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You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 370

Margaret looked like she was telling the truth wholeheartedly, but George still thought otherwise.

How could that smart and handsome child not be a Tyson?

Maybe it was because George had made up his mind about Damian being part of the family. That was why he could no longer accept any information that contradicted his point of view. Hence, he never thought that the test result would come out this way.

When Margaret first told him about wanting to take the DNA test, he was against it. But then he figured that the test would merely be a solid proof, a means to end his wife's doubts so that she would treat the child better.

Everyone thought that it was a procedure and did not think much about it. That was until the news came out and caught them by surprise.

Currently, George's face was locked in a deep frown, still unable to believe what he heard.

"Dad, I told Matthew about it, but he didn't seem to be concerned. So, either he's blindly trusting Clarissa, or he knew about it from the start. There's no other explanation for that."

That was they assumed, and it got Margaret fuming.

"What? He knew? He already got cheated on, and he's still raising someone else's child? Is he trying to give me a heart attack? And that woman! I've long said she was bad news. I mean, just look at her upbringing and history. Now, look at us. We're all torn apart while she's living her best life. She's even letting Matthew raise some other man's child! George, get Matthew back here immediately! Show him her true nature!"

"That's enough. Stop it right now." George was annoyed at how Margaret was making a big fuss out of this situation.

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Nonetheless, Margaret was genuinely upset.

The thought of her son getting seduced into the current situation had saddened her. How could Clarissa do that!

Her heart was aching so much that she started crying.

Nevertheless, George was still swaying between accepting what Margaret said and denying it.

Truth be told, the whole family agreed that they did the DNA test with Matthew's best interest in mind. From their perspective, they did nothing wrong since finding out sooner was better than knowing ten years later.

By then, it would be best if they never found out about it at all.

"Matthias, call Matthew again and ask him to come back. Tell him that if he doesn't, I'll personally head over myself and confront Clarissa about it."

"What more do you need to ask? She's... "

Margaret stopped as soon as George shot her a stern look while Matthias nodded.

Instantly, Matthias went out once again and contacted Matthew.

Meanwhile, Matthew and Clarissa just got home with Damian. Clarissa was preparing dinner in the kitchen while Matthew stayed with Damian in the living room.

When Matthew's phone rang, he took one look and proceeded to turn off the phone.

Damian was puzzled by his action. "Daddy, why didn't you pick up?"

Matthew patted his son's head and smiled. "It's just a prank call. That person must be bored."

Hearing that, Damian proceeded to put down his toy and propped his head up with his hand, looking at Matthew.

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“Bored? Is that like when I have no one to play with? Is that person looking for Daddy so they can play with Daddy?”

“It’s different, Damian. They’re bored just because they didn’t want to work.”

“Oh.”

Damian took some time to ponder about what he just heard. He did not really understand, but his eyes were sparkling intelligently.

Matthew liked how cute his son looked whenever he was deep in thought.

Then, he carried Damian up and put him on his shoulder while running around excitedly, laughing all the way. Damian, on the other hand, was even more elated. Boys would prefer something more adventurous while having fun, that was why Damian’s crisp laughter echoed throughout the house when he was on Matthew’s shoulder.

In the meantime, Clarissa was making ravioli on the dining table, with Catherine helping her. They both smiled when they saw the boys having fun.

Clarissa was relieved to see the smile on Catherine’s face, as it signified her acceptance towards Matthew.

That’s good to see.

After they had dinner, she and Matthew brought Damian outside to play with some sparklers.

Clarissa got some kid-safe sparklers so Damian could set it off easily. Besides, she wouldn’t be that scared as well if Damian wanted her company.

But of course, that was only in the beginning.

In the midst of having fun with Damian, she turned around and saw that Matthew was staring at the sparkler their son had, seemingly envious of him.

Clarissa chuckled and handed Matthew one. “Hey, shouldn’t you be the one here instead of me? I’ll leave the rest to you.”

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After that, Clarissa headed back to the house, leaving just Matthew and Damian outside.

“Daddy, I want more!” Damian said when his sparkler died out.

Matthew looked at the sparklers in his hand and lit one up. He looked just like Damian moments ago, slightly frightened but still excited.

“I want one too, Daddy!”

It was then when Matthew realized he was actually playing with it on his own and had forgotten about Damian. Meanwhile, Damian was stomping on the floor while whining, obviously a little agitated.

Matthew smiled apologetically at his son. “Sorry, here you go,” he said as he handed one to Damian.

While the two were enjoying their time together, it was also the first time that Matthew lit up sparklers.

At the same time, Clarissa was hiding behind the curtains, sneakily watching over them. She was smiling as she saw the two enjoying themselves.

And of course, she also snapped a photo of Matthew’s astonished look when he lit the sparkler.

That night, when Clarissa got out of the bathroom, Matthew suddenly wrapped his hands around her.

“Thank you, Clare,” Matthew whispered into her ears with his deep and gentle tone before she did anything.

“What for?” Clarissa’s lips curled.

“You definitely know, my smart little Clare,” Matthew responded as he lowered his head to look at her smiling face, tapping her on the nose with his slender finger.

Clarissa slanted her head to the side, feigning ignorance.

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"I've never played with a sparkler before today." Matthew put on a faint smile. "I've never experienced these sorts of things during my childhood. So it was my first time as well."

With that, Clarissa could no longer hold it in and proceeded to laugh out loud. Matthew, however, did not mind being laughed at.

He just hugged her and watched as she laughed.

"Is it really that funny?"

"Well, can't I laugh at you? You're so funny." Clarissa stopped laughing and pursed her lips.

Matthew played along and nodded. "Yeah. I am."

That being said, when Clarissa stopped laughing, she actually felt a little sad.

He didn't even get to play with sparklers in his childhood? How sad is that? Do I need to buy double the presents after this whenever I go shopping for presents for Damian?

Just as Clarissa was carefully considering that option, Matthew took advantage of the moment and kissed her; hence, successfully making his way into her room and onto her bed.

After that, it was another peaceful night.

The next morning, Clarissa gave Matthew an envelope with some money in it.

"Here you go. Happy new year. This is your new year allowance."

She left immediately after, leaving Matthew to stare at the envelope.

It felt bizarre to him, but it was also quite funny. Is this my prize as the husband? I'll take it, I guess.

After that, whenever Damian got a new gift, Matthew would also get one. Whatever Damian did, whatever he wanted, Matthew would get the same.

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In the end, Matthew actually had to have a stern conversation with Clarissa.

“Are you treating me like I’m your son now?”

“Is that not okay?” She chuckled in response.

“Is this the continuation of your punishment, Clare?” The corner of Matthew’s mouth twitched.

It felt really weird for him to be receiving toys and be treated like a kid.

“Punishment?” Clarissa poked Matthew’s handsome face. “I’m trying to be nice to you, you jerk! You didn’t have a childhood!”

Hearing that, Matthew immediately understood what was going on.

Thus, he raised an eyebrow and held Clarissa’s chin up to kiss her.

“You’re the best, Honey.”

So she was trying to compensate for my lack of a childhood.

Matthew wrapped Clarissa in his arms and lowered his head, kissing her passionately, trying to express all his love for her.

After a long while, Matthew reluctantly let go and gave Clarissa a peck on the lips, looking at her with a passion-filled gaze.

Clarissa, on the other hand, was a little nervous. They were in the living room, after all, so she was afraid that Catherine would suddenly appear.

When Matthew was about to kiss her again, Clarissa bit her lips and stared at him.

“Grandma’s here. It would be bad if she saw us like this. All your hard work these past few days would have been for naught.”

Matthew could not help himself from turning around to take a look as it was indeed risky.

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However, when he turned back towards Clarissa, he was smiling. "Then, why don't we continue in your room?" he whispered into her ear.

Clarissa smiled at the notion. It was a gentle smile, but she suddenly pushed him away right when Matthew assumed she gave him the green light.

"What are you still daydreaming about? Go pack up. We're heading back. Mrs. Wynter called and insisted that we head over to her place."

After that, Clarissa turned around and went into her room, getting ready to go back to D City.

There was nothing Matthew could do but put up an awkward grin. And when he turned around, he saw Catherine standing at the entrance to the living room. There was something different about her expression, and Matthew's heart sank. However, he immediately put up a smile.

"Grandma."

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