

Chapter 3

"You..." Brooklyn was momentarily speechless as she found Mateo at the door. Upon seeing Brooklyn, Mateo's expression darkened. Swiftly, he heard approaching footsteps, prompting him to pull Brooklyn into the room and close the door. Mateo covered Brooklyn's mouth, silencing her, and the proximity between them grew intimate, with the faint scent of mint lingering in the air. As the footsteps outside receded, Mateo released Brooklyn and instinctively stepped back.

However, Brooklyn, seizing his tie, yanked him back toward her, their bodies pressed together. A playful expression adorned Brooklyn's face as she leaned closer to Mateo's handsome visage. "Mr. Bagetto, if you don't give me any special treatment, it will be very difficult for me to cover for you." Mateo's brows furrowed, a deep disgust flashing in his eyes at her words.

Not wanting to attract attention, especially after the departure of the security guards on patrol, Mateo suppressed his anger and engaged with Brooklyn. "What special treatment do you want?" he inquired. Brooklyn responded with a small smile, leaning in to playfully kiss Mateo on the cheek. "Let's talk about it after I figure it out," she suggested, her smile radiant and her voice seductive. Mateo felt his heart race momentarily before Brooklyn released his tie, opened the door, and walked out.

Frowning, Mateo couldn't help but acknowledge Brooklyn's captivating beauty. Although stunning, the memory of how she used her connection with the Bagetto family to coerce him into marriage overshadowed any attraction he might have felt.

Returning to the bedroom that had been arranged for her and Mateo, Brooklyn closed the door expressionlessly. The image of Mateo opening the door earlier replayed in her mind. Despite being half-brothers, she found Mateo and Matthew's resemblance striking. Trying to clear her mind, she proceeded to wash up in the bathroom, dispelling the tumultuous thoughts.

Mateo didn't return to the room until two in the morning. Quietly entering, he found Brooklyn already asleep. Her makeup-free sleeping face appeared more youthful and less assertive. Mateo stared at her for a moment before turning away, heading to the bathroom to wash up.

The Bagetto family basement seemed to have been neglected for an extended period, revealing a chaotic and enigmatic interior with numerous secret rooms. Mateo had explored it earlier, gaining a comprehensive understanding of its layout even if he didn't find any pertinent information.

While Mateo immersed himself in thoughts of the basement, he failed to notice the bathroom door swinging open from the outside. Brooklyn, yawning, casually strolled in and sat down on the toilet.

As Mateo continued his shower, he was startled to find Brooklyn in the bathroom. Quickly wrapping a bath towel around himself, his face darkened. "Brooklyn! Don't you have any shame at all?" It was an unprecedented situation for Mateo, still in the middle of his shower while Brooklyn nonchalantly entered.

Brooklyn's expression briefly reflected discomfort before relaxing again. Unperturbed, she commented, "The person who was seen naked is not me. Why should I be embarrassed?" An irritated Mateo hastened out of the bathroom, leaving Brooklyn amused by his reaction.

Once out, Mateo had already settled on the bed. He positioned himself at the edge, seemingly cautious not to encroach on Brooklyn's space. She lay down, but sleep eluded her. Her gaze fixated on Mateo's back, and unable to resist, she cuddled up to him from behind, akin to a koala.

"Honey, I can't sleep." Mateo tensed immediately, pushing her away in displeasure. "Brooklyn! What tricks are you trying to play now?" Her response was a beaming smile. "We're husband and wife. Can't I hug you?" She continued, "You are the man that I wanted to marry at all costs. Of course, I want to hug you because I like you."

Despite Mateo's angry glare, Brooklyn leaned in cheekily. "What's wrong? You don't want me to touch you? Then why did you agree to stay the night?" Mateo maintained his cold demeanor, ignoring her question. The tension between them lingered as Brooklyn persisted in her playful banter.

Brooklyn, aware of Mateo's ulterior motives, decided to play coy. "Don't worry. After tomorrow, I won't give you a chance to share a bed with me!" she declared, raising her eyebrows with a faint smile.

"Hmm... Then you should also remember that, after tomorrow, I won't give you another chance to use me," Mateo retorted with a dark expression, glaring at Brooklyn in disgust. Unfazed, Brooklyn yawned casually and lay back on the bed, turning away from him.

Mateo, irritated by Brooklyn's behavior, had never encountered such a multifaceted woman. He expected her to cling to him as they lay down, but to his surprise, she remained quiet and didn't cross any boundaries. Despite this compliance, Mateo found himself oddly unsettled, unaccustomed to Brooklyn adhering to his wishes.

The following morning, Brooklyn awoke to find Mateo still lightly sleeping. As she got up, a knock on the door interrupted her. The servant announced breakfast, and before Brooklyn could respond, Mateo covered her mouth and replied, "I'm already up, but Brooklyn is still sleeping. Tell them to eat first."

Brooklyn raised an eyebrow, shooting Mateo a contemptuous look. "Okay, Sir," the servant outside acknowledged. Mateo withdrew his hand and headed into the bathroom.

Observing Brooklyn lounging on the bed, Mateo, in his usual icy tone, commented, "Not ready to rise and freshen up yet?" Prodded by his words, Brooklyn finally stirred, making her way into the bathroom, and sharing the sink with him. As Mateo glanced at the woman beside him, an unusual warmth enveloped him. The scene evoked a sense of comfort and coziness, momentarily unsettling him in a way he couldn't quite explain.