

MASTER'S UNTAMED WIFE

Chapter 14 - Fall Harder, Kiss Deeper

~Cine Theater~

With popcorn in her lap and a glass of soft drink in her hand, Raelle's eyes were stuck on the big screen. There was darkness around and on the big screen, a mysterious scene was playing. She could hear the screams of fear echoing around her but she was solely focused on the pair of hands that squeezed her arm so tightly that her blood flow had stopped already.

With a calm and collected look on her face, she turned her eyes at gazed at the owner of that pair of hands. Hyson had his one eye closed and he peeked at the big screen through the other eye. Even in this dim lighting, she could make out his fear.

Somehow, it really amused her. Who told this jerk to insist on going to movies with her? He claimed that since it was the last of his holiday, he wanted her to accompany him to watch a movie. Although she didn't want to agree, however, she agreed on one condition; the movie would be of her choice.

And even though Hyson already knew she'd pick up a horror movie, he still didn't want to give up this rare opportunity.

When his 90 minutes of torture ended, he ran out of the movie theatre as if he was given exoneration. Raelle glimpsed at him as he resumed to gobble down the water.

"How is water gonna help you?" she questioned bemusedly.

"At least, I feel like I can breathe again," answered Hyson. "Water is helping me calm down. I can feel my fear, soothing down." He looked slightly relaxed now. He could finally forget the ghosts and murders he just saw.

However, Raelle obviously didn't want to let him off so easily. Her face came close to his side as she lowered her voice and whispered eerily, "I'm every nightmare you've ever had. I'm your worst dream come true. I'm everything you ever were afraid of.[1]"

"Ah!" Hyson jumped in fear and glared at her. "I hate you! Why do you have to scare me like this?"

Raelle shook her head at him, "Why are you a scaredy-cat? No... I should be asking, why am I friends with a scaredy-cat like you?"

Hyson grumbled hatefully under his breath before saying, "Can't you like any other genre? Why does it have to be horror?"

Raelle sighed out, "Horror movies are fun."

"No! They are not!" he retorted. "They are scary. That's all. They are scary!"

"Stephen Hawking wrote, 'We make up horrors to help us cope with the real ones.'" She took a brief pause and added, "That's why I think those movies are fun rather than scary."

Hyson knew he would hear some kind of intellectual reply from this best friend, and yet he bothered arguing with her. What was the point? Fear wasn't something she could feel, along with a lot of other emotions.

He could accept his defeat as he rubbed his chest to calm his nerves and continued to drink water. As if recalling something, he said approvingly, "By the way, the marriage bomb that your grandfather dropped didn't even surprise me."

"It wasn't really a surprise," told Raelle as she sat down beside him. She recalled something and said, "You're such a liar though. I should have never believed in your words."

"When did I lie?" he asked acidly.

"Didn't you say kisses are sweet? It didn't even have a taste."

Hyson spurted out the water that he had yet to swallow and started coughing from how shocking her words sounded to him. Raelle didn't pay attention to his reaction as she continued, "But then again, it was my fault for believing someone who hasn't kissed anyone himself."

"Who said I haven't kissed before?" he asked angrily as if she was poking at his ego.

She looked into his eyes as she voiced out, "Your agency doesn't even let you talk to the opposite gender for more than two minutes. As if they'd let you have a girlfriend."

Hyson coughed, this time to hide his flustered look. She was telling the truth about the girlfriend part but... "I did a short cameo in a drama before, I did get to kiss. So, stop attacking me!"

Raelle looked at him as if he was a dancing monkey which was not amusing anymore. "Don't try to fool me again. I know all about those camera angles. You definitely didn't get to kiss anyone!"

Hyson gnashed his teeth and eventually, his shoulders slumped down as he said, "Forget about my tragic dating life, you tell me whom did you kiss?"

"My husband," she replied plainly making him stare at her agape. "I should add future husband for now."

"On your first meeting, you actually kissed him?" he questioned in disbelief. This was not something she would do. Initiating physical contact with

someone and that too on the very first meeting? What impression did that future husband manage to leave on her? He was really curious now.

"That's also because of you," she replied.

"Me? How is that also on me?" He really couldn't tell why this matter was also on him. He was very innocent! At least, he strongly believed that he was innocent!

"Didn't you say that intimate relationships begin with a kiss?"

Hyson made a face at her. That was something he said years ago when she questioned why people kiss at their weddings? And since he was an adolescent at that time, he just randomly said some rubbish and she actually remembered it! No, she didn't just remember it, she even acted upon it! He really didn't know whether to laugh at her or cry!

At moments like these, he really found her cute and loveable. Actually, no, he found her adorable from the very beginning. Why else would he shamelessly stick to her? It was just that her aloof nature made her seem cold. He strongly believed, she wasn't cold. She was mostly misunderstood because of her lack of empathy and sympathy. She never filtered out her words and would often sound rude or insensitive. And that's why she even avoided talking to people and kept her distance.

His eyes softened, and all his earlier frustration and fear was gone instantly.

"So, how was the kiss?" he asked her.

Raelle stared at him blankly, "Didn't I just say, it was bland?" She even gave him details of what exactly happened at her first meeting with Shui Xian.

Hyson ruffled her hair as he laughed at her, "Idiot! That was such a half-hearted kiss. No, no, it was most likely just a peck. I won't even consider it that either."

"What do you mean?" she questioned in confusion.

"To fall a little harder, you need to kiss a little deeper," was his response with a smile playing on his lips.

[1] Raelle is quoting the dialogue from a horror movie, IT released in (1990)