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# You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

## Chapter 403 - 404

Did I just underestimate my own son's ability to adapt and cope?

No, something's not adding up. He was saying that I should be the one worrying about losing my status quo.

Is he suggesting that it is possible for them to shower all their love in the baby daughter and might neglect me in the process?

Clarissa furrowed her brows in worry.

The father and son were eagerly anticipating for a daughter, and she could already sense that her position in the family would be threatened.

Ah, that's sad.

Clarissa smiled wryly. She almost felt like crying but was feeling too sluggish to even do so.

Ah, it's better that I just keep quiet.

Damian transfixed his gaze on his mother's belly. He reached out and caressed Clarissa's belly. Anticipation was written all over his little face as he wished for a cute and pretty little sister. Damian was already thinking about how he could bring his little sister out to play, and how he was going to tell her bedtime stories...

Clarissa was oblivious to what was on Damian's mind.

Matthew came back and gave Clarissa the pregnancy test kit.

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Frowning, she got off the bed and headed for the bathroom while Matthew waited outside the bathroom eagerly as if it was his first time being a father.

In fact, it was his first time experiencing this sort of feeling.

When Clarissa was pregnant with Damian, Matthew had missed the chance to share the sentiment. However, it was different this time. It was the first child that he was able to experience the whole range of emotions—apprehension, anticipation, and even a little excitement, all of it intensified by the prospect that it may be a daughter that he was hoping for.

Damian lifted his head and looked at father, and his little hand reached out to grasp his father's.

To Matthew's surprise, the little guy was comforting him.

"Daddy, baby sister is coming."

Matthew's eyes glinted. "Yes, she is."

He knew that the little guy was just playing guess, and his son's words were not to be taken seriously. However, Matthew knew better than to question the inexplicably wondrous nature of children's words.

Matthew hoped that his son was right, and that the little princess that he had been hoping for was finally here.

Right then, Clarissa made her way out of the bathroom and gave Matthew the pregnancy test calmly before she lay down on the bed again.

She closed her eyes and yawned. I can finally sleep.

The two red stripes on the pregnancy test left Matthew stunned and surprised for a long time.

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He wanted to exclaim in joy to express his delight. However, at the sight of the woman sprawled out in bed tiredly, he was overcome with apprehension.

He hurriedly made his way over to the bedside and looked at her. "Clare, are you feeling unwell anywhere? Let's go to the hospital right now."

Feeling annoyed, Clarissa knitted her brows and said, "I want to sleep."

"Huh? Okay then, sleep..."

Matthew lowered his voice and dared not say anything further. That being said, he still felt a surge of warm feeling coursing through his heart at the sight of the woman in bed.

The man had not noticed that Damian already made his way over to Clarissa's side too.

Damian did not seem at all unhappy about being neglected. On the other hand, he was overjoyed to be able to have a baby sister soon.

Matthew carried his son and swung him around happily. The little guy broke into a chortle.

"Quiet, please."

Clarissa grumbled and the father and son duo went mute and exchanged glances with each other with a smile.

The getaway trip started with Clarissa's surprise. Despite feeling sluggish, she still pulled through and the little family went back with an extra family member.

Matthew was even more careful after knowing that Clarissa was pregnant. He arranged for a day flight back and made sure that no reporters were present to disturb Clarissa. Besides, he also made sure that his wife was not plagued by any negative news, and minimized the use of any electronics that might harm her. He took a step further by asking Julia to take care of any corners that would not suit a pregnant woman back at home and even prepared a new nursery room. However, the room would not be ready until some time later. Hence, Matthew planned on getting Clarissa's input in the matter.

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Matthew's efforts had been proven to be an overkill.

All Clarissa did throughout the day were only sleep and stare blankly into the space languidly. She did not seem to have any liveliness to her.

Her demeanor got Matthew thinking if his little princess was an indolent little girl.

After getting back to the country, they went to the hospital for a checkup and found nothing abnormal. Clarissa was perfectly healthy, much to Matthew's relief.

The man then thought that her laggard manner was perhaps nothing to worry about since pregnant women were prone to feeling sleepy all the time. Besides, she did not have any morning sickness. In that regard, she's already quite lucky.

However, Matthew did not let anyone know about Clarissa's pregnancy. He decided to keep the good news to himself for at least three months.

Matthew's family had been heavily criticized for going on a trip at that critical junction, a piece of news that the man had forbidden anyone from letting Clarissa know. He kept all the computers and phones from her sight, even going to the extent of barring anyone from watching the TV.

Luckily, Clarissa was much too laggard to feel the impact of his orders.

However, it was a coincidence that the piece of news made headlines.

They had bumped into a few fellow countrymen who were there for a vacation at Erihal. Some of them recognized the little family and uploaded their photos to Twitter.

Hence, the piece of news had garnered the attention of a few brazen reporters as they chided and reprimanded the family for going on a vacation.

They were clinging onto the point that Hilary had just died. Clarissa was the prime suspect of her mother's cold-blooded murder and yet the woman had the heart to go on a vacation abroad. Even if Clarissa was not the murderer, did she not even feel a hint of sorrow at the loss of her own mother?

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How heartless must Clarissa be to be able to go on a vacation happily during the mourning period?

The netizens were in an uproar over Clarissa's indifferent attitude during the mourning period and indulged in chastisement over her actions.

Of course, Clarissa was oblivious to the netizens' sentiment. Matthew paid no heed to those people, and sent out his lawyers to deal with those who dared to slander Clarissa's name. However, there were still a large number of people reprimanding her and accusing Clarissa of being a hard-hearted woman.

Some even went to the extent of tagging relevant government department's official social media accounts in hopes of getting the government to intervene and punish Clarissa.

However, the government departments had ignored the mindless accusations and took no action.

Even though it seemed like they did not take much action officially, the public opinion's wrath over the matter was too strong to ignore. Having said that, the relevant authorities did not look favorably upon Clarissa's apathetic attitude seeing as she chose to go on a vacation when her mother's murder, or maybe suicide, was still under investigation.

Therefore, the authorities had pressured the police into solving the case as soon as possible. Matthias had been requested by the higher-ups to demand Clarissa and Matthew to do something to appease the public's sentiments.

To which, Matthias made himself crystal clear over the phone.

"Matthew, even if Clarissa's mother had done something wrong in the past, it's fair to move on since she's already passed away. This thing with you and Clarissa is blowing out of proportion, and it's not doing us much favor. Please, do something about it."

"Noted."

Matthew did not retort after listening to his brother's advice, nor did he sound offended.

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However, he did nothing after hanging up on Matthias. He continued to take good care of his wife and his son, pouring his heart and soul into learning everything that had to do with taking care of pregnant women and children as if nothing happened.

Meanwhile, Clarissa carried on with her life, mostly sleeping and staring blankly into the space. Life was as good as it could get.

Meanwhile, Shermaine and her mother paid another visit to the Wynthers. They planned to stay longer as they wanted to stay for a meal.

Kayla was in a particularly good mood lately and did not wish to argue with Jacque and Sandra. Her visit this time was simply to have a meal and chitchat with her family.

However, Sandra was not pleased with their visit and was disdainful at the notion of having to accommodate them, especially at the sight of Kayla's smug face.

Sandra felt indignant at the thought of Clarissa having to suffer public wrath while her very own mother was gloating at her misfortune, and how Shermaine was supposed to mourn for her mother but was instead happily dining with them. How shameless.

She did not feel like sparing the shameless duo any courtesy and put on a long face throughout the whole exchange.

Kayla was not one known to toe the line. In the end, she could not hold it in and started to nag Jacque and Sandra.

"Jacque, Sandra, look at how badly Clarissa and Matthew are doing. Frankly, they deserve this. I really have no idea why you guys still choose to stand by them. Aren't you guys afraid of getting dragged down by them? I mean, you guys should be wiser in screening people at your age. That Clarissa woman has been revealed to be a murderer, an unfilial daughter who is a homewrecker. This kind of girl..."

"Kayla!"

Sandra interrupted her before she could finish chiding Clarissa.

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“That’s enough. The girl you’re reprimanding is your-”

“Enough.” Jacque interrupted Sandra, obviously trying to prevent her from revealing the truth.

He tugged at his wife’s shirt. “All right, Kayla. We’re done eating, and there’s something we need to tend to. You should leave.”

“Jacque, what do you mean? Are you chasing us out of the door right now? This is my home too, you know. What gives you the right to just chase me out like that? So what if I criticize that Clarissa? I’m just saying the truth. She’s a cold-blooded murderer who killed her own mother. She’ll suffer the retribution for her own actions and I wish her a horrible death...”

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

### Chapter 404

You wish her a horrible death?

Jacque was momentarily stunned by her words. Sandra finally could not hold it in any longer and berated Kayla.

“Kayla, will you shut the hell up? Do you know who’s the Clarissa you’re badmouthing right now? She’s your biological daughter for goodness sake!”

The air grew still after Sandra’s grand revelation.

However, Kayla and her husband looked puzzled before they burst into a laugh.

“Are you kidding me, Sandra? I only have Shermaine, and James is my only man. When have I ever given birth to another child? Sandra, even if you do not fancy me that much, how could you spur such lies?”

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Sandra merely cast a glance at Shermaine. This little minx really knows how to put up an excellent act.

After knowing the truth, Sandra had been ruminating over everything that had happened in the past, and she was positive that Shermaine had known it all along. It was just that the woman was sly enough to feign ignorance in the matter.

Sandra retracted her accusing gaze at Shermaine after she calmed down and took a seat.

Since Sandra had revealed the truth, Jacque could only sigh heavily.

“This was a result of a grave mistake years ago. Clarissa and Shermaine had been exchanged at birth. The truth is, Clarissa is your daughter, and as for Shermaine, well, she’s actually the Quigleys’ daughter.”

“What? That’s impossible. No, this can’t be true!”

Kayla widened her eyes in disbelief as she repeatedly shook her head in denial. At the same time, she clutched onto Shermaine’s hands tightly.

Shermaine appeared thunderstruck after the revelation. However, she quickly regained her composure as she knitted her brows in confusion.

Sandra snorted in response. “Nothing is impossible. It’s fine if you don’t believe in me. Just do a DNA test to confirm.”

“Fine. Let’s go test it right now.”

Kayla was about to dash for the door. However, Hannah was listening intently aside. She was flabbergasted at the revelation, and it took her a while before she let out a shriek.

“Is that true?”

Hannah cast a glance at Sandra, and her daughter-in-law nodded her head. “Yes, I did the DNA test for Clarissa and them both. She’s their daughter.”

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“What? When did you do it?”

Sandra replied dryly, “When you chastised her as your nemesis.”

Kayla shook her head to dismiss the notion. “No, that’s impossible. You guys must have mistaken about it. Shermaine, let’s go do another test right now. Let them know that you’re my daughter...”

The news came as a bolt out of blue for Kayla.

It was the last thing that she imagined could happen to her and her husband.

Hence, she kept insisting that they had gotten it wrong. However, James looked grim as he was not as optimistic as his wife on their way to do the DNA test.

His thought strayed afar as he thought about Clarissa, then about Clarissa, and finally Hilary.

So, this means that Shermaine is Hilary’s daughter?

James could never forget the vicious look in Hilary’s eyes after he had rejected her. It was a threatening look, vowing to make him pay dearly for his choice.

So, did Hilary swap their daughters’ identities as revenge against him?

With the thought in mind, he was almost convinced that Sandra was right, and he did not know how to face Shermaine right then.

Shermaine noticed the subtle change in her father’s attitude and was taken aback as she fidgeted nervously.

James sighed to himself and said nothing further.

The DNA test result would require a few days. They found a contact, but even then they also needed one whole day before they could produce the result.

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The husband and wife stayed together apprehensively as they waited.

The pin-drop silence was deafening. They decided it was best for all of them to keep quiet.

Meanwhile, Clarissa had no idea that Sandra had revealed everything.

She was resting languidly, seemingly paying no interest to anything.

Matthew would take the time to tell her stories, let her listen to some prenatal music, and even speak a myriad of foreign languages to the baby still in her belly.

Damian would stay closely by Clarissa's side after getting back from school. Like his father, the little boy greeted his little sister every morning as he spoke to her. The father and son had made it a habit to talk to Clarissa's belly.

However, Clarissa still felt nothing.

Then, the Smallwoods suddenly paid a visit to her.

Surprisingly, she did not feel as laggard.

At the time, she was lying leisurely on Matthew's lap as she listened to him reciting famous poems to the baby with his perfect accent.

Clarissa sat upright while Matthew furrowed his brows at the news of the uninvited guests.

"We're not going to meet them."

"Yes, we are," Clarissa said.

Perhaps she had sensed something.

Matthew accompanied her downstairs. Not only were the Smallwoods there, Sandra and Jacque were downstairs too.

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However, Shermaine was nowhere to be seen.

Sandra spoke first at the sight of Clarissa as she felt guilty for spilling the beans.

“Sorry, Clarissa. I accidentally let the cat out of the bag on an impulse.”

Clarissa nodded her head to acknowledge her.

She did not meet the Smallwoods’ eyes. Things were complicated, to say the least.

They looked quite devastated, which could mean that they could not grapple with the truth.

Clarissa merely spoke to Sandra and Jacque.

Sandra asked out of concern, “Are you doing okay? You don’t seem too well. Are you affected by those vicious remarks out there? Don’t worry, the truth will surface soon enough. You’re going to be alright, Clarissa.”

“No, I don’t really pay attention to what they’re saying. It doesn’t matter anyway since I’ve heard much more nasty things than these.”

Her words sent chills down Kayla’s spine as all colors drained from the latter’s face. The woman was apprehensive of the confrontation.

Kayla recalled her words of wishing death upon Clarissa, and tears brimmed in her eyes. Then, she slumped in her husband’s embrace and sobbed, seemingly paying no heed that they were in fact at someone else’s place.

“Why... James... How did everything turn out like this?”

James patted his wife on her back to soothe her. However, Kayla broke into a violent sob as she burst out crying.

Clarissa knitted her brows, not out of worry, but rather out of annoyance.

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Sandra could not help but reprimand the duo, "That's enough, both of you. I told you guys not to come but you insisted to follow. Not only did you guys say nothing, but now you're crying? It's not like Clarissa has asked you guys here because she has something to say. You guys are the ones with something to say, remember? If you guys have nothing to say, you'd better leave right now."

Clarissa said nothing as Sandra lectured her birth parents.

Kayla looked at Clarissa with misty eyes and was about to say something before she covered her mouth and broke into another bout of violent sob.

Meanwhile, James gave Clarissa a complicated look.

"This whole thing might be Hilary's doing. We had no idea all these years. You've suffered all these years."

"I've suffered nothing. I have a family. My father and Grandma love me. I'm happy."

Well, at least she's happy.

James wanted to say something but decided against it in the end. He averted his gaze and dared not look into Clarissa's eyes.

"Shermaine... She's innocent. She's also been toyed by fate."

"Okay."

Clarissa did not seem at all surprised that James and Kayla would think so.

Sandra retorted, "She's innocent? Maybe she was, but she should have known the moment she laid eyes on Clarrisa. Not only did she keep quiet about the matter, but she also hired an assassin to murder someone. Are the two of you really oblivious to how vicious she is, or are you refusing to believe the truth?"

"That's impossible. Shermaine is innocent. Besides, how could she know anything about it?"

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Kayla stopped crying and started to defend Shermaine.

“You guys are... idiots.”

Sandra cast a nervous glance over at Clarissa. She was afraid that the latter might be distressed over having birth parents who chose to side with Shermaine. Clarissa’s reaction proved that she was overthinking the matter.

She did not seem at all saddened by Kayla and James’ reaction. Instead, she looked impassive and unfazed as if she had already seen it coming.

“No, they’re just children. They’re all innocent. But we’ve raised Shermaine for over twenty years... We...”

“Enough.”

Clarissa finally voiced out, albeit sounding annoyed.

“All right, I will note that you guys are aware of this. Just leave if you guys have nothing else to say. Just go on with your lives as always. I’m Clarissa Quigley, and I’ve got nothing to do with you guys.”

“Clarissa, you cannot...”

Sandra wanted to talk her out of it but Clarissa had already stood up while Matthew ordered with a dangerously low voice, “Mrs. Lawson, please see our guests out.”

Then, Matthew steadied Clarissa back upstairs. It was clear as day that he was chasing them out the door.

“The two of you are to be blamed for all of these. You guys only think for Shermaine, but have you ever considered how your very own flesh and blood would feel? Do you guys really have no idea who’s more important?”

At the sight of their ignorant demeanor, Sandra boiled with fury and chided them.

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Then, she decided to give up on ever talking sense into the two and turned around to leave.

Kayla and James left the Zen Highlands afterward. Kayla heaved a sigh of relief after getting into the car.

“James, judging by Clarissa’s reaction, do you think she’ll allow Shermaine to continue being our daughter?”

James had clearly sensed Clarissa’s apparent disdain and exasperation at them.

It was a rather inexplicable feeling.

Kayla, on the other hand, was quite pleased.

“Actually, she’s all grown up and already married, even. I don’t think she needs us any longer. To be honest, I can’t help but recall how Shermaine has suffered thanks to her all these years. I just can’t hide my dislike toward her, and it makes me really uncomfortable to know that she’s our daughter. James, do you think we can just pretend that nothing happened and we just carry on with our lives?”

James looked at his wife and rejected her suggestion.

“Kayla, she’s our daughter!”

Kayla appeared conflicted. “B-but Shermaine is our daughter too. We raised her, James. I just can’t let that go.”

“I’m not asking you to disown her. Shermaine doesn’t have family, and we’re going to become her family. But, we can have two daughters. In time, I think the two sisters will reconcile.”

It was what James had been hoping for, anyway.

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