

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

## Chapter 37



On

the way to the hot springs, every staff member they passed by gaped at them.

Who was that cute woman? Why was she going around with Matthew?

Was it true that the CEO had found a wife? Was she the rumored Mrs. Leon?

They stared at the lovely Lucy alongside the cold Matthew in amazement.

They were the perfect match.

Their stares did not make Lucy uncomfortable, but she did find it strange.

“Matt, why do I feel like they’re all looking at me?”

Matthew noticed the attention directed toward his wife, and he frowned at everyone’s nosy gazes.

He pulled Lucy closer and hugged her in his arms before he swept his cold gaze around him.

All the staff members lowered their gaze. Only then did he whisper into Lucy’s ear, “They’re not looking at you.”

Lucy looked up from Matthew’s chest doubtfully. To her surprise, no one was looking at her anymore.

Soon, she forgot all about it. Upset, she struggled in Matthew’s arms and said, “Why are you holding me for no reason? It’s hard to walk like. this.”

Matthew did not say anything. He simply loosened his hands around. Lucy and quickened his pace.

Not long after, they got to the hot springs.

Lucy marveled at the empty hot springs. "Are these hot springs just for one person? The place feels a bit empty."

Matthew scratched her nose jokingly. "Silly, there's no one around because I reserved the entire place."

Lucy pouted. "You can't do this often. You're going to make me have a flat nose!"

Pretending not to hear her, Matthew removed his hand and said, "No one comes here anyway."

Lucy was surprised. "Why? I think it's great here. It doesn't look like it would be empty. Is business that bad?"

"No one comes here because these are my personal hot springs."

The two of them spoke at the same time, and there was an air of awkwardness around them.

Matthew cleared his throat. "Let's go in."

Lucy blushed so hard she almost wanted to bury her face in her chest. She quickly nodded.

She followed him to the side of the hot springs and lifted her hands to untie her bathrobe. Meanwhile, Matthew was shocked by her actions.

Had she always been this open-minded? He was surprised, but he had no intention of stopping her. Instead, he prepared himself to enjoy the beautiful view that lay ahead.

They were married anyway.

Lucy did not notice Matthew's gaze while she quickly untied her bathrobe.

She first revealed her smooth shoulders, then her fair arms and her slender waist...

Wait a minute. Was she wearing a bathing suit?

Matthew had mixed feelings. He felt a tinge of regret but also a sense of relief.

After much inner turmoil, Matthew finally let go of his conflicting emotions and smiled. He complimented her, "The bathing suit looks great on you. It fits your body just right."

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Lucy blushed, but she did not know whether it was from the heat of the hot springs or Matthew's compliment. The only thing she knew was that she felt happy inside.

At the same time, her doubts were confirmed. He did like seeing her in these kinds of clothes,

Matthew got framed big time.

Unaware that his reputation had been tainted, he said out of concern, "Go test the water temperature. If you don't like it, I'll ask the staff to change it."

Lucy was moved. She entered the water, and the water level gradually rose to her waist. The temperature was a little too warm, causing her fair skin to go red.

The water in the hot springs was not too deep, just barely covering Lucy's chest.

When Lucy submerged herself in the hot spring and let out a moan of pleasure. She had not felt this relaxed in a long time.

Matthew watched from the outside, his expression growing increasingly intense. It seemed like he had overestimated his self- control, especially when he had such an alluring wife...

Unaware of his thoughts, Lucy scooped up a handful of hot spring. water and splashed it at Matthew. There was a cheerful smile on her face as the smell of sulfur in the hot springs relaxed her nerves.

Her clear voice rang in his ears. "Matt, why aren't coming in? The water feels great."

After being pampered by Matthew for the past few days, Lucy had

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to her lively and innocent self. Unlike Timothy's description of her, there were no traces of the gloomy and dull Lucy at all.

With a deep gaze, Matthew composed himself before getting into the water.

While Lucy was playing in the water, she sensed Matthew approaching. Her inner child emerged, and she continued splashing water on him.

Seeing how happy his wife was, Matthew gladly joined in and returned her playful gesture. The two of them had a great time.

After about an hour or so, they came out of the hot springs.

Matthew put on his bathrobe first before getting Lucy's clothes and putting them on her.

Having just come out of the hot springs, Lucy's face was bright red. She was feeling hot as well. She just wanted to take a shower and cool off, so she refused to put on her bathrobe.

Matthew read her mind and put his hand on her shoulders. "Just put on your robe. You'll catch a cold if it's windy."

Lucy came back to her senses after hearing his words and let him put it on her. After he helped her tie up her bathrobe, he asked, "Are you feeling better now?"

"What?" Lucy was confused.

"I asked if you're feeling better?" he repeated his question.

"Did you bring me here just to make me feel better?" Lucy looked puzzled.

"Yes."

Lucy fell silent and just nodded.

She was fine before he mentioned it, but now that he did, she was reminded of those two again.

Matthew saw her looking dejected again and was confused. What was wrong? Did she not have a good time earlier?

He did not understand why Lucy was unhappy, but Matthew stopped thinking about it. He decided that once he returned, he would ask them to speed up the construction of the greenhouse.

She should feel better after that, right? Matthew was uncertain.

After tidying up, they returned to the room, where Lucy sorted out her emotions.

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After saying good night to Matthew, Lucy returned to her room and sat on her bed, wiping her hair.

The fatigue from running around all day gradually came over her. She yawned, starting to feel a little sleepy.

Her movements of drying her hair became slower and slower. In the end, the towel fell from her hands. Lucy plopped onto the bed and closed her eyes.

Not long after she fell asleep, her phone rang, waking her up.

Lucy frowned. She was annoyed that she was woken up. She groped around the bed and finally found a rectangular block. She did not even look at it and just answered the call with her sense of touch alone. "Hello?"

She sounded sleepy.

"You damned woman, you haven't come home for days. Did you run away?"

Lucy woke up and jumped off of her bed.

"Mom?"

The person on the other end of the phone did not care that Lucy was asleep. She immediately bombarded her with questions, "I'm still your mother, you know!"

“How dare you run off with that stranger and say that on TV? How shameless can you get?”

Lucy quickly interrupted Melanie, “What do you mean? What did I say on TV?”

Melanie was even angrier now, and her tone got even more aggressive. “How could you have the audacity to ask me what you said?”

“Go look at what you said on TV. How could you say that? You don’t air your dirty laundry in public. You’re getting more and more rebellious.”

Lucy’s anger rose after she got scolded by Melanie, so she yelled at her mother, “Why can’t I say that? It’s the truth.

“Also, what do you mean ‘stranger? That man is my husband, and we’re married.”

Melanie was so angry that she did not respond for a long time. All Lucy heard was her heavy breathing on the other end.

After a while, sharper insults came through. “I refuse to accept your so-called husband!

“You really are something for finding yourself a man from God knows where. Why are you so rebellious? Why can’t you be more like your sister?”

“Be more like my sister?” Lucy’s tone got even more sarcastic. “What do you want me to do? Manipulate and steal someone else’s husband like her?”

“How could you talk about your sister like that?”

The voice on the other end sounded hysterical. “You little brat, don’t forget that you’re my daughter!”

“Sometimes, I wish I wasn’t your daughter.”

Lucy's eyes were full of pain. "Both of us are your daughters, but why are you always biased toward Luna? I've always been the one giving in to her."

She sighed and continued, "I don't want to talk to you about this right now. Bye."

After saying that, she ignored Melanie's vulgar curses on the other end and hung up.

She lay on her bed, feeling even more tired—not just physically but mentally as well.

Lucy closed her eyes and tried her best not to think about it, but she could not fall asleep.

Melanie's words kept ringing in her ears, making her feel upset.

Just like that, Lucy stayed up until one in the morning. She restlessly dragged herself out of bed and put on her pajamas. Walking out of her room door, she stood outside of Matthew's door.

## Chapter 40



Lucy stood outside of Matthew's door hesitantly while staring at it. Would it be a bad idea to disturb him at this hour?

It was already one in the morning, so he was probably asleep.

Lucy chuckled sarcastically and turned around to go back to her room. It was fine. Staying up late was not new to her anyway. She had gotten used to it.

After taking a couple of steps, the door behind her opened and Matthew's nasally voice sounded. "Why aren't you asleep yet?"



His words caused her to feel a tingle in her nose. She immediately rushed toward Matthew.

Matthew noticed something off, so he quickly hugged her. He sensed that his wife was not in a good mood and gently patted her back. He whispered, "What's wrong? Did you have a bad dream?"

Lucy held back her tears and shook her head. "No, I'm just feeling down."

Matthew frowned. "Come inside and tell me what's wrong."

"Also, is this all you're wearing?"

He felt the thickness of Lucy's clothes and said, "It's cold at night. You'll get sick."

Lucy nodded, but she did not remove herself from his arms, nor did she move her feet.

Matthew sighed helplessly and picked her up.

Lucy was startled after being lifted into the air all of a sudden. She quickly put her arms around his neck.

"Since my wife refuses to walk, I have no choice but to carry you."

Under normal circumstances, Lucy would have demanded to be put down, but it was different tonight. She had just gotten into an argument with her mother, so she was not in the mood.

She stayed in his arms without moving.

Matthew looked at her in surprise. Unlike before, she was not making a fuss. It seemed like she really was in a bad mood.

He kicked the door open and entered his room. Placing Lucy on the bed, he pulled the blanket over her.

After all of that, he asked her seriously, "Tell me what's going on."

Lucy shook her head and buried herself in his blanket. The blanket smelled like Matthew, which managed to cheer her up a little..

Her muffled voice came from under the blanket. "I just had a fight with my mother, so I'm in a bad mood. I'll be fine after a while. You don't have to worry about me."

Matthew glared at her while she wrapped herself up into a ball. "How could I not worry about you when you were so upset you couldn't sleep all night?"

Frowning, he pulled the blanket off of her. "Come out. Don't suffocate yourself under there."

Lucy wrapped herself tightly, not wanting Matthew to see her face.

After some tugging, Matthew started to grow impatient. He raised his voice slightly. "Listen to me and come out of there. It's not good to suffocate yourself."

Only then did Lucy calm down enough to let him pull the blanket off of her.

Just as he pulled the blanket down, Matthew froze. Before his eyes, Lucy was crying like a little kitten.

Matthew panicked. "Why are you crying?"

Distressed, he hugged Lucy again and wiped away her tears. "Don't cry. It's my fault for forcing the blanket off of you. Let's keep you covered up, okay?" He gently comforted her.

Unexpectedly, Lucy sobbed even harder!