

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 181 - 185

Taking a break from work turned out to be good for Clarissa.

Those in the studio were hard at work. Since the weather was getting colder, she invited them out for barbeque.

Gathering with friends and colleagues for a barbeque on a cold day warmed everyone from the inside out.

"Clarissa, let's have a barbeque for all our company dinners from now on. It's not only affordable but satisfying as well."

"That's a good idea! We'll give out vouchers for barbeque restaurants at the end of the year."

Feeling Mandy stiffen, Clarissa cracked up. "I was just joking. Even though I'm not the big boss, I'm not such a cheapskate."

"All hail, Clarissa!" Mandy cheered, but Christian and Rocky maintained their cool.

"By the way, I heard that we might be invited to Tyson Corporation's annual dinner at the end of the year because we're also located on the top floor of this building."

Clarissa blinked in surprise. "Really? I had no idea!"

"Clarissa, I heard that there are many young and talented men in Tyson Corporation. Look at me. I'm single and pretty. All I'm lacking is a suitable opportunity. Clarissa, my dear Clarissa..."

From Mandy's coquettish tone and the way she was drawing out her words, her objective was very obvious.

She tugged on Clarissa's arm relentlessly, causing the latter to give up eating entirely.

In the end, she could only agree to Mandy's request, to which the latter excitedly thanked her.

That night, everyone ate their fill and also had some drinks to liven the mood a little bit.

After they were done with their meal, they walked out together. Mandy joked around with Clarissa, both of them gently pushing each other back and forth while giggling.

Mandy shuddered violently just then. Clarissa couldn't help but chide her, "Why are you only wearing a thin sweater on such a cold day? Are you choosing fashion over function?"

With that, she draped her own coat over Mandy's shoulders.

"I'm fine, Clarissa."

"You're half a second away from becoming an ice block. My ride's here, so I don't need the coat anymore. You guys should quickly go home."

Clarissa pushed Mandy and the rest away. Christian and Rocky bid her goodbye before parting ways as well.

Just as Clarissa hopped into the car, her phone rang.

She picked it up unhurriedly and slurred, "Uncle Matthew? Mm, I'm in the car heading back now... Hehe. Miss me already? But it's too bad I don't miss you..."

Her giggles drifted across the line; it was apparent that she was tipsy.

Matthew chuckled amusedly. "How much did you drink, Clare?"

"I didn't drink!"

"Oh, is that so? Alright, I believe you."

"Hehe... Actually, I did drink a little bit, but I'm not drunk at all. See, I even know that I'm talking to you, Mr. Tyson. Is there anything else I can do for you, Mr. Tyson? Do you need a blanket? Or would you like a drink?"

Matthew realized that she was mimicking the flight attendant that kept harassing him on their flight that time.

She still remembers this? In fact, it seems like she remembers it very clearly. What a jealous woman indeed.

Matthew shook his head in fond exasperation.

“Be a good girl, Clare. Mr. Tyson will be waiting for you to come home to serve him personally.”

“Alright, Mr. Tyson. Wait right there. I’ll definitely serve you well.”

She had said the last three words through gritted teeth.

Evidently, her definition of serving him was vastly different from his.

Matthew’s deep chuckle caused a pleasant shiver to run down Clarissa’s spine.

Suddenly, another call came in. Seeing that it was Rocky, she answered it in confusion.

“What?”

Her face paled as she abruptly straightened in her seat. “Okay. Wait for me. I’ll go there right now.”

“Mr. Davis, head to the hospital right away.”

Kyle immediately made a U-turn and drove toward the hospital. Meanwhile, Clarissa informed Matthew about the change of plans.

“I’m going to the hospital now. Something’s happened to Mandy. Thank God Rocky saw it. I don’t know the specifics. I’ll tell you more when I’m there.”

As soon as Clarissa ended the call, Matthew swiftly got up to leave.

At the hospital, upon spotting Clarissa, Rocky ran a hand down his face before explaining, “Mandy is still inside. She suffered a head injury and also some other injuries to her body.

Luckily, I helped to hold on to her keys because of how forgetful she gets. I had just turned back to go look for her, but then I saw..." he trailed off and clenched his fists. "Those b*stards!"

Irate, Rocky punched the wall hard.

Clarissa's heart plummeted. "And Mandy. Did they-"

"They didn't manage to. Thank God I went back. Thank God..."

By good fortune, Rocky had turned back to return Mandy's keys.

Otherwise, she would have been defiled in the worst possible way.

Matthew arrived at the hospital very soon. Mandy was still unconscious after being hit in the head and was also sporting many bruises on her body. The two perpetrators hadn't yet been apprehended. The police came to take Rocky and Mandy's statements, but due to the injuries the latter suffered, she wasn't in a good frame of mind. Clarissa stayed with her the whole time and let Matthew handle the situation outside.

Mandy only fell asleep again after midnight, but she was very restless in her sleep. Clarissa's heart broke for her friend as she guarded her.

Matthew took her into his arms and tenderly kissed her forehead.

"Clare, let's go back and rest, hmm?" Mandy's family is already on the way here."

"I'll stay for a bit longer. I'm to blame for this too. If only I'd sent her home, none of this would've happened. It's all my fault..."

"Clare!"

Matthew lifted her chin, forcing her to meet his gaze.

"This isn't your fault. All of you go to and from work on your own every day. She was just unlucky to run into those people today. This isn't your fault."

"But-"

"No buts. Just be thankful that they didn't succeed."

Not long after, Mandy's parents rushed over from the outstation. They were reasonable people, so after getting to know the situation from Clarissa, they thanked her and exchanged a few polite words. Then, Matthew took Clarissa away from the hospital.

Along the way, Matthew noticed that Clarissa's complexion didn't look too good. Once they reached home, he carried her into the bathroom, helped her with her bath, and put on a clean set of clothes for her before carrying her to the bed.

As Clarissa lay in his arms, she still couldn't seem to find peace.

"How dare they commit such a crime in broad daylight. Those two people deserve to die."

Matthew patted her back comfortingly. "Don't worry. They'll be caught."

"Mm. Men like them should be castrated."

Matthew was momentarily stunned, but he quickly recovered and he played along with her. "Yes. They won't get away with it. Don't think about it for now and go to sleep, hmm? You still have to go to the hospital tomorrow. I'll be worried if you don't get enough sleep."

Clarissa arched her neck to look at him, finally revealing her first smile of that night.

Then, she took the initiative to peck him on the lips. "Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

The next day, Clarissa woke up very early and went to the hospital with the breakfast Julia had prepared.

Mandy's parents were very grateful for her concern. Mandy had also calmed down quite a lot but still did not have much of an appetite.

"Don't worry, Mandy. The police will definitely catch those two b*stards. Don't think about anything for now and just focus on resting at the hospital. What's important is that you get well. Everything else won't be a problem."

Mandy nodded weakly in response. Besides have a pale complexion, her cheeks and mouth were slightly swollen. She really thought she was going to be done for the previous night, but was later knocked out cold and did not know what happened.

When she came to, she was already in the hospital. Fortunately, Rocky found her in the nick of time. Hence, she felt immensely indebted to him.

That morning, her mother had told her to take it as an unfortunate event and be grateful that nothing too serious happened, also reassuring her that there was always a rainbow after the storm.

Several colleagues also came to visit that morning. With their company, Mandy recounted what happened that night.

Mandy did not go straight home after parting ways with Clarissa and the others.

There were some food stalls open with quite a lot of people. Mandy wanted to go over to buy some snacks for her supper, so Christian and Rocky left first.

After that, she walked toward the subway station to head home while eating the snacks she bought.

However, right after she walked out of the food street, two men seized her from behind, with one covering her mouth and the other threatening her with a knife. Unable to resist, she was dragged to an alley where both of them started fondling her. At that time, she planned to run while their guard was down, but she was directly rendered unconscious and did not know what happened next.

Rocky came back after that. Thinking that Mandy couldn't have gone far, he headed toward the subway direction since that was her usual way of transport.

He called her while making his way there when suddenly, he heard the sounds of a physical scuffle. He went over to have a look just in time to see them knocking Mandy down, shouting on instinct. Both men fled when they saw they had been discovered. Then, Rocky called the police and sent Mandy to the hospital before calling Clarissa.

"Did those two men say anything? Please try your best to remember, Ms. Channing."

Mandy ransacked her brain for a while before speaking, "Their accents didn't sound like they were from D City. I couldn't really hear them, but they seemed to have said very crude stuff. As for the rest, I really can't recall for now. My mind is a mess."

"Alright. If you remember anything, feel free to contact us, Ms. Channing."

After sending the police out, Clarissa stopped to ask them, "Officers, the fact that the two of them committed a crime where they could easily be seen seems quite off, don't you think so? Also, there should be surveillance cameras around the area. I'm sure you'd be able to find them, right?"

"Those are fair points, Ms. Quigley. But before we catch the perpetrators, we can't make wild speculations. We will do our best to investigate the matter and arrest them as soon as possible."

"Alright. Thank you, officers."

Clarissa had just returned to the ward when she heard Mandy saying, "I'm sorry, Clarissa. I lost your coat there."

"It's just a coat. There's nothing to be sorry for. You don't have to feel bad about anything, okay?"

Mandy had thought of buying the same coat as compensation, but when she searched it online, she found that it cost up to a whopping few thousand.

Embarrassed, she could only apologize.

Moreover, her medical fees were paid by Clarissa, so she still had to pay her back in the future.

Clarissa left the hospital in the afternoon and went back to Zen Highlands. With her emotions in turmoil, she decided to cook to pass the time, hoping for the police to find the culprits as soon as possible.

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Chapter 182

Clarissa visited Mandy every day in the hospital when she was at the hospital.

After all, aside from submitting scripts, Clarissa is free otherwise. During the visits to the hospital, Clarissa always brought homemade meals prepared by Mrs. Lawson for Mandy. Her thoughtful act had earned appreciation from the Channings.

Within a few days, Mandy soon recovered and was discharged.

The police had had their eyes set on the suspects. However, they faced difficulties arresting them since the suspects had escaped away from D City. Even so, the police were confident that the suspects could not hide forever, and justice would be served.

While working for a photo shoot, Clarissa and Ellie chatted about the incident regarding Mandy, reminding Clarissa of the assault Ellie had gotten into previously.

“How did I allow that to slip my mind?” exclaimed Clarissa. “Did you manage to find out who the culprit was behind your assault?” she asked as she was concerned.

Ellie waved her hand dismissively, “That was so long ago, if there were any leads before, it’s definitely gone now. Besides, I have had so many enemies lately that I’ve lost count. Just recently, some b*tch of a shop owner was causing me troubles on the internet. Heck, if I’m not so civilized, I would have ordered someone to beat her up long ago. They’re selling items of low quality at ridiculous prices. I’ve been merciful to not expose them and they still dared to mess with me out of jealousy.”

“What?” This was news to Clarissa. “Man, they weren’t kidding when they say popularity brings trouble. Don’t mind them, they’re just being jealous.”

Ellie snorted. “Oh please, I’m not scared of that b*tch. She pisses me off one more time and I will expose her of selling defective products at full price—I have proof, mind you—and we will see who gets crushed first. Like I said, I was just being merciful.”

Little did Clarissa know, the rumors going round did not stop there. People had been gossiping about Clarissa too. Some said she underwent plastic surgery, some spun tales about how she was sleeping with the shop owner to achieve her status as a model.

All those sickening stories were being speculated just because the public did not know the truth. Ellie did not have it in her heart to tell Clarissa about those rumors as she couldn’t see

her best friend getting upset by them. Besides, if they dare to go too far, I will hunt each and every single one of them down.

Oblivious to the situation, Clarissa shrugged, dropping the matter. As long as Ellie could handle herself, Clarissa wasn't too worried.

After the shoot, the duo headed out the exit together. Upon reaching the exit, Clarissa stopped in her tracks and turned around.

Crash! Right that second, a porcelain vase fell from above landing just behind her, missing her by a hair.

Startled, Clarissa turned around and saw the broken pieces, and so did Ellie.

Frozen in fear, both of them broke into a cold sweat as they registered what just happened.

"What the f*ck? Who the f*ck threw that? Do they have a f*cking death wish?"

Ellie started cursing and yelling out obscenities on the spot, storming upstairs in attempt to drag the culprit out but to no avail. No one seemed to know who threw the vase, they couldn't even prove if someone even did. For all they knew, it could have been the wind.

The pounding in her heart started to calm down only after a few minutes. Once she was calm, Clarissa dragged Ellie out of the building with the latter still howling vulgarity at no one in particular.

"Hey, it's ok. Come on now, stop being mad. There was a gust of super-strong wind just now, it might be just the wind," coaxed Clarissa.

"Motherf***er, do they have any civic consciousness? If I find out who did this, I am going to throw a vase directly on top of their heads! That's it. I'm gonna file a complaint to the property management staff! Give me a second..." Still fuming, Ellie whipped out her phone.

She was still shaking from the incident.

If Clare didn't turn around suddenly at the final second, the vase would have crashed directly on top on her head. She could have lost her life!

It was a close shave! Someone would have died from that.

Seated on the wheel, Clarissa listened to Ellie shouting on her cell phone on the passenger seat, ranting to the property management staff relentlessly. After a while, she noticed the change of tone in Ellie's voice as the latter was finally contented and hung up the phone.

Ellie breathed out a breath of relief, finally relaxing her posture. Looking at Clarissa, she mused, "Next time, wear a helmet whenever you go outside. It'll be safer," earning her an eye-roll from Clarissa.

"Oh, stop kicking a fuss out of it," Clarissa retorted. "According to your suggestion, everyone should wear a helmet outdoor. There are so many people walking below skyscrapers every day, isn't that a much bigger hazard? Plus, think of it from another angle. What happened just now proves that I have immense luck. It won't be that easy to take me down."

After a moment of pondering, Ellie nodded her head curtly. "Thank God. We were very fortunate indeed. I think we should probably offer our prayers more often for more blessings."

Clarissa smiled in response, amused. "Stop messing around Ellie, it was just an accident. Besides, I'm not one to get into accidents easily, so that was most likely a one in a million unfortunate chance. You were just shocked by the whole incident, so am I. Let's go eat, then we'll go home for a well-deserved rest, alright? You're always anxious whenever there's new work to do," suggested Clarissa.

Ellie was starting to believe that she had overreacted. After the two had a meal together, they both went separate ways, the incident soon escaped their minds.

Clarissa drove back to Zen Highlands. Matthew had yet to return.

After a calming shower, Clarissa went on a video call to check up on her grandma. "How have you been, grandma? Aunt Gloria didn't give you unnecessary troubles again, did she?" asked Clarissa.

"I'm fine, dear, don't worry about me. How are you and Matthew? Did he mention anything regarding what had happened last time with your Aunt Gloria? Even though he remained silent at that time, it was still quite an embarrassment and looked bad on our family. Huh, why must you bring Matt back here the last time? You could have just come back on your own."

"Oh, come on grandma, what are you worried about? He didn't say anything about it, he didn't even mention it! Not like he can anyway, it's not really any of his business. Besides, is there any family without issues amongst themselves? Plus, if Matt ever becomes part of the family, he's gonna find out sooner or later."

"Wait a minute," Catherine interrupted before Clarissa could finish her sentence. "Clare, did you mean... you're getting married soon?"

Somehow, Catherine changed the topic.

Clarissa paused, bewildered. How did we get on the topic of marriage?

Hearing no response from the other end, Catherine pressed on. "Didn't you say so? 'If Matt ever becomes part of the family', how will he be part of the family if you don't get married? If he doesn't mind that, then get married soon. Best to do it before thirty and give birth to my great-grandchild soon. Bear in mind Matt isn't young anymore either, and you..."

"Stop!" exclaimed Clarissa, unable to allow Catherine to go on. "Hold your horses, grandma. What do you mean, 'if he doesn't disdain you'? Marriage? A... and giving birth? It's still a little too early for that," interjected Clarissa.

"Early for you, maybe, but not for Matthew," retorted Catherine. "Don't think you can lead him on and go overboard just because he spoils you. Watch your tongue, will you? Furthermore, you're twenty-six now and not that young anymore! Didn't you say his family is quite well off? And he's so patient with you too. Men like that don't just appear on your doorstep. The last time we talked, he mentioned marriage as well but was worried that you won't accept him. Clare, listen to grandma. Matt is a good man, so don't be stubborn. Do you hear me?"

Clarissa pressed her lips together, pouting. "Oh please, it should be me who would diss him." Sighing, she told Catherine, "Alright, I get your message crystal clear. I'll think about it, okay?"

"Well don't think about it for too long. How about deciding before Valentine's Day? A spring wedding next year sounds nice..." Unwilling to drop the subject, Catherine continued.

"Um... oh! I'm getting another call from someone. I'll hang up now-" Knowing that her grandma would not stop urging her to have a child next year, Clarissa ended the video call curtly.

Clarissa stayed seated, staring into space, daydreaming. After that, she burst into a fit of giggles.

Matthew came home to see Clarissa giggling to herself like a madwoman, all the while wearing a hooded fluffy bear onesie. At first glance, Matthew thought she looked very much in character with the outfit—a clumsy and dumb bear.

His eyes swept over the onesie Clarissa had on. Taking a seat next to her, Matthew started fiddling with the bear's ear on her hoodie.

"Clare, what is this?" he questioned, perplexed.

Sticking her tongue out cheekily in response, she replied, "It's a home wear Ellie gave me for winter, perfect for hibernation. It's adorable, isn't it?" Clarissa smiled, clearly satisfied with the outfit.

"It is quite cute," answered Matthew against his opinions. Deciding to let it slide, he smiled, ignoring the bear onesie. "What were you giggling about? You looked rather stupid."

"You're the one who is stupid."

Seeing Matthew raising his eyebrow, Clarissa quickly broke into a grin. "I'm joking. Nothing really, just thinking about the conversation I had with my grandma," she clarified.

"If it's nothing, then what were you laughing at?" prodded Matthew.

Clarissa shrugged and crossed her leg, hugging them to her body. Her eyes glimmered mischievously as she looked into Matthew's, feigning innocent.

"It's a secret."

"A secret?"

Matthew mulled over in for a moment, pulling Clarissa into his embrace. "Let I at least try and guess what this secret is about?"

Clarissa laughed, "Go ahead," she challenged. "You'll get a prize if you get it right."

"Hmmm..."

Matthew placed his fingers on his chin, looking as if he was deep in thought. His eyes never once left Clarissa's face. Out of nowhere, he smirked, "Was it about us getting married and having a baby before you turn thirty?"

Clarissa starred at him, dumbfounded.

After a moment of speechlessness, she inquired, "How do you know?"

Matthew guffawed, hugging Clarissa tighter in his arms and tracing her cheeks with his fingers. With traces of laughter still in his deep voice, he answered, "Clare, Darling. I heard your conversation with Grandma on the call before I even entered the door, silly."

Once again, Clarissa was speechless.

Pouting, she shoved Matthew away from her. "You were eavesdropping on my conversations again," she huffed in annoyance.

"I plead not guilty, Your Honor!" laughed Matthew. "You're the one who didn't see me entering the room, not my fault you're speaking so loudly."

"Hmph."

Unable to find a good argument, Clarissa pursed her lips together, sulking like a sore loser.

Matthew, on the other hand, chuckled lowly. He kissed her forehead, attempting to coax her. "So Clare, do you have anything to say regarding Grandma's suggestions?"

"I'm not saying anything."

Clarissa deliberately avoided the question.

Of course, Matthew saw through her immediately.

Pulling her onto his laps, Matthew held her chin and leaned in closer, "Well then, Clare. I have something to say."

Hmph! Huffed Clarissa once more.

Chuckling, Matthew lowered his gaze to meet her eyes. "Clare, I want to get married."

His words were met with silence.

Clarissa moved her lips slightly as something flashed across her eyes. It was impossible to tell what's on her mind.

"Do you agree?" continued Matthew amidst the silence.

"Go away."

With all her strength, Clarissa stretched out her arm and pushed Matthew aside. "How long have we been together? We don't know each other well enough, and we haven't met each other's parents. Most importantly, you didn't even propose! Matthew Tyson, did you just tell me you want to get married so casually? Are you serious?"

Matthew, however, did not give up so easily. "If you agree right now, I would bring you to the Tyson residence to meet my parents."

Clarissa was instantly stunned at his response.

As expected. Thought Matthew to himself bitterly.

Matthew became silent as his eyes turned cold. This time, it was Clarissa who was clueless about his thoughts as she looked at his icy expression.

Knowing it was her fault, guilt crept into her heart. The atmosphere around them turned heavy. After what felt like ages, Clarissa mustered up her courage and mumbled, "Even if I agree to it, your family won't. Plus, we've only been together for such a short time—only for a few months—and we even broke off in between. It's too rushed for me... Can you... can you at least give me till after Valentine's Day to make the decision?"

Thinking about her future with Matthew, uneasiness consumed every fiber of her being, instead of anticipation like she'd hoped for.

"J... Just a few more months, please?" stammered Clarissa. "After all, Valentine's Day is just a few months away. Deal?" she pleaded.

Clarissa stared at Matthew with huge puppy eyes, begging him to allow her more time to consider.

Seeing her pitiful look, Matthew's heart melted and gave in to her request.

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Matthew leaned in and planted a long kiss on Clarissa's lips. "Deal," he breathed out, his lips still hovering over hers. "We shall decide immediately after Valentine's Day."

Clarissa agreed as she dared not push her luck further.

"Okay. Immediately after Valentine's Day."

For now at least, she could go through the next few months without stressing on this subject.

She would leave the stressing out for after Valentine's Day.

Matthew was quite satisfied with this response. In all truths, he had not expected her to give him her answer right there and then, but now he knew he would receive an answer after Valentine's Day. At the very least, Clare is no longer objecting the idea of marriage and would be considering it.

She had intended to break up with him earlier, but it seemed like she was slowly starting to envision their future together.

This was something Matthew was working hard for—the vision of them in the future together.

Clarissa, however, thought she had temporarily dodged a bullet.

After dinner, Clarissa went to the bedroom mysteriously, as if hiding something. She waited till Matthew came out of the shower before shoving something in his face. To his utmost

dismay, in her hands was an exact copy of the hooded fluffy bear onesie, except this time it's larger in size.

Matthew's eyes twitched upon seeing the outfit, catching sight of the anticipation on Clarissa's face. She walked in front of him, hugging the onesie, eyes twinkling like a pet begging for treats.

"Uncle Matthew..." cooed Clarissa coquettishly.

A chill crept up his spine.

Clarissa grinned from ear to ear like the Cheshire Cat, eyes glinting mischievously. "Ta da, here's your prize for guessing correctly—I mean, overhearing the conversation!" she teased. "Matching pajamas! Here, this one's yours. Try it on! If you think it does not fit, I promise I won't force it on you."

"It doesn't fit!"

Matthew objected without hesitation and walked right past Clarissa out of the bedroom. Persistent, Clarissa trailed behind him like a puppy tailing its owner, the pajama still in her hands.

She took a seat beside him, nudging him with the outfit. "Uncle Matthew, check it out. The seams are neat, the fabric is very comfortable too. Ellie tailor-made these specially for us, nothing like those cheap products in most stores. It's one of a kind and the quality is top-notch. It is definitely not gonna ruin your reputation as President of Tyson Corporation. Moreover, you haven't even tried it on, how do you know it doesn't fit?" Clarissa pursued with her eyes wide and lips pouty.

Frustrated, Matthew tugged his hair away from his face, glaring at her. "I don't need to try it on to know it doesn't fit me. This is not my style."

"Ugh, you only have one clothing style. What's the harm in trying a new look once in a while?" retorted Clarissa playfully.

"No."

"Please," Clarissa continued to pester Matthew. "just this once Uncle Matthew... Mr. Tyson... I shall personally be at your service..."

Her coquettish voice was driving him insane!

Frowning, Matthew yanked Clarissa towards himself in retaliation, causing her to lose balance and fall into his arms. Clear laughter filled the room as Clarissa continued to urge Matthew relentlessly.

“Come on, just this once.”

All of a sudden, the corners of Matthew’s lips turned from a scowl into a smirk. “You know, I had originally intended to let you rest today, but since you’ve proposed such a generous offer... how could I refuse? Alright, just this once...”

Before the sentence ended, Matthew grabbed her cheeks in one hand and leaned in for a heavy, passionate kiss. His other hand wandered and caressed her entire body, attempting to strip off the outfit. After a moment of frustration, he finally discovered the zipper in front of her chest that went all the way down.

Clarissa squirmed in his arms, her face turning red. “When I said ‘at your service’, I meant helping you change into the outfit,” she protested.

“No need for that,” smirked Matthew. “I’m satisfied just by seeing you wearing it. Besides, looks like this outfit isn’t so bad after all...” he hummed.

Truth to be told, he did not think much of the outfit. At first glance, all he saw was Clarissa covered from head to toe with no skin on show.

After discovering the design of the zipper, however, he changed his mind on the outfit.

Matthew could finally accept the outfit, albeit begrudgingly. At least taking it off would be a breeze.

In the end, Clarissa still failed to get Matthew into the matching outfit as she’d hoped.

She had been looking forward to seeing an adorable Matthew. Now, however, not only did she not succeed her “mission”, she was even being pinned down by Matthew.

For the next few days, Clarissa continued to put on the bear onesie, in hope that Matthew would finally be swayed by the cuteness and put on the matching onesie with her. As a

result, day after day, Matthew undressed her with just one pull of the zipper. In the end, Clarissa put away the outfit in frustration, never to wear it again.

Matthew looked rather disappointed to see Clarissa wearing her normal pajamas. "Not wearing the silly bear onesie anymore, Clare?" he teased.

"Well, guess I put on the 'silly' in silly bear," snapped Clarissa, irritated.

Crossing her arms in front of her chest, she huffed in annoyance, "It's gone. I have thrown it away. I'm never wearing that ever again."

I'm really gonna be a dumb bear if I continue to.

Seeing the disappointment written on Matthew's face, Clarissa's lips twitched in response.

How many of her plans backfired on her? Even Clarissa herself had lost count.

Every single time she tried to get him to do something for her, Matthew would be able to turn the situation around somehow, one way or another. And yet, she still tried time after time. How stupid can I be?

Gotta be more than cautious next time, I can't afford to lose more than what I'd expected again! Clarissa pursed her lips together, scolding herself internally for her stupid idea.

Time flies. In the blink of an eye, winter had arrived.

During this period, Clarissa only stayed in Zen Highlands. She was busy with writing new works and meeting deadlines without moving an inch of her body, aside from her fingers. Matthew even had to drag her out for walks after meals.

Every winter, she would live her life as though she was in hibernation.

Thus, leaving the house during winter is an absolute torture for Clarissa.

Alas, there would be times where staying in is not an option.

One day, Jamie made a temporary stop in D City. Jamie invited Clarissa out for a meal as they had not seen each other for quite some time, Clarissa agreed out of curtesy

Jamie had recently starred in a reality show, boosting her popularity up a notch. She had gotten famous enough to have her own personal chauffeur and assistant. It seemed that Jamie was one step away from becoming a celebrity icon, exactly as she had hoped for.

To hide from the gazes of prying paparazzi, Jamie had arranged to meet up with Clarissa in a well-hidden restaurant.

Clarissa noticed a different aura surrounding Jamie the second she laid eyes on the latter. I guess fame really does change a person. Clarissa noticed Jamie's makeup was done in a more exquisite manner, seemingly enhancing Jamie's natural beauty a lot more than before.

"Congratulations Jamie! You're this close to success!" winked Clarissa, grinning while pinching her fingers together.

Jamie giggled in response. Huh, she still has the same giggle. Guess some things never change. Clarissa smiled, seeing Jamie in such a cheerful mood.

"Stop teasing me, Ms. Quigley," laughed Jamie. "I still have a long way to go. Speaking of which, I'm still waiting for you to star me as the female lead in your next movie, Ms. Quigley."

"Deal, if there is another opportunity!" laughed Clarissa in response.

The pair sat together, exchanging conversations and stories, from the happenings of the past to the latest gossips.

"I bumped into Mr. Cooper at the airport once, he seemed to be in a huge hurry. Did you contact Mr. Cooper recently, Ms. Quigley?"

Clarissa shook her head apologetically. "I've sent him a message once or twice, but we haven't caught up with each other in a while, neither virtually nor physically. Is he trying to go overseas for further development? He must be busy, huh?"

"Mm hmm! Mr. Cooper is so awesome, I heard he's almost made it to Hollywood!" Jamie sighed dreamily. The corner of her lips quickly drooped as she heaved another sigh, "When will I ever catch up and be with Mr. Cooper?"

Clarissa arched her eyebrows in response. "Catch up with Mr. Cooper?"

Jamie's face felt warmed as she felt a blush crawling up her neck. Silence ensued.

“Oh, I see how it is!” winked Clarissa at the now red Jamie.

Panicked, Jamie quickly pleaded, “Ms. Quigley, it’s just an unrequited crush of mine. Please don’t let Mr. Cooper know!”

“Okay, my lips are sealed,” promised Clarissa, her hand following the motion of a zip across her lips. “But you have to promise me you’ll try your hardest every day. You’ll get there some day, I’m sure of it,” she continued.

“Really?” Jamie asked, her eyes widened with hope.

“You’ll never know if you don’t try! Besides, look at you! You’re young and gorgeous with an amazing personality! Although you’re not as famous as Ryler Cooper right now, you will in the future. Plus, you both work in the same industry, meaning you’ll have tons of common topics with each other. Whatever it is, you have my support,” encouraged Clarissa as she gave two thumbs up to Jamie.

“Thank you, Ms. Quigley! It’s great to have your support! Alright, I will try my best!” beamed Jamie.

Seeing how much more youthful and beautiful Jamie looked as love and admiration showed on her face, Clarissa smiled to herself, her heart full of genuine blessings. Ryler is such an amazing person. He deserves someone like Jamie—someone that will treat him well.

“Oh, that’s right!” exclaimed Jamie suddenly, changing the subject. “I saw Shermaine too, she’s in a crew next to mine. People are saying that she’s like a landmine, yelling at everyone and everything out of nowhere for no reason. No one really knows why she’s so agitated, isn’t she getting married soon? Looks to me like she has just been dumped. Rumors had it that any hopes she has of marrying into a wealthy family has gone down the drain, and that her so-called ‘fiancé’ never had any relations with her in the first place.”

Clarissa lifted the corners of her mouth into a faint smile, saying nothing in reply.

“I saw her from afar once, they weren’t kidding when they say she’s like a ticking time bomb. She looked like a tiger that wanted to swallow me alive,” shivered Jamie. “Her glare looked as though she could slice you up to pieces. How can someone that scary be allowed in public?”

This was enough to make Clarissa laugh. "What she looks like has nothing to do with us, nor how she chooses to act. However, you might come across her quite often, unfortunately. My advice is that you stay far away from her as long as it's possible."

"I shall keep that in mind, Ms. Quigley."

Clarissa and Jamie continued to talk for hours. As the pair got ready to leave, Jamie offered to take Clarissa home, wanting to talk to her for a little while longer.

Agreeing to the offer, Clarissa let her driver drive back to Zen Highlands by himself, assuring him that she would arrive not long after him. While seated in Jamie's car, Jamie wanted to ask Clarissa more about Ryler, naturally.

Of course, Jamie was curious about Clarissa's life too, after seeing the latter having her own driver.

"Wow, what a good upgrade, Ms. Quigley!" fawned Jamie.

"It's my boyfriend's," explained Clarissa casually, not trying to hide the fact.

"Hah! I knew it!" quipped Jamie. She then quickly stuck out her tongue sheepishly, "I have been wondering if you have a boyfriend, but I didn't dare to ask." Without missing a beat, Jamie continued praising Clarissa, "You're such a belle, Ms. Quigley. It's not surprising if you have a boyfriend. In fact, it'll be a surprise if you don't have a boyfriend. I wish you two all the happiness this world can offer!"

"Thank you, you should give your best effort too..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Jamie cut her off and bombarded Clarissa with questions. "Mmm, I will! Tell me, Ms. Quigley. It's no secret you and Mr. Cooper were neighbors when you were kids. What do you know about him? I won't ask a lot, but I want to know his favorite food, his hobby, his favorite color..."

Before long, the car pulled up to the driveway of Clarissa's house in Zen Highlands. Jamie was reluctant to end the conversation, but she had run out of time and would have to contact Clarissa some other time.

Upon entering the house, Clarissa looked around in confusion. Seeing Julia, Clarissa called out to the housekeeper, "Mrs. Lawson, where's Dylan?"

Perplexed by the question, Julia asked, "Didn't you asked Dylan to fetch you back here, miss?"

"Oh, umm, my friend actually offered me a ride home, so I asked Dylan to drive back here before us," answered Clarissa.

The two of them continued to stare at each other, confused. After a moment, Julia picked up the phone and dialed Dylan's number.

After a few beeps, it connected. However, instead of Dylan being on the line, it was someone from the hospital who picked up.

Clarissa's heart stopped. The hospital?

Why are there so many accidents lately? Julia and Clarissa rushed to the hospital after hanging up the call. Matthew arrived at the hospital entrance at the exact same time as the two.

The trio found out there had been a car accident. The car driven by Dylan was hit head-on by a truck coming from the opposite direction. The situation was quite grave. They also found out that the truck driver had been arrested, but there was no further update.

Clarissa could hear her own heart pounding as she shivered, leaning deeper into Matthew's tight embrace. With a trembling voice, she kept asking, "Dylan will be fine... Nothing bad will happen to him, right Matt?"

"Of course!" answered Matthew confidently, holding her tightly, in attempt to sooth and comfort her. In reality, he was even more shaken up by the accident than Clarissa was. Fear pulsed through his veins as he tried to keep a calm exterior.

What would have happened if Clare was in the car too...

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Unexpectedly, they met with the police again even though they did not want to.

However, the case had to be handled no matter what.

“The truck driver is still in custody, and preliminary findings indicated that he was drunk driving,” said the policeman.

“Drunk driving?” Matthew asked with a piercing look in his eyes. “With the strict law enforcement in D City, who would dare to drive under the influence at night? How old is the driver? Does he have any criminal records? How on earth did he crash into Dylan’s car?”

Since this policeman was somewhat acquainted with Matthew, he replied frankly, “Mr. Tyson, are you suspecting foul intent from the truck driver?”

Matthew twitched his fingers as he felt the sudden urge to smoke, but smoking was prohibited in the hospital.

Moreover, he rarely smoked in front of Clarissa.

Baffled by his speculation, Clarissa asked, “Are you saying the truck driver deliberately caused the accident? Was he trying to attack you or me?”

The answer was obvious. Anyone who wanted to ambush Matthew would have investigated his whereabouts beforehand.

The car was clearly meant for Clarissa that night.

Her face turned pale instantly as she was hit by the realization. “The last time I went to Ellie’s studio, I was almost hit by a falling vase. Could that have been a deliberate act as well?” she questioned.

Matthew’s gaze suddenly turned cold as he was not aware of that incident.

His suspicions would have cropped up sooner if he had known about this earlier.

He then asked a more pressing question, “When your employee Mandy was attacked that day, she was wearing your jacket, wasn’t she?”

Everyone was stunned by his revelation, and the policemen were immediately able to connect the dots together.

"Ms. Channing mentioned before that they said she wasn't pretty enough. Perhaps they think Ms. Quigley is the prettier one?" one of the policemen commented.

Clarissa clenched Matthew's hand firmly while her entire body turned cold. She trembled with fear as she felt terror creeping up from the soles of her feet.

If all these moves are really targeted at me, that means they are planning to kill me!

She didn't dare to think any further, and Matthew immediately held her in his arms to comfort her.

"Clare, there's nothing to be scared of. I'm here, alright?" He lowered his head to kiss her on the forehead.

The policemen decided to make a move so they could further investigate the matter. Mere speculation was not enough to prove that those actions were targeted at Clarissa.

"Clare, don't be scared. I'll take you home first, okay?" said Matthew.

It was unsafe to be outdoors right now if there were really people after her.

Clarissa knitted her brows into a tight frown, her eyes full of worry, confusion, and fear.

Despite that, she didn't want to leave.

"If there are really people out to get me, then Dylan has taken a major blow for me. I can't just hide at home knowing that he's fighting for his life in the hospital. My conscience won't be clear," she insisted.

Matthew knew how feisty she could be, so he simply hugged her and let out a sigh. "Alright then. I'll wait together with you," he said.

"Okay," she agreed.

After a long wait, the surgery finally came to an end, and the doctor announced that Dylan was no longer in critical condition. Clarissa was worn out by the long wait, and Matthew had to hold her to prevent her from collapsing.

She heaved a huge sigh of relief and said jokingly, "Your expensive car sure wasn't a waste."

He chuckled in response. "Yeah."

Later on, the two of them returned to Zen Highlands, but Clarissa remained worried even after relaxing.

Who on earth is trying to hurt me?

How deep is this person's hatred for me that he or she wants me dead?

This person must really abhor me!

Clarissa simply couldn't understand why anyone would want to hurt her to this extent. She felt like there was a hidden danger constantly creeping up to her, and at her most vulnerable moment, it would suddenly appear and kill her.

Matthew was aware of how worried she was, so he held her close in his embrace and comforted her by saying, "Clare, we don't know anything for sure yet, so try not to overthink. Perhaps those accidents are just mere coincidences, and we're being overly suspicious. As of now, I can assure you that our home is the safest place to be. As long as I'm by your side, you don't have anything to be afraid of. Come on, let's go to bed now. It's getting late. You always say that beauty sleep is important, right? If you don't get enough sleep tonight, you'll wake up looking unpleasant tomorrow morning."

Clarissa brushed off his joke and replied in a serious manner, "I know, but I can't help wondering who I've offended. How vicious is this enemy of mine that he or she wants me dead? Even if I have committed any heinous acts, this is not the right way to deal with me as the law will naturally take its course. This person must be a psychopathic murderer."

"Clare, nothing has been proven yet. You should get some sleep instead of thinking about this," Matthew interjected.

"But I... Hmm..." Clarissa was cut off abruptly by a kiss on her mouth.

Just as she was getting engrossed in the kiss, Matthew suddenly stopped and patted her on the back, then gently whispered, "It's time to sleep now. I'll be here."

Clarissa then fell asleep with her hands around his arm.

The next day, Clarissa and Matthew went to the hospital to visit Dylan. Since Dylan wasn't awake yet, he sent her back to Zen Highlands.

Matthew wanted to ensure that Clarissa was safe at all times, so he ordered everyone at Zen Highlands not to let any strangers in. On top of that, she had to seek his approval whenever she wanted to go out.

He also assured her that he would handle the police investigation so she wouldn't need to worry unnecessarily.

Under Matthew's instruction, Clarissa's freedom was rather restricted.

Her current situation wasn't very different from her life in Zen Highlands before this. She would often stay indoors and laze around all day without doing much.

Nevertheless, she used to live like that out of her own choice. On the contrary, she was now being restricted by Matthew deliberately, and she did not feel good about this.

After some time, Ellie finally came to know about Clarissa's situation.

She quickly rushed to Zen Highlands and asserted her views to Clarissa. "It's definitely Sienna. She's the only one who knows about you and my Uncle Matt, and she was recently jilted by him. Who else could be holding a grudge against you besides her? It must be her."

Despite Ellie's accusations, Clarissa didn't believe that Sienna was such a malicious person.

Sienna was a shrewd person, and she would have used her wits to get rid of her rivals instead of resorting to such violent methods.

"We don't have any evidence that proves it's her. All we can do is wait for the police to carry out their investigation," said Clarissa.

"You still want to wait for the police? It's been such a long time, and there hasn't been any outcome. You can wait all you want, but I'm going to get someone else to look into the matter," Ellie replied.

She then made a phone call and started talking before the other party could even address her, "Hello, Clarissa Quigley is my future aunt, and someone is after her life right now. It's clearly a criminal case. Are you not going to do anything?"

She continued babbling, "Oh so you know about this...? Why aren't you doing more? Okay, okay, whatever. It's none of your business. Hmph."

Just like that, Ellie hung up the phone.

She then turned to Clarissa and said, "My uncle is on top of all this. He'll make sure the police do their job."

Didn't she just question that person's capabilities?

Clarissa chuckled and said, "Since when did you have a friend in the police force? One who's in charge of criminal cases too."

Ellie felt uneasy as she answered, "I have tons of friends. You can't possibly know every single one of them. Seriously though, I really think Sienna is the culprit. She absolutely hates you because of your relationship with Uncle Matt. After all, not many people know about you two."

"You think she went through all this trouble to hurt me just because of your uncle? What if her attacks towards me have nothing to do with him?" Clarissa doubted her.

"Do you have any other enemies?" Ellie challenged.

Clarissa thought about it for a while then shook her head.

"See, if the culprit is not your love rival, then it's probably one of Uncle Matt's business rivals. I don't think this possibility is likely, but it cannot be completely ruled out. Whatever it is, just listen to Uncle Matt and stay at home obediently. After all, you are pretty much a homebody who likes lazing around the house doing nothing," said Ellie.

Clarissa let out a light sigh and said, "Does that mean I can never leave my house as long as the culprit is not caught? I can't possibly live in fear forever. That would be too reactive."

"Accepting defeat is better than losing your life, right?" Ellie retorted.

Clarissa had no choice but to go along with what she said.

As days went by, Clarissa spent most of her time chatting with Jeremy and the others in their WhatsApp group chat. They tagged her in the group every day as they exchanged news and gossips about the gentry.

Soon, the group suggested that they should drop by Zen Highlands to try her cooking.

So every now and then, Clarissa received visitors. Sometimes, it was the entire group; at other times, it was just two or three of them from the group. As long as she had visitors to entertain, she had to keep herself busy.

After one of the visits, Clarissa sent Yarick off and said to Matthew, "Why do you keep letting them come over? Even if I'm not tired of hosting them, they are probably sick of coming over! It's not as if they have nothing else to do."

She realized that Matthew had asked this group of people to keep her entertained so she wouldn't be bored at home.

Feeling moved by his thoughtfulness, Clarissa hugged him and gave him a peck on the lips.

"Uncle Matthew, thank you for being so thoughtful, but I'm actually feeling better about the situation now. We've been so careful and vigilant lately. I believe the culprit has probably gone into hiding now," she said.

Matthew patted her on the head and said with a smile, "If you want to go out, I'll take some time off to bring you out."

"No, I wasn't saying I want to go out. But on second thought, do you really have that much time to accompany me if I wanted to go out?" Clarissa replied.

"I can always make time for you," he answered.

Clarissa sighed quietly and felt emotionally down as Matthew still restricted her movements.

Being restricted to the confines of one's home was different from wanting to be indoors voluntarily.

Matthew knew what was going on in her mind, but he only gave her a kiss on the forehead.

He simply didn't want her to be in a vulnerable position.

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Chapter 185

Even though Clarissa felt a little unpleasant inside, she obeyed Matthew and stayed indoors in Zen Highlands.

She didn't feel like going out anyway, but that didn't mean that other people did not invite her out.

All of a sudden, she received a phone call from Mimi saying that she was coming to D City for her studies. In the past, Mimi had mentioned that she planned to come to D City, but Clarissa didn't expect it to be true.

Moreover, Mimi sounded rather self-entitled during the call. "Clare, you said you would take care of me and let me stay in your place when I come to D City."

"When did I promise you that? I only said that I would arrange accommodation for you in a hotel," Clarissa answered unpleasantly.

Knowing how shameless Mimi could be, she made sure not to be too nice or accommodating. Otherwise, Mimi would walk all over her.

Clarissa had told her off before in the past, but it wasn't long before her arrogant attitude surfaced again.

Mimi expected that she would react this way, so she chuckled and said, "Clare, do you not care about me? I'm almost like your younger sister."

"Don't you have classmates? Wouldn't it be better to live with other students so you can focus on your studies?" Clarissa retorted.

"Clarissa Quigley, let me get this clear with you. All I have to do is say a few things about you on the Internet, and your reputation will be ruined," Mimi threatened her.

Clarissa frowned, but she wasn't surprised at all.

There were tons of books published in Clarissa's name, so it wasn't difficult for Mimi to guess that she was a famous writer.

When Mimi didn't hear an answer from Clarissa, she snorted and said, "Haha... Clare, I just want to stay with you alright! Come pick me up from the airport and let me stay with you. I won't bother you much, you'll see."

Just like that, she hung up the phone.

After the call ended, Clarissa let out a sigh. She worried that Mimi would actually carry out her threats given that she was someone with no principles.

She decided to give Matthew a call to tell him about Mimi.

"Should I go and pick her up? And let her stay in that apartment?" she said.

"No need. I'll get someone to deal with this matter," Matthew answered.

"Huh? How are you going to handle this matter? You better not let her play any tricks on you. The last time she saw you, she—" Clarissa was cut off before she could finish speaking.

"Don't worry about this, Clare. Just let me handle it, alright? You don't have to make yourself unhappy by meeting her. I'll just get someone to handle her. Don't worry," Matthew interjected.

Clarissa placed her trust in him and decided not to worry further about the matter.

That night, Mimi gave Clarissa a call and grumbled, "What kind of shabby place did you arrange for me to stay? Did you spend all your money on your little pretty face? You must be doing this on purpose. I'm warning you, I will spread the news about how malicious you are."

Just as Clarissa was about to respond, Matthew took the phone from her and said, "If you want to tarnish Clare's reputation, just go ahead and do so. But you can forget about going to the film academy too. Remember those pictures of you with that guy...?"

"Ah... you despicable faggot!" Mimi cursed at him.

Matthew hung up on her that instant. It was obvious that he wasn't afraid of Mimi's threats.

Meanwhile, Clarissa stared at him in surprise as she said, "Did you just hang up on her? What pictures were you referring to? Who's that guy?"

Matthew touched her face gently, his lips twitched as he explained, "She had a boyfriend named Eric back in W City. He was a troublemaker, and they took some intimate pictures together."

"Huh?? She's only eighteen years old. How can——" Mimi was clearly angry, but she was also disappointed in Mimi.

"Just leave her alone. It was her own choice, and she did it for money," Matthew replied.

Clarissa furrowed her brows. "I should have expected this. Mimi is a vain and short-sighted person, just like my aunt. She would steal for the sake of maintaining her appearance, so I'm not surprised that she would sell her own body for some quick cash. One day she will regret her actions," she said in disappointment.

"Do you actually think she's capable of regret? I don't think so," Matthew said sarcastically.

Clarissa then let out a sigh and said, "You're probably right. I just can't understand what goes on in her mind."

Mimi's life was indeed a result of her own actions, so Clarissa decided not to get involved so much.

Both of Mimi's parents were still around, yet they did not care much about their own daughter. What more could Clarissa do to intervene? Even if she did, she wouldn't be appreciated.

After Matthew's counter threat, Mimi didn't bother Clarissa anymore.

A few days later, the police provided several updates on Clarissa's case.

The two punks who had attacked Mandy were arrested in their hometowns, and based on their statements, they were paid to follow and destroy Clarissa when they could.

However, when the two of them managed to spot Clarissa outdoors, they did not dare to get too close to her. It so happened that Mandy was wearing a similar beige coat, so she ended up being their unfortunate target.

These two punks were rash and inaccurate in their actions, so it meant that the person who hired them didn't know their abilities very well.

On the other hand, the truck driver who got into the accident with Dylan had a long driving history and was out drinking with some friends that night. In the past, he had been involved in another drunk-driving accident where he used up all his savings to compensate the victim. His wife and kid ended up leaving him, so he decided to give up drinking and turn over a new leaf. However, he started drinking again after a short while and ended up in another accident, this time involving Dylan.

Though it seemed like a genuine accident, the police took no chances. They conducted a thorough investigation and interrogated the driver until they finally found a loophole.

The truck driver had a son who lived with his ex-wife. He was an excellent student attending D City's top university, and he was due to go abroad for an exchange program soon.

This did not seem like an issue at first, but when the police dug for more detail at his university, they found out that he had once been removed from the list of exchange students. It turned out that the truck driver's son had been replaced with another student on the list, and many people felt that this was unfair to him since he was an excellent student. Later on, the truck driver's son was added onto the list again, and it seemed like the scales of justice were balanced once again.

However, when the police investigated further, they discovered that the truck driver's ex-wife had paid a university official to get her son on the exchange program list again. Her son was undoubtedly supposed to be on that list, but since he was removed without any explanation, it was understandable why she chose to bribe the university official. A larger question arose from this discovery. How did this so-called poor family manage to find such a large sum of money to pay the university?

The truck driver's ex-wife did not know how he got the money, and the driver himself did not want to admit it at first. But after further investigations, the police found out that the driver received the money from the same person who had paid Mandy's two attackers.

Soon, the police managed to arrest the suspect, and he was also charged for gambling and drug abuse.

It was soon uncovered that these punks were hired online through a group chat. No one knew who started this group chat which was filled with all sorts of thugs and hooligans. These people had committed many shady crimes, and they would usually be contacted privately for new jobs. The truck driver happened to stumble upon this group chat by chance where he offered his services for some quick money. Shortly after, an unknown person hired him to create trouble for Clarissa.

This person did not bother whether Clarissa was left dead or alive as long as he created some form of trouble for her.

Tempted by the cash reward, the truck driver decided to take up the job. He was even promised more money after the job was completed.

“Mr. Tyson, we can’t find that person in the group chat. It seems like he left the chat a long time ago, and he was using a temporary phone number then. The truck driver was simply instructed to pick up the cash at an appointed location. We have yet to find out who delivered the cash to the pick-up point.” One of the policeman updated Clarissa and Matthew on the developments of their investigation.

This confirmed that there was indeed someone vicious going after Clarissa, but they just couldn’t catch him.

Matthew’s eyes sank as he asked, “Are there no surveillance cameras at the pick-up point? Have your people not managed to look into this?”

The policeman answered, “Mr. Tyson, the pick-up point was at an amusement park. The place is usually crowded with children and their parents. It’s hard to tell who’s who.”

“Can’t you bait him out?” Matthew challenged.

“This person only makes one-way contact, and he knows Ms. Quigley’s situation very well. He didn’t drop off the cash in the same pick-up point this time, meaning he knows that he was unsuccessful in harming Ms. Quigley. He won’t resurface again anytime soon. We’ve lost our trail of clues,” said the policeman.

A murderous look flashed across Matthew’s eyes that instant.

Clarissa quickly stepped in to say, "Alright, thank you so much for your help."

After the policeman left, she turned to hug Matthew and acted cute in his embrace. "See, the person has gone into hiding already. He probably wouldn't do anything rash since he knows we are on guard, so we can relax for now. I can at least go out for some outdoor activities now, right?"

Matthew wrapped his arms around her waist as he pondered over her words, then said, "I'll get a few bodyguards to escort you."

"No!" she quickly refused. "Going out with bodyguards is simply ridiculous. It's not like I go out that often anyway. I'm always vigilant when I go out, and I'd rather have you, Mr. Davis, or Mrs. Lawson to accompany me!"

Nevertheless, Matthew did not agree to her demands.

The next day, Clarissa was escorted by a cool-looking female driver with short hair.

The driver did not seem like a simple person as Clarissa could sense a murderous vibe from her.

Is she supposed to be my new driver and bodyguard at the same time?

How much more ridiculous can this be?