

TMBA 1121

[Chapter 1121 Go Back To The Li Family House Alone](#)

That night when Matthew arrived home, it was eleven o'clock and he sensed that something was wrong the moment he opened the door.

The lights in the living room were switched off, but the 100-inch TV was still on. It was playing a movie—a scary one. On the screen, the black and white messengers from the hell were talking to a ghost with long hair and dressed in white, standing by a decrepit tomb.

"Your soul has been hovering here for six years. It's time you return to the world of the living!" The black and white messengers spoke in harmony.

The ghost floating in the air started crying, but instead of tears, there was blood in her eyes. "But I haven't seen my husband. I cannot leave yet! I won't leave!"

"This time it is not up to you!"

Just when the black and white messengers were about to capture the female ghost, another ghost, seemingly male, with a green-colored face and sharp teeth rushed out from nowhere.

The woman on the sofa clutched the cushion in her hand tightly as the noise from the TV blared intensely. She kept reciting "Amitabha" in her mind while her eyes remained glued to the screen.

"You..."

said the man abruptly, as he stood next to her. Frightened out of her wits, Erica screamed at the top of her lungs and jumped to her feet. "Ahhhh!"

When she recognized the man in front of her, she screamed for another three seconds before she finally stopped.

Matthew was rendered speechless. She had the courage to stay up late to watch a horror movie with the lights turned off, but was so frightened of seeing another person. Why was that?

Erica immediately picked up the remote control and turned on the lights in the living room. Almost instantly, the living room became as bright as day.

With a pale expression on her face, she stuttered, "When...did you get back?"

"Just now."

"Why didn't you say anything?" Needless to say, she was still a bit shaken up.

The living room of Matthew's villa was enormous to say the least. After she closed the door, shut the curtains and turned off all the lights, the whole place fell into darkness. It was perfect for watching a horror movie.

Matthew rolled his eyes at her. He had just come back and all he wanted to do was say "hi" to her. "You know, we have a projector on the fourth floor, right?" he said. He was talking about the entertainment room, where the sound system and atmosphere were designed specifically for the enjoyment of movies.

Erica shivered. "I know about the entertainment room, but the thought of watching a horror movie there seemed more frightening. I prefer the living room."

Casting an indifferent glance at the girl squatting down on the couch, he said, "Carry on and enjoy the movie then."

He turned around to go upstairs.

Wh

airs for Matthew if he hadn't been out of the loop for a while now.

Matthew hung up the phone without saying another word.

Debbie was so anxious she was like an ant on a hot pan. She immediately called Wesley and Blair to apologize to them. Although Blair had repeatedly said that there was nothing to worry about, Debbie couldn't help feeling sorry.

After all, it was a custom for a newlywed couple to go back to the bride's home together on the third day after the wedding. How could Matthew let his newlywed wife go back alone? It was utterly disrespectful to his parents-in-law!

"I guess Erica is on her way to A Country now. What should we do? This is so embarrassing," Debbie said anxiously.

After a moment's consideration, Carlos said, "I'll go and bring Matthew back."

Unfortunately, the old man couldn't find his son anywhere. Not in the headquarters, the branch office or his villa.

When Carlos tried calling his number, he found that Matthew's phone had been switched off. Infuriated, Carlos found himself shaking in anger and thinking about disowning his son.

In A Country

When Erica showed up at the high-speed train station dragging her luggage, she immediately spotted Gifford in his military uniform. He was so eye-catching, even from a distance. A young girl had gone up to him and asked for his WeChat account.

The look of seriousness on his face and the look of disappointment on the girl's indicated that he had refused to comply with her request.

As Erica watched the girl walk away, she approached her brother and said, "Is that why you've been single for more than thirty years?"

Taking the suitcase from her hand, Gifford gently tapped her on head with his knuckles. "Don't talk nonsense. But hey, this is the first time I've seen a bride come back to her parents' home without her husband."

[Chapter 1122 Marriage Is A Burden](#)

Erica hastily tried to defend herself. "It's not my fault. Our Mr. Huo is too busy."

"Well, you're a bossy woman anyway. You should've tried those less-than-feminine charms on Matthew and forced him to come with you," Gifford said. Blair had already cautioned Gifford not to talk to Erica about Matthew. Her reasoning was that if they just backed off, things would happen naturally. Erica might eventually fall in love with Matthew if they quit pushing her.

"Come on! He doesn't do what I want! And he's not in love with me, so he's not likely to," Erica retorted. And she was quite good at bullying someone into doing what she wanted.

'I'm not wrong, though. He doesn't love me, and I can't intimidate him, either. So even if I tried that around him and pushed him to come back with me, he wouldn't listen.'

Gifford smiled slightly and draped his long arm around her shoulders. "Wow, my dear sister has gotten smarter in her old age. That's gotta hurt, knowing you can't play your old tricks."

"Of course, I'm a smart girl. Let's go back home." She figured someone would crack a joke about it. If anyone tried that, though, she'd stand up for her honor, and that of the Li family. She might not be able to influence Matthew, but she'd certainly verbally browbeat anyone else.

Finally, they returned to the Li family villa. It had only been four days since she had last been here, but it felt like four years.

Cecelia and Baldwin were also there today. They lived in the military base now, but came back for the occasion.

The moment they entered the living room, Erica was like a happy puppy as she hugged everyone and kissed them one after the other. She even cradled Feb in her arms and didn't want to let him go.

"Feb, call me 'Mommy.' I missed you so much!" said Erica, gently pinching the boy's smooth face. She knew the boy was too small to make real sounds, but she still said it anyway.

"That's Ethan now. Ethan Li. I renamed him. Ethan sounds so much better than Feb," Wesley corrected her.

"Li?" Erica cocked an eyebrow, and the joy on her face faded. "That's Ethan Wu, actually."

Wesley was displeased as he was aware of her change in mood. "You still thinking about the boy's father?" he asked in a cold voice.

Erica didn't answer his question.

Blair explained, "Rika, the household registration would be a pain if his last name were Wu. Also, we'd have to get the proper documentation for school."

The living room was quiet for a moment. After a while, Erica compromised
ean comments followed.

And of course, she encountered the mean girls, the ones who hated her. The news that she was back on campus had also spread fast. "Erica Li, how dare you come back! Have you no shame?"

The girl who just spoke was Reese Zhou, Erica's high school classmate. She was a student in the Art Department of A Country Film Academy.

She was really something, and she and her friends always made fun of Erica. This time, they weren't going to miss another opportunity.

Erica cast a contemptuous glance at Reese Zhou and snorted. "Got a problem? Why have I no shame? Go ahead, enlighten me," she said calmly.

Reese Zhou had known Erica for almost three years, but she was still a little afraid of her when Erica was angry. The young mom wasn't angry yet, so Reese Zhou had the audacity to mock her. "Your private life is an ugly affair. And you have the gall to marry Mr. Huo after giving birth to a bastard. Come on!"

"A bastard? My son has taken to Matthew. How dare you call Matthew's son a bastard? You may be not afraid of me, Reese, and that's okay. But you should be afraid of Matthew," Erica said. She was surrounded by six girls all told, but she wasn't the least bit scared.

"I have a healthy fear of Mr. Huo. But he's not here, is he? He should have come with you on this trip, but he didn't. So he doesn't give a damn about your feelings, does he? Tell me the truth! Was this a shotgun wedding? What did you blackmail him with to make him marry you?" Reese Zhou taunted.

She wasn't the only one who didn't think Matthew married Erica out of love. It was a popular belief that there must be some unspeakable reason for him to marry her.

[Chapter 1123 My Husband Is Waiting To Take Me Home](#)

Erica idly fiddled with the bracelet on her wrist and glared at Reese. "Who told you Matthew didn't come with me? How do you know he's not at the house right now?"

"Come on, many people saw you at the high-speed train station. Your brother picked you up, and Matthew was nowhere in sight. Don't even try to lie!" Reese continued to provoke Erica as she crossed her arms in front of her chest.

Erica laughed instead of getting angry. "How about this? Let's make a bet. If Matthew is really here, you owe me one hundred thousand dollars. If he isn't, I'll give you two hundred grand! How does that sound?"

"One hundred thousand? Wow, what a greedy bitch you are!" Although Reese was from a rich family, she wasn't rich enough to squander one hundred thousand without a second thought.

"Tsk, ts. I thought you had a boyfriend? One with a fat wallet? What? My bet too rich for your blood?" "Maybe not just one boyfriend, but probably a few," Erica thought disdainfully.

An embarrassed look appeared on Reese's face. "What about you? You're Mrs. Huo. You're stinking rich. But you offer up a measly two hundred thousand dollars. That's a bit stingy, don't you think?"

"Okay. How much are we talking, then?"

"Five hundred grand!"

"Sounds good! When I'm done here, I'll take you to my home and show you what Matthew Huo looks like. I hope you won't be too jealous. He's my husband now. So there's no point in crying over it." Although Matthew wasn't actually at the Li family house now, Erica was sure that Reese wouldn't call her bluff and show up at her doorstep.

Moreover, she was playing with words. She didn't say that Matthew was around TODAY, so she could take Reese to her house tomorrow if the girl insisted.

'Don't be too jealous?' Easier said than done. Reese was really envious of Erica. This notorious Miss Troublemaker was so lucky to get married to Matthew Huo! How could she not be jealous?

The Li family and the Huo family were good friends. Reese believed that Erica's parents pushed for the marriage and the Huo family didn't want to turn them down, so they agreed to it. "What if you run away?"

Erica rolled her eyes and said disdainfully, "Do you think everyone is like you? Matthew promised me that he would stay here with me for a few days. Be

I you anything about my schedule?"

His cold tone sent a chill down Reese's spine. "I'm sorry, Mr. Huo," she apologized, her face pale.

"Since you are my wife's schoolmate, I won't bother with it this time. I got here at 11 this morning. What's the matter?"

"No, no. Nothing..." Reese had embarrassed herself. In her mind, she cursed those people who spread the rumor that Matthew hadn't come back to the Li family together with Erica. She then took out her phone to transfer the money to Erica.

Erica was totally incredulous. Matthew cooperated with her and lied to Reese for her. He wasn't just a good guy. He was an awesome one.

When she completed the transfer, Reese bit her lower lip and told Erica, "I've wired you the money. A hundred grand."

When she was about to leave, Matthew suddenly stopped her. "Wait a minute!"

All eyes were on him.

He asked, "What was the bet?"

Everyone looked at each other after hearing what he said. No one dared say a word.

Even Erica was quiet. And it wasn't because she was afraid. It was because she was embarrassed.

After a significant pregnant pause, no one answered him. With a livid face, Matthew ordered, "Tell me!"

The girls were frightened by the simple order coming from the angry man. He was giving off a terrible aura.

Erica replied at once, "The bet was—"

"I didn't ask you," Matthew interrupted her. "It's not for you to say anything. You're not in trouble. They might be."

Erica was dumbfounded. 'Why is he so protective of me?'

[Chapter 1124 Your Husband Is Awesome](#)

When Reese realized that Matthew was staring at her, she stuttered, "H-here's the thing... Mr. Huo, people say you didn't come with Erica to visit her parents after your wedding. But Erica insisted you did. So we made a bet."

"How much did she bet?" Matthew asked.

"A hundred thousand dollars," replied Reese in a timid voice.

"No, it was five hundred grand!" Erica retorted loudly. Now that Matthew was here, she could make Reese pay. "If she lost, she'd only pay a hundred grand. She pushed me into putting up five hundred grand if I lost. Kinda unfair, don't you think?"

Matthew glanced at his wife and said, "Aren't you Miss Troublemaker? I didn't know you were that easy to bully."

Erica gave him an embarrassed smile. How could she be forced into that so easily? She wasn't normally that simple to push around. On impulse, she had agreed to Reese's terms without a second thought.

"You always harass my wife like this?" he asked. He didn't look at Reese this time.

Reese and Erica were the closest to Matthew's car. Even Rhea stood a fair distance away. So Reese knew he was talking to her.

She was taken aback by his question. "H-harass her? I didn't do anything like that, Mr. Huo. Erica agreed to the bet herself."

"You lost the bet. And it isn't really fair that she bet five hundred grand and you only have to pay a hundred grand. Sounds to me like you're bullying my wife," Matthew said calmly.

Reese gasped. She was no fool and she understood exactly what Matthew meant. "Mr. Huo, go easy on me. I'm just a college student. I don't have that much money..."

Erica rolled her eyes and exposed her lies. "She has the money. She has tons of boyfriends. She can get the money from them."

"Erica, I swear I don't have the money. Mr. Huo, please, I'm begging you..." Reese was about to cry.

Matthew seemed bored. He looked at his wristwatch to check the time and said to the driver calmly, "Call Principal Zheng and ask him to deal with it."

"Yes, Mr. Huo." The driver took out his phone and started dialing.

Principal Zheng was one of the principals of A Country Film Academy, and the most powerful one.

It was not easy for Reese to get enrolled in college. They hadn't admitted her, initially. But money talks—her parents paid a lot of money to get her in. It was more than j

icer to him?" She wondered why Erica liked handsome guys so much, but was not interested in Matthew at all.

Erica was flustered. She knew Matthew was a good man, but he didn't like her. "He loves someone else," she simply said.

After shopping with Rhea for several hours and having hotpot in the evening, Erica returned to Li family villa.

When she walked into the living room, she saw Matthew, Wesley and Blair sitting there. But to her surprise, Matthew was cradling Ethan in his arms.

Erica's jaw dropped. She couldn't believe that Matthew knew how to hold a baby properly. She couldn't do it properly at the beginning.

Seeing her come in, Matthew acted as if he didn't see her. Blair just kept talking. "It was hard for her to choose a major. Finally, she chose the Photography despite our objections."

"Mom, what are you talking about?" Erica asked. She had a bad feeling about this.

Staring at his phone, Wesley answered without even raising his head, "Nothing much. We think you should go back to school."

Erica was only 22 years old. They couldn't let her child affect her whole life. Even if she got married, she could still go back to school.

"That's what I think too," Erica said. It was rare that she was so cooperative.

She just thought she had nothing to do in Matthew's villa and couldn't find a suitable job. It was better for her to go back to college and continue her studies.

As if remembering something, Blair asked Matthew in an excited voice, "Do you know how Erica ended up choosing her major?"

[Chapter 1125 Marry A Foreigner](#)

"Mom, stop!" How Erica wished she could cover her mother's mouth so that she wouldn't keep gossiping about her. It was embarrassing the first time around. And to have someone recount the stories just rubbed salt in the wound.

"Why?" Blair didn't think it was such a big deal. She continued to fill Matthew in on Erica's past, heedless of her daughter's protests.

Back when Erica was filling out the application forms for the college entrance exam, father and daughter discussed her plans together. They were upstairs in the study for much of the evening.

Wesley respected her and asked her to choose a major she was interested in. He would give her the best advice he had.

Hearing that she had the freedom to choose her major by herself, Erica was shocked. "I must be hearing things. You said you'll respect my choices?"

Seeing the calculating glint in his daughter's eyes, Wesley regretted what he said, so he answered decisively, "No."

"I knew it!" She pouted her lips.

Wesley suggested, "You can learn from your mom. Go to a foreign language school." Blair was a talented translator and was well-paid for her trouble.

Erica rolled her eyes and disagreed more decisively, "No way! Could you think of anything more boring?"

Wesley knew she wouldn't agree. His face darkened at her answer, but before he could straighten her out, the girl who was reclining on the couch sat up straightaway and said, "It's okay if you want me to learn different languages. Because I'll make friends with a lot of foreigners. Probably even fall in love with one. If that happens, I may not come back and you won't have to see me anymore..."

"Enough!" Wesley was pissed off.

Since she had already had her digs in, Erica obediently shut up and did not say one more word.

Wesley kept telling himself to calm down because Erica was his biological daughter. He tried to hold back his anger and soften his voice. "Then tell me, what do you want as a major?"

Erica cupped her chin and thought for a moment. "Medicine! Wearing a white gown and holding a scalpel, doctors are real hotties!" In her mind, the young men in clean white doctor's coats were especially attractive.

"You? A doctor?" Wesley regained control and said in a serious tone, "I'm pretty sure that's the impossible dream, as far as you're concerned. I'm afraid your mom and I have t

to see that you are so nice to Rika. But I don't want you to be bothered by the baby. You are always busy with your work and Rika will go to school. Just leave the baby here for the time being. We'll take care of him. When Rika's missing the baby, I can take him to see her or she can come back here to stay for a while."

"Okay," Matthew answered curtly.

Half an hour later, Wesley and Matthew went upstairs. Blair went to the kitchen to prepare formula for Ethan.

In the hallway, Wesley patted his son-in-law on the shoulder, and after hesitating for a while, he finally opened his mouth. "I know you don't like the girl, and it's unfair of us to make you marry her. Rika does what she wants, and it's not always what you want. But she's a nice girl. Promise me, if she does anything wrong, send her back to me and I'll discipline her myself. Don't hurt her if she ever pisses you off." It wasn't that he didn't trust Matthew. But Erica was his daughter. He knew very well how much she could irritate other people. He didn't really know how much one man could take, and didn't want his daughter to pay the price if she annoyed him too much.

However, since she had Ethan, Wesley could feel that Erica had changed a lot. She was much quieter than before, probably because she felt guilty. Wesley didn't feel happy about the change. On the contrary, he felt sorry for his daughter.

Deep in his heart, he hoped that Erica would find happiness again. Although she always made trouble, at least she was happy.

Matthew nodded, "Don't worry, Dad. I got this."

[Chapter 1126 Because Carlos Wouldnt Agree](#)

His promise made Wesley smile in relief. He patted Matthew on the shoulder again. He trusted Matthew, and didn't have to worry about Erica anymore.

Wesley opened the door to Erica's room and heard joyful laughter from inside. She had placed the baby on her bed and was making faces to amuse him.

When she saw Wesley and Matthew enter, she scooped the boy up and asked, "Hi, Dad. You two finish your talk?"

"Yes. You don't have to stick around if you don't want to. Matthew's pretty busy. You can go back to Y City tomorrow. You should resume your studies ASAP, too."

Erica unhappily pouted. "I do want to stay here, actually. I'm bored out of my gourd there. I won't bug Matthew. You guys both know that."

She had just come back today, but her father wanted her gone so soon. The young mother was quite homesick, and she missed the old house.

Wesley took Ethan from her arms and scolded her, "You don't have anything to do? I told you—you're going back to school. Matthew will make all the arrangements. Don't worry about anything else. You just need to study hard."

Erica fumed silently.

When only Matthew and Erica were left in the room, she sat on her bed next to the man. His sharp eyes were examining her room. "Thanks for helping me cheat Reese today," she said.

"Cheat? I did no such thing."

Erica was stunned for a moment, and then chuckled. "I get it. Scratch that—thank you for helping me with Reese!"

Matthew didn't respond this time. He took out his phone and called his assistant. "Take a pic of my ticket this morning and send it to me."

Erica blinked her eyes in confusion. "Wait... This morning? Could it be...?"

Two minutes later, she was still pondering this. Matthew tapped a picture he had just received on his phone and showed it to her. It was a ticket for his flight.

The flight left at 9:30 in the morning, and his seat was in the first class section. It would only take one and a half hours to fly from Y City to her hometown, so he got here at around 11:00 in the morning. He wasn't lying to Reese at all.

Erica was confused. "Didn't you say you wouldn't be here till tomorrow?"

He loosened his tie and answered naturally, "Carlos thought I should leave today."

Carlos wouldn't agree to let him come tomorrow, so Matthew flew here today. "But I didn't see you when I got here."

"I went

s very embarrassing.

As she was reminiscing, suddenly her husband said something, and snapped her out of her reverie. "I see the way you look at me. It looks...inviting."

'What?' "Inviting? What are you talking about?" Erica confusedly looked at the man who was already standing at the bedside.

"Inviting me to sleep with you," he said curtly.

'Inviting him to sleep with me? How is that possible?' She snapped, "Oh, get over yourself!" She quickly pulled the thin quilt over her head and wrapped herself in it.

He turned off the lights and lay down beside her.

There was only one quilt on the bed. Matthew silently lay there for a while and tried to pull on the quilt.

Erica reacted fiercely. She thought Matthew was going to do something to her, so she immediately gripped the quilt tighter.

Matthew was speechless. He rested his head on one arm and ordered, "Go get another quilt for me."

"Why are you ordering me around? Go get it yourself."

"You don't have to go. Get up!"

Not until then did Erica realize that she was hogging the entire quilt.

She stuck her head out and asked warily, "Are you smelly? Have you used any strong perfume?"

Under the moonlight streaming in through the balcony window, she saw him roll his eyes at her.

Erica's mouth twitched in dissatisfaction. "I haven't shared my quilt with any man. You're the first, and I don't want it all stinky, okay? Feel honored yet?"

"Honored?"

"Yes, you are the first man to use my bathroom, too. No man has ever set foot in it. Not my dad, and not my brother!"

[Chapter 1127 Ethans Father](#)

"Don't you feel special yet? You're the first woman to use my bathroom. What does that tell you?" asked Matthew in reply.

Erica curled her lips, sneering at his conceitedness and said, "Special? Do you think I'm enjoying this? I was forced to get married to you and it's not like I had any choice but to use your damned bathroom!"

"You were forced to marry me?" Matthew raised an eyebrow as if he was intrigued by her words.

"Yes! You're the reason why my father forced me into this marriage! And, you know what? I don't smell bad at all. I shower every day and I never go to bed without putting on some fragrant body lotion." In

fact, she was so particular about her little before-bed-time ritual that she would run out of skin care products far quicker than most people.

The two remained quiet for some time, lying back to one another on the bed. Just as Erica wondered whether Matthew had fallen asleep, he turned around and pressed his body against hers, taking her hands in his. "Since you say that you're not smelly, let me check. Don't worry, you'll get to check me too."

Before she could refuse or even give consent, Matthew lowered his head and gave her a kiss on the lips.

'What?

Does he have no shame at all? He didn't even ask for my permission before kissing me!

Erica groaned inwardly as she struggled to free herself.

Matthew noticed her discomfort and immediately let her go. He looked her in the eye and said, "Be serious." "Be serious? He wants me to be serious, but he didn't even apologize for his behavior! What a joke!" She bit her lips and with an aggrieved expression on her face, said, "Why did you kiss me so many times?"

"I just wanted to prove to you that I don't smell bad, contrary to your misunderstandings. Well, do I smell bad?" Matthew answered with a straight face.

'Of course not! And you smell good,' Erica thought to herself. She wiggled and struggled to get free, stuttering, "N-no... Hey, how dare you use my body wash without my permission?!" Matthew was reeking of the fragrance of the body wash she always used.

"What? This is my wife's home and I used my wife's body wash. Is that not okay?"

Matthew asked. "No. I mean...Matthew, can you get off me first? You are too heavy, I can't breathe." They were lying very close to each other and she was afraid that he would fail to restrain himself and force himself on her.

There was an awkward silence that filled the room for a while. Erica tried to hide from the discomfort as she fell asleep. His breathing was rhythmic and relaxed, which in turn helped her fall asleep as well.

The next morning, Erica was woken up by her sister Yvette. When she went downstairs, she saw Matthew and Wesley, who had just come back from morning exercise, beads of sweat dripping from their foreheads.

Wesley stopped her when he saw her coming downstairs with sleepy eyes. "From now on, don't forget to exercise at home. Look at this young man! Matthew exercises every day. I've told him to take you out jogging in the morning. What do you think?"

Working out with Wesley was a nightmare to Erica. She stroked her messy hair and walked past her dad. "I'll go upstairs and freshen up first. Dad, Mom, why don't you eat your breakfast first?" Without waiting for Wesley's response, Erica scurried up the stairs.

Wesley sighed helplessly and explained to Matthew in a serious tone, "Please don't mind that. Rika has always been like this."

"That's all right. Don't worry about me," replied Matthew casually, withdrawing his gaze from his wife.

While Erica was humming a tune and washing her face in the bathroom, Matthew came in abruptly. Looking at him in the mirror, she asked, "What's up?"

"I just wanted to take a shower," answered Matthew curtly as he cast a glance at her.

"Okay, I'll be done in a minute!" In order to avoid repeating last time's embarrassing moment, Erica washed her face quickly and ran out of the bathroom.

After a hearty breakfast, Wesley asked Erica and Matthew to go back to Y City.

Looking at Erica, who was very reluctant to leave Ethan, Matthew thoughtfully suggested, "You can bring him back with us."

[Chapter 1128 Its So Pathetic](#)

Erica was astounded by Matthew's suggestion. Hesitatingly, she asked, "You want Ethan to live with us in Y City?" 'Is he willing to be Ethan's stepfather?' she wondered.

Matthew nodded.

"Really?" Hope sprang in Erica's heart. She had believed that Matthew wouldn't agree to Ethan living with them. After all, it would bring shame to him if others learned that Matthew was raising the child his wife conceived with another man.

Matthew nodded again.

After some contemplation, Erica refused, "No, thanks. I can come back often to visit him. Let's go!" With Ethan settled at the Li family residence, she would have an excuse to travel home.

If she took Ethan to Y City, she was afraid that Matthew would eventually grow to resent him. Then Erica wouldn't know what she would do.

Blair agreed with Erica as she thought it was better to let Ethan stay with her and Wesley. "Matthew, Wesley and I have nothing to do at home. We are happy to take care of Ethan as the boy brings us great joy. If Rika misses Ethan, she can come back at any time. You don't need to take him home. Besides, Rika doesn't know how to take care of him." She thought that Matthew treated her daughter well enough. And so, she didn't want Ethan to be the source of trouble between them.

Erica restrained her emotions as she surrendered the baby to Blair. Then, she turned to Wesley, who was drinking water in the kitchen, and said, "Dad, let's go."

"On my way!" After downing the last mouthful of water, Wesley trotted to catch up with them.

He volunteered to drive them to the airport. However, Blair didn't accompany them as she had to watch Ethan. So, there were only three of them in the car.

On their way to the airport, Wesley repeatedly instructed Erica to go to school as soon as she arrived at Y City. He also told her not to make any trouble. He wanted her to study hard, be a good student, and listen to Matthew.

"I'm not a three-year-old kid. Why should I listen to him?" Erica whined in a low voice.

"Why? Because Matthew is much better than you in every aspect. If he weren't with you, I would worry about you being alone in Y City," Wesley snapped.

Hearing that, Erica could not help but pick her ears helplessly. "Dad, I have never heard you speak so highly of Gifford. I'm afraid that Matthew is your biological son. Isn't he? I've heard you praising him nonstop since my return yesterday. I'm tired of hearing it."

"I have a headache because I can't stand you being so stubborn. You're such a willful girl. How I wish Matthew were my son! Matthew, if she refuses to behave, call me, and I'll tea

tthew would blame her for her carelessness.

As the wine bottle had shattered, and the wine was all over the floor, Erica was unable to see the label or taste the wine.

She had no time to clean either. Just then, an idea popped into her head. She quickly stood and checked the tag where the red wine bottle had been placed.

The tag read, "Chateau Lafite, a limited edition of wine from 1961."

As her grandma was an admirer of red wine, Erica knew the Chateau Lafite was the empress of the kingdom of wine. It was one of the five grand wineries in Bordeaux.

Not only was this bottle of wine produced in 1961, but it was also a limited edition. No wonder it smelled so good.

So, she felt she was indeed in big trouble!

She quickly pulled out her phone, and with nimble fingers, dialed Cecelia's number without hesitation. "Grandma, do you know Chateau Lafite?" Erica suddenly realized that she had asked a stupid question. How was it possible that her grandma didn't know Chateau Lafite?

"Of course, I know. What's wrong, girl?" Cecelia asked.

"What will be the price of a bottle of red wine produced by them in 1961? Oh, it's a limited edition."

After thinking for a while, Cecelia answered, "The price of a bottle of wine from 1961 could be worth at least tens of thousands of dollars. But, if it is a limited edition, it could be worth hundreds of thousands. Why do you ask this? Do you have such a bottle of wine?"

"Yes, I have, but..." Erica glanced at the debris on the floor helplessly. She was doomed.

'Forget it. If Matthew gets mad at me, I'll give him the money,' she thought.

"But what?" Cecelia asked.

"But, I broke it," Erica cried when she couldn't contain the anxiety coursing through her.

[Chapter 1129 Pants Dropped](#)

"You broke it?" Cecelia could feel her chest tightening due to Erica's words. "You are a mother now. How on earth can you possibly still be so careless? Is there anything left of it?" she asked.

Erica responded, "I'm afraid there isn't any left. I accidentally spilled all of it over the floor."

Hearing this, Cecelia felt that it was such a shame. Then, she asked again, "That was Matthew's red wine, wasn't it?"

"How come you know that, Grandma?"

"Of course I know. Matthew had brought two bottles of wine for me before, and they were much more valuable than the one you just broke. He mentioned that he had a wine cellar and even asked me to choose a few bottles of wine when I had some spare time." As she told her this, Cecelia couldn't help thinking, 'Matthew is such a considerate person, and he also knows how to please me.'

"Okay," Erica mumbled, feeling so frustrated deep inside. At that moment, she was so depressed that wrinkles appeared on her delicate facial features. "I'm sorry, Grandma, but I have to hang up now so I could clean up the mess."

"All right. There's no point crying over spilled milk, so you shouldn't dwell on it any longer. There's nothing more you can do about it. That being said, since it was your fault, you have to apologize to Matthew when he gets back home. Don't be stubborn, okay?" Cecelia was a bit worried that Erica might start being difficult when she discussed this matter with Matthew.

Matthew probably couldn't care less about a bottle of wine. However, he would certainly care more about her attitude. At the thought of that, Cecelia reminded Erica not to be too stubborn when she told Matthew what happened.

"Okay!"

After hanging up, Erica frowned as she grabbed the cleaning tools and began cleaning up the mess on the floor, albeit clumsily.

By the time Matthew finally came back, it was already ten o'clock in the evening. She was just sitting idly in the living room, staring blankly at the TV. As soon as she heard the sound of a car pulling over by the driveway, she immediately sprang up from the sofa.

Then, she quickly put on her slippers and hurriedly ran toward the door.

When she opened the door to the living room before Matthew came in, she saw him outside talking to his assistant.

Hearing the sound of the door being swung open, Matthew stopped talking with his assistant. When he turned to look at Erica who was standing by the door, their eyes met.

Feeling so guilt-stricken, Erica drew back her head and closed the door at once.

After waiting for a while, she heard footsteps drawing closer. So, she gently opened the door and beamed him a sincere smile. "Matthew, you're back from work."

An awkward silence filled the air inside the room.

Erica managed to reac

er would he have expected her to do such a thing.

"I'm unbuckling it!" Erica flatly answered, thinking that she was simply doing what he asked her to.

"All right. Go ahead." Actually, he was just asking her to help him unbutton his shirt.

"Oh," Erica blurted out in an awkward manner, having some difficulty unbuckling his belt. It seemed that she didn't know how to do it. Even after examining the belt for a while, she just couldn't figure it out.

In the end, she decided to ask him. "Matthew, this is a bit tricky. How do you unbuckle it?" Finally, she lost her patience and ended up complaining to him.

Seeing this, he casually pointed toward an inner buckle and said, "Lift it."

Following his instruction, she finally managed to unbuckle it. She felt so relieved as well as a little depressed. "It turns out that it's so simple after all!"

"Yes—"

She seemed to have forgotten to hold his pants tight, so they dropped to his ankles.

Because of this, Erica's eyes became wide open in surprise.

Yet Matthew managed to remain calm. "Get me my pajamas."

But he didn't get any response from her, and there was a moment of silence which lasted a few seconds.

Looking in the direction of her gaze, he realized what she had been staring at. As he closed his eyes, he called out in a slightly angry tone, "Erica Li!"

"Ah, yes, I'm here!" It was only then that Erica finally came to her sense; her face flushed red. To hide her embarrassment, she quickly looked away.

"Get me my pajamas. I'm going to take a shower!"

"Okay, okay!" With that, she ran to the walk-in closet, covering her burning cheeks.

But instead of looking for his pajamas, she leaned on the closet to catch her breath.

After what happened, she probably wouldn't unbuckle his belt ever again, because it was so easy to take his pants off!

[Chapter 1130 The Intimacy](#)

A few minutes later, Erica stepped out of the walk-in closet with two of Matthew's new robes in her hands. When she glanced up and saw what the man was wearing, she almost screamed.

But, she managed to calm her fast-beating heart. 'Erica, just pretend that this is a men's underwear show. Only this is better than that!'

"Which one would you like to wear, Matthew?" Erica asked as she raised the robes to her face-level to prevent him from seeing her expression.

He glanced at the robes and shrugged. Then, he said, "Any."

"Fine." Now, she had to decide for him. Erica turned, studied the robes carefully, picked a silver-gray silk nightgown, and threw it on the bed. Then she returned to the walk-in closet without looking at him.

When she reappeared in the bedroom, Matthew had put on the nightgown. He seemed to be headed toward the bathroom.

Erica ran past him and stood at the door to the bathroom. "Well, can we settle the matter of the bottle of red wine before you take a shower?" She believed it was best to finish the discussion as she didn't want it to cause further strain between them.

Matthew cast her a sideways glance as he asked, "How do you want to settle this?"

"If I had any ideas, I wouldn't have asked you." Erica shrugged as she replied. No matter how much she thought about it, she just couldn't come up with any worthwhile suggestions.

"Do you think that I will ask my wife to compensate me for a bottle of wine?"

"Um... can I at least apologize?"

He refused coldly, "No! Now that you've married me, the red wine is our common property. You're in charge of not only my red wine but also all other things, including money."

His explanation left Erica speechless. Dumbfounded, she froze in her spot. Matthew, on the other hand, calmly walked past her and into the bathroom.

Erica still couldn't believe what he'd said. Was he that generous and forgiving? Was she in charge of all his property?

Impossible! He mustn't have meant it!

He was just being polite.

But, since he didn't care about the bottle of wine, she decided not to mention it anymore.

However, to her disappointment, by the time they went to bed, Matthew seemed to have changed his mind. He glanced at her and said,

shed him away, but she didn't want to. He was so hot that she was reluctant.

'Men are indeed animals. They can only think with the lower part of their body. He doesn't love me, and yet, he is so intimate with me.'

"Then, tell me, have I succeeded in seducing you?"

"No..." Erica lied. If calling him honey would end this, she would do it right away. Decided, Erica gritted her teeth and whispered, "Honey."

This time, Matthew's breath hitched. Several emotions flashed through his eyes, but they disappeared before Erica could see them.

He caressed her head and released her. Then, he turned and grabbed his phone from the night table. Without looking at her, Matthew said, "Take a bath. Don't forget that you have school tomorrow morning."

Erica was surprised at how fast his emotions had changed. He returned to his arrogant and indifferent attitude a few seconds after forcing her to call him honey.

When he wasn't looking, Erica made a face at him.

Several minutes later, Erica stepped out of the bathroom. She tousled her wet hair as she padded toward Matthew. No matter how much she searched, Erica couldn't find the hairdryer.

With no other alternative, she approached the bed and asked Matthew, who was typing on his phone, "Do you know where the hairdryer is?"

There was no answer. Erica tapped her foot as she waited. A few seconds later, Matthew put away his phone and went to the bathroom.

When he reappeared, there was a hairdryer gift box in his hand.