit before heading back home.

Clarissa video-called Catherine alongside Matthew when they got back home.

She told Catherine all about their wedding plans.

"Good, good. It's good that you've finally settled down."

Catherine was ecstatic.

“Grandma, I’ll come over with Clare for a visit soon. I feel the need to formally inform you of this matter.”

“Oh, it’s fine as long as I’ve been informed that both of you are getting married. Right, have you guys decided on the date? How are you guys planning to do it? Anyhow, I’ll leave it to you. You, youngsters, are full of ideas. I saw lots of Chinese and Western-style weddings on the telly. You can decide for yourselves, no need to go through me. I just want you to be happy.”

“Grandma, you talk as if he doesn’t need your permission to do the proposal officially.”

Catherine chuckled. “Isn’t he doing just that right now?”

Clarissa rolled her eyes. Catherine was acting like she couldn’t wait to marry her off.

She shot Matthew a look of disapproval but was caught red-handed by Catherine. “Clare, why did you roll your eyes at him? That’s rather inappropriate. Also, don’t bully Matthew. He didn’t do anything to you.”

Clarissa widened her eyes in disbelief. However, Catherine brushed her off and turned her attention back to Matthew.

“Matthew, we don’t have any marriage requirements from our side of the family. What about yours?”

Clarissa kept quiet as Catherine asked about the Tysons. Nonetheless, Matthew kept it together with a smile. “Grandma, everything is fine from my side of the family. I will take care of everything, so you don’t worry.”

“Oh, that’s great.”

Catherine thought Matthew should be matured enough to take care of his own wedding now since he wasn’t in his twenties anymore.

Hence, Catherine believed him without a doubt.

It was quite common for kids who came from different cities to get married these days. Therefore, their parents might even only get to meet one another on the wedding day itself.

Catherine kept those thoughts to herself since they wouldn't be getting married right this instance anyways.

After hanging up the call, Matthew and Clarissa had a chat about married life and the wedding arrangements. They even imagined the wonderful life they would lead after getting married.

Meanwhile, Helen had seen Clarissa showing off her engagement ring in their group chat, but didn't believe that she would be marrying Matthew.

After all, she had chided her when Matthew was involved in a scandal with Shermaine. Moreover, he was rumored to be looking for his future wife a long time ago.

If it is not Matthew, then could it be Damon?

Clarissa had attended their high school reunion along with Damon at that time.

Nonetheless, Helen felt jealous and angry at the news of Clarissa's engagement.

She even asked around to see if the Tysons or the Wynters were planning for a wedding, but none of them were.

Hence, Helen was sure that Clarissa's husband-to-be was neither of them. It must be some ugly old man.

Helen was gleeful at this thought.

That was why she took the initiative to greet Clarissa when they ran into each other.

"Clarissa, it's been so long. Did you come alone?"

Clarissa turned around and saw that it was Helen.

"Long time no see," she greeted placidly.

She stood there as if she was waiting for someone.

Helen plastered a smile on her face, not planning on leaving anytime soon.



"You're not really engaged, are you? Haha..."

It was obvious that she did not believe the news. However, Clarissa ignored her. "Ok, I'm just joking. Are you really getting married? Who's your fiancé? Do I know him? Is he from D City? Tell me about him. My husband and I might know who he is."

Clarissa asked coldly, "Are you too free?"

"Hey, don't be shy. We might just know who he is if he belongs in the upper class society. Tell me about him so I can prepare a lavish wedding gift for both of you. Or perhaps is he not from the upper class society? Hmm, that's possible. He wouldn't know about your past if he's a nobody, right? Hehe... what a pity he's not as rich as your other boyfriends. You must have made a lot of money from them, right?"

Helen's ability to talk without any consideration for others was getting better and better.

Clarissa suddenly sneered as she watched Helen coldly.

"Helen, you're so good at filling the blanks. I'm impressed. However, I'm sorry I'll have to disappoint you."

"What?"

Clarissa brushed her off with a broad smile on her face and walked past Helen towards the other side.

Helen saw Matthew holding Clarissa's waist intimately and kissing her on the corner of her lips when she turned around.

She couldn't believe her eyes as she watched the pair getting lovey-dovey with each other.

Clarissa turned around and deliberately gave Helen a smile before walking away.

"I'll send you a wedding invitation soon, Helen. Don't forget the lavish wedding gift you promised."

With that, she left with Matthew.

As for Helen, she stood rooted to the ground, dumbstruck. Only her gaze was laced with complex emotions.

Her husband walked over. "What happened? Helen? Why aren't you going in?"

"I'm... waiting for you."

Helen had yet to calm down and she entered the place in a daze. Blake frowned in confusion.

She suddenly asked Blake after settling down in the private lounge. "Honey, do you know that Mr. Tyson from Tyson Corporation is getting married?"

"I don't. Why? Where did you hear that from?"

Blake suddenly exclaimed, "Oh right, it's that friend of yours who attended our wedding last time. She's getting married to Mr. Tyson, right?"

Helen immediately shook her head. She denied it so as to convince herself as well.

"That's not possible. I thought Mr. Tyson is involved in a scandal with Shermaine. Moreover, Clarissa couldn't have been his rumored future wife. What do you think?"

"That's just a rumor. We're not too sure either. Where did you hear that Mr. Tyson is getting married anyway?"

Helen shook her head once again. "No, no, I'm just asking."

However, Blake looked at his wife suspiciously. He felt certain that something must be going on since she had a look of uncertainty on her face.

Mr. Tyson is getting married?

"Helen, I don't care what is going on between you and Ms. Quigley, but I've told you before and I'll tell you again, you must see the big picture as the daughter-in-law of the Zimmers. I will be very disappointed if you ruin our chances to get closer to the Tysons just because Ms. Quigley is getting married to Mr. Tyson."

It was meant as a threat. They had a row about it before because Helen couldn't let go of her past. As her husband, he was unhappy that his wife was upset about a man she once loved.

He didn't forget about it even after they had reconciled.

Helen's face paled when she heard the threat.

She hugged Blake and told him about Clarissa.

"So Ms. Quigley is really getting married to Mr. Tyson?"

"That's not possible." Helen was still in denial.

"How is that not possible? She told you about it herself when Mr. Tyson was around. They must be getting married since Mr. Tyson didn't oppose when she said it. Helen, I'm telling you, you must befriend Clarissa. She's about to become Mrs. Tyson. You must reconcile with her, okay?"

It was an order.

Helen was in pain as Blake squeezed her hand, but all she could do was nod.

On the other hand, Jeremy and a few others were playing poker as Clarissa and Matthew walked into their private lounge.

They were accompanied by several beautiful young women, especially Yarick and Jeremy. They always came with different women.

"Yo, you guys are finally here. Come on, Clarissa, let's play."

Yarick invited Clarissa over to play poker merely to get a sense of superiority since Clarissa didn't know how to play the game.

After all, he had lost several rounds of poker before they came.

Jeremy got up and moved out of the way with a woman in his arms as Matthew sat Clarissa down beside him.

His intense gaze never left her as he placed an arm around her waist. They were sitting so close she was almost sitting on his lap.

It was an eye sore to Yarick.

“Matt, don’t overdo it. Are you guys still not over your honeymoon phase? Stop triggering bachelors like us.”

“What do you mean bachelor?”

Clarissa deliberately eyed the young woman beside him.

Grinning, Yarick replied, “This is my new sister.”

“Tsk, Clarissa, I brought my sister along as well. All these women are our sisters.”

Clarissa’s lips twitched at that. What a blatant lie.

Matthew, on the other hand, smiled and said in a low voice, “Draw a card, my little sister.”

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

### Chapter 205

Clarissa felt goosebumps form all over when Matthew called her ‘my little sister’.

She blushed and looked at Matthew coyly.

However, Matthew raised a brow and smiled instead of being awkward.

“What’s wrong, my little sister?” he asked in a low-pitched, husky voice.

Clarissa turned beet red. “Stop it.”

“Is there a problem?”

He's doing this on purpose.

In the end, Clarissa ignored him and turned to focus on the game. However, everyone had their eyes on the duo by now as they started teasing her.

"Tsk, you guys can even flirt on the poker table now. Get a room."

Everyone around the table laughed at that. Clarissa felt so embarrassed that she wanted to dig a hole in the ground to bury herself.

In fact, Clarissa turned so red she felt like she might explode with embarrassment.

She shot up from her seat. There was no way she could continue playing the game anymore. "I'm leaving the table. You guys enjoy yourselves."

"Don't, we'll stop. Hahaha... Are you embarrassed? Look at how thick-skinned Matt is. He didn't even react to any of the jokes."

Clarissa could only use her husband-to-be as her punching bag since she couldn't vent her anger at anyone else.

She glared at Matthew but he smiled dotingly at her instead. He didn't seem to mind what others said about him as he pulled her back down and kissed her cheeks.

In the end, Clarissa gave in as everyone cheered them on. Matthew finally stopped and glared warningly at his friends when she almost got mad.

They quietened down and watched as Matthew displayed his affection publicly. He pulled Clarissa into his arms, guided her hand to draw a card and let her lean on his chest. It was painful to watch the two of them.

However, nobody dared tease them again after Matt's warning glare.

Clarissa couldn't help but blush as everyone gave her a knowing smile when their eyes met.

Shortly after, Ellie arrived. She wanted so badly to kiss Clarissa when she saw her being so shy.

“Clare, you’re so cute. Come here, give me a hug...”

Ellie dropped her hands when she met Matthew’s cold gaze. Then, she sat herself down on the sofa, twitched her lips and turned to face Jeremy.

“Mr. Jeremy, don’t you think he’s being unreasonable? He wouldn’t have met Clare without me. Yet, he is acting so cold. Besides, Clare is my best friend first before she became his fiancée. Don’t you think it’s normal for us to kiss and hug?”

Jeremy watched Matthew’s and Clarissa’s intimate behavior. They just couldn’t take their eyes off each other.

Tsk. I really can’t understand love.

As the most eligible bachelor in D City, Matthew never had any girlfriends. One would think he was leading an ascetic life, but to be more precise, he was simply a cold and heartless man.

Who would have thought he would fall head over heels in love with a woman one day?

Jeremy kept this to himself as he brooded over the subject.

He would never get the chance to experience the power of love anyways.

“Mr. Jeremy, do you know about their engagement?” Ellie leaned in and said in a low voice.

Jeremy patted the girl beside him. The girl got his hint and left them alone.

“I know.”

Ellie nodded. “This is good, right? But my family still knows nothing about it. Surely things will turn chaotic once they find out, but Uncle Matt didn’t look the least bit worried. Mr. Jeremy, do you think anything bad will happen? My family will have to attend the wedding if it happens. It will make Clare look bad if they don’t.”

Jeremy rubbed his chin as he gave it some thought.

“I think...”

“What?”

“It’s not a big deal.”

“Huh?”

Jeremy’s answer completely caught Ellie by surprise.

No big deal?

Jeremy chuckled. It was easy for women to fall for him when he smiles, what more with his unruly hair and amorous eyes.

Of course, it was just some women.

Ellie was dumbfounded. “How is this not a big deal? Mr. Jeremy, stop joking. You don’t know how important this is since you have never been married. How can they get married without their parents around?”

Jeremy scoffed at that. “Do their parents need to be around when they got their marriage certificate? Ellie, Matt is thirty six this year, not sixteen nor twenty-six. He’s old enough to shoulder the responsibility. Why would he need his parent’s consent?”

Ellie contemplated the idea for a while. “This makes sense. But still, it feels like something is missing without any parents attending the wedding.”

Jeremy simply smiled and didn’t comment any further.

Ellie turned her attention to Clarissa and saw that she was beaming with joy as if she had just won some money. Matthew never took his eyes off her all this while.

Ellie smiled. Ok fine. They’re not the least bit worried. So why should I be?

She trust that Uncle Matt would take good care of Clare.

Yarick was displeased that Clarissa had won several rounds in a row. Hence, he stopped playing.

He had never won a game for tonight.

“How could you guys bully me like that? Do you think it’s fair to me when you’re so rich?”

Clarissa couldn’t help but laughed when she saw the look on Yarick’s face.

“Come on, Yarick. You’re pretty well off yourself. Stop trying to change the subject. You have lost, so just pay up.”

Clarissa reached out and asked for money.

Justin chuckled. “Come on, Yarick, don’t be so petty. How can you deny her when she finally won herself some pocket money?”

Henry chimed in, “That’s right, Yarick. Didn’t you just open up a chain hotel? Gift it to Clarissa if you’re not going to pay.”

“I’ll pay, ok?”

Yarick wrote a check and placed it on the table. Clarissa couldn’t believe her eyes when she picked up the check out of curiosity. Just how many zeros are written here?

“There must be a mistake here.”

Why is he paying with a check? It’s just poker.

Clarissa twitched her lips and mumbled, “Poverty has restricted my imagination.”

“What?”

Clarissa quickly shook her head and turned to Matthew. However, he caressed her hair affectionately and said, “Just take it, it’s yours now. Use it as your pocket money.”

Clarissa was at a loss for words.

She was afraid she would expose how ‘poor’ she actually was the moment she opened her mouth to speak.



In the end, she thanked Yarick awkwardly.

“Hehe, thank you.”

Soon after, Matthew and Clarissa chatted over drinks with their friends. Matthew paid constant close attention to Clarissa even under the relaxed atmosphere. He would stare at her, hold her hand and hug her throughout the session.

His gaze even lingered on the door when she went to the washroom.

Everyone else in the room exchanged looks. Henry finally spoke up, “Matt, when is the wedding? Have you decided on the date? Is it going to be a Western wedding or something with an Oriental theme?”

Matthew withdrew his gaze. “Any suggestions?”

“Mix both elements together. Let’s do it outside the country since it’s too cold here. Find someplace warm.”

“Or you can rent a castle.”

“Why rent when you can just buy one? Or you can buy an island and go there for vacation.”

“This is a great idea.”

Clarissa would have mumbled about how poverty had restricted her imagination if she heard their conversation.

“Oh, Matt. Shermaine didn’t cause any more trouble, did she?”

Henry was aware of Shermaine’s plans since she worked under his company.

She was coming back just for Matthew.

However, Yarick curled his lips in disdain. “Tsk, how dare she? Doesn’t she ever learn? Who does she think Matt is? She needs to be taught a lesson.”

“What’s there to talk about, Henry?”

Henry shook his head. "You don't know how vindictive women can be."

"Oh, you mean like the award winning actress? The one who came to you for revenge after you dumped her?"

"Shut up, Jeremy."

Henry turned pale as Jeremy had hit his soft spot.

Jeremy gave a deliberate smile whereas Justin gasped in shock. "Oh, no wonder she looked familiar..."

"That's enough!"

Henry cut them off as the rest burst out laughing.

As for Matthew, he didn't care much about Henry's joke as he suddenly got up and left.

Clarissa and Ellie went to the washroom together. They ran into Jamie the moment they walked out the door.

Jamie didn't look too good. Her eyes were bloodshot when she met Clarissa.

"Jamie, what happened?"

"Oh, it's nothing, Ms. Quigley. I'll be taking my leave now as I have something else to attend to."

It seemed like Jamie was trying to steer clear of Clarissa as she avoided eye contact and left in a hurry.

"What's going on?"

"What else? Everyone has their secrets. Oh right, isn't she a celebrity who just recently made a name for herself? I saw her at your house party last time. Is she a good friend of yours?"

"Yep, not bad."

Clarissa pondered on Jamie for a bit, shook her head and decided to let her be.

Matthew was already out the door when they reached the private lounge's entrance.

"What is it?"

Clarissa was surprised, but Matthew simply smiled and pulled her hand. "What took you so long?"

Ellie had goosebumps all over as she watched them. She rubbed her arms and hastily walked into the room.

As for Matthew and Clarissa, they were making out at the corridor.

Clarissa's heart was filled with joy as she held on to his finger like a little girl with a beautiful smile on her face.

Something stirred within Matthew as he lowered his head and kissed her on the lips. What they didn't know was that someone else was watching them coldly from the end of the corridor.