Chapter 9

"No need to be afraid. It's just a hug."

Matthew stared at Lucy's flustered face with a grin that was enough to make her heart skip a beat.

Her face was as red as a tomato, which made her look even more irresistible.

"W-Why are you here?"

Matthew still had a bright smile on his face. "This is my room. Why wouldn't I be here?"

Hearing this, Lucy's face could not possibly get any redder than this. As she stared at him, she tried to shake off the wild thoughts in her mind telling her how attractive he looked! This was his room, and she was wearing his bathrobe...

Lucy was so embarrassed that she wanted to crawl into a hole.

She quickly stood back up and retorted, "Let me go."

Matthew let go of her with a chuckle. He looked down at his hands, seemingly still feeling the soft tenderness of her body earlier on his hands.

He wanted to hold her in his arms again, but he also did not want to scare her.

She was already his wife anyway. It was only a matter of time before he could have her all to himself.

"I'll go sleep in another room." Lucy practically ran away in a panic. When Matthew saw that she was about to fall once more, he hugged her from behind.

"Aren't you going to sleep with me?" His deep and seductive voice made the blood rush to Lucy's face again.

She angrily removed his hands and retorted, "I don't know you! We don't even have any feelings for each other. Why would I sleep with you?"

Matthew let go of his hands when he saw her angry expression. He smiled at her as he asked, "Are you saying that once we have feelings for each other, we can sleep together?"

She did not know what to say to that.

Chuckling, he caressed her head. "We'll take our time to get to know each other, and eventually, we'll develop feelings for each other too. Trust me, you'll want to stay as Mrs. Leon!"

His confidence left Lucy speechless. How was he so sure that they would develop feelings for each other? Matthew looked at her like she was his one and only. He added, "Since we're married, you can call Hubby."

Lucy wanted to ignore him and leave the room, but if she did, she might have to attend that damned wedding tomorrow alone.

Sighing, she said, "I won't call you that. Can I call you something else?"

"In that case, you can call me Matt."

Instead of forcing her, Matthew chose a nickname that he thought might be more acceptable.

He had not even had the chance to properly pamper Lucy yet. Why would he put her in an awkward position? Hearing his suggestion, Lucy nodded as 'Matt' was an acceptable form of address.

"A nod won't suffice!" Matthew said bossily.

She said resignedly, "Will this do, Matt?"

Matthew raised his eyebrows in satisfaction. He said with a smile, "Lulu, you're the woman of my dreams. I don't mind getting married first and falling in love second.

"I'll shower you with love from now on, so please don't reject it or fight it. Just follow your heart. Will you promise me that?"

Lucy gave it some thought, and she liked the idea.

Since they were already married, she thought it would be nice to grow old with him if everything went well.

Instead of treating each other like strangers, she could try and accept his love.

She wanted to know what it felt like to be loved too.