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You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 371 - 372

When Matthew and Clarissa arrived back in D City, George caught wind of it and immediately headed over to Zen Highlands.

Clarissa was at a loss when she found out that George was coming. She knew that things were serious if George was coming personally. That said, Matthew told her to just stay at home and that he would meet George alone.

Zen Highlands was Matthew's territory—it was a place to keep his woman and child safe from harm.

After all, he did not want it to become a traumatic experience for Clarissa.

"Huh? Are we not letting them in? I can just bring Damian somewhere."

Isn't it a bit harsh to not let your own father in?

It was true that Clarissa did not want to see the Tysons, but she could have just taken their son outside or gone shopping.

"No," Matthew refused. "It won't take long. You're all exhausted from traveling anyway. Take Damian to rest. We'll head to the WynTERS in the afternoon."

With that, Clarissa had nothing more to say. It was not her father, after all.

"Damian, come on. Let's head upstairs and take a nap."

"Can I watch a few episodes of cartoons before we sleep, Mommy?"

"You're only allowed one episode."

"But..."

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"No buts."

The two were having a heartwarming conversation as they went up hand in hand while Matthew just watched. As soon as they disappeared around the corner, his smile disappeared, and his gaze turned cold.

He proceeded to pick up his coat and headed for the car.

Outside Zen Highlands, Matthew winded down his car window and looked toward the car with George and Matthias inside.

"Let's talk back home."

"Where's she?"

George was upset to see that there was no one besides Matthew in the car.

He did not concern himself with the women Matthew was involved with back then, but it did not mean George could overlook the situation with the heir to the family.

Damian was cute, and it wasn't hard for George to love him, but he just had to make sure.

"She doesn't need to be here. I'll do the talking." Matthew looked at them with a cold stare.

"You? What do you think I could do to her? I'm just here to clear things up. I'm not here to hurt her. Are you trying to shoulder this on your own?"

"Let's go back."

George still had things to say, but it seemed to him that it was going nowhere with Matthew, so he decided to comply.

"We're going back!" Upon his order, the driver followed behind Matthew's car back to the Tyson residence.

After they arrived, Margaret was infuriated when she saw Matthew, whom she had not seen for so long. She wanted to scold him, but the urge seemed to die down as soon as he came in. Hence, she merely stayed quiet and put up a stern expression.

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Nevertheless, Matthew ignored her.

After everyone sat down, the atmosphere became a little chilly.

"If you don't believe the test result, so be it." George was the first to speak up. "But I've made sure to confirm that the result is real."

Even so, Matthew showed no signs of reaction after hearing that.

"If you don't trust me. We can do the test again. You can oversee everything..."

"There's no need to!"

Matthew raised his hand and stopped George from continuing, his legs crossed in a leisurely manner. It was obvious that he was not bothered with the matter at hand.

"Whatever you guys want and whatever you need to see is your problem, not mine. But don't you dare bother Clare about this. What you think doesn't matter to me. You have no right to interfere with our lives, and I'm not going to bring Damian here ever again."

"You!"

George stamped his cane on the floor, and the impact echoed through the halls. He was obviously infuriated.

Yet, there was nothing he could do.

"Are you sure you could raise someone else's child so willingly? Aren't you mad that she cheated on you?"

"As I said, you can keep your opinions. But Clare and I are still the same as before; nothing has changed."

After Matthew finished, he no longer wanted to dwell on the subject.

"I'll be leaving now." He stood up.

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With that, the Tysons got nothing out of their plan to get Matthew there—no explanations nor answers.

Matthew, on the other hand, was not affected in the slightest. After all, the test result meant nothing to him.

After he left, the Tyson residence fell in silence.

The silence broke when Margaret started crying. It was not just tears of frustration as she had mixed feelings about what went down.

She was upset that her own son was seduced by a woman to the point where he would disregard his family. That he would still live with her, even if the woman had a child with another man. Moreover, he was treating the child like his own. It was like Clarissa was exacting her revenge on them and taking Matthew away.

It seemed like Clarissa's sole purpose of existence was to torture the Tysons.

"How on earth could there be such a devilish woman?"

At that moment, Margaret was filled with regret. She regretted accepting her into the family, which caused the latter to bring misfortune upon the family.

Things were not the same three years ago. Right now, she could not just send some men over and threaten Clarissa.

So, this is it? Our son is gone?

"That's enough."

George could not bear seeing his wife cry and let out a deep sigh. "What are you crying for? From the look on his face, he never trusted the test result."

"Dad, Mom," Matthias spoke, "things won't change just from letting Matthew whether Damian belongs to him. After all, he treasures them dearly. So even if Clarissa betrayed him and even if Damian wasn't his, I still doubt Matthew would leave them. We'll just be going around in a circle."

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"But..."

"Matthew won't mind Damian not being his. To him, they're still a family."

That meant that no matter what the Tysons did, it would all be in vain.

That was the root of the problem.

They could either pretend like this whole thing never happened and go back to normal. Or they could brood over it while Matthew continued on with his life, unaffected.

"That's right. What else can we do?" George sighed.

Maybe sighing was the only thing they could do.

When Matthew got back, it was as though nothing had happened. Clarissa came down in her pajamas right when he walked in.

"Is everything okay?"

Clarissa just got out of bed, so she had a messy bedhead. She was slightly dazed still.

Matthew quickly went to her and smiled when he saw her, helping Clarissa tidy up her hair.

Her hair was much longer than how it was, but Clarissa seemed to like having short hair, so she kept on wanting to get a haircut. She wanted to make it as short as possible.

She had the looks, so any sort of hairstyle would look good on her.

Matthew lowered his head and kissed her. "Go wake Damian up, maybe? Let's go to the Wynters."

But Clarissa was still leaning on him sleepily with her arm around his waist.

She rubbed her face on his chest, her speech slurred, "I... really don't feel like going... I don't even... know them that well."

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Right then, Clarissa was like a little girl, whining about how she wanted to go back to sleep.

The urge to pamper her welled up within Matthew, and he placed his hand on her head.

“Maybe we’ll go another day then? Or we could make up an excuse and just not go.”

“Ugh... forget it. It’s better to get it over with as soon as possible.”

Clarissa’s comment was true to a fault, so Matthew had nothing more to say.

However, despite saying they should go, Clarissa did not budge, and the two remained on the stairs in each other’s arms.

“Umm.”

Right then, Julia came out and was puzzled when she saw the two on the stairs, so she smiled.

However, she actually came out for a reason.

Hence, she had no choice but to interrupt the couple. “Mr. and Mrs. Tyson, the gifts are ready. Do you need anything else?”

“That’s all.” Matthew gestured for her to leave.

Julia was quick to catch on and immediately left the scene. It was then that Clarissa finally decided to speak again. “Go and wake Damian up.”

Instead of doing so, Matthew picked her up and carried her over to the couch. He then placed her on his lap and started kissing her.

Clarissa was reluctant, but Matthew kept going. Eventually, both of them started laughing.

“How are you feeling now? Are you awake? If you’re not, I still have some tricks up my sleeve...”

“Matthew Tyson!”

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Clarissa shoved his face away unhappily, but her lips were still slightly curled. She gave the man a side-eye stare.

"I'm awake now, so you can stop. Go get Damian, while I'll get ready. He's a lazy kid, so you'd better hurry. That kid's your son, so he's your responsibility."

"Okay, I got it." He grinned. "But you're my wife. Which means you're also my responsibility."

"What are you responsible for?"

"Helping you change?"

"Dream on!"

Clarissa rapped on Matthew's head petulantly. "Can you be a little more serious in broad daylight?"

"In front of you?" Matthew shook his head. "With how beautiful you look, I can never be serious. What should I do?"

He looked at Clarissa, and she stared back at him.

Eventually, Clarissa could not hold it in and burst into laughter.

"Quit messing around!"

After the fun was over, she got down from Matthew's lap.

She stretched for a bit and turned around, winking at him.

"Mr. Tyson," she said it in the most flirtatious tone possible, but her order that followed afterward was stern.

"Go wake your son up. Right now. Instantly."

"Yes, my queen!" Matthew smiled.

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Chapter 372

Sandra had taken measures to prepare Hannah for Clarissa's arrival today.

However, she had yet to reveal Clarissa's true identity to Hannah, so she had made up excuses for inviting her family over, such as out of courtesy and the need to mend fences with the Tysons.

Hannah had met Clarissa once, and Sandra thought the initial meeting went quite well.

The elderly woman let out a deep sigh at the thought of her daughter.

It's new year's, and I still haven't heard a word from her. Is she still holding grudges against me?

"Is something wrong?" Sandra stopped to ask.

"Well... You see, even an outsider visits our family during this festive season. But my own daughter didn't even bother to give me a call. Do you think she's still mad at me and Jacque?"

Sandra scoffed. "I bet she is. I hope you don't mind me saying this, Mom, but I think that Kayla is utterly ungrateful for what Jacque has done for her. What right does she have to hold grudges against her brother? If it weren't for Jacque's help, Shermaine would have to spend more time in the prison, wouldn't she?"

Sandra was visibly annoyed at the mention of Kayla.

Such an ungrateful and vindictive family. We lent them a hand in times of crisis, and look at the gratitude we get.

The look on Hannah's face was not much better. She looked like she had swallowed a hard pill.

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"All right, all right. I'll zip my mouth now. But just so you know, there's already bad blood between us, and don't expect me to be friendly to her. Also, when Clarissa comes over, make sure you don't bring up this thorny subject, okay?"

"Of course. I'm not that old and confused."

Not long after that, Clarissa arrived with Matthew and Damian. The Wynters finally met Damian for the first time.

Damian was a friendly child, and his smile was rather infectious, which served as the perfect social lubricant in an otherwise awkward gathering between the adults.

Hannah was especially delighted by the presence of Damian, who had managed to lift her mood from the earlier gloom.

In another corner, Sandra was chattering away with Clarissa. As though on cue, they had both avoided the topic of Kayla and maintained an air of politeness between them.

Soon after that, Damon arrived with his parents, and everyone had an enjoyable time during dinner. Seeing families and friends gathered in one place during the festive season made Matthew feel peaceful on the inside.

"So Clarissa, do you guys have any plan for a second child?"

Clarissa let out a slight smile at Sandra's unexpected question. "Well, we've decided to just go with the flow for the moment."

"That's great! It'll be perfect if you can have a daughter to balance it out."

"It's indeed perfect to have a boy and a girl. I've always liked having a daughter..." Hannah's voice trailed off as she was reminded of her own daughter.

Clarissa pretended she did not see the changing of expression on the elderly woman's face and was ready to take her leave.

The Wynters tried to persuade them to stay, but Clarissa insisted it was time to go back to Zen Highlands.

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As Clarissa, Damian, and Matthew bade goodbye with the Wynters at the door, they found themselves face to face with another family walking toward them—it was Shermaine and her parents.

Both Clarissa and Shermaine’s expressions hardened as they locked eyes.

Without uttering a word, Clarissa gestured at Matthew to leave.

Kayla, on the other hand, was clearly stirred up by the sight of Clarissa and her family at the doorstep. She was about to give them a piece of her mind when she was stopped by a very calm Shermaine.

Shermaine darted a quick glance at Matthew, who was carrying Damian in his arms, and said to her mother in a low voice, “Mom, let’s just go inside.”

Kayla’s eyes welled up. She was thankful that her daughter was once again by her side; hence she had been on her best behavior all day.

The other Wynters, however, were not prepared to deal with this family. As such, Damon and his parents were quick to take their leave, too.

“Uncle Jacque, Aunt Sandra, Grandma, happy new year,” greeted Shermaine.

Compared to the heavy makeup and detestable attitude in the past, it was as though Shermaine had undergone a major transformation. She now appeared to be even-tempered, and there was even remorse in her eyes as she spoke.

Kayla started to voice her displeasure, “Mom, how could you—”

“Mom, they’re Uncle Jacque’s guests. It’s us who have interrupted,” Shermaine cut her mother off mid-sentence before the former could finish her complaint.

James went along with his daughter and said, “We’re sorry for the unannounced visit, Hannah. But, you see, Shermaine just got out this morning, and we took her to lunch afterward. Please forgive us for not visiting sooner during this festive season. We’ve come here to apologize and to spend some time with you, if you’ll allow us.”

Considering his attitude had softened, Sandra could not bring herself to refuse their entry.

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“Well, now that Shermaine has been released, both of you can stop blaming everyone else for her misfortune.”

Sandra studied Shermaine’s expression carefully to search for any sign to indicate her knowledge of the fact that her life had essentially swapped places with Clarissa.

It doesn’t look like she has any clue at all.

“Aunt Sandra, is something wrong?” Shermaine asked.

Sandra replied with a smile, “Oh, I just thought that you’ve changed a lot from a few years ago. We’ve actually become quite close with Clarissa recently, mostly because she resembles Mom when she was young. It’s quite uncanny how much they look like each other. Say, you’ve known Clarissa the earliest, didn’t you notice before?”

“No, I was too consumed by my hatred toward her to notice if she and Grandma shared any resemblance. Now that I think about it, I didn’t know any better then and had hurt many people in the name of pursuing love,” Shermaine intoned thoughtfully.

Is she really feeling remorseful for all the horrible things she had done in the past?

Sandra continued to observe her closely.

“You’re really a different person now, Shermaine. It’s still not too late for you to learn from your mistakes...” uttered Jacque.

“That’s good, Shermaine. I’m happy to hear that you’ve learned your lesson and are ready to move on. After all, you’re still my dear granddaughter.” Even though Hannah was not thrilled to see her daughter, she could not bring herself to reprimand her granddaughter anymore.

Besides, it was New Year’s, and Shermaine had just been released, so Hannah was reluctant to dampen everyone’s mood during this time.

Thus, Sandra, too, decided to keep the peace and welcomed them into the house.

Meanwhile, Clarissa chose not to bring up the topic of Shermaine on their drive back home.

She even felt repulsed at the thought of uttering Shermaine’s name.

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Damian was already fast asleep by the time the family was back to Zen Highlands. Matthew carried him upstairs and tucked him into bed before the couple finally returned to their bedroom.

Sitting on her bed, Clarissa was overcome by a wave of exhaustion.

Socializing proved to be way more tiring than constructing the story plots in novels. I'll much prefer dealing with the fictional world in the novels to dealing with reality, which can be completely illogical. Bumping into Shermaine today was one good example.

Never had she thought that she would one day come face to face with Shermaine.

"Is something on your mind?" Matthew sat down next to Clarissa and wrapped his arm around her. "Are you still thinking about the Smallwoods?"

Clarissa kept silent.

Right then, a cold glint flashed across the man's eyes. "If you want to, I can find out why Shermaine was released before she finished serving her jail time."

"There's no need to since they can't lock her up forever anyway. I don't want you to waste more time on her."

"I'm not doing it for her."

"I know. She had already been punished for her crimes. I'm sure she'll think twice about trying to pull something again. Besides, for a woman who had served time in the prison, her future prospect is already doomed."

Having said that, it was not as though she had forgiven what Shermaine had done to her. Rather, Clarissa chose to anchor her life around the things that really mattered to her, instead of being held a prisoner of her past.

I have to start looking forward in life rather than backward.

Her mind then drifted back to the DNA test incident where other people had tried to meddle in her own family and the fact that she had not completely forgiven Matthew on that matter.

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At that thought, Clarissa pushed him away and sprung to her feet.

Crossing her arms, the woman stared down at Matthew with her piercing eyes, "Don't think that I've forgotten about what I'd said to you before. So, tell me, the stuff that I've asked you to reflect on, have you thought about it?"

What stuff?

The man appeared befuddled for a few moments before it finally dawned on him what Clarissa was referring to. "Yes, of course. I've given it a lot of thought," he replied with a sheepish grin.

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