

TMBA 1141

[Chapter 1141 Ericas First Day At The Academy](#)

Erica shut up, feeling very wronged. All she had done was procrastinate a little, but it seemed that in Matthew's eyes, she had become a huge baby that couldn't take care of herself. On top of that, he didn't allow her to talk and even threatened to divorce her if she did.

'Argh! This is so unfair, ' she complained to herself.

Matthew grabbed a new towel, wiped her feet roughly, and then carried her out of the bathroom.

Reaching the bed, he threw her onto it without any tenderness.

"Ouch!" Erica rolled to the center of the bed and sprawled out on it.

Matthew's voice was as cold as usual as he said, "Didn't you say you wanted to be my woman? As you wish! Put on the new nightgown while I take a bath. I want to see you in it when I come out."

Then, he began unbuttoning his shirt. Erica sat up on the bed in a hurry and smirked at him. "Um, the nightgown is...gone."

"What do you mean it's gone?" he asked, frowning.

"I regret saying that I wanted to be your woman. I don't want to do it anymore, so I..." Erica couldn't finish her words, so she took the gift box on the bedside table and opened it.

She blinked mischievously and said with a smug smile, "As you can see..."

Matthew took two steps forward and found that the nightgown which had been folded neatly inside the gift box before had been shredded into pieces. Erica didn't want to wear it, so, fearing that Matthew would force her to put it on, she had cut it into pieces when he wasn't in the room.

She had thought that she was being very smart. She waited for Matthew to get angry at her, but he didn't.

By now, Matthew's shirt was fully unbuttoned, revealing his toned chest. "Good," he said simply.

"What?" Erica was confused.

Matthew cast her a cold glance. "I'm not interested in you, anyway."

Erica should have been glad to hear this; after all, everything was going her way. But for some reason, she froze. Then, forcing a smile on her face, she said awkwardly, "What a coincidence!"

This time, Matthew didn't even look at her. With a cold expression on his face, he took his shirt and walked into the bathroom.

That night, as usual, they slept on the same bed but with different thoughts on their minds. Early the next morning, Erica was woken up b

were all waiting for her arrival.

It was not appropriate for male students and outsiders to linger in the girls' dormitory for too long, so Morton He, Skeet Wang, and the bodyguard left after putting Erica's luggage inside her room.

Once they were outside the building of the girls' dormitory, Morton He and Skeet Wang watched the two luxurious cars drive away. "I want to become friends with Erica!" Skeet Wang said excitedly.

Morton He sneered. "You? Aren't you afraid that Matthew Huo would kill you?"

"It won't go that far! I just want to become friends with her. Nothing else." Of course, Skeet Wang knew the real reason why Morton He had sneered at him. There was a huge difference between his status and Erica's. However, he was still unhappy with the way Morton He looked down on him.

"Let's go! Your first class is about to begin," Morton He said. The two boys left.

In the dormitory room, Erica greeted the three other girls, and then made her bed and kept all her things inside the closet.

Her roommates didn't seem to be enthusiastic about her arrival, but Erica didn't care. She would only come to the dorm room during noon break, and would not be staying there at night.

Soon, she was all set. From this moment on, her school life at Y City Film Academy would officially begin!

She was so excited, but later, as she stood in front of the teaching building, Erica looked at the boy standing in front of her with a bad feeling in her heart.

"Why are you here?" she asked.

[Chapter 1142 Hyatt Li](#)

The man in front of Erica was just average-looking. He was less than 1.75 meters tall and had single eyelids. He was wearing thick glasses with a black frame, a dark red plaid coat, and a pair of dark blue canvas shoes with white soles.

On his wrist was a bracelet made of south red agates. It was a gift from Erica on his 18th birthday. He had been wearing it since then.

Hyatt timidly smiled while he said, "I just transferred to this school. Actually, I'm also in the Department of Photography like you."

Erica was taken aback for a few moments. She blinked her eyes a few times, refusing to believe what she just heard. However, what she knew for sure was that it was not good news to see him in her school. Placing a small smile on her face, Erica composed herself. "Dude, I married someone from this city so I didn't have a choice but to continue my studies here. But you, didn't you have a great life in A Country? Why did you insist on coming to Y City? Does your mother know about this?"

"She knows," Hyatt plainly responded.

"Did she approve of it?" she wondered. There was no way his mother would agree to something like this.

Hyatt shook his head in embarrassment. "No, I transferred by myself."

'I knew it!' Erica exclaimed in her mind. She then flicked his forehead. "I didn't expect that you would have the guts to do that. I couldn't transfer to another school by myself. How did you do it?"

Hyatt rubbed his head where she had playfully flicked him. With uttermost honesty, he said, "My uncle is a professor of this school so I asked him for help."

"Well, that's just great! I guess your mother will not only hate me, but she'll also beat me to death the next time she sees me! There's no doubt about it!" Erica helplessly rolled her eyes at him.

Back in A Country, Hyatt had ignored his mother, aka Erica's headteacher in junior high, just so he could be admitted to the Department of Photography with Erica. His mother had been so angry that she had wanted to disown him.

Now, he had actually followed her to Y City. Erica could assume that Hyatt was having a hard time before he came here. Why else would he go through all the trouble of moving to another place?

Hyatt didn't like Erica's reaction so he complained softly, "Since you left, Reese and her companions had been bullying me every single day. Not once did anyone help me. Finally, I had enough. I didn't want to be alone there. I was so scared."

Erica and Hyatt had known each other since they were in middle school. For the longest time, they had been the best of friends. They were so close that Erica would always beat him up.

But Erica never allowed any other person to bully him. She had even warned the whole student body that if anyone would dare to bully Hyatt, it meant that they were bullying?"

'Three hundred thousand?' Erica was so shocked that she couldn't respond for a few moments. "Yes, that's e-enough. I just want three?—" Erica tried to speak but the word "thousand" was too hard for her to say. She thought that if she were to only withdraw a little amount, it would disappoint the manager who had treated her with so much warmth and enthusiasm. After a short pause, she made her decision. "I'll withdraw 30, 000 dollars first. It's not convenient to bring too much cash to school."

"You're right. Please wait a moment, ma'am. I will just get your cash. It shouldn't take too long."

So when she talked to Hyatt, Erica's bag was loaded with thirty thousand cash.

She didn't have a choice after all.

Meanwhile, disappointment filled Hyatt's eyes. "Erica, out of everyone I know, you're the one who didn't care the most about money. So why did you get married for money, to a man who doesn't love you?"

"Who told you I married Matthew Huo for money? I have to raise Ethan. I had no choice but to marry him. Do you understand?" It was true that she loved money and she had often been short of money before. But her family was rich, so how could she have possibly married a man she didn't love, just for money?

"It's okay for you to have Ethan. I didn't mind that. But you promised that you would marry me!" Hyatt looked at her seriously.

Erica awkwardly scratched her ear. "You know I was kidding. I wouldn't have even been friends with you if it weren't for your mother!"

Erica and Hyatt's friendship had a long story behind it. Back in middle school, Erica had been a mischievous kid. She was always playing tricks on people and making trouble everywhere she went. Lilith Zhuang had been so angry that she publicly scolded Erica in class. She told the girl that if she continued to act like that, no one would marry her in the future.

[Chapter 1143 Phoebe Su](#)

To get back at Lilith, Erica swore to herself that she would marry her youngest son, Hyatt Li, who was her classmate at the time.

If she were to become Lilith's daughter-in-law, then she would make her take care of the children, wash clothes and cook for them!

That being said, she never expected that things wouldn't go according to plan. In the end, she didn't marry Hyatt. Instead, she got married to a man whom she thought she didn't even have anything to do with!

Letting out a helpless sigh, Hyatt knew it all along. But in his eyes, Erica was much like an angel completely beyond his reach. She was way out of his league, so he never really wanted her to marry him. "Is Mr. Huo treating you well?" he asked.

"Yes! He always treats me well. And he gives me a lot of money!" Erica couldn't hold back her excitement. "Let's go to the snack bar. I'll treat you to some sausages!"

'But a sausage only costs five dollars. Am I being too stingy?' she suddenly thought. So, she quickly went on and added, "And a cup of hot 'U Loveit.'" 'Ten dollars in total. I'm being quite generous, if I may say so myself!'

"Thanks!" Hyatt wasn't so hard to please. Truth be told, he was already very happy with just one sausage, what more if she threw in a cup of his favorite "U Loveit" as well!

From the moment the second class started, wherever Erica went, Hyatt followed her like a lackey. It seemed like they went back to their old days.

At lunchtime, Erica was thinking of inviting Hyatt for lunch. However, while they were on their way to the school canteen, she received a call from Matthew. "Where are you?" he asked curtly.

"I'm heading toward the canteen right now. What's up?"

There was only static on the other end of the line. It seemed that she had totally forgotten about the conversation they had that morning. "You promised me this morning that you're going to attend the seventh-day ceremony of Nathan's death."

"What? Oh... Did I?" Erica blurted out as she stood there in shock.

Cudgeling her brains out, she vaguely remembered that she indeed seemed to have promised that. Her eyes felt so heavy that she actually fell asleep soon after.

Looking at the pink sportswear she had on, she realized that it wouldn't be right to attend the seventh-day ceremony wearing that. "It slipped my mind. I have no change of clothes with me. What am I going to do?"

"I'll wait for you at the school gate."

"Okay!" Actually, Erica had no idea why he decided to ask her to go with him, but she didn't have any reason to refuse either.

After all, Nathan was a good friend of Matthew's, and it was the seventh-day ceremony after his

Why would she say that they were not familiar with each other?

Before Erica could even say anything, Phoebe suddenly looked at Matthew in surprise and asked, "Matthew, is she your...?"

She trailed off and ended up not finishing her words. Still, Matthew knew what she wanted to ask and simply nodded his head. He had no intention of discussing this topic any further. Looking at his watch, he calmly said, "Let's begin the ceremony."

With a perplexed look in her eyes, Phoebe cast Erica a glance. Then, she quickly turned her eyes away and nodded, "Okay."

Nathan was an orphan back when he was still alive. And since he grew up in an orphanage, none of the people present were actually related to him.

'If Phoebe really was married to Nathan, then the Su family members should be here as well,' Erica thought. But after taking a look around the hall, she didn't see anyone from the Su family.

'What's going on here? That's strange.'

Out of curiosity, she cautiously tried to confirm it with Matthew and asked in a low voice, "Was Phoebe..." She was deep in thought for a while. Since Phoebe was acting as though she didn't know her, she shouldn't pry too much into it. When she noticed Matthew looking at her in confusion, she decided to ask again just to be sure, "Was Phoebe Su married to Nathan?"

"Yes."

'So, I was right!' Phoebe was good-looking, and she had always been like a kind elder sister figure in Erica's eyes. Considering that, she and Nathan were definitely a good match.

It was such a pity that Nathan died at such a young age, not long after their marriage.

The ceremony went without incident. Most of the time, Phoebe was busy taking care of the processes. Matthew, on the other hand, simply sat there, watching everything.

[Chapter 1144 He Acted Like Her Lackey](#)

When the ceremony was over, Matthew and Phoebe saw the guests out at the entrance of the venue, while Erica quietly awaited them in a corner.

Even so, knowing that she was Matthew's wife, quite a few people still came by to say goodbye to Erica.

It was quite clear from their curious eyes that they had a lot of questions on their mind, but in light of the occasion, they decided to set aside their curiosity and leave with a brief goodbye.

About twenty minutes later, Matthew came in and found Erica, who was standing in the corner. "We can go now," he said.

"Oh... Okay!" She followed him out.

Phoebe was waiting for them just outside. When she saw Matthew and Erica, she took her bag from the staff and walked with them to the parking lot.

As they walked, Matthew suddenly spoke. "I'll ask my assistant to take you back home."

Just as Erica wondered who he was talking to, Phoebe stopped and stood in front of him. "Matthew, I've sorted out Nathan's belongings. I want to give some of them to you. Can we go to his house?"

After a brief pause, Matthew nodded, "Sure." Then he looked at Erica. "You..."

Erica felt it would be inappropriate for her to join them because she didn't know Nathan personally. Just as Matthew was about to say something, she cut him short. "Actually, I am supposed to meet my friend this afternoon to buy some stationeries. Why don't you go ahead? I can take a taxi home."

Matthew shot a baleful glance at her and said, "Who are you supposed to meet up with? You've already made a friend at school?"

"No, it's Hya...Well, you don't know him anyway. He is my friend from A Country and now he's transferred to my school. Don't worry about me. I'll be fine!" In truth, she never had an appointment with Hyatt; she had just made up an excuse to leave.

"Wait!" Matthew stopped her.

Erica turned around in confusion.

Matthew said to Paige, "Take Mrs. Huo home first. I'll ask Owen to send someone to pick us up."

"Yes, Mr. Huo." Paige looked at Erica and opened the door for her, "Mrs. Huo, please get in the car."

Erica quickly waved her hands at Matthew and said, "No need, Matthew. I can wait a little longer since I have nothing else to do. You two have important things to do; I don't want to take up your time!"

Erica meant every word she had said because she didn't have anything important to do, whereas, Matthew h

ht he did those things merely because she was his wife.

As such, watching Matthew being nice to other women was an unusual sight for Erica.

Rhea tried to analyze her words and asked, "So, you're trying to say that Matthew's goddess married his best friend and so, with much grief, he had no choice but to marry you?"

"Yes! It all makes sense now!"

"But... Aren't you overthinking this a little too much?"

"No, I am not. By the way, did you know that Hyatt has transferred to the same school as me in Y City?"

Rhea rolled her eyes and said, "Why is he always following you around? I don't think you should have messed with him in the first place." The fact that Hyatt went as far as transferring to another school, after Erica had gotten married to a man in Y City, indeed, looked like a sign of desperation. His actions were like that of a lackey who would follow his crush to the ends of the world, no matter what.

"Forget it. I'm going to look for Hyatt now. I feel sorry for him. He has no friends in this city. I'll take him shopping," Erica said.

Rhea reminded her, "Don't forget that you are Mrs. Huo now. Almost everyone knows about you. Please be sure to keep a safe distance from Hyatt because you don't want people to spread rumors about you again."

"Why would they spread rumors about me? I didn't do anything to them. They were just being ridiculous!"

"Madam, ever since you married Matthew, you became an enemy to women all over the world who love and adore him! Do you understand what I am trying to say?"

Erica's lips twitched. "Is it that bad?"

[Chapter 1145 Honey](#)

"Yes, you are too simple. As you grow up, you'll learn that there are too many horrible things in the world! I have to go. I have classes to attend. Catch you later!" Rhea said.

"Okay, bye!"

After the call ended, Erica slipped her phone back into her pocket and went to see Hyatt.

Erica thought Hyatt was silly and pitiful. He didn't dare to stay in A Country and had no other friends in Y City. So, she decided to show him around.

To Erica, Hyatt was like Rhea. And so, Erica treated him as her best friend. But, this male friend of hers was a bit daft, even sillier than her. In comparison, Rhea, who was smart and lively, was more likable.

Erica had promised to take Hyatt for a hot pot meal that evening. As they reached the entrance of the hot pot restaurant, Erica received a phone call. She frowned as she looked at the screen as the number was unfamiliar to her. "Hello, Mrs. Huo, this is Paige Shen."

"Oh, hello. What's up?"

Paige smiled. "Mrs. Huo, Mr. Huo is drunk and can't drive. I have to go to the company to deal with an emergency. Can you come and pick him up?"

"What? But I..." Erica wanted to refuse. After all, she had promised Hyatt an evening of fun and exploration!

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Huo. But it's not appropriate to hand responsibility of Mr. Huo to someone else. We're at the Orchid Private Club now. Please come here as soon as you can. See you later, Mrs. Huo!" Paige hung up without waiting for Erica's answer.

Anxiety coursed through Erica as she stared at her phone screen.

Having heard her end of the conversation, Hyatt, who had been standing nearby, nudged his friend gently. He offered, "Go ahead with your business. I'll take a cab and return to my dormitory. We can eat hot pot another day!"

"Okay," Erica replied with a sigh of resignation. Matthew was her husband, and he needed her. She knew she shouldn't turn down Paige's request. Erica weighed her choices in her mind before she turned to Hyatt and said, "Eat something before you return."

"I'm not hungry. I have been eating since I began shopping with you this afternoon," Hyatt grinned as he reassured Erica. What he had said was true. Even as a little girl, Erica ate whatever food intrigued her, and Hyatt always ate with her. If Erica hadn't s

ightedened his embrace.

"Because, because..." She struggled to find an excuse. "Oh, because you've mistaken me for someone else!" she finally blurted out. 'Oh, my God! How sweet he sounded when he called honey and darling.'

Matthew was quiet this time. When she tried to get up again, he raised her chin and kissed her.

Their rapid breathing vanquished the deafening silence in the room.

When she came to her senses, Erica found that Matthew had pinned her on the sofa. No matter how much she struggled, the man didn't seem to stop.

Unable to imagine what would happen next, she panicked. Erica used her hand to block his kiss by her ear, and begged pitifully, "Matthew, look at me! I'm not the girl on your mind. I'm Erica. Erica Li!"

Matthew's eyes fluttered open. Erica, who was under him, looked like a startled deer. There was even a trace of fear in her eyes. When he looked up, he saw that he was holding her hands tightly.

He explained expressionlessly, "I drank too much. I'm sorry."

Erica breathed a sigh of relief and said softly, "It's all right. Let go of me now. I'm here to take you home."

"But..." he continued.

Her nerves were still on edge. "What's wrong?" It didn't help that he was still on top of her and holding her tightly.

Matthew lowered his head and whispered in her ear, "I got drunk and lost control over my body and my consciousness. But I want to do it with you. Why not here?"

Then he kissed her again.

Erica was so shocked that she wanted to curse.

[Chapter 1146 Trouble on the Road](#)

As Matthew kept going on her, Erica wasn't sure if his feelings toward her had changed, or if he was just drunk. Either way, his advances weren't welcome. Between his kisses, she tried to remember and to

name all the women who were close to him. "Matthew, stop! Don't forget about the girl you really love! It's Paige, right?" The man didn't seem to hear her.

Erica remembered another name. "Phoebe Su?"

That did the trick.

Matthew slowly drew back, and his scent went with him. The desire in his eyes faded away, and his look turned cold. Clearing his throat, he hastily said, "Phoebe is Nathan's love. Don't talk nonsense about me and her!"

"Oh, I see. I guess I was mistaken," Erica replied. In her own thoughts, however, she thought she had little reason to believe his words.

After he let go of her, Erica quickly got off the sofa and put a few paces between Matthew and herself. "Can you walk?"

"Of course I can. Let's go." With that, Matthew practically sprang to his feet, and they headed for the door.

As they neared the black Emperor, Matthew hovered by the door to the passenger seat with his hands in his pockets. Signaling to her with his eyes, he said, "Why don't you open the door?"

"Okay!" Erica obediently opened the door for him, then closed it after him.

Just then she paused, glanced at the car keys in her hand, and suddenly realized something serious. "Are we going to drive home?" she asked awkwardly.

"Of course!" Matthew didn't look up. He was still fumbling with his seat belt.

"Then shouldn't we switch seats? You drive the car and I'll take the passenger seat."

Matthew rubbed his eyes as if nursing a headache. "I can't drive after that wine I drank," he answered. "It's dangerous and against the law. Don't you know that?"

Looking somewhat baffled, Erica began, "Of course I know! But..."

"But nothing! Stop wasting time and get in the car!"

"Fine, then!" Erica's heart thundered as she took the driver's seat. 'This is your order, ' she thought gloomily. 'I hope you won't regret it.'

She completed the first step on her own; she started the engine. A moment passed as it idled in a low, constant grumble, and sweat began to roll down Erica's forehead. Sounding as casual as possible, she said, "Matthew, which pedal is the accelerator and which is the brake? Also, do I need to put the car into gear?"

Though he felt groggier than before, Matthew nevertheless answered her questions patiently. When Erica began to show confidence and asked nothing else, he leaned back in his seat and shut his eyes.

Three minutes later the black Emperor was humming its way down the road, and for the first time in his life, Matthew knew what fear meant.

For a while he kept his eyes shut. Around him he could feel the vehicle crawling along; there was no way Erica was anywhere near the speed limit. Yet every few minutes, somehow she kept needing to slam on the brakes or lurch from one lane to another, and Matthew would hear another car or two screech past.

The moments dragged like hours as this incident repeated itself at least twenty times. By then Matthew was fully awake, though no happier for it. Taking a deep breath and trying not to

r window a moment ago. He was well-dressed, and his hair was obnoxious—obviously dyed blond and a bit messy on purpose—but he seemed relatively soft-spoken. "So you're the driver of the Emperor?" he asked, looking her up and down. "Well, I've just bought this Mercedes Benz, but I think you're probably rich enough to afford it. I'll just give you this car, in fact, provided you buy me a new one."

Erica's heart sank. 'Buy him a new one? Two million...'

Just then, another man stuck his head out the window of the Volkswagen Phaeton. He looked to be in his fifties, and his manner was much less pleasant than the other driver. "Lady, why'd you slam on the brakes all of a sudden?!" he barked. "If you don't know how to drive, stay home and don't put other people's lives in danger!"

Erica sighed and tried to be conciliatory. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean for this to happen. I was just trying to pull over..."

The middle-aged man leaned farther out of his car window, clearly irate. "Well, why didn't you turn on your turn signal if you wanted to pull over?! How did a crazy lady like you ever get a license?"

Frustration began to boil up in Erica's heart. This wasn't entirely her fault. Matthew had insisted that she drive, but now she was getting all the blame.

She took a deep breath and said, "Okay, look. I'll pay for your car to be fixed, but stop yelling at me. I've already apologized, and if there's anything else I can do, just tell me. But if you keep treating me like this, I won't pay you for the repairs!"

Wide-eyed, the middle aged man withdrew back through his car window, opened the door, and scrambled out. "Just listen to you, woman! This whole mess is your fault, but now you're making demands. Who do you think you are?"

"No, who do you think you are?" Erica shot back, losing her composure at last. "I'm trying to talk peacefully with you, but look at your attitude. Is this the right way to settle a matter?"

"You wrecked my car and now you want me to have a peaceful talk with you? In your dreams!"

As the two continued quarreling, Matthew finally emerged from the black Emperor and drew near.

[Chapter 1147 I Wasnt Blaming You](#)

The moment Matthew appeared, his menacing aura made the man's arrogance deflate. With a better attitude, the man asked, "Who are you? Why do you care? She can't even drive. Why are you continuing to argue—"

The man immediately shut his mouth and looked away when he met Matthew's cold stare.

Matthew walked over to Erica and held her in his arms. Then he shot an icy glare at the middle-aged man and said flatly, "This is my wife. And you are the one that bumped into her. Don't you have brakes? My wife was driving at 20mph, and you still bumped into her car. Whose fault is that? Stand there and wait for my assistant. He'll be here soon."

After saying that, Matthew ignored him. Instead, he turned to look at the younger man beside him and said, "So, based on what you told my wife, I think I should pay for your car." Matthew pulled out his checkbook and scrawled something on a check. Then he tore it out and handed it to the young man. "Three million should cover it. You can leave, if you want."

The young man looked at the check in shock. He reached for it timidly and checked the amount. One zero, two zeros, three zeros... It was indeed three million!

His car was worth 2.4 million dollars. He could make six hundred grand out of this. That would be totally awesome!

He kissed the check out of glee. "Okay! Thank you!" The boy took the check and left without hesitation.

When he saw this, the owner of the Volkswagen had misgivings about how he acted. If he'd just taken the money and left, he'd be fine. Now he wished he had been nicer. Things would have gone better for him.

Owen Jian, Matthew's personal assistant, arrived very soon, faster than the officials with the insurance company. He also brought a lawyer with him.

He trotted over to Matthew and said, "Mr. and Mrs. Huo, the car's ready. You can go home if you want. I've got this."

Matthew reminded him, "I solved the problem with the Mercedes owner. This man owns the VW. Be careful."

When he heard that, Owen Jian was confused for a second, and then he got his boss' point. "Okay, Mr. Huo. Don't worry." Clearly, the middle-aged man had offended Mr. Huo.

Casting a cold glance at the middle-aged man, Matthew left, holding Erica in his arms.

They walked over to a shiny black car. It was a Bentley Flying Spur, a high-end luxury car. The driver held the door

Drugged one night by her ex-boyfriend, a mysterious man took advantage of her in an ecstatic night filled with sex.

To take her revenge, she married the man, and used him.

"As long as I'm alive, I'm still his legal wife, while all of you are just his mistresses."

She remained adamant even when he was involved in scandals with other women.

Eventually she stormed off after she learned that he had betrayed her again. But life brought her back to him a few years later, to his astonishment.

"So..." Matthew took two steps forward and asked, "Hyatt is close to you, but not your husband?"

He didn't forget what she had just said. She was going to eat hot pot with Hyatt.

"Of course. I've known Hyatt for seven years. We always have fun together. You and I, on the other hand, haven't gotten on that well. We only started getting along the day we got married." They had only been married a few days.

'So? We haven't been together that long.' The phone call she had taken on their wedding night came back to his mind. "So you wanted to marry him? But you had another guy's baby, and decided to marry me."

"Yes!" She didn't deny it. That was exactly how it looked.

Suddenly, Matthew grabbed her by the ankle. She turned around and found that he had already changed his clothes. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he was cradling her ankle and examining it carefully. His face betrayed no expression, but he just said in a cold tone, "Do you like Hyatt that much?"

"I like him a lot. If I hadn't married you, I would have married him!" she said deliberately, just to piss him off.

Matthew loosened his grip on her ankle and said slowly, "Do you know that not everyone can be your soul mate and grow old with you? Some people help you grow up, while some live with you their whole lives, while some are there one day, and gone the next—they become part of your memories."

"So what?" What was he trying to say?

"So..." Looking at her, Matthew said, "Ethan's father is the one to help you grow up, and Hyatt is here today, gone tomorrow, and I..."

[Chapter 1148 Cooking For Erica](#)

"Hahaha," Erica giggled awkwardly. "Are you saying that I'm going to have to spend the rest of my life with you?"

Matthew's composure was as calm and monotonous as Erica's awkwardness. "Yes."

Erica was speechless. She retorted in a low voice, "I think you have been sent into my life to help me grow and develop into a better person." The thought wasn't exactly wrong. He had made her realize that someone could be as cold and domineering as he was. However, he changed the topic.

"For the last time, are you going to eat hot pot or not?" he asked.

Erica shook her head and boldly made a demand despite Matthew's gloomy face. "I want to eat some noodles, and I want you to make them for me!" 'Men like Matthew tend to be perfect. Even if they aren't they want to be. I haven't tasted his cooking yet, but he must be good, ' she was thinking.

Casting a cold glance at her, Matthew replied, "Alright, but just this once."

"Deal!" Erica chuckled. But then...

"Hang on! Aren't you drunk? Are you sober enough to cook?"

A faint trace of emotion flashed through Matthew's eyes, but it was gone long before Erica could see it clearly. Then came the assurance which was not assuring enough. "You frightened me just now. So much that I got sober instantly."

"That's good! Now, go. Go cook something for me." She couldn't wait to taste something he made.

He stood up from the edge of the bed and heard her add, "Hey Matthew, you look dashing no matter what you wear! If you keep working hard, then maybe you will become the most handsome man ever! Maybe then even Aaron won't be able to hold a candle against you."

Her tone had been naughty, but Matthew merely began to take off his jacket with his back to her. Then he sneered, "I don't care!"

Erica rolled her eyes. 'Hum! Such an arrogant man!'

When he went downstairs, she followed him into the kitchen.

Before opening the walk-in fridge, which opened on the left side of the kitchen, he looked back at her. She was seemingly excited. He asked, "What are you doing here?"

"I am going to find something to eat before the noodles are ready. I know it can take a while." The fridge was at least twenty square meters large. Even if she didn't get something to eat there, it would still feel pretty great to see its magnitude.

The last time she had visited his villa, she had wanted to see the fridge but then had forgotten, but she never noticed that. She was busy inspecting the ham package which had a lot of English stuff written on it.

She turned the package around and found a price tag on.

'43 dollars... Just one slice? That's expensive!' She looked at the ham in his hand in astonishment. Just how much could it be? Fifty grams, maybe? 43 dollars for that? What was this meat? Some sacred stuff or what?

Erica figured that if Wesley ever came to know that they were living such a luxurious life, he would come and beat up Matthew.

She silently left the kitchen, chewing a cherry she had just put in. While on her way, she spat out the seed into the kitchen trash can.

About half an hour later, Matthew put a bowl of noodles on the table and called her out. She was texting Rhea in the living room. "Your noodles are ready."

"Coming!"

Erica put her phone away immediately and ran into the dining room. Just as she was about to sit down, Matthew came back from the kitchen with a plate of sliced cantaloupe covered with some ham, and ordered, "Go wash your hands first!"

She waved at him. "I just washed them."

"When?"

"When I washed the cherries." Erica wondered why the fuss.

"Go wash them again!" he ordered.

'Why is he so obsessed with cleanliness and washing hands?' She glanced at the seafood noodles, hesitated and argued, "Do I really have to? I am not going to eat with my hands anyway..." She was not a cleanliness freak.

Matthew insisted, "Yes! Wash them!"

She sighed in exasperation, and took a whiff of the noodles before reluctantly going to wash her hands.

[Chapter 1149 Matthews Term](#)

A minute later, Erica sat down at the table again and started to eat the noodles with chopsticks.

"This sausage tastes really good, but why is it white?" she asked.

Matthew put the pot he had used to cook the noodles under the tap and explained, "It's called a weisswurst, made from minced pork and veal, flavored with parsley, lemon and other natural ingredients." A weisswurst was a traditional Bavarian sausage which literally translated to white sausage because of its white-colored skin.

"Did you use the oven to roast it again?"

"Yes, I did," he said, putting away the dishes he had just washed.

Erica ate with satisfaction, gulping down her food without pausing to breathe. "I didn't expect you to be such a good cook!"

Her words of praise made him smile, but as she continued to eat another mouthful, she said something that made him want to give her a good beating!

"You know what they say, the way to a woman's heart is through her stomach. Did Paige fall in love with your cooking before she fell in love with you?" 'Wow! This tastes amazing!' She was completely enamored by his cooking, even though totally oblivious of his mood.

He watched her put a shrimp into her mouth and chew it happily.

Matthew walked over to the table and sat across her. "If I want a woman, all I need to do is call her. I don't have to cook for anyone."

"Wow! You've got a lot of confidence! But, I guess you're right. You're handsome and rich. You're in good shape and great at cooking. You're the whole package! I'm starting to feel a little reluctant to let you go back to another woman." Although, Matthew had a bad temper, he was everything a woman could ask for in a man!

Matthew said calmly, "That's not something you can control."

"You are right about that too!"

Erica took another mouthful and suddenly something important popped into her mind. She asked the man sitting opposite to her, "Don't you want some?"

"Thanks, but no."

She held the bowl to his face and brought some noodles to his mouth. "Seriously! This is too good! Come on, have some."

Erica added one more dish to her list of favorite foods—Matthew's seafood noodles.

Casting a glance at the noodles on her chopsticks, he refused decisively. "I know what it tastes like. Just help yourself!"

"Okay! Oh, didn't you say that ham tasted good when cooked with tomatoes? How come you cough this, I'm going to call my father and tell him that you're wasting food! Will you eat it or not?"

After a short pause, he said, "I can eat it if you want."

Her eyes lit up. "Really?"

"Well, come here!"

She walked forward and sat beside him. "Okay, I'm here. What next?"

He lowered his head and whispered into her ear, "Feed it to me."

"No problem!" She had just fed him a date and a cherry, what did she have to lose by feeding him cantaloupe? Absolutely nothing!

"And, I want two kisses for every bite I take."

"What! Are you? I...I... You're being impossible!" She rolled her eyes at him as she didn't find his ambitious request funny.

Raising his eyebrows, Matthew said, "Well, if you're not going to play along then I'm not eating either. I'll call your father and tell him how his dear daughter is wasting food..." With that, he unlocked his cell phone and tapped on the contact list. It seemed as though he really was going to make a call.

Erica's eyes shot up with bewilderment because she knew her father very well. If she and Matthew called him at the same time, Wesley would undoubtedly believe Matthew over her.

Without wasting another second, Erica snatched the phone from Matthew's hand and threw it onto the sofa. She brought a piece of cantaloupe to his lips and said, "Fine! I'll do it. It's not like I haven't kissed you before. Just eat this first!"

Matthew smiled and ate the piece of cantaloupe.

When he swallowed the fruit in his mouth, he raised his eyebrows at her, indicating that it was her turn to keep her side of the bargain!

[Chapter 1150 Carry Me](#)

Erica was starting to experience a sudden qualm of regret as she brought another piece of cantaloupe to Matthew's mouth. Although it was too late to go back on her word, she gave it one last try. "Finish the rest of this and I promise I'll deliver all the kisses together!"

But Matthew wasn't that easy to fool. "Do I look like an idiot to you?"

Even Erica knew he wasn't. The man was sharp as a tack! Having run out of options, Erica leaned over to him and sheepishly pecked him twice on the lips.

Matthew smiled before he dropped another piece into his mouth, and just like that he cleaned up the rest. Erica gave him the last two kisses after the last bite, but when she was about to leave, he stopped her. He took the plate from her hand, pulled her into his arms and kissed her with raw intensity.

Erica relented as he played with her hair and held her tighter and tighter. She melted like a candle into his arms, wondering if he had her trapped.

The man was unable to control his urges anymore; his hands working their way around her body, feeling each line along her perfect physique. Panic-stricken, Erica bit his lips and sunk her nails into his arms.

Frowning, he released her and they pulled apart, both gasping for air.

Erica looked at him with furrowed eyebrows and said, "You...You're cheating!" Not only did Matthew blatantly disregard their agreement, but he was looking to get more. Erica could feel her cheeks blushing a deep crimson.

Sitting cross-legged and leaning his back to the chair, Matthew regained his composure and said, "Rest assured. Although we're married, I'll respect your boundaries and try my best to control myself."

'Control himself?' Erica was puzzled by his behavior. 'Didn't he just say he wasn't interested in me two days ago? What's with the sudden change of mind?'

Is he really not interested in me or is he just comforting me with the excuse of "respecting my boundaries"?'

Nonetheless, she decided to be more careful of his tricks in the future.

"Go and wash the dishes!" The man's voice brought her back to reality instantly.

Erica took the empty plate and bowl from the table, walked into the kitchen, and put them in the sink carelessly. She rolled up her sleeves, ready to do the dishes. However, as she stared at the mess in front of her, she fell into deep thought.

Erica had no idea where to even begin.

'Think, Erica Li. Come on, you can do this!' she cheered herself.

Then, she squeezed some of the cleaner into the pot, picked up the brush and prepared to start the work.

However... "What are you doing?" Suddenly, Matthew's deep voice came from behind her. "You're a woman."

When she realized that he was walking towards the stairs, she asked, "Why don't you take the elevator? You should know that I'm quite heavy. You'll get tired."

Erica thought he was going to take the elevator because the home theater room was on the fourth floor.

"Did you just realize that you are very heavy?"

She squinted her eyes at him, annoyed, but since she couldn't hit him, she murmured, "I'm not that heavy."

Matthew fell silent again. In truth, she wasn't really very heavy.

On the way, Erica tightened her arms around his shoulders as she feared that he would play pranks on her or drop her on the floor.

When they were turning a corner, Erica asked, "Have you ever carried her on your back before?"

"One more word out of you and I'll throw you down from here," he threatened.

Erica pursed her lips immediately.

Two minutes later, Matthew pushed open the door to a large room, fully equipped with state of the art sound systems, a few La-Z-Boy reclining sofas and a 120-inch projector screen. He threw her onto one of the recliners and said, "Wait here."

"Okeydokey!"

Having gotten what she wanted, she gladly made herself comfortable and watched him set the projector for her.

A few minutes later, the horror movie "The Unborn Child" began playing on the projector, and Matthew turned off all the lights before slowly sitting down on a recliner next to her.

While watching the trailer, Erica felt shiver through her body, which had never happened before when she watched a horror movie. This one was much more terrifying than the ones she had watched before. Trembling like a leaf, she stuttered, "Umm, Matthew..." He responded without turning his head, "Yes?"

"Could you move a little closer?"