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## You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 396 - 400

Clarissa and Matthew had no choice but to leave Damian behind and rush to the hotel Hilary was purportedly at.

Upon arriving at the hotel, they knocked on the door, only to be greeted by silence.

The pair decided to seek help from the hotel staff to unlock the door. However, there was no sign of anyone in the room.

Only after they did a check did they realize that Hilary had already left the hotel a while ago. At that hour, it was going to be laborious to find out where she went.

With Hilary's whereabouts unknown, Clarissa was worried sick and dialed her mother's phone number incessantly. She grew increasingly uneasy about her lack of response.

Unfortunately, due to the fact that it had not even been twenty-four hours since she went missing, the police would refuse to carry out a search. Not only that, Hilary was also a grown person who required zilch supervision.

Clarissa and Matthew could only return to Zen Highlands empty-handed.

An absent-minded Clarissa lay in Matthew's arms as he tenderly consoled her.

"Don't worry too much. Maybe she's deliberately playing a prank on you so you would feel horrible. Besides, she's a grown woman. No harm will come to her."

Reluctant to dwell on the issue any further, Clarissa just briefly nodded in response.

All of a sudden, Damian came to mind. She had given him her word that she would accompany him until he fell asleep, but it was yet another night she failed to keep to her promise.

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"I disappointed Damian again."

Matthew faintly smiled. "It's alright, he'll understand. He's a big boy now. Earlier today, he even told me that he supports Mommy in her occupation and that he's very proud of her."

"He told you that? When?"

"He gave me a call this afternoon."

A jealous Clarissa pouted at his answer. "Why didn't he call me instead? He only told you and not me!"

She was beginning to feel a tad envious about the close-knit relationship they had.

Matthew's eyes glinted with amusement while he gave her a look of adoration. Then, he grabbed her hand and gently kissed it. "Is that jealousy I sense?"

Clarissa snorted and retracted her hand.

At the same time, Matthew pulled her closer to him and gently caressed her head. "Don't be jealous. We men have our own secrets. You should birth a little princess as soon as possible. That way, you ladies can have your own little secrets as well. Then I'll be the one green with envy, isn't it?" he quipped.

At that, she shot him a menacing glare.

"Easier said than done. Childbirth is no easy feat, okay? Anyhow, I'd rather let nature take its course. We've been doing our best for another child but she's just not coming. Is that my fault?" Clarissa scoffed.

With a cheeky grin, Matthew retorted, "No, I'm the one to blame. I'm not trying hard enough."

Clarissa instantly shot up and eyed him warily. "Gosh, I'm deadbeat. I'm so, so tired. Time to sleep! I've still got to wake up in the early morning for work tomorrow..."

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She fled the scene without looking back.

Unfazed, Matthew calmly strode behind her and followed her upstairs.

There's only one room and one bed anyway. At the end of the day, I'm still going to be the one lying by her side. It's just a matter of time... I guess I'll compromise. Just a quick one will do since she's got to wake up early tomorrow...

Even after her alarm rang for a long time, Clarissa still did not stir in her sleep.

Only when Matthew woke her up did her eyelids slowly part. She drowsily stretched in her bed, still unaware of her surroundings.

All of a sudden, her eyes flew open before she gave Matthew a strong kick that sent him rolling off the bed.

He landed on the floor beside the bed sans clothing. After stoning for a couple of minutes, he chuckled heartily whilst remaining in that position. Clarissa hurriedly made a beeline for the bathroom dressed in her sleepwear.

When she emerged from the bathroom, the sight of Matthew still motionless on the floor greeted her.

Instantly, she flung the blanket at him.

"Pervert!"

At that, he tilted his body and grinned before shooting Clarissa a coquettish wink.

An unamused Clarissa rolled her eyes at him and exited the room.

Without an audience, Matthew dejectedly got up and headed straight to the bathroom in his birthday suit. After a long while, he finally came out. He quickly changed into a set of clothes then made his way downstairs.

It was barely the break of day and sunlight had yet to shine in.

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Clarissa was in the middle of grabbing a quick bite when Matthew showed up.

At the sight of him, she gently rubbed her red-rimmed eyes. Matthew swiftly rushed over and asked her a foolish question.

“What’s wrong? Clare, are your eyes alright?”

That peeved Clarissa even more. She cast him a bitter look and seethed, “Whose fault is that?”

Matthew went silent for a brief moment before letting out a light chuckle. “Alright, I’m the culprit...”

She snorted and pushed him aside, all ready to leave.

Matthew offered to send her to work, only to be rejected by her.

“I’ve still got a shooting tonight. So I don’t want to see you until tomorrow morning. Hmmph! Remember to keep Damian company. If he’s unhappy, I’ll hold you accountable.”

Her thunderous warning was rather intimidating.

He watched her leave with a smile on his face. Then, he went on with his day. After a quick jog and having his own breakfast, he woke Damian up and accompanied him for breakfast before leaving for work.

Then, the nanny and chauffeur drove him to Ellie’s place. She was tasked to take care of him for that weekend.

When she spotted Damian, he was evidently sulking. In his little backpack, he had some of his favorite toys as well as his water bottle.

After he entered the house, he remained seated at the sofa with his arms crossed.

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Ellie quietly observed the little guy. There was a sullen pout on his adorable face as he stewed in anger.

She heaved a sigh. If only his growth would cease here... He's the cutest at this age. If he grew up and looked exactly like his stoic father, that'd be frightening. Sigh...

Ellie shook her head and sighed inwardly. Nonetheless, she strode over and embraced him.

"What's wrong, Damian? Are you unhappy?"

He pursed his lips and replied, "Mommy's too busy."

He candidly expressed his grievances to Ellie, complaints he had never communicated to his parents. However, Ellie was more like his companion and friend since she often played with him.

She grinned from ear to ear at his statement. "Ah, you're missing your mommy. But Mr. Shawn and Ms. Ellie have a whole day filled with plenty of games lined up for you. Don't you wanna go?"

A lethargic Damian just shook his head in response.

"Alright. Ms. Ellie'll help you!"

"With what?"

Laughing, Ellie explained, "Help you find your mommy, silly!"

"Really?"

"Of course. Ms. Ellie would never lie to you."

She got up and dialed Shawn. Shortly after, he arrived donning a black leather jacket, black jeans, and black boots, looking absolutely dashing.

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His usual cold, impassive face softened at the sight of Ellie and lovable little Damian.

He casually lifted Damian on one arm with ease. Then, he leaned in to give Ellie a peck before heading downstairs.

The trio boarded a Land Rover, with Damian and Ellie in the backseat all excited to begin their day.

“Mr. Shawn, I love your car! It’s so cool...”

Shawn glanced at him through the rearview mirror as the corners of his lips curled upwards.

“Good taste.”

“Tsk tsk. That’s because this little guy hasn’t seen better cars. Damian, let Ms. Ellie tell you something. When you grow up, you should aspire to be a well-mannered and polished gentleman. Don’t be like this boisterous and unruly man...”

Shawn raised a brow at her statement and retorted, “Hmm? I thought you liked that too.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about!”

Ellie paid no heed to him and continued conversing with Damian.

Shawn’s eyes shone lovingly as he occasionally took a look at the pair while driving.

Soon after, his phone began ringing. His face turned grim as the person on the other end spoke. After the call was over, he uttered, “Something came up so I’ve got to go now. I’ll drop you guys off first.”

Unperturbed by the sudden disruption, Ellie replied, “It’s fine, we can just take a cab. We won’t get lost so you don’t have to worry. Go ahead with what you need to do.”

He gave her a look and planted a kiss on her lips before driving off.

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Ellie had no choice but to call for a cab and bring Damian to Ellie's shoot location.

Unfortunately, due to Clarissa's and the movie's surging popularity, visitors were strictly prohibited from entering the premises.

At a loss, the duo decided to give Clarissa a call from the outside.

Without delay, the latter sent someone to get them. When Damian caught sight of his Mommy, he rapidly sprinted over.

"Mommy, Mommy!"

He leapt straight into Clarissa's embrace.

Her heart warmed at her son's affection as she gave him a few pecks. Ryler, who was resting, instantly rushed over and carried Damian.

"Damian! You only care about your Mommy. You didn't even see your Uncle Ry, did you?"

"Wow Uncle Ry. I didn't know you were here too! Damian missed you too..."

The set crew was given a short break. When the crew caught wind that their director's son had arrived on set, they all curiously gathered around to catch a glimpse of him. Damian and his Mommy didn't even get the chance to chat and all of a sudden he was surrounded by a throng of people.

With his chatty personality, he soon attracted many fangirls. Of them all, Roxanne was the most charmed.

Roxanne was already a huge fan of Clarissa and her works. Now that she'd met Damian, she's even declared herself as the president of his personal fan club.

I've decided I'm going to pioneer the Damian Fanclub! I'll be loyal to him and only him till the end of time. No other handsome men will be able to entice me. Damian will be the only hunk in my life! This fan club will be sure to thrive.

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Thanks to the adulation Damian was receiving, Clarissa had less opportunities to interact with him. Yet, she was grateful her son was there with her while she worked. He was well-behaved and did not bother her.

Ellie even brought him around to tour the place since he was intrigued by everything.

On the other end, Shawn arrived at a random hotel in D City.

“What happened?”

An unforeseen homicide case that happened at the hotel concluded his short-lived holiday.

The moment he arrived, his team members got down to briefing him about the incident. That afternoon, the hotel staff knocked on the customer’s door but was met with silence even after a long time. They instantaneously opened the door and entered the room. After a quick search of the room, they chanced upon the customer laying in the bathtub, soaked in their own blood with slashed wrists.

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The person who had committed suicide in the hotel room was none other than Hilary.

After Shawn and his team had done a careful inspection of the room, the hotel manager still looked frightened.

“If the guest is there in the room, do you still have to check it yourself? Your behavior is very strange.”

Shawn asked his question, and the manager quickly explained.

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“It’s not that our behavior is strange. She had stayed in our hotel for a long time. Yesterday, Mr. Tyson and her daughter, Ms. Quigley came over suddenly asking to see her. Madam Bowen did not answer the door. We checked our monitoring system and found that she had left the hotel early in the afternoon. Then Ms. Quigley and Mr. Tyson gave us instructions to let them know when Madam Bowen returned and then they left. We did not know that Madam Bowen had returned. Every morning, someone has to clean Madam Bowen’s room. When the cleaning staff entered her room, they discovered that she had already...”

A frown appeared on Shawn’s handsome face.

The team with Shawn knew that his girlfriend was Ellie, Matthew’s niece.

Hence, Harmon asked, “Shawn, shall we inform your girlfriend’s family?”

“According to protocol, as relatives, they must be informed. Besides that, this news must be kept under wraps. No one else must know about this, understood?”

Shawn knew that a short while ago, Clarissa and Hilary’s court case had caused a stir. So, the biggest worry now was the death being discovered by paparazzi.

The hotel manager immediately declared, “We are worried that this will affect our business. So, other than the cleaner, me and two other staff present, no one else knows what had happened.”

“Alright. Let’s go back to the station and start the questionings.”

“This... Shawn, wasn’t it a suicide?”

Shawn did not reply, but it was apparent that the death was not as simple as suicide.

The manager was shocked and there was fear on his face. How could a murder take place in his hotel?

Darn! Could he maintain his livelihood?

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Perhaps his livelihood might not be as important as that of the paparazzi's.

Early in the morning, a reporter was outside the hotel. As a result, he got the big news. He saw the police and the medical examiner entering by the back door and instinctively, he knew he had stumbled upon a big story.

Thus, this dedicated journalist used his various skills and got into the hotel. Although the floor in which the incident occurred was blocked, having been a paparazzi for many years, despite various challenges, dangers and risks of being discovered, he was able to obtain the most sensational news images.

Later on, he contacted the hotel's staff for information and it turned out to be overwhelming...

The news he received shocked him, so he called the chief editor immediately and at the same time hurriedly passed on the photographs.

The news was reported at the earliest possible before anyone else knew about it.

The moment the chief editor saw the photos, his heart raced with excitement. Instantly, he gathered his work force and the news article was typed out right in front of him. Within the timespan of twenty minutes, various eye-catching headlines were published online.

Meanwhile, the police had just arrived back at the station.

They had no inkling that the news had spread online like a wild fire.

The sensational headlines read: Hilary Kills Herself!

Clarissa Quigley Pressures Own Mother To Suicide!

Mother-in-law Of Tyson Corporation CEO Dies – Murder Suspected!

Forced To Commit Suicide By Her Own Daughter – Dirty Secrets Of The Rich In D City!

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The headlines went on...

Someone had died and it was Clarissa Quigley's mother, mother-in-law of Tyson Corporation CEO, Matthew Tyson. This same woman who had filed a lawsuit against her daughter for failing to take care of her and who had divorced her husband due to domestic violence, had died in a hotel room.

It was reported that when she was discovered by the cleaner, blood was scattered over the whole room and it was more horrifying than a horror movie.

The question of whether it was suicide or homicide was up to the paparazzi to write as they wished, and the news was rewritten and reimagined according to their whims and fantasies. Even before Clarissa and Matthew were aware, they were in the eye of the storm.

When Clarissa was busy making a movie, a group of crazy reporters and some people who came along taking advantage of the chaos, broke through the barricades outside the studio and ran in.

It was total chaos and with her was Damian who was quietly waiting for Mommy to finish work.

"Ms. Quigley, did you kill your own mother?"

"Mrs. Tyson, what are your thoughts about your mother's death? Is this your son? How will you face your son? Will your son learn from you in forcing your own mother to commit suicide?"

"Clarissa, you are fearless now. Is it because you are rich and powerful, thus you believe you are above the law?"

"Boy, are you Clarissa's son? Do you know that your mother is a murderess? Do you know..."

"Boohoohoo..."

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Suddenly Damian wailed, crying aloud, which left the crowd stunned.

It was just for a few short seconds. The paparazzi were totally devoid of human kindness. Relentlessly, they took photos of the child, pointing their microphones and mobile phones in an attempt to record everything.

While outside the sphere of paparazzi, the staff tried to disperse them and pull them away. At the same time, Clarissa held Damian tight in her arms, covering his head to protect him from the attack of cameras and gadgets.

She did not say a word as she thought only of protecting her son and her pale face was a picture of determination.

When their children are in the face of danger, a mother is without weakness, no matter what happens.

Fortunately, this did not last long. Matthew rushed to the scene with his men, dispersed the crowd and took his wife and son away.

When the paparazzi tried to give chase, they were stopped by bodyguards.

The bodyguards were there not just to stop them. More importantly, these news reporters had forgotten the lesson of the past. This time, they thought the case involved a death and there was a rush of adrenaline in their enthusiasm. In the encounter with the bodyguards, their enthusiasm died down.

Some of the crowd were disgruntled, for they were journalists and activists. They would not be silenced by power.

“You can’t do this to us. We have the freedom to shoot and our equipment is... Ah!”

What happened next to their equipment was the shattering sound of gadgets breaking.

Someone yelled about suing Matthew and his bullies, but they did not stop what they were doing.

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After their equipment were broken, everyone was given the name card of a famous attorney whom the paparazzi knew.

Before the paparazzi had the chance to sue him, Matthew was already prepared for them to do so.

“On what grounds?”

Yes, on what grounds?

They had their hands, pens, and writing pads. They were certain they could write freely about Matthew’s tyrannical behavior.

They had to expose Matthew’s wrongdoings.

After the bodyguards left, the paparazzi were left defeated. A female reporter suddenly voiced out, “We might have been too ruthless with the child just now.”

Some of them realized it for they were parents too.

“Ruthless? We were doing our job and our job is to report the truth...”

Someone said that but no one agreed with him.

“Are you afraid of him? Matthew’s behavior is simply that of a bully! We can’t just leave it like that...”

Still, no one agreed with him.

Only one man looked at him and said, “You’re a newbie, aren’t you?”

“I started work not long ago.”

“Oh! Go back and speak to your seniors then...”

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Among them were regular reporters, some people who were not very qualified and some paparazzi...

All of them left, keeping the name card that they were given, prepared to go back and consider their next course of action.

Meanwhile, inside the car, Damian held on to his Mommy tenaciously, crying non-stop...

He was really terrified.

Clarissa wept silently. She hated those people and wished she could teach them a lesson but that would not help Damian in any way.

“Damian, I am here. We are safe now. Daddy is here; everything is alright. Let’s go home. Don’t be afraid...”

Matthew’s eyes flashed angrily as he held both his wife and child in his arms, comforting them.

It was only when the little guy reached home did he stop crying, but he still clutched onto Clarissa, not letting go and not speaking. He held her quietly as if calming himself and seemed to be deep in thought.

Clarissa stayed with him sitting quietly in bed, talking about other things, telling him a meaningful story and hoping that Damian would get over the fright but he would neither smile nor speak and she was worried about him.

Matthew was downstairs when Shawn and his team arrived.

Ellie came over later and when she saw Shawn, she was furious.

“What are you police good for? You don’t even know how to keep the incident from the press? I’m going to sue you guys...”

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“Ms. Tyson, please don’t get angry. The first thing Shawn did was to block out any press but the paparazzi are really skillful at getting into nooks and crannies. By the time we reached the station, the news was already out. It’s not Shawn’s fault...”

“I don’t care! If you guys did your job well, how could anyone discover the truth? Do you know what the paparazzi did? They scared the daylights out of Damian. He’s just a baby. How could he take such a shock? If he is traumatized, I’ll hold you responsible...”

Ellie’s fiery temper was directed at Shawn’s team with no holds barred.

Shawn’s team was very embarrassed.

Shawn was calm as he carried out his duty by the book, ignoring Ellie’s fury.

“Mr. Tyson, I have a few questions for you and Mrs. Tyson. Is it convenient to ask her to come down?”

“It’s not convenient!” Ellie yelled at him in reply.

Shawn gazed at her coldly but Ellie was not intimidated and she glared back at him.

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It was evident that Ellie would be going against Shawn, and this choice of hers was not made lightly.

Her heart ached for Clarissa and Damian.

That was the reason she decided to disturb Shawn no matter the cost.

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The duo had a direct face-off, and the tension grew palpable. Shawn was the first to break his stance. As he raised his hand, Ellie immediately made a fuss. "What? Are you succumbing to hitting people now, Shawn? Help! Police brutality and maltreatm- Mmn!"

Before Ellie could finish, Shawn cut her off with a sudden kiss. Harmon and the rest began cheering and whistling at the show.

Breaking of the kiss, Shawn growled in a low tone, "Mind your business!"

"Pfft, hahaha..."

Despite Shawn's warning, Harmon could not help but burst out laughing, earning a murderous glare from Ellie.

After a while, the atmosphere turned serious enough to begin the interrogation.

Embarrassed by the kiss earlier, Ellie stood at the side in silent as they interrogated Matthew. However, once it was over, she could no longer hold her tongue.

"You really can't meet Clare. She's with Damian upstairs. The poor boy was startled so badly that he is now clinging onto Clare and refusing to let go. To be honest, Clare will just be telling you the same thing Uncle Matt just told you. Must you interrogate her personally? After all, she's either with Uncle Matt or the crew all the time..."

Even though Shawn believed that Clarissa was innocent, it was still protocol to take her alibi as well.

Just then, Matthew interrupted, "I'll go upstairs to check on them. Please wait for a moment..."

In the room, the first sight that greeted Matthew was the mother-and-son pair wrapped in each other's arms. At the sight of Matthew, Damian finally broke the silence.

"Daddy." Damian's childish voice called out softly.

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Matthew smiled warmly and rubbed Damian's head affectionately. "Hey Damian, Mr. Shawn is downstairs. Would you like to go see him?"

Clarissa looked up, exchanging glances with Matthew. The latter gave a reassuring nod.

On the other hand, Damian seemed to have recovered from his initial shock. A look of concentration showed on his face as he contemplated whether or not he should go downstairs.

"Mr. Shawn and the police officers are still here. Some of the police are even wearing their uniforms. They look very smart and handsome. Don't you want to see them?" persuaded Matthew.

Swayed by his words, Damian raised his head to look at Clarissa. "Can you go with me, Mommy?"

"Of course I will go will you!" Clarissa smiled.

"Okay!"

After Damian's prompt agreement, the three of them made their way downstairs.

Unlike his usual reaction, Damian was not overcome with excitement to see Shawn. He kept clinging onto Clarissa, not daring to let go. Even so, a polite smile still hung on his lips as he nodded towards Shawn and the police officers.

"Mr. Shawn, Mr. Harmon..."

As a jokester, Harmon walked up to tease Damian by making funny faces, encouraging Damian to loosen up as clear giggles filled the room. For a while, no one in the room brought up the investigation, allowing the atmosphere to be lightened by Damian's laughter.

However, as Matthew went forward to bring Damian to the side, it was clear that the boy was still shaken as he continued to hold onto Clarissa tightly.

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Feeling her heart squeezed, Clarissa stroked Damian's head gently to calm him before turning to Shawn.

"Let's just settle the interrogation this way."

Shawn nodded in response. During the interrogation, Ellie and Harmon were tasked to distract Damian. In spite of the fact that two different conversations were going on simultaneously, they managed to handle the situation so skillfully that neither of those conversations disrupted the other.

"The last time I talked to her was last night over the phone, around nine," Clarissa recalled. "My husband and I were attending Damian's school performance. After the event, we went out for dinner. There should be surveillance cameras in the restaurant that can prove my statement. After dinner, we went home. It should be around nine in the evening when she called. In the call, her voice was muffled. She sounded like she was crying for help, followed by a series of blood-curling moans, as if her mouth was being covered. Terrified, I dialed her number again after she was cut off, but no one picked up, so my husband and I immediately went to the hotel she was staying only to find no one there..."

Clarissa's recount of the happenings of the previous night was identical to Matthew's. There was nothing suspicious with Clarissa's story.

Due to the fact that both parties of the interrogation knew each other personally, the process was carried out smoothly and courteously without a hitch.

Not long after, Shawn and the team left Zen Highlands.

"Shawn, there's this gossip website that my wife is obsessed with. She told me some time ago that Hilary seemed to be a rotten apple. Anyone could tell that she's mean and heartless just by looking at her. Mrs. Tyson, on the other hand, was nothing but a poor thing. After all, someone that caught Mr. Tyson's eye couldn't possibly be that terrible."

"Wow, Darryl. Since when have you started solving cases based on looks and impression? I didn't know your missus was so good at reading people. Why didn't you say so earlier? I would have asked her to help predict my love life," Shawn replied.

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“Sheesh, easy with the sarcasm. What I mean is, what if it was one of Hilary’s enemies who had done this? With that personality of hers, she must have offended a lot of people,” retorted Darryl.

“Thanks for stating the obvious, Sherlock.”

Sighing, Darryl changed the subject. “Say Shawn, do you think the team sent to interrogate the Garretts would discover anything?”

Just as his question was thrown out in the open, Shawn’s phone began to rang. “Alright, noted,” said Shawn after listening to what the caller had to say.

“What happened?” inquired Darryl.

“The Garretts are causing trouble.”

Without hesitation, the team got into their cars and drove to the station in an accelerating speed.

Hilary was dead. Throughout the entire day, Clarissa was in a daze, stunned by all the interviews by reporters. For the rest of the day, she stayed next to Damian. Only after she had put him to sleep did Clarissa start to digest the horrifying situation.

Hilary is dead? She’s dead?

It was true that Clarissa hated Hilary, even to the point of death. Yet when Hilary was found dead, Clarissa found herself lost, unsure of how she should react.

Everything feels so surreal... Could it be that I’m not fully conscious? Is that why this feels like a dream?

Just then, Matthew pushed the door open. Upon seeing Clarissa staring mindlessly into space, he knew immediately that Clarissa was overthinking.

Matthew took a seat by the bedside and interlocked Clarissa’s hand with his, stroking her skin gently with his thumb.

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“Come on. Let’s go rest in our bedroom.”

Clarissa instantly shook her head in response, glancing over at the child sleeping soundly before whispering, “I’m afraid that he’ll get scared again if he can’t find me once he wakes up. I’m probably going to sleep with him for the next few days.”

Matthew did not object, but stayed seated.

“Don’t overthink it. It has already happened. It’s not your fault.”

Unexpectedly, Clarissa remained cool and collected. “I’m not overthinking, and I won’t blame myself either. I’ve grown numb towards her. It’s just that... I find it hard to believe that she’s... dead.”

Not to mention that she’s murdered...

Clarissa was taken aback by the unpredictability of life. She had never expected that being murdered would be Hilary’s fate.

Did she deserve that ending?

Probably not.

Was she completely innocent?

That did not seem like the case either. If anything, having Hilary alive seemed to be a scourge.

Someone like Hilary would always be self-centered, thinking the world revolved around themselves. Even at the door of death, she had still hoped to gain some of Clarissa’s wealth, possibly even having a more malicious intent. Even so, all that had ended so abruptly.

It had ended before Clarissa could even find a way to teach Hilary a lesson.

Deep down in her heart, Clarissa lamented.

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“Hmm, as long as you don’t blame yourself. Just think of her as a stranger, someone that has no connection with you whatsoever. Besides, she never had any connections with you since the beginning anyways. Don’t go to the set these few days, alright? Justin can handle the work. Just stay at home with Damian, and don’t go online either, okay?” Matthew gazed at Clarissa.

With a heavy sigh, Clarissa responded, “I wouldn’t even if you hadn’t told me. There will definitely be no good news from the internet. I won’t torment myself by reading the comments. Whatever the netizens want to say is their choice. I’m too lazy to bother. Besides, even if the police managed to solve the case and prove my innocence, I have no doubt that some people will still spread rumors about me. Don’t worry, I am mentally prepared. I won’t go diving into it.”

With a smile, Matthew stood up and planted a kiss on her forehead. “Good.”

Since Clarissa wanted to accompany Damian, Matthew naturally wanted to tag along. However, due to the fact that Damian’s bed was not big enough to fit three people, Matthew decided to carry his son to the master bedroom. With the family of three sharing a bed, security felt like a warm blanket.

The next day, Clarissa woke up at the crack of dawn. She continued to lie on the bed until Damian was awake. Only then did they make their way downstairs together.

On that day, Matthew stayed home as well.

However, his phone rang multiple times during that day.

Clarissa had completely switched off her phone. Therefore, those who knew the couple started calling Matthew to gain information and to comfort her.

Among those people were Jacque and Sandra. Ever since they saw Clarissa being bullied by Hilary, they had wanted to speak up against Hilary. Only because Clarissa wanted them to keep it under wraps did they not act rashly.

Never would they have expected to find out about Hilary’s death over the news headlines. Once they heard about the news, their initial response was to worry for

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Clarissa, anxious that she would be dragged into the mess. To no one's surprise, the netizens had not been kind to Clarissa, despite the fact that she was innocent. Every finger was pointed at her, saying that she was the murderess who forced Hilary into death. There were other theories and rumors saying that Clarissa finally had enough of Hilary's control over her life and decided to kill her biological mother.

Some of them even went the extra mile to badmouth Clarissa and boycott all her works, ranging from her novels to her films.

Whatever negative outcome that one could think of had befallen Clarissa. In a short span of a day, Clarissa became the most vicious woman to ever roam the earth.

Jacque and Sandra were worried for Clarissa. They wanted even more for Clarissa to announce all the horrible things Hilary had done to her, in hopes that the hatred towards her would subdue.

However, since they could not get a hold of Clarissa, their hopes turned towards Matthew.

Nevertheless, Matthew disagreed with their idea. Hilary's death was currently the biggest talk in town. Publicizing Hilary's maltreatment towards Clarissa would just add fuel to the fire.

It would make things worse.

The Wynters were all worried for Clarissa. Similarly, the Tysons were all worried for Matthew.

Even Matthias had contacted Matthew for details regarding the case, but Matthew did not reveal much to his brother.

Other friends of Clarissa would only heave a sigh of relief after they had learned the situation from Ellie or Matthew.

As for Catherine, Matthew had long prepared for the mess. He had sent people over to W City to escort Catherine away for the time being to hide from the public's scrutiny.

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The best thing they could do for the time being was staying put and letting the police to their work.

After answering endless phone calls, Matthew returned to Clarissa and sat next to her.

A wry smile appeared on Clarissa's lips. "The gods must really not want me to shoot this movie. Did I do that bad of a job for the heavens to stop me again and again? There have been wave after wave of troubles, so much so that I am starting to have a hard time holding my ground... The heavens must be rejoicing now that I won't be able to shoot the movie anymore..."

Even if the case is solved, I doubt that I can have a break.

Matthew smiled in response in order to lighten the mood. "Is it such a bad thing to stay home with your son?"

Damian raised his head to look at Clarissa as well. "Mommy, once I grow up, I will let you continue shooting the movie."

Clarissa broke out into a soft chuckle. "Once you grow up, I'll be old. How will I still be able to shoot a movie?"

"Mommy is not old. Mommy will never be old..."

Clarissa grinned even wider. No mother on earth would be able to resist the compliment.

She leaned forward to kiss Damian on the cheek. In return, Matthew kissed her back on the lips, surprising her. His low voice mumbled in her ear, "My dear Clare, you will be forever youthful in my heart..."

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

### Chapter 399

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No one paid attention to Clarissa's movie anymore.

The police still couldn't determine whether Hilary's death was a suicide or homicide. There were also a lot of wild speculations from the public.

Bystanders who did not know any better automatically sided with public opinion.

There were also some who undoubtedly took advantage of this crisis to say things that would ruin Clarissa's reputation, all because they were jealous of her.

Before, they did not dare to say too much for fear of being targeted by Tyson Corporation's lawyers.

But now, the uproar brought on by Hilary's death couldn't be suppressed at all. Netizens were behaving like a bunch of maniacs as they posted all kinds of comments.

Hence, those who already hated Clarissa joined in as well. Through their comments, they implied that Clarissa had forced her mother to her death. Just like that, Clarissa became the world's most vicious woman and was verbally bashed by everyone.

The public was all over her, but she did not release a statement nor make a public appearance.

Despite that, Clarissa could imagine all the unpleasant and harsh words the people had to say about her. She had experienced it before anyway.

Since she was backed into a corner during this period of time, she used this as an opportunity to stay at home and keep her son company.

Not to mention, even Damian was implicated and couldn't attend school for fear that reporters would dig up information on his school and end up affecting the other students.

Besides, Damian had been given quite a scare, so Clarissa patiently calmed him down over the past few days.

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At Zen Highlands, Clarissa schooled him for an hour before making ravioli together. The boy was visibly happy as he learned how to roll the dough from his mother.

When Ellie called, Clarissa wiped her hands to answer her phone. Then, she used her free hand to draw some whiskers on her son's cheeks with a little bit of flour. Looking at his adorable face, she let out a good-natured laugh.

Upon hearing Clarissa's laughter, Ellie felt relieved because it meant that she was coping well with Hilary's death. Only then did she inform, "I went to the police station to ask around. They said Hilary's body hasn't been autopsied yet because the Garretts won't allow it. Zach rejected the autopsy on the basis that he's still legally her husband. He's convinced Hilary committed suicide and doesn't want to pursue the matter. But it's really weird, you know? Something's definitely up with the Garretts. I just can't put my finger on it. I tried to dig for more information from Shawn's buddies, but they were tight-lipped."

The Garretts were behaving strangely. There was no doubt that they were hiding something.

However, Clarissa preferred leaving it to the police as she did not want to know too much.

But Ellie would call to update her from time to time, so she also knew about what had happened over the past few days.

"Clare, do you think Zach and his family wanna make use of Hilary's death for something? I have a feeling that whatever it is, it has something to do with you. So please be careful."

Ellie omitted the details of the public's reaction.

There were too many people condemning Clarissa at the moment, so Ellie was reminded of the Garretts' greed. Perhaps they wanted to make an issue of out Hilary's death to turn public opinion against Clarissa, and in turn reap whatever benefits they could from Matthew.

After some careful thought, it wasn't all that difficult to come up with this assumption.

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This seemed to be Zach's plan as he openly demonstrated his greed when he refused to cooperate with the police.

"My wife and I aren't divorced. She called a few days ago asking to get back together, but then something so horrible happened. Clarissa must take full responsibility for this. My beloved wife was killed by her own daughter. How can that girl be so inhumane? She didn't even come to see her mother..."

Social media was inundated by news like this, with Zach playing the role as the victim's husband to the fullest.

Among the public, there were some who sympathized with Zach, but all these people had corrupted intentions and wanted to attack Clarissa.

Putting this matter aside, Zach was the most shameless one out of all of them.

When Matthew returned home, Clarissa relayed the news to him as well.

"I think Zach wants to use Hilary's death to take advantage of us. Did he reach out to you? If he did, just ignore him. Public opinion is already out of control, anyway. Since he's so shameless, we don't have to entertain him at all."

Matthew smiled. "Do you think your husband is so easily threatened by others?"

"I'm just afraid you'd give in because of me..."

"You know I'd do anything for you, but I'll never give in when that person is Zach."

Clarissa smiled in return and changed the subject to get rid of the somber mood. "I had a video call with Grandma today. She knows about it too, but I think she didn't wanna say too much because she's worried about me. All she said was that she's happy at her friend's place, and not to worry about her."

But as she spoke, her eyes turned slightly red and she peered at Matthew with a pitiful expression.

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“Matthew, my biggest fear is troubling others. Since I was young, I always tried my best to solve my own problems because I didn’t want to trouble others, especially my family. But I seem to be doing a sh\*tty job though. I keep causing trouble for Grandma and you. Now both of you are suffering because of me. It’s all my fault. I seriously feel like I’m cursed, like it’s written in my fate that I’d always implicate the people I love no matter what I do...”

Clarissa had been cooped up at home for a good few days. Even though she was happy to spend time with her son, she still felt depressed at times.

Anyone in her shoes would feel the same.

She couldn’t stop herself from overthinking. Whenever she had too much time on her hands, she would instantly recall the past. In the end, she felt as though she was cursed as she constantly brought trouble to Catherine and Matthew’s doorstep.

She did not feel sad over Hilary’s death. On the contrary, she blamed herself for hurting the most important people in her life.

After spilling her thoughts to Matthew, tears quickly gathered in her eyes and poured down her cheeks, painting a heart-wrenching sight.

Matthew’s brows drew together as he felt his heart clench painfully in his chest. Pulling her into his arms, he stroked her back soothingly and leaned down to plant a kiss on her forehead.

“Clare, none of this is your fault. You’re not cursed. Does marrying me and giving birth to our son feel like a curse to you? Does becoming a famous screenwriter and having a flourishing career feel like a curse? Besides, we are the master of our own fate. Bad things happen in life, but it has nothing to do with you. Do you really believe all those utter bullsh\*t? Because I don’t. Even if such things exist, your fate has already changed because you have me. I’ll make sure your life only gets better...”

Matthew’s convincing tone gave Clarissa great solace.

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As she sobbed quietly against Matthew's chest and listened to his word, her heart gradually calmed down and those depressing thoughts left her mind.

"Clare, there's no such thing as fate. Even if there is, only I can decide your fate!"

Matthew was determined to plan her life. He wanted to shower his woman with love, and make sure she would want for nothing.

Clarissa raised her head to meet his dotting gaze. Then, she lifted her hand to stroke the corner of his eyes.

In a hoarse and emotional voice, she said, "Hubby, you said it yourself. Only you can decide my fate. So from now on, I'm entrusting everything to you."

Including my life.

One could only imagine how deep their love was that they would make such a promise and even unhesitatingly hand their lives to each other.

This was something foreign to Clarissa. She understood how precious the life her parents gave her was. Besides living for herself, she also lived for her loved ones, including her grandmother.

Later on when she had a son, it wasn't just her grandmother she had to live for, but him too.

And now, Clarissa realized that she belonged to Matthew.

Her throat closed up with emotion at the thought of having Matthew as her family. She couldn't help but think how lucky she was to be loved by Matthew. She had given her everything to Matthew. Perhaps a life like this wasn't as bad as she thought. She had been fending for herself for too long. It was time she surrendered the reins to Matthew.

This life of hers had become meaningful because of him.

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Matthew's heart stirred as he stroked her skin and digested the fact that she had truly given herself to him this time.

He lowered his head to press his forehead against hers and said in a low and slightly hoarse voice, "Clare, you know you can't go back on your words, right?"

Clarissa's dark eyes shimmered like stars in the night sky. With a determined gaze, she bravely met Matthew's eyes.

"I won't."

Only then did Matthew's mouth curve into a small smile, and his chest rumbled with a deep chuckle.

He placed a gentle kiss on her lips once, then leaned back to look at her before kissing her lightly again. Finally, he deepened the kiss, making sure it lasted a long, long time.

When they broke away from each other, Clarissa's heart was beating wildly in her chest.

That soul-touching kiss left her slightly disorientated.

"Matthew, don't ever betray my trust. I'm literally placing my life in your hands. If you-

"There's no 'ifs' because I'll never do that."

That's right. He'll never do that.

Clarissa smiled in response. If he did, nothing in life would matter anymore.

She hugged Matthew tightly, as though he were her entire life.

"Daddy, Mommy..."

Having just taken a bath, Damian ran into his parents' room in his pajamas. When he was met with the sight of the two of them embracing each other, he felt slightly left out. He directly climbed onto their bed and squeezed in between the two of them.

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Clarissa let out a giggle. “Don’t forget there’s this little guy too.”

Matthew laughed and ruffled his son’s hair. “How could I ever forget?”

Damian looked at his father, then at his mother. When he couldn’t figure out what they were talking about, he simply puckered his lips to give them a kiss.

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

### Chapter 400

Unable to go for the shoot, Clarissa felt defeated when she heard from Ryler that the production was progressing smoothly.

“Ryler, I guess this movie actually belongs to Director Yates. We announced to the public that I’m the director, but in fact, Director Yates is the one who shoots the movie. During the premiere, it’ll be deceitful to claim that I’m the director. Yet, filming such a simple romance movie is demeaning to Director Yates. I really feel sorry for him.”

Ryler let out a hearty laugh. “So what? Director Yates is here to help you out. Even if you’re shooting the movie, he’ll still influence you to do it in his way. In the end, the movie will be the same no matter who directs the filming.”

“But I didn’t direct the filming.”

Though I kick-started the filming, Director Yates took over and shot most of the movie himself. Just like before, I’m only the director in name.

Out of the blue, Roxanne came into sight, asking eagerly, “Clarissa, can I talk to Damian please?”

Her twinkling eyes were fixed on the boy with great anticipation.

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When she approached Ryler, the two were rather close to one another, so the man tilted his body back slightly.

Roxanne has always been fearful and on her toes around me, unless she was on set. Most of the time, she seems awkward, nervous and even a little bashful. But now she comes over directly and ignores me only because of Damian. Undeniably, the little one is adorable.

Staring at the exhilarated woman who was only an inch away from him, Ryler was puzzled.

Comparing Damian and me, who is more lovable?

In the meantime, Damian joined the video call and greeted Ryler and Roxanne. Holding the phone, he chatted with the two for a long while.

After hanging up the phone, Roxanne still appeared reluctant, as if reminiscing something.

Later, she finally recollected herself. Only then did she realize that she had one hand on Ryler's shoulder while leaning against his back. Her face was right beside his, as though she was about to rest her head on his shoulder and nuzzle his neck...

How intimate...

Instantly, this thought flashed across her mind.

Instinctively, she jumped to her feet and dashed away at lightning speed before Ryler could see her expression.

Her swift movement reminded him of those race cars on the track, stirring up a cloud of dust as it whizzed away.

"Haha..."

After a moment of silence, Ryler's chuckled echoed through the air.

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However, none of the other crew members noticed their previous interactions. All they saw was Roxanne whizzing past in a hurry, and they had no idea why Ryler was laughing.

What just happened? Did we miss something?

Recently, Shermaine had gotten a few supporting roles, which had only minimal parts.

After mingling with several production crews, her personality and the way she dealt with people did a one-eighty.

Though the woman used to be an award-winning actress, she was now an extra. No matter how others ridiculed her, she still played every role the best she could.

Gradually, everyone could no longer bear to oppress her because of her humility.

Those in the showbiz slowly got to know about her newfound personality as well.

Most people were forgetful and rarely remembered the things in the past. In fact, they cared more about the present, and had long forgotten Shermaine's old self, especially after the incident between Clarissa and Hilary.

To be exact, Shermaine was imprisoned earlier due to the grudges between her and Clarissa.

Now that the latter was involved in a murder scandal, it raised some people's suspicion that Shermaine had been wrongly accused back then.

With Matthew's power, Clarissa sent her rival into jail. She even refused to let her own mother off the hook. Shermaine should be grateful that she was still alive.

As a result, many netizens stood up for Shermaine on social media.

"Shermaine used to be an award-winning actress. She was in her prime in terms of her career and love life. As soon as Clarissa Quigley appeared, she was accused of being quick-tempered, arrogant, and even hired an assassin for murder. Why didn't she do the

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same previously? Mr. Tyson was surrounded by countless women. Shermaine can't be murdering every single one of them."

"Are you implying that Ms. Smallwood was falsely accused by a wealthy wife? The case went through a court trial. Are you doubting our jury system?"

"No, I didn't say that. There are wicked things that are beyond the imagination of ordinary people like us, but none of us says a word, because we're afraid of being investigated. Yet, the existence of such wicked things is undeniable."

"I see. You're right. Even her biological mother has kicked the bucket. The police haven't revealed the cause of her death. There must be something fishy going on, but nobody dares to expose the truth because of her influence and power. Up till now, we don't have the nerve to pinpoint things. Ordinary people like us can't afford to receive a lawyer's letter."

"I hate Clarissa. After marriage, she put on a façade and pretends to be a talented woman. How disgusting!"

"Oh my God! You're so daring. Be prepared to get a call from her lawyer tonight."

"Hmph! Bring it on! I'm not afraid of her. I've several lawyers with me anyway. She's such a vixen!"

The netizen continued spewing insults on the Internet. One could imagine her shrewish expression only by reading her comment.

The netizens were convinced that Clarissa was a murderer. Reading their comments, Shermaine was reminded of her past.

Sigh... But it's nowhere close to what I went through then. Not only did they curse me vehemently, I was also a public enemy. Besides, I had to attend a court trial.

Other than her parents, not a single person gave her a helping hand.

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Clarissa is much luckier. As long as she doesn't step out of her house or go online, she'll never know how much the public despises her, and she won't need to go through a court trial as well. On top of that, she's surrounded by supportive people who have her back and stood up for her. Her friends have also spoken up for her on the Internet.

With a faint smile, Shermaine shook her head and mumbled repeatedly, "What a blessed life she has..."

When Shermaine got out of her car and stepped into her house, her parents greeted her with smiles. "Shermaine, you're back."

The corner of her lips curled up at the sight of grins on her parents' faces. As she sat beside her mother, the latter held her hand. "Mom, Dad, why are you so happy today? Is there any great news?"

"Oh, yes, there is. Seeing Clarissa go downhill makes me over the moon."

Shermaine smiled. "Yeah, I know about that too, but this rumor hasn't been confirmed, so we shouldn't jump to a conclusion so soon."

"What do you mean by jumping to a conclusion? Anyway, that's not important. We're happy as long as she's doomed."

Kayla was rarely as cheerful as she was today. Usually, she was an emotional woman who wept easily. Her unusually joyous mood delighted James too.

As the mother-and-daughter duo chatted away, Kayla added, "She has really taken after her mother, Hilary. I just got to know that Hilary was the flirtatious woman who tried seducing your dad years ago. Now her daughter has inherited her despicable behavior..."

"Mom, do you two know each other?"

Her comments took Shermaine by surprise.

James's brows knitted together. "Why are you talking about this in front of Shermaine? Let's drop this subject."

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James seemed reluctant to talk about it, but Kayla was not done badmouthing Hilary and Clarissa.

“Why can’t I talk about it? I’m only telling the truth. Shermaine, do you know how shameless Hilary was? She’s in the same delivery room with me, but she tried to seduce your dad because of his wealth and good looks. Her husband was a useless piece of junk! Despite knowing that his wife was promiscuous, he still remained positive. What a fool!”

The things in the past were etched on Kayla’s mind, and she couldn’t stop humiliating Hilary.

“She made me so mad that I almost gave birth prematurely. How shameless! Even her daughter snatched your man from you. She’s a chip off the old block.”

In the end, she cursed through gritted teeth, “Hilary is going to reap what she sows, and the same goes for her daughter.”

Holding her mother’s hand, Shermaine said with a smile, “Mom, it’s all in the past. A person’s future depends on his own actions, but not on fate.”

“Yes, what Shermaine said is right.”

James nodded in agreement. “Children take after their parents because of the influence the parents had on them. Personalities cannot be inherited...”

“Hmph! So what? Aren’t the two of them cast in the same mould now? They’re equally contemptible.”

“Alright, let’s stop talking about this. Didn’t you say that you want to visit your mom?”

James tried to divert his wife’s attention.

Kayla furrowed her brows. “Yeah, I really want to see my mom, but I can’t stand looking at Sandra’s annoying face. She’s getting too much recently. We’re one family, yet she

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sided with that vixen! What's wrong with her? Even Jacque does the same. I really don't get it...:

Shermaine laughed. "Perhaps Uncle Jacque did it for the sake of the Tysons. After all, the Wynters and the Tysons are related."

"Shermaine is right. Jacque suffered losses when he fell out with the Tysons. We might not know much, but he should think for himself first. He can benefit from a close relationship with the Tysons."

"Hmph! Men just can't stop thinking about benefits. Don't you take your family into consideration?" Kayla grumbled with a displeased face.

James and his daughter exchanged glances and chuckled.

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