

YOUNG BRIDE IN A LIGHTNING MARRIAGE: NEVER TIRED OF MR. LEON'S LOVE

Chapter 111



Matthew finally understood now. "I see. I'll arrange a candlelight dinner, book the most luxurious hotel, find the best jewelry, and buy the newest handbag for her right away.

"What do you think?"

"Mr. Leon, I think that's excellent."

Kent approved of his idea without a second thought, but in case Matthew failed to appease his wife and decided to take it out on him again, he decided to give Matthew a heads-up first.

"Of course, Mr. Leon, I'm referring to women in general. Mrs. Leon might think differently, so this strategy might not work in her case."

Matthew frowned.

"How could you suggest a plan that might fail? I need a foolproof plan. Don't you know my work ethic?"

Kent felt his head buzzing. How was that the same? The fact that Matthew was asking him for advice on how to appease his wife showed how useless Matthew was in this regard.

However, Matthew was still Kent's boss, so he had to follow his orders no matter what.

In a fit of self-pity, Kent decided to reveal the method he used to appease his wife when she was extra angry.

"Mr. Leon, if that doesn't work, I have no choice but to teach you my ultimate secret trick."

Matthew's curiosity was piqued. "What is it? Tell me now."

Gulping, Kent mentally prepared himself to get fired by his angry boss.

"Mr. Leon, first, you go to the supermarket and get yourself a cactus or a washboard."

Although Matthew did not know what this method entailed, he had a bad feeling about this.

Cactus? Was it for Lucy? What was the washboard for? Why would they need that when they had washing machines at home?

He suppressed his curiosity and continued listening to Kent.

"Then, before your wife comes home, you place the washboard and cactus at the door."

The more Matthew listened, the more confused he was.

"When your wife comes home, you'll kneel in her direction and shout your apology. I guarantee it'll solve the problem."

After hearing those words, Matthew felt thunder rolling above his head.

Kent, who was on the other end of the phone, closed his eyes, preparing to face Matthew's tirade.

However, Matthew was not as angry as Kent imagined.

He had a curious look on his face,

and he

Symasked with a hint of sympathy, "Do you usually apol to your wife like this?" Conte

Sensing that Matthew was not very angry, Kent sighed in relief.

He recomposed himself and said, "Of course, this is the ultimate trick. I use it when my wife is very, very angry. Don't worry, Mr. Leon. method may be harsh, but it's

effective. I guarantee a 70 ito nische success rate."

Matthew was speechless.

This method would undermine his dignity as a CEO! Should he use it or not? He was torn.

"Alright, I got it."Owned by .

He simply responded and hung up. Then, he continued spiraling deeper into his conflicted thoughts. Should he do it?

After much contemplation, Matthew

decided to reserve it as a backup

plan. If he could not make his wife happy, he would use it as a last resort.

Matthew made the decision resolutely.

He made a trip to the supermarket and bought a washboard. He hid it behind the door out of guilt.

As for the cactus...

Forget it. Kneeling on that thing was going to hurt like hell.





Meanwhile, Lucy had already arrived at the company, unaware of the surprise that was waiting for her at home. She was still upset with Matthew. She was not going to forgive that bastard for wrongly accusing her today!

She angrily walked into the company with her files and started looking through them.

Since Matthew invested in the company and brought in some excellent managers, the company had turned a corner. They were no longer operating at a loss.

Although Lucy was not as stressed as before, she still had a long way to go before she could make her company the best in the world. She concentrated on the work in front of her.

While she was working, someone knocked on her office door.

"Come in."

A timid-looking young lady came in.

Lucy knew who she was.

Her name was Mabel Pines. Matthew recently recruited her as an intern from a prestigious university. Many people called her Maple because it rhymed with her name.

She was a quiet lady and a meticulous worker. She was just a bit shy.

After noticing how shy she was, Lucy softened her tone. "Maple, how can I help you?"

Mabel was flattered when she heard her boss call her by her nickname, but she put on a serious expression and spoke softly, "Ms. Lucy, I have something to report to you."

The sight of the delicate young lady made Lucy forget about her worries for a moment.

"Sure, come in. I'm listening."

Mabel seemed to have found a bit more courage, so she said a little louder, "Ms. Lucy, some of the cartoonists in our company have been poached by other companies again."

Lucy's expression sank. "Poached?"

Hah! She scoffed. If she guessed correctly, it must be another one of her dear sister's doings.

As expected, Mabel glanced at her and said, "Ms. Lucy, um..."

"I found out who poached our people, and they're from your sister's company."

Lucy slammed the table and said through gritted teeth, "Luna again!"

Mabel was startled. "M-Ms. Lucy..."

She was so scared that her neck shrunk.

All the while, Lucy had a friendly demeanor at the company. It was the first time Mabel had seen her like this.

Lucy came to her senses and

realized that Mabel was still in front

of her. She immediately

recomposed herself and said, "I'm sorry for scaring you, Maple. Please continue. What happened?"

Lucy was a little nervous.

Seeing as Lucy had returned to her original state, Mabel patted her chest and continued to report to her.

"Ms. Lucy, although many of our

cartoonists have been poached, given the recent salary increase for the writers and the company's steady progress, most of the

vel.n

poached artists haven't jumped ship. Our company is still safe."

After hearing that, Lucy's heart finally calmed down. "I see. Is there anything else?"

Mabel glanced at Lucy warily and handed her the file that she had prepared some time ago.

"Ms. Lucy, this is the comic I drew at the company. Recently, an investor has shown interest in it and wants to acquire the rights to adapt it into a TV show... That's what I came here to talk to you about."

Chapter 113



Lucy was so surprised that she sprung up from her chair. She walked up to Mabel and held her hand. "Mabel, you're my lucky star. This is such good news."

Mabel could not help but blush in embarrassment. She stole glances at her, thinking, 'Wow, Ms. Lucy is so pretty.'

Her voice was as soft as a mosquito as she said, "Thank you, Ms. Lucy. It's nothing, really."

Lucy patted her hand and said, "It's not nothing. If someone notices your work, that means you're outstanding."

Mabel smiled. She was glad that she was able to help Lucy.

"When will the investor be here? Don't worry, I'll make sure to negotiate a good deal for you!"

Lucy was even more motivated now. She could not believe she received such good news right after she set a target for herself. She had to seize this opportunity and make a name for Lulu Comics.

Once she established a reputation for her company, the rest would fall into place.

"In about three days, the investor will come here to discuss this."

Mabel suddenly remembered the reason she came and started fidgeting. She asked, "Ms. Lucy, when the investor comes, can I join in the talks?"

Lucy was a little confused. "You're the one who wrote and illustrated the comic, so, of course, you have to be there with me."

Mabel was getting a little anxious. "N-No, that's not what I mean. What I mean is..."

"When selling the rights to this comic, can I join the team as the lead writer? I don't want the plot to be altered completely. The characters in the story are like my children. I've watched them grow bit by bit and..."

Mabel's words were becoming even

more confusing, but Lucy

understood what she meant. SheT.

pondered for a moment and answered her carefully, "Don't worry, Maple. I'll try my best to fight for it, but can't guarantee use the story ultimately depends on the director the investors have chosen."

Mabel was a little disappointed, but she still thanked Lucy. "It's alright, I know that it's an important decision. I appreciate you helping me, Ms. Lucy."

"Since there's nothing else, I'll get back to work now. Go ahead and do what you need to do, Ms. Lucy."

With that, Mabel turned around and left Lucy's office. Lucy watched her leaving with a tinge of sadness, feeling a pang of sympathy for her.

It was just one small condition. She could try her best to fight for it when she met the investor.

After Mabel left, Lucy sat down and concentrated on work again. Since Lucy had to make time for the investor who was coming the day after tomorrow, her work had just doubled.

After a long day of going through documents, Amy knocked on the door.

"Ms. Lucy, it's time to get off work. Aren't you going home?"

Lucy lifted her head blankly and looked out the window. While she was busy approving documents, the sun had already set.

She hesitantly looked at the pile of files on the table that had yet to be approved, and she smiled reassuringly. "It's okay. You can go home first. Everyone else must've left already. I'm sorry for making you stay so late."

"I'll take care of the rest."

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"Ms. Lucy, please take good care of your health. Don't overwork yourself or you'll fall sick!"

Amy looked at Lucy worriedly.

Chapter 114



Lucy shrugged. "There's only a bit of paperwork left. It's no big deal. You can go home first."

Amy failed to persuade her and left.

She was still a bit worried when she left. She contemplated calling Matthew to ask him to pick Lucy up, but then again...

Seeing how diligently Lucy was working, she thought that it was better to not disturb her.

With a sigh, Amy left.

Lucy was still slaving away at the paperwork. She had not been this motivated in a long time. Although she liked working, why were there so many freaking documents?!

Sighing, she gazed out the window at the darkening sky.

How did time fly by so quickly? She had not even finished reviewing her documents yet.

Lucy took out her phone and unlocked the screen only to find out that there were no notifications.

Her face darkened. That damned jerk made her upset, yet he did not even bother calling to apologize! Tonight, she was going to sleep in a separate room from Matthew!

Sulking, she walked down the company building and entered the parking lot before driving back home.

The villa was dark and quiet without a single light on.

Lucy was at a loss. Where could Matthew be? Could he be so angry that he did not even come home?

No, no, no, no, no...

Lucy shook her head. He was the one who angered her first.

Who gave Matthew the right to get angry?

Lucy angrily stomped into the villa and turned on the lights. When she saw the scene before her, she was shocked.

The lights in the villa had been replaced by colorful bulbs, casting a beautiful glow that waltzed around the room. Soft classical music was playing out of nowhere.

The living room that used to be filled with furniture was now cleared out and replaced by numerous of Lucy's favorite flowers. In the center was a large round table adorned with three reed diffusers and two candles, surrounded by a variety of dishes.

Many helpers lowered their heads at Lucy. "Mrs. Leon, welcome home!"

Matthew slowly came down from upstairs, wearing a black suit. He had a gentle smile on his face.

Lucy's head was spinning. What was going on?

"Wifey, you're home."

Matthew walked up to her.

Lucy stared at him blankly and asked, "What are you up to this time?"

Matthew stretched his hand out, and the helper next to him handed

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s to fovene

king gift box. (

Matthew put it in Lucy's hands. "Lulu, I prepared a surprise for you. Are you still angry?"

He looked at her warily. Lucy finally realized that this was his attempt at an apology.

Even if he wanted to apologize, he did not have to make it this grand.

Lucy was speechless.

She wanted to tell Matthew that she was not angry anymore and that he could send them all home, but the memory of him falsely accusing her this morning ignited a new wave of anger in her.

Without even looking at the gift in her hand, she scoffed and went upstairs.

Matthew was dumbfounded...

This was bad!

His wife was genuinely furious this time.

He quickly dismissed the helpers.

"You all can leave now. I'll talk to wife myself," he said while

incompetence of the helpel grumbling internally about theel

How could they not even handle such a simple task?

Chapter 115



The helpers in the living room nodded respectfully and left Matthew's villa in an orderly manner.

Matthew did not pay them any attention at all. He hurriedly went upstairs and stood in front of the door of Lucy's room. He pushed the handle down, but the door did not budge.

Lucy had locked the door from the inside.

Matthew was panicking. "Lulu, please open the door. I was wrong. Don't be angry at me, please."

There was still no response.

Matthew's head was buzzing. He was bad at cheering women up.

"Lulu, if you're mad at me, you can just hit me. I was wrong, okay?"

A muffled female voice came from the room. "What did you do wrong? Why should I hit you?"

Matthew was relieved that she answered him as he was most afraid of her ignoring him.

He said softly, "Lulu, it's my fault. I shouldn't have doubted you and gotten jealous over nothing. Please come out and give me a chance to apologize to you?"

Listening to his gentle apology, Lucy's anger started to subside.

Fine. What was the point of getting angry over trivial matters anyway? If she got angry like this every single day, she was going to die from anger. Plus, Matthew had already sincerely apologized to her.

It would be petty for her to remain angry.

Lucy's door opened. She stood by the door and looked at him angrily. "Are you really sorry?"

Matthew quickly nodded. "I'm sorry. Please forgive me, wifey."

He looked at Lucy pitifully.

Her gaze softened at the sight of him, and she sighed. "Fine. I forgive you this time, but if you ever do that again, I'll never forgive you."

He nodded in relief.

It seemed like she was not as angry as he thought because if she was...

Matthew thought about the

washboard hidden in his room,

arousing a sense of despair. If he ever had to use that to appease his wife, he would completely lose his dignity.

Thank goodness...

Lucy looked at Matthew's relieved expression and found him suspicious.

She may have just forgiven him, but

there

if he

no need for him to

just survived a di

she that scary?

"Matt, am I that scary?" Lucy could not read him at all, so she asked him bluntly.

Matthew

anger, afraid that he would

again. After hesitating for

a long time, he said

e

e not scary."

On the contrary, Lucy found him even more suspicious. She squinted her eyes and asked, "Is this how you apologize?"

Matthew felt the urge to cry. She had already forgiven him just now, so why was she bringing up the past?

It was not even the past. It happened just a second ago!

Matthew shook his head. "I'm telling the truth."

He almost swore to the heavens.

"I promise I'm not lying to you."

"Is that so?" Lucy drawled.

She calmly walked toward Matthew's room, and Matthew's chest tightened.

Uh-oh. Did she find out?

Based on Matthew's reaction, Lucy could confirm that he was hiding something from her.

She squinted her eyes and opened the door to Matthew's room.

Chapter 116



Matthew could no longer keep the smile on his face. "Wifey..."

He looked at Lucy pleadingly.

Internally, he was thinking, 'Don't go in. I beg you, please. I still want to keep my dignity.'

Lucy's face was expressionless when she looked at him...

She was wondering if he was hiding something. What was he hiding from her? Was someone else in this house?

Lucy was having all sorts of thoughts, but she did not question him just yet. She had to see it to believe it. She would not act like how Matthew did that morning, angering her by wrongly accusing her without any proof.

With a gulp, she searched his room.

Lucy looked under the bed, in the closet, behind the curtains, and behind the door.

The more she searched, the more confused she was. There was nothing!

She scanned his room again. Since she had been sleeping in his room, she was familiar with the room's layout. There seemed to be no changes at all.

No one was there. She looked at the window again. It was locked shut, so there was no way anyone could be hiding in here just now.

Why was Matthew acting so nervous? Lucy scratched her head.

Matthew watched as Lucy failed to find the evidence after searching every corner of his room. He could not help but sigh in relief, and he put a smile on his face again.

"Wifey, see? I'm not hiding anything from you."

The triumphant smile on his face made her uneasy. He had to be hiding something from her, but she just could not find it.

What could it be? Lucy searched the entire room again, but she still could not find anything.

Until...

Lucy suddenly pulled out a washboard from somewhere in the corner.

"Matt, where did this washboard come from?"

Matthew stiffened. "Huh? The washboard..."

He stammered, not knowing how to explain.

Lucy was baffled. "Matt, don't we have washing machines? Even if we wanted to hand wash clothes, we could just put them in the basket and the helpers would take them away. Why did you buy a washboard?"

Matthew was drenched in cold sweat. "Wifey, I just think we need to be more self-reliant. I think we

should wash the expensive

custom-made clothes by hand.

now on, which is why I bought a washboard."

He truly admired his quick wit. He did not expect to come up with an excuse.

Lucy sneered. "Matthew, do you think that I'd believe you?"

Matthew froze. "W-Why not?"

"Matthew, think about how many of your clothes would have to be washed by hand."

His eyes were blank. "Just a couple?"

Lucy rolled her eyes. "It's not just a

couple of pieces. Most of the

clothes in your closet would have to be hand-washed. Only a small number of items could be

machine-washed."

"So what?"

"Matthew, don't you understand? Even if you didn't have that many clothes, it would take us forever to hand wash them every morning!

"Also, you don't even know what clothes you need to wash by hand, yet you're saying you want to hand wash them?" Lucy mocked him out loud. Matthew's expression darkened. This was not what he expected.

Chapter 117



Matthew's forehead was covered in cold sweat. What should he do now? What other excuse could he use to get out of this mess?

He really did not want to tell his wife the real reason. After Lucy forgave him, he thought that he could seal his backup plan in a dark room and never think of it ever again. If it was brought to light, Matthew dared not think of the consequences.

He was in a whirlwind of anxiety.

Lucy sighed and started shedding tears.

"Matt, you've changed. You're starting to hide things from me now.

"You know, when Timothy started to grow distant from me, it was because he was hiding things from me too."

A pretty woman's tears were said to be poignant and beautiful, but to Matthew, they only left him feeling utterly helpless as he watched the tears roll down Lucy's cheeks.

What should he do? His wife was never one to cry easily. He had only seen her cry a couple of times, but now...

Matthew felt like dealing with his angry wife earlier was much easier.

His Adam's apple bobbed. "No, Lucy, you have to believe me. I'm not..."

"If you want me to believe you, just tell me."

Lucy's eyes were still wet with tears, but she was secretly pleased.

She was secretly thinking, 'Babe, did you think you could hide things from me? I can break your heart just by shedding a few tears.'

Back in the day, she was a member of the culture committee in college, so she excelled in all forms of entertainment from playing the piano to painting and dancing.

Shedding a few tears was nothing. If the situation allowed, she could cry like a faucet.

Of course, Matthew was unaware of that. He froze in place and looked at Lucy as she sobbed even harder.

Matthew finally relented. In a moment of self-deprecation, he

confessed, "You're right, I

the washboard to wash

buy

Lucy stopped crying for a moment, leaving only a couple of tears on her face.

"Then, why did you buy the washboard?"

Matthew said, "After I made you angry, I asked my assistant how to make my wife happy..."

He suddenly hesitated, but after

nét

seeing Lucy's sad expression, Matthew closed his eyes and said, "My assistant gave me two solutions. First, I should buy you the things you like to make you happy so that you won't be angry with me anymore."

"What's the other one?"

Lucy had a hunch, but there was no way, right?

"The other one... The other one is..."

Matthew could tell by the wicked

prob his wife's face than et

probably figured out the

of the washboard by now.

His face turned red. How could he, a dignified CEO, stoop to this level? Only his wife could push him to such extremes.

"I think you already know what it's for."

Oh, for heaven's sake, why was there no hole for him to crawl into?

Lucy chuckled inwardly as she looked at him. "I see. I get it now. Don't worry, Matt. I won't treat you like that."

Matthew's eyes lit up as he looked at her like a Golden Retriever looking at its favorite toy.

"Really?"

"Of course. I never go back on my words. But..."

Matthew's heart was in his throat. What was it?

"That's just under normal circumstances."

Chapter 118



Matthew felt a cold gust of wind, making his hair stand on end.

He immediately held his right hand up and put his left hand over his heart. "I swear that from now on, I'll never make my wife angry, nor will I falsely accuse her without proof. I'll always ask my wife first before I jump to conclusions."

Satisfied, Lucy withdrew her gaze and weighed the washboard in her hands. Lucy felt more at ease after Matthew's oath.

However, she suddenly rolled her eyes cunningly and called out, "Matthew!"

"Yes?" Matthew quickly answered.

"You're a grown man, and you have your own pride, so I'll never use this kind of thing against you-as long as you don't do anything to disappoint me."

Lucy said sternly, "I'll put the washboard in my room. If you ever cheat on me in the future, I'll smash this washboard on your head."

Huh? Matthew was frozen on the spot.

Did she say that she was going to smash the headboard on his head if he ever cheated on her? He thought the washboard was for kneeling, or at least that was what he remembered his assistant saying.

Lucy noticed his desolate gaze and rolled her eyes angrily. "If you've already cheated on me, would you still kneel if I asked you to? Why would a CEO like you listen to me? I'd have to hit you in the head to teach you a good lesson."

Matthew understood now.

Instead of objecting, he silently agreed.

He gazed at her lovely face, thinking, 'Silly girl, how could I ever cheat on you? It looks like we won't be using this washboard for our entire life.'

If Lucy knew what he was thinking, she would be moved to tears, but he kept it in.

He had said such things to Lucy countless times already, so there was no need for him to say it now.

Actions spoke louder than words, so what he did carried more weight than his words anyway.

After fidgeting with the washboard for a bit, Lucy happily put it in her room.

When she came back, Matthew's affectionate gaze made her feel embarrassed. She had been married to him for some time now, so why was she still so shy whenever he looked at her?

Gosh! She turned around and slapped herself.

Matthew heard a couple of crisp sounds and was confused. "Wifey, what are you doing?"

Lucy immediately turned around and said earnestly, "Nothing. I have some good news I want to share with you."

Matthew was puzzled. Why did she have to slap herself in the face to share good news?

"What is it?" holds this content.

"Matt, guess what? One of the comics from my company caught the attention of an investor. He wants to invest in that comic and turn it into a TV show."

Her eyes were filled with stars as she spoke about the happy to

work today. She had been dre

r beloved about it t

Matthew was taken aback.

So soon? He initially estimated that it would take another month for her to reach that point.

Besides, her company had suffered some serious losses in the past. He did not expect his wife to achieve this so soon.

It seemed like he underestimated her management skills.

Chapter 119



"My wife is amazing." Matthew looked at Lucy dotingly.

"I didn't expect you to achieve so much with your company in such a short time."

Lucy blushed when he praised her, but something sounded off to her.

She looked at him without any emotion and asked, "What did you say? You didn't expect me to achieve so much?"

Lucy squinted her eyes in dissatisfaction. Matthew looked at her, reeling he had just said the wrong thing.

"No, I was praising you for being so awesome." Matthew quickly let out a chuckle as a cover-up.

Lucy's suspicions were confirmed, but she did not confront him for it.

It turned out that he had set an unattainable goal for her just so she could owe him a favor.

How naive of Matthew!

Lucy snorted, deciding not to dwell on this matter any longer.

Since he did not think she could do it, she would have to prove him wrong. Sooner or later, he would see what she was capable of. Flames of determination surged within Lucy. Matthew could even feel the heat radiating off of her. .

Wow. Lucy was really determined, huh? Well, he hoped she succeeded.

Matthew had no idea that for the past ten minutes, his wife had completely misunderstood him.

"By the way, Matt, where's our laundry detergent?" Lucy suddenly remembered something very important, so she asked Matthew.

Matthew was a little confused. Why was she suddenly talking about laundry detergent?

Despite his initial shock, Matthew followed his wife's train of thought and tried to picture where everything was in his house.

Matthew was not to blame; the sheer size of his mansion was. It was massive, spanning around 700 square meters. It was truly a mansion built for royalty.

Matthew had no intention of building such a huge estate at first, but Kent insisted that he have a grand mansion to impress his future wife. Hence, Matthew quickly constructed this imposing mansion.

Looking back at it now, it was utterly nonsensical. Why did he have to make it so huge? Not only did he feel lost in his own home, but he was always unable to find what he was looking for!

After pondering for a moment, he said to Lucy seriously, "I'm sorry, but I don't know where the laundry detergent is."

"Huh? Matt, why don't you know where the laundry detergent is? Isn't this your home?"

"Um... Wifey, my house is too big."

Lucy was confused at first, but she supposed he was right.

"Speaking of which, what do you need laundry detergent for?" Only then did Matthew come to his senses.

All the clothes in his house were washed by the helpers, or at the very least, tossed into the washing machine. Why did his wife need laundry detergent?

While he was still wondering, Lucy took out a handkerchief.

"I asked you for laundry detergent because I need to wash this handkerchief."

"Why can't you just let the helpers wash it?"

Matthew could not understand why she had to wash this little thing with her own delicate hands.

"I have to wash this myself," Lucy blurted out.

Chapter 120



Matthew frowned. He did not want his wife to do house chores, so he gently persuaded her, "Wifey, just leave it to the helpers. They'll wash it carefully and make sure that it's not damaged."

Lucy was upset. "If I had a choice, I wouldn't want to wash it myself too, but I made a promise."

She was telling the truth. Lucy did not want to get her hands dirty at all.

She hated that feeling!

Other than her career, she was lazy in every other aspect. However, since she had made a promise, she could not go back on her word.

Matthew still did not quite understand why his wife insisted on washing it herself. His particularly sensitive jealousy receptors seemed to have been knocked down by Lucy.

Although he was a bit slow, he had just learned a good habit from Lucy. If he was not sure about something, he should ask.

Hence, he did. "Why are you so persistent in wanting to wash this handkerchief?"

Lucy sighed. "Matt, did you forget already? I just told you that I made a promise to someone."

Matt gave it some thought. "I see. Is it Ms. King's handkerchief?"

Could Chelsea not wash it herself? Matthew started to grumble inwardly, 'It's just a handkerchief. It wouldn't take more than 15 minutes.'

Hah! It turned out he was aware that it would take less than 15 minutes. Why was he so reluctant to let Lucy wash it herself, then? Matthew would probably say, "How are my wife's hands the same as other people's hands? My wife is precious. I don't care about others." Lucy denied it, "No, this isn't Chelsea's handkerchief. If it were hers, she wouldn't let me wash it." Matthew's jealousy alarms were going off. If it was not Chelsea's handkerchief, whose was it?

He was so busy worrying about his wife just now that he did not notice the handkerchief at all.

It was a black square handkerchief with faint dark patterns on it. It gave off a strong scent of men's aftershave.

He could tell at first glance that it was a man's handkerchief!

Why was it in the hands of his wife?

Before Matthew could ask, Lucy

explained herself, "I went back to my

university's campus today. After I

sneaked in, I hurriedly went into the convenience store to buy the coat because I was soaked. I just so happened to meet my former classmate there.

"My classmate was even nice enough to treat me to a meal."

The conversation took an unexpected turn, but Lucy smiled naturally as if she was recalling a pleasant memory.

Matthew squinted dangerously. Oh,

a very

He bet

t it was a guy. "Was your?

ece former classmate, I

nice former classmate a

Matthew emphasized the words 'former classmate'.

Lucy finally realized that something was off.

What was Matthew trying to say?

Before she could understand Matthew's intentions, she had walked into a death trap.

"Yes, of course, it's a guy. He was the class representative. I didn't recognize him at first.

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"He used to be very fat before, but he lost dozens of pounds. He's tall, and his facial features are more prominent now. He looks a lot better than before,"

Lucy said in awe.

Little did she know, Matthew was dying of jealousy.

This time, he had a valid reason, right?