

HBH 800

Chapter 800 A Super Loving Matthew

She should stay away from Skyler even more so when that had happened between them. "Well, someone's full of herself, isn't she? I merely asked you to give me a ride, and you're already imagining all sorts." Skyler shifted his head to the side and tugged at his lips, looking like he was holding back his amusement.

On the other hand, Shirley, speechless by his rebuttal, just started the car and headed to the restaurant to pick up her order.

After arriving at the restaurant, Skyler turned grim again as he watched the young woman jog into the restaurant from inside the car.

Very quickly, she returned with a food jar in her hand, even panting as she entered the car.

Since she was worried that the food might spill, she shoved the food jar into Skyler's arms, requesting, "Keep it close to you, please."

"Why can't you leave it in the back seat?" A certain someone grumbled, feeling displeased.

Given how much traffic there is,

have to overreact? Skyler retorted but still reluctantly took the food

...

brought them out to the dining room when everyone started getting out of

ached as she watched the

couple exchanged

took their seats and enjoyed

Veronica, gallantly pushed a glass of milk to her

at the table naturally knew what he was trying to do, and

to be coming out of the kitchen, heard

the second she looked up, and her heart ached for him

she could never fully repay him in this lifetime, so how could she bear to see him

"No, thanks." She pushed the milk back to Mateo. "I'm not a fan of milk."

"You aren't? Have some oatmeal, then. I told Iron you like oatmeal, so I had him make you some."

Mateo was sweet enough to keep track of Veronica's preferences, but what he didn't know was that Matthew knew her diet and tastes even better. In fact, her oatmeal was made separately from everyone else's.

Veronica looked at the bowl of oatmeal. Despite knowing Matthew had taken the extra mile, it would mean that she accepted Mateo's gesture if she ate it, wouldn't it?

"Master Crayson, Mateo isn't getting any younger. Aren't you going to find him a suitor?" asked Veronica as she brought the bowl of oatmeal to her, stirred it, and blew a spoonful of it before eating. "The hidden clan ladies all look pretty decent. You should find him a wife while he's still young. You know it won't get any easier once he gets older."

"He..." Crayson was still figuring out how to answer Veronica when Mateo suddenly sat upright and objected, yelling, "No!"

"Why?" Veronica asked nonchalantly as she kept her eyes on the oatmeal.

"Because... Because..." Mateo hesitated, unsure how to explain himself. Just then, Veronica's voice traveled to his ears.

"Don't you want to look for a girlfriend? You're not thinking of staying single for the rest of your life like me, are you, Mateo?" she teased while stirring the oatmeal so that it would cool down quicker. "I intend to stay a widow to mourn my husband."