You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 364

Any man who witnessed this would not only see the woman's true character, but it would also stir up the man's competitive spirit.

At that, Johnny pushed Jolene away and shot her a warning look.

Only then did Jolene pull herself together and move away, but her eyes remained on Matthew.

Johnny stood before Matthew, trying to challenge the latter's air of superiority, but the difference was just too obvious.

He could not help but feel angry.

As for Matthew, his cold gaze did not rest long on anyone but shifted to the sullen Clarissa.

"Clare... I'm here to fetch you home."

Clare?

Who is this man calling?

As everyone watched in shocked amazement, he walked to Clarissa, stretched out his hand, and held them.

Clarissa did not object. In such a situation, Clarissa would not show her temper. Or maybe, one should put it this way—perhaps Matthew had foreseen that, under such circumstances, she would not reject his advances.

"Okay."

She smiled simply and looked at the teachers.

"Everyone, this is my husband. We are leaving now because our kid is still at home. I'll come back to pay you all a visit sometime soon."

"Oh, alright. Get along then."

Craig had seen Matthew's photos on the internet before. Now that he had seen Matthew in person, he could feel that Matthew was an outstanding man—one that had surpassed Craig's expectations, and he felt excited to see Matthew.

Matthew showed respect to the three teachers by shaking each one's hand and greeting them before he left.

Meanwhile, the rest of them were at a loss for words while they stared in shock at Clarissa and her husband.

As they were leaving, Jolene suddenly grabbed Clarissa's arm.

Clarissa turned around and was alarmed by Jolene's warm smile.

"Clarissa, why are you leaving in such a hurry? Since your husband came, you should sit down together with us. It's such a rare opportunity that you have brought your family members. For so many years, we've been classmates, so wouldn't it be such a pity if you don't introduce them?"

Clarissa looked at Jolene as if the latter was crazy.

She pulled back her arm and said coldly, "No, it wouldn't. After all, I have no reasons to do so."

"Clarissa, look at you! Does your husband know how you've been behaving?"

At that, Jolene looked at Matthew hopefully, but he only had eyes for Clarissa.

Jolene was rather embarrassed, but Clarissa could not care less. They should not have invited her for this reunion.

They were so eager to invite me. Do they really think that I don't know what their real intention is?

I'm not that dumb.

"Clarissa, it's been so many years. Although we may have said something in the past which may have hurt you. We are no longer ignorant now as we were at that time. It's been so many years since then, so I'm sure there's no need to hold a grudge? We were just kidding."

Some classmates, seeing Clarissa's nonchalant attitude, could not help rebuking her.

Would she just reject our friendship now after being classmates for so many years?

"Haven't you ever said anything when you were young that hurt someone else? Perhaps unintentionally?"

"Unintentionally?"

Not one word of what they had said was unintentional.

Clarissa looked at them. They were remorseless, and none of them felt sorry for what they had done.

What was there for me to say?

Whine or cry so they sympathize me? Or should I give a long lecture about how their words had hurt me and the harm they had caused?

But it would be pointless.

This despicable bunch has no empathy whatsoever for others, and that's what scares me the most about them.

Nonetheless, Clarissa did not want to say anything. She turned around and left while Matthew held her around her shoulders affectionately.

"Clarissa, Clarissa... don't go..."

They headed out while the classmates in the private lounge called after them.

After the two left, the private lounge was quiet for a while.

These people were close to thirty years of age; some were married, while others were enjoying successful careers. Even so, none of them were mature enough.

Craig sighed, "You lot..."

"Mr. Craig, what did we do? You knew what happened back then. If Clarissa discussed openly what was going on in her life, we wouldn't have gossiped. Her private life was a mess, so we are not to blame. Anyway, she wasn't hurt physically. I mean, she is doing so well now, so there's no need for her to play the victim here."

Jolene snorted. "Just look at her character! No man can tolerate her! If I'm not wrong, this husband of hers is going to..."

"Shut up!"

With hatred in his eyes, Johnny yelled at Jolene to make her stop talking.

Apparently, Jolene was still thinking about Clarissa's husband.

Feeling guilty, Jolene did not dare to meet Johnny's eyes. She bent her head and started fiddling with her ring, but in her mind, an evil scheme had formed.

When Craig heard that, he was rather disappointed. One of the teachers then spoke, "You say you were young and did not mean it, but it is traumatic for those whom you have hurt. In the past few years, there has been quite a number of posts on the web about campus bullying—not just physically but verbally as well. Never say you understand or presume it's nothing if you've never experienced it yourselves. One can't ever imagine how hurt another would feel."

Upon that, Craig nodded in agreement. "That's right. Besides, it was not just verbal. Jolene, you hid her books and locked her in the toilet other abuses. How can you forget that?"

Jolene replied, "Did I? I don't remember..."

Craig shook his head. This was just how Jolene was—she would never dare to admit to her own wrongdoing. Now that she was grown up, she was even more unpopular than ever.

"Meanwhile, the rest of you ladies also did many things to Clarissa out of jealousy. Do you think we teachers do not know what you have done?"

At that, the girls felt a prick of their conscience.

"You guys, on the other hand, appeared to like her. However, true affection is not shown by rubbing salt on someone's wounds. As for the bullying, I shall not mention what you did."

There was a long silence that followed, to which no one dared to utter a word.

After a while, Craig continued speaking. "Those years, we were not aware of the far-reaching effects, and we did not take it seriously enough. We just gave some advice, but now in retrospect, it was us teachers who did not carry out our responsibilities well..."

Because of this, the teachers were ashamed of themselves.

After all, Clarissa was respectful of them, so the teachers felt guilty that they had not done enough for her.

Silence reigned in the room once more.

At the same time, after Clarissa and Matthew had left the hotel, Clarissa removed Matthew's hand from her arm.

However, Matthew moved his body closer, putting his arms around her waist, and held her in a tight embrace.

Clarissa lifted her head with no expression on her face.

Matthew was undaunted, so instead, he bent down and smiled as his finger glided across her face. "Clare, do you like this pleasant surprise?"

A smile crossed Clarissa's lips as she thought of the lobby manager, who seemed to know everything.

"When did you arrive?"

"Today, did you miss me?"

Clarissa retorted, "What do you think?"

Matthew's smile froze a little. After being apart for so many days, it appeared that Clarissa was still angry.

Instantly, Matthew recalled how furious he was on the day she left D City, and he felt a little helpless.

"Clare..."

Matthew's voice was gentle and low as he bent down and kissed her forehead with loving tenderness.

"Don't be angry, please."

Clarissa looked away from him and stared outside. "The car is here. I've gotta go."

However, Matthew held her tighter instead.

"Do you want to visit Grandma with me?"

Matthew paused, "No, I can't go, but you can stay."

"Matthew..."

Clarissa's beautiful eyes were solemn and cold. "I'm still angry."

Matthew was silent for a while, but when he wanted to speak up, Clarissa stopped him by raising her hand. "I know that it has already happened, and being angry cannot change the past. After all, life goes on, and there's no point clinging on to grudges. However, at this moment, I am still angry, and I don't want to see your face because you tick me off."

Matthew brushed her cheek with his fingers, and said in a low voice, "But if you don't take it out on me, who else can you take it out on?"

Clarissa was stumped at his response and did not know what to say.

Matthew then lowered his head, pressing his forehead against hers.

"Go ahead, take it out on me, and vent whatever that's within you. However, we are married, and I miss you so much..."

The words "I miss you" were spoken so passionately and affectionately that Clarissa's heart trembled. Needless to say, Matthew always knew how to pull her heartstrings.

His deep dark eyes twinkled like stars, touching her heart and soul.

There was a sudden glint in her eyes, and she turned away quickly. "It's late. I have to go..."

Clarissa broke away from his embrace, smoothed her clothes, and walked outside. However, Matthew held on to her finger longingly, his eyes full of pain.

At that, Clarissa nearly broke out in laughter, so she turned around, ignored how pitiful he looked, and left the hotel without looking back. It was like a movie scene of a heartless person ditching their other half.

Matthew stood at the entrance and looked on as Clarissa drove away. His dark eyes narrowed, and the smile melted away from his face.

When the car could no longer be seen, Matthew resumed his normal icy aloofness and turned toward the hotel. His tall slim physique was so perfect and his sculptured features so mesmerizing that the stalking Jolene was totally enamored.

She was jealous that Clarissa had such an outstanding husband but was surprised that they did not go home together.

What is happening here?

Did they get into an argument? Or they're not even a married couple?

Jolene became excited seeing Matthew walking toward the elevator. immediately she took out her vanity mirror and quickly touched up the makeup on her face. Then, she quickly walked toward the elevator. When he stepped into the elevator, she followed suit.

After all, how could she miss such a good opportunity?

