

## Chapter 3

Matthew's lips parted, and he said nonchalantly, "I'll keep the marriage license with me for now."

Then, he snatched the marriage license from Lucy.

Lucy watched the man put aside the document in confusion. Gulping, she asked, "Is your name Matthew Leon?"

She saw his name when she looked at the marriage license just now.

He shot her a look and hummed in response.

"Francis, send Mrs. Leon home." There was a gleam in his eyes.

Lucy blushed when she heard him call her Mrs. Leon.

Ignoring the unfamiliar feeling in her heart, she asked, "Will you attend a wedding with me tomorrow?"

"Sure." Matthew got into the car with a smile on his face.

She froze as she was not expecting him to agree so easily.

Was he easier to talk to now that they had gotten their marriage license?

"Get in." Matthew's deep voice sounded from inside the car.

The next moment, Lucy got into the car in a daze. The entire car ride was eerily quiet.

After half an hour of driving aimlessly, Francis could not bear it anymore and asked, "Mrs. Leon, where do you live?"

Hearing that, Lucy finally came to her senses and gave him her address.

Meanwhile, Matthew raised his eyebrows when he realized that she lived quite close to his villa.

Soon, the car slowly came to a halt in front of Lucy's house.

Lucy hopped out of the car and waved to Matthew. "Goodbye, Matthew Leon."

Matthew was startled as it was the first time someone had ever called him by his full name. To his surprise, he quite liked it. He nodded in response.

On the contrary, Francis was breaking out in a cold sweat, acting as if he had seen a ghost. Not only did Matthew get a marriage license with a stranger, but he even let her call him by his full name.

The strangest thing of all was that he did not seem mad. If anything, he seemed happy.

Lucy took a deep breath. The sight of her familiar home sent chills down her spine, but she entered anyway.

Looking at the woman's indifferent behavior, Matthew narrowed his eyes.

When the car started moving again, he told Francis, "Look into Mrs. Leon when we get home."

"Yes, sir," Francis replied.

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"Ms. Lucy, you're back. Mr. and Mrs. Quinn are waiting for you in the living room," said Mía Monroe, the maid.

Nodding, Lucy walked in blankly.

Her heart froze at the sight of her parents sitting in the living room.

"Lulu, I'm sure you've heard about Luna and Timothy." A well-groomed middle-aged woman was looking at Lucy nervously.

Lucy's gaze turned cold. She sat across from the couple and asked calmly, "Mom, Dad, did you know about Luna and Timothy?"

Zachary Quinn looked strained upon hearing his daughter's question, but he eventually nodded. "Lulu..."

"Lulu, your sister is getting married to Timothy tomorrow. You must be there!" Melanie Lane interrupted her husband and looked at her eldest daughter expectantly.

Lucy looked at her parents in disbelief. It was the first time she felt so distant from them.

Nodding, Zachary gave a sigh. "Lulu, Luna has been in poor health since she was a child. You're her sister, so you should be more understanding. You'll meet someone better."

Lucy could only muster a laugh. She had had enough of this same excuse.