

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 401 - 402

The Smallwoods made a trip to the Wynters to visit Hannah. Jacque and Sandra were at work. Hence, Hannah was all alone in the house.

It was the very reason Kayla had chosen to visit at that particular hour.

She did not fancy seeing Sandra's poker face. Hence, she deliberately chose to visit at

the time where she could really talk to Hannah.

"Shermaine is doing really well right now. A lot of production teams are offering her

various roles. I believe that she will be back on the big screens soon enough, and she is

on the way to attaining her former glory. As for the woman who has slandered her, didn't

she get exposed already? Soon, everyone will realize that Shermaine was framed and

that she's innocent..."

Kayla continued to praise her own daughter in front of Hannah in hopes that the latter

would rekindle her adoration for Shermaine.

However, Hannah did not seem too eager to listen to Kayla.

The old woman merely smiled and hummed generic responses to Kayla's remarks.

Kayla was hoping for something more. To be specific, she was aiming to get Hannah

chiding Clarissa together with her.

However, her efforts had proven to be in vain.

Disappointment was written all over Kayla's face. Luckily, Shermaine squeezed her

hands to support her mother, effectively preventing her from saying too many

inappropriate things.

However, Kayla still could not help but recount how badly Clarissa was doing in front of Hannah.

She had only one intention in mind—to drive home the point that both the Tysons and

Clarissa were not trustworthy. Kayla was hoping to influence Hannah enough so that the latter would talk some sense into Jacque from blindly appeasing the Tysons for their own interests.

"Mom, now that Clarissa's reputation is down in the dumps, the Tysons will surely get dragged down by her. I don't think it's wise for Jacque and Sandra to butter up the Tysons right now. Judging by the way things are going, I don't think it will take long before the Tysons get screwed over. Having a daughter-in-law with such a bad reputation will not bode well for them. It's even possible that Matthias will get summoned by the higher-ups. It will not end well for Jacque and Sandra."

"Kay, you can stop whatever you're trying to do. I cannot make Jacque and Sandra's decisions for them. To be frank, I know exactly what you're after, but now I'm not going to interfere with anything. So, you can just drop it."

To Kayla's surprise, Hannah actually knew what she was trying to achieve. However, Hannah just did not wish to get entangled with the younger generation's matter.

Kayla was dissatisfied with her mother's response. "Mom, how can you say that? You're our mother! They have to listen to your advice!"

Hannah shook her head and refused to comment further. Then, she excused herself by saying that she was all tuckered out and needed rest in her own room.

Kayla was crestfallen at her mother's indifference.

My own mother is not siding with me. That's right, she only cares about my brother.

"Mom, don't be too upset. Grandma still cares about you. After all, she's already old and needs to depend on Uncle Jacque and Aunt Sandra on a lot of things."

Kayla turned on her daughter and sighed. "Shermaine, thank goodness I still have you.

Otherwise, I think I'm going to end up worse than your Grandma when I'm old."

"Mom, you can't compare yourself to her. I'm your only daughter. Who else can take care of you other than me?" Shermaine smiled.

"That's right. My Shermaine has always been the best daughter. I don't have any regrets in my life."

The two of them left the Wynters. Right after Shermaine stepped out of the house and was about to head to her friend's place for a gathering, someone stopped her in her tracks.

"Ms. Smallwood, we are from the police station, and we need your cooperation in an investigation."

Shermaine was taken aback.

However, she quickly regained her composure and nodded, albeit still puzzled. "Sure."

She looked quite fidgety at the police station.

The police were courteous toward her. After all, one was innocent until proven guilty.

The interrogation started after she took her seat.

The police sought to question Shermaine because a security camera in an intersection caught someone looking very similar to her.

That being said, they were just suspecting her.

So, she was only summoned to assist in investigations.

"Ms. Smallwood, we'd like to know on the afternoon on second of March, where were you and what were you doing? Did you have anyone who could prove your claim?"

Hilary had left the hotel in the afternoon on the 2nd of March, and it was the day when

Clarissa had received a call from Hilary as well.

"Me? I don't remember. What day was that? I'm going to need some time to recall that..."

After confirming that it was the afternoon of a Friday, she started to recount, "That

afternoon, my friend called me and asked me out to discuss a production crew needing an actress. We met up at our usual spot and chatted for some time. It must have been quite a long conversation because I remembered leaving the place after the sky was already dark out."

"Really? Then did you leave the premise in between?"

"Well, I did go to the washroom, bumped into someone, and wetted my clothes. I stayed in the washroom for quite some time to dry my clothes."

"Did you leave together with your friend?"

"No, she left earlier because she had something to tend to. I sat there alone for some time and thought about some things."

"Then did you see Hilary that day?"

"Um, I guess not? I was not paying close attention."

"So, you knew Hilary, right?"

Shermaine managed a bitter smile.

"Sir, actually you guys should be well aware that I know Clarissa Quigley, and I've met her and her mother, Hilary Bowen for a few times. Hilary even mentioned that she was my fan. Of course I knew her."

"Are you guys very close then?"

Shermaine shook her head. "Not really."

"Not really? Your call log suggested otherwise though. I wouldn't say that I'm not close with someone if I talk to that person three to four times a week over the phone."

Shermaine was stumped, and clearly did not anticipate herself getting exposed.

"I can explain that."

The police were waiting for her explanation. Only then did Shermaine explain herself quite awkwardly, "I did not mention that because I was afraid that you guys might misunderstand, and I didn't want to get into any trouble either. Believe me, I was no stranger to these kinds of troubles and was simply trying to steer clear of them. "But,

seeing as you guys already know about it, I don't think there's any reason to keep it from you guys. "Actually, Hilary had contacted me because she was not doing so well with her daughter, Clarissa. She called me repeatedly just to complain about their tense relationship. "She mentioned that she was my fan, and back when I was still on good terms with Clarissa, I was quite touched to hear that she was a fan. We quite enjoyed each other's company back then. "She did not show up again after the thing that happened to me. "That was until this year. She visited me before I got out of jail and complained how unfilial her daughter was. To be honest, I realized that Hilary thought I could resonate her hatred for Clarissa. "Actually, what she did not know was maybe I once did hate Clarissa, but I had long moved on from that. However, Hilary did not seem like she understood that, and would call me anytime she felt like whining about Clarissa. Honestly, I was feeling quite helpless myself. "I felt bad for what happened to her too. Even though her character was questionable sometimes, she was not a bad person at all." Her words seemed quite heartfelt, and she appeared quite normal. Everything about her seemed normal. She was nervous, fidgety, and even scared at one point throughout her narration, and even seemed eager to steer clear of any troubles. She was released after the questioning, and Harmon asked Shawn, "This lady seems quite normal. She doesn't seem like a murderer." To which Shawn replied impassively, "She looks way too calm and composed."

"So, that means she..."

"I'm not saying anything."

Harmon looked at him and shrugged. "Forget it. A pretty little face like that... it's

impossible.”

Shaking his head, Harmon walked away. Someone beside him mocked, “You’d better not let Amelia hear you. She hates this Shermaine, and yet you dare to say she’s pretty.”

“She is pretty. It’s just that she doesn’t have a good heart.”

The others broke into a chuckle and started to gossip about something else.

Meanwhile, Clarissa had gotten a firsthand news from Ellie.

“Shermaine has been summoned for a questioning. I knew it — that woman is really

something else. Could she have murdered Hilary? Did she do it on purpose? So that she could slander you?”

At that point, Clarissa knew that anything was possible, and was not at all surprised to listen to Ellie.

She smiled bitterly and asked, “Ellie, did Shawn tell you that?”

“That b*stard tells me nothing, always yapping on about confidentiality. Is he afraid that

I’m going to broadcast that information for everyone to know? Who am I going to tell

anyway? He doesn’t even trust his own girlfriend. I wouldn’t have promised to be his girlfriend if it wasn’t for his pitiful manner.”

Clarissa was rendered speechless.

“Let’s not talk about him. The point is, Shermaine must be behind something, right? I can

so imagine her killing someone. What a vicious woman!”

Clarissa shook her head. “Shawn and his colleagues will find out soon enough.”

“That Shermaine would have ran off by the time they’re done with the investigation right?”

“No, I believe that justice will never be absent. We just need to be patient.”

Clarissa walked the talked and waited patiently for the result of the investigation.

However, she was starting to get bored from getting pent up at home for such a long

time. Damian had gone back to school, leaving her alone at home. There was only so much she could do at home—studying new menus with Julia and trying to come up with new ideas. However, that did not help preserve her energy as she felt quite sluggish, especially in the last few days.

Matthew was greeted by the sight of the woman lying on the sofa lazily as she gazed out into nothingness. It was apparent to the man that there was no vitality to her.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter
402

Matthew smiled adoringly at the sight and made his way over to the woman's side. He leaned forward and met her eyes.

However, Clarissa swatted him away and continued to stare out into the space. One would be curious as to what was on her mind.

Matthew let out a chuckle.

He pinched her little ears and asked, "Penny for your thoughts?"

Clarissa did not answer the man, or at least she seemed disinterested to answer him.

Helpless, Matthew could only bent forward and carry the woman in his embrace and sat back down himself, placing her on his own lap. He pinched her chin and edged close to kiss her on the lips.

"Clare, are you unhappy? Are you feeling alright?"

Clarissa shook her head and blinked her eyes blankly. Her voice sounded weak.

"Just lazy."

Matthew was rendered speechless before he smiled. "Are you feeling bored? What about we go on a trip tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?"

They had agreed to have a getaway trip some time ago but somehow did not get around to it.

All this while, Clarissa had assumed that Matthew just did not have the time. They would be garnering unwanted attention if they had chosen to go on a getaway trip right then.

However, it would be impractical to wait until the case was solved.

“Yes, tomorrow.”

Seeing as the woman had been cooped up in the house for some time, Matthew thought it must have taken a toll on her.

However, he found her demeanor irresistibly adorable.

He lowered his head and planted a deep, long kiss on Clarissa’s lips.

After their lips parted, Clarissa asked again, “Are we really going tomorrow?”

“Yes, so where do you want to go? We can decide right now.”

Clarissa got down from his lap and checked her phone. After fumbling with it for quite some time, she gave Matthew an address.

“Erihal?”

“Sure, I’ve never been there.”

Matthew reached out his hand and touched the tip of the woman’s nose affectionately.

“Sure.”

Their passports were ready, and as for the other items needed, Matthew had a knack for getting everything ready done in a jiffy.

Clarissa and Damian were especially excited about the getaway.

The little guy had been

looking forward to a trip with his parents.

The two of them packed a lot of stuff into their suitcases as they ruminated over what

else to add on. Matthew merely watched them in a corner with a serene smile on his face.

Matthew was a man of his words. Under some disguise, the little family departed for the airport and boarded the plane that was headed for their destination.

Clarissa had only heaved a sigh of relief after boarding the plane. She was thanking her luck that no reporter had managed to tail her. Otherwise, they might have to take a raincheck for the getaway. Unlike the Jeradus flight which only took two hours, the flight they had boarded was taking a much longer time. Clarissa and Damian went from getting all excited before they slept and woke up, only to realize that they had not arrived at the destination yet. Only then did they realize that the flight was a long one. Clarissa placed Damian down securely before leaning against Matthew's shoulders and into his embrace.

"This is the first time our family has gone on a vacation together. How rare."

Matthew could detect a hint of grumble in her tone, to which he replied with a smile,

"Didn't we go to Jeradus as a family too?"

"But you were occupied with work all day. Then on our next trip..."

"Yes, my bad."

Clarissa grinned. "Yes, exactly. Contrary to the popular belief of young women out there, a president like you does not flirt with girls all day. I'm starting to think that you've only gotten married in your thirties not because you're demanding in your taste in women, but because you're simply just too busy."

"Why, thank you for being so observant, Honey."

Clarissa lifted her chin smugly, "Right? You're lucky that I'm Ellie's friend, and that I went to your house. Otherwise, I think you're going to stay single for so long that even if you do get married when you're old and cranky, it wouldn't be for love. Even if you do find love, I bet you're not going to be able to find someone as interesting as me, and you're not going to have such an adorable son. Am I right?" Matthew shook his head. "You got one thing wrong."

"Huh? What is it?"

Matthew said dryly, "It's not true love if it's not you. So, there won't be talks of marriage and the sort."

"Hehe." Clarissa beamed with delight after listening to her husband. She wrapped her hands around his neck and edged close to peck him on his cheek.

**"Hubby, you're getting more and more handsome."
I'm getting more handsome just because I said something that tickled her fancy?**

Matthew did not quite understand her logic, but seeing as she was quite happy about it, he did not protest.

He turned around and was about to say something when he noticed that the woman had already leaned against his shoulders with closed eyes. She's fallen asleep.

Matthew chuckled softly. She's gone mute in less than a fraction of a second.

What an enviable skill.

He pulled her blanket up and let her lean against himself close before he cuddled her and closed his eyes to rest.

After the plane had landed, Clarissa made her way over to Matthew's side. The man was pushing the trolley with their luggage and Damian while she was still trying to snap out of her jetlag.

However, they need not worry about any paparazzi since they were on the other end of the planet. It would be quite impressive if any reporter had somehow managed to get photos of them.

After getting out of the airport, Clarissa noticed the gloomy weather and wondered if she had come to the wrong place.

She was looking to a change in mood, but the weather was not very helpful.

However, Damian seemed unfazed by the untimely weather and snuggled himself in his

father's embrace. He was mesmerized by the people looking vastly different from himself; people with vastly different hair colors and people whose skin colors were dark as chocolate...

Even though he was no stranger to foreigners as his school had quite a number of them, it was still quite refreshing to see a lot of them at one time, all of whom were speaking a language he could not fully grasp. His eyes lit with bright curiosity as he glanced around.

"Daddy, I know what he said! He was saying 'good afternoon'."

Matthew smiled and praised his son before carrying him to the car.

"Good job, Damian. I'm sure you will be able to fully understand them once you've learned more from your teacher."

"Okay! I will make sure to pay attention and learn it all at school."

While the father and son were quite energetic, Clarissa formed a stark comparison with the two.

She had been sitting right by the window after reaching the hotel. The gloomy weather seemed to accentuate the troubles that had been haunting her as she leaned against the window and stared out into the space blankly.

Damian noticed her mother spacing out and whispered into his father's ears, "Daddy, is Mommy sick? She seems quite odd..."

Matthew chuckled, albeit sharing the same sentiment as his son.

"I think Mommy is too tired from not getting enough sleep."

"Oh."

The little guy walked over to Clarissa's side and held her hand while saying adoringly,

"Mommy, are you tired? Do you want to get some sleep on the big bed? Let me accompany you."

"I'm not tired. I just think that I've picked the wrong place. It's so gloomy out there. I

doubt that we're going to have much fun this way."
Damian peered outside and said, "Daddy said we have a lot of fun things to do. We could go sightseeing..."
His suggestions did not manage to lift Clarissa's spirits.
"Mommy, let's go eat something."

"Hmm, too lazy."
"Mommy, Daddy said we're going boat rowing tomorrow..."
"Mommy is too lazy..."
"Mommy, how about if we go visit Sherlock Holmes' house?"
"No, I'm too lazy..."
Clarissa was feeling so sluggish that even saying another word felt like a chore to her.
Matthew finally realized that something was not quite right with Clarissa.
He ruminated over her responses throughout the whole night.
The next day in the morning, Clarissa was greeted by the sight of her husband and her son sitting on the sofa.
Both of them stood up with a deadpan expression after noticing that she had woken up.
Damian made his way over to his mother's bedside as he beamed delightfully at Clarissa.
Matthew was more restrained in his manner. He cast a glance over at Clarissa and smiled gently. "Are you awake already? Wash up and have your breakfast. We need to go someplace later."
Clarissa shook her head. "I don't feel like heading out."
"No, Mommy. You have to go out."
"Why?"
"Because I'm having a sister!"
"Huh?"

Clarissa was baffled and still could not wrap her head around it.
"What sister?"
Damian reached out and caressed her belly expectantly. "My little sister of course."

Daddy said my little sister is in your belly.”
It was the last thing that Clarissa expected to come out of
Damian’s mouth. Befuddled,
she cast a look in Matthew’s direction.
Matthew merely smiled. Oddly, Clarissa could sense that the
man was quite nervous
despite him looking impassive.
Nevertheless, the man had always been good at concealing his
emotions. Well, he still
looks like the cool Mr. Tyson.
“Yes, I think it’s very likely.”
Again, Clarissa took quite some time to respond.
She mumbled a response before saying, “Why not confirm it
with a pregnancy test first?
Why do we have to go to a hospital for that? The fees abroad
are not exactly cheap
either...”
Sometimes, Clarissa would forget that she had a crazy rich
husband.
She’s right. A pregnancy test is faster. Then, Matthew hurriedly
headed for the door.
Damian climbed onto the bed and sat by her mother’s side.
Propping his chin with his
little hands, the little boy asked curiously, “Mommy, how did
little sister get inside your
belly? It’s so amazing.”
Clarissa was stumped.
The way he’s putting makes it sound really... weird.

Her face twitched awkwardly. After a seemingly long time, she
finally came up with an
excuse. “Daddy put it in there. I have no idea how he did it too.
Let’s wait for Daddy to
come home so that he can explain it to you.”
“Oh... Did Daddy secretly put her inside of you? Why didn’t he
tell you about it? I don’t
think it’s right for him to do that. He should have told you and
me...”
Clarissa was at a loss for words.
She hurriedly steered the topic in another direction. “Darling,
I’m going to love you all the
same even after having baby sister.”

Clarissa knew it was quite common for the first child to feel neglected or unloved after having a younger sibling. Hence, she was trying to mentally prep her son.

However, Damian seemed unfazed and waved his little hands to dismiss his mother.

“Mommy, don’t worry. I will love you just as much, and won’t favor only my baby sister when she’s here.”