



Chapter 165

Matthew noticed Lucy's gaze. "What's wrong? Are you feeling alright?"

He looked at her with concern.

Lucy's face turned red. What should she say now? It was not like she could tell him she did not know what to say to him.

She was the one who called him and asked him to send her home.

At that moment, Lucy had completely forgotten that Matthew was the one who called her and not the other way around.

Lucy shook her head and stammered, "I'm just a little tired."

Matthew raised his eyebrow and looked at her with a half-smile. "Oh, you're just tired?"

He dragged his words on purpose, making Lucy blush even more. She had no idea what to do.

Matthew chuckled when he saw Lucy like this. He decided not to tease his wife too much or it would spoil the fun.

He pulled Lucy's head onto his shoulder and gently said, "If you're tired, take a nap. We'll be home by the time you wake up."

Lucy leaned on his shoulder, wondering how things got to this point. Hearing Matthew's gentle voice made her feel safe. She was not sleepy at first, but after closing her eyes, she fell asleep without even realizing it.

By the time she woke up, she realized that she was lying on her bed with a blanket over her body.



Lucy was confused. How did they come home so soon? Was she not in the car just now? Why was she suddenly on her bed? With a click, the door to her bedroom was opened, and Matthew came in.

Matthew looked at her and said, "Wifey, you're up. You're such a lazy pig. You slept for three hours straight."

Lucy was embarrassed. Pouting, she grumbled, "If I slept for so long, why didn't you wake me up?"

Seeing her like this, Matthew could not help but laugh. "How could I have the heart to wake you up when you were sleeping so soundly? I wanted you to wake up naturally."

Lucy looked away angrily. How was she going to sleep at night after taking such a long nap?

Matthew smiled and walked toward her bedside. He caressed her head and said, "Alright, don't be mad. I'll wake you up next time."

"Now that you're up, why don't we have dinner? Mr. Vito and the others made us a feast. They're waiting for you to come eat."

Lucy's eyes lit up, and she hopped out of bed.

While she was putting her slippers on, she suddenly asked, "Matt, how did I get back to my bed? I have no memory of it at all."

Matt flicked her forehead teasingly. "It was because you were sleeping so soundly that I carried you back here. Of course, you don't remember walking up here yourself."

Lucy's face was as red as a tomato.



What? Did he carry her back? Did that mean that everyone in the house and even Kent in the car saw that? Lucy was so embarrassed she wanted to hide in a hole. Matthew, that jerk!

She glared at him fiercely, but Matthew smiled even wider.

As helpless as she felt, she decided to go easy on him this time and have dinner first.

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