

TMBA 1331

CHAPTER 1331 A FEMALE GHOS

Erica stopped and looked towards the yard. The two red wooden doors were chained, but there was a gap big enough for a child to pass through.

She wasn't sure, but she seemed to see a figure flash by just now.

But upon peering at it carefully, she could see nothing.

Thinking that she might just be seeing things, she shook her head. After all, it was in the daytime. Although it was a bit gloomy, ghosts would not appear at this time of the day.

Hyatt paused and looked at her in perplexity. He was waiting for her to continue walking.

A few moments later, they continued. After passing through a long corridor, Erica saw a lot of apricot flowers blooming over the wall of another small yard. She said to Hyatt, "Wait a minute. I'll take a few photos here."

Hyatt nodded and went to the steps nearby to wait for her.

After taking enough photos of the flowers outside the wall, Erica walked into the yard through the threshold. There, she discovered a small apricot farm.

There were more than twenty apricot trees. Their flowers were already a little sparse because of the new season. Many petals that fell off from the trees covered the ground.

She took two steps back and waved at Hyatt. "Come here! There are many apricot flowers here, too," she called out.

Hyatt followed her in. But all of a sudden, his face turned pale as he exclaimed, "Oh, my gosh!" He caught sight of a figure that scared him and made him freeze.

Erica was also frightened by his reaction. She tilted her head and asked in confusion, "What's wrong, Hyatt?"

She then followed his gaze and saw a woman in a long white dress standing in front of an old, broken window.

The woman was dressed like the way she had dressed when she tried to frighten Matthew in his study the other night but ended up scaring his subordinates instead.

She was wearing a pair of white embroidered shoes. Her face looked so pale, and her long black hair fell over her shoulders.

Everything about her scared both Erica and Hyatt to death.

But despite her fear, Erica plucked up the courage to shout, "Hey...you! Are you a human or a ghost?"

The woman didn't answer her but slowly walked towards them. As she got closer and closer, Erica heaved a sigh of relief.

She heard her footsteps and saw her shadow on the ground. It only meant that she was not a ghost but a human.

However, what the woman did next was beyond their expectation. With a creepy smile that suddenly appeared on her pale face, she rushed towards them while shouting, "Go to hell! All of you go to hell!"

Even though Erica used to like watching horror movies, she was indeed terrified by her appearance.

Fortunately, before the woman could pounce on her, Hyatt blocked her body and waved his arm in the air. "Go away! Go away!"

But the ghost-like woman was unexpectedly strong. She just pushed Hyatt away, and he was thrown to the side.

She then turned to Erica again and stared at her bulging belly. With the creepy smile still on her face, she shouted, "You are pregnant. I want the baby in your belly!"

Erica was alerted. She stretched out her hands and made a fighting stance. "Don't act recklessly. I know martial arts! If you dare to come over, I will surely beat you down."

Now, she regretted coming into this palace without bringing her bodyguards along.

The ghost-like woman just turned a deaf ear to her. Instead, she laughed crazily and said, "Ha-ha! Finally, my baby has come! Baby, Mommy is coming."

She pounced on Erica, grabbed her clothes, and pulled her closer to her.

Erica lifted the camera from her neck and smashed it to the woman's body. As expected, the woman was surprised by the sudden pain and loosened her grip.

Taking advantage of the opportunity, Erica turned around and ran away.

But the woman was quick to recover and grabbed her long hair.

Hyatt was already able to stand up, so he trotted to the woman and punched her in the face. "Let her go! Let Erica go!"

The woman was still grabbing Erica's hair, so she couldn't use too much strength to break free. She told Hyatt, "Smash her with the camera!" If she weren't pregnant, she would have kicked this crazy woman away. But with her current condition, she couldn't do anything too violent.

"Okay!" Hyatt picked up the camera and smashed it on the woman's face.

The woman screamed in pain and covered her face with one hand. But her other hand was still grabbing on to Erica's hair tightly.

At this moment, a man rushed over quickly and grabbed the woman's hand while shouting, "Let her go!"

He was so strong that the woman groaned in pain and let go of Erica's hair immediately.

The man then kicked her hard. She lay on the ground and cried, "My baby! My baby!"

Erica smoothed her hair and heaved a sigh of relief. She thanked the man who was pressing the woman on the ground with one hand. "Thank you, Watkins!"

"Don't mention it," Watkins replied. Then he ordered, "Call the person in charge and ask him to send more people here."

"Alright." Erica quickly took her phone out and contacted the person in charge of the event through WeChat.

Soon enough, a few security guards arrived. When they saw the woman on the ground, they immediately understood what happened. One of them said, "I'm sorry for causing you this trouble. Is everyone all right? This woman is a patient in the mental hospital next to this palace. She has escaped several times and came in here to cause trouble."

With confusion written all over her face, Erica looked at the security guard and asked, "There's a mental hospital near here?"

The security guard pointed at the high red wall not far away and replied, "Yes. It's right across the road from that wall. She often sneaks out and crawls in through the hole in the wall. We are already planning to cover the hole, but unfortunately, she is here again before we can start fixing it."

The other two security guards pulled the crazy woman up from the ground. One of them kicked her and cursed, "Damn it! It's daytime, and yet, you are scaring people again! You're such a lunatic!"

Watkins said to the security guards with a frown, "Do you know who she has scared today? This lady is pregnant. If I hadn't arrived on time, even your boss couldn't afford to take the responsibility."

One security guard immediately apologized, "I'm so sorry, sir. Our boss thought that the hole is a

historical and memorable thing because the ancient people made it in the past, so he didn't want to cover it at first. But since this crazy woman has sneaked into the palace several times already, he finally ordered some people to cover the hole. We assure you, this incident won't ever happen again. I'm so sorry."

Erica suddenly asked, "Does this yard connect to other yards?"

The security guard thought for a while then pointed in a direction. "Yes, ma'am. There is a door behind this yard connected to the yard of the Harmony Hall. I suppose you saw this woman at the gate of the Harmony Hall."

She nodded. Now she realized, she wasn't just seeing things earlier. The figure she saw was this crazy woman.

"Again, we are so sorry for what happened. We'll send her out right now." The security guards grabbed the woman, who was still struggling and shouting and left the yard.

CHAPTER 1332 A POSSESSIVE HUSBAND

Because of what happened, Erica lost interest in taking photos anymore. She immediately decided to leave the Blessing Palace together with Watkins and Hyatt.

The other members of the Photography Association also gathered in front of the gate. When Erica was about to get in her car, Watkins stopped her. "Erica," he called out.

She turned to look at him, and she saw the tenderness in his eyes as he said, "I'll go ahead. Take care of yourself."

Glancing at the group of people who were getting on the minibus, she asked, "Aren't you coming with them?"

He shook his head. "No. My driver drove me here. By the way, how are you and Matthew doing recently? Did you fight because of me?"

"We are fine, but..." She couldn't finish her words as she felt a little embarrassed when she remembered that Matthew was responsible for his serious injuries. Instead, she said, "I'm sorry again for what happened to you. But please, don't be angry at him. As long as we don't see each other often, he won't get mad again."

With a bitter smile that curved on his mouth, he said, "I know. But we are friends. Why can't we meet anytime we want? Don't you have the right to make friends anymore?"

She knew he was right, but she couldn't do anything. What could she do when she had a possessive husband? "Of course, we are still friends, Watkins. And you helped me just now. I owe you one. If you need my help in the future, don't hesitate to tell me."

"It seems that I can only contact you when I am in trouble."

"Erica," Hyatt called. When she turned and looked at him confusedly, he added, "Matthew is here."

Erica looked around and saw that Matthew got out of his car and walked towards them.

He was wearing a dark suit. His eyes were fixed on her, full of coldness and malice. He was giving off a murderous aura as if he could tear Watkins into pieces at any time.

'Oh, crap!' Erica thought. She knew he was angry again.

She suddenly pushed the young man in front of her and said, "Go now, Watkins!"

Watkins, who was stunned for a moment, didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. "Erica, I'm not afraid of him."

"Oh, stop it! Just get in your car and go. You don't have much time left." Afraid that he would be beaten by Matthew again, she pushed him hard to the opposite direction without hesitation.

She then walked over and blocked Matthew's way. "Matthew, honey... where are you going?"

Glancing at her coldly, he replied, "Kill Watkins!"

Her heart skipped a beat. "Why do you want to kill him? Don't you know that he saved me just now? Don't be unreasonable, okay?"

Upon hearing the word "save," Matthew turned to her and asked, "What happened? Why did he save you? Were you hurt?"

"I'm fine, I'm not hurt. I was just frightened by a crazy woman."

After finding out that she wasn't hurt, Matthew turned around and walked over to Watkins.

Erica was so anxious. Watkins just stood still, waiting for Matthew to come over.

Seeing that the two men were about to fight, she held Matthew's waist from behind and said, "Honey, let's go home."

But it was too late. His punch had already landed on Watkins' face.

The impact shocked her. If she hadn't held Matthew's waist tightly, she would have been thrown away as well.

Watkins fell to the ground at once, unable to move for a long time.

On the verge of breaking down, Erica let go of him and shouted angrily, "Why are you so unreasonable?"

She then rushed to Watkins' side and called Hyatt. "Hyatt, come here! Let's help him up."

But before she could touch Watkins, Matthew stepped forward and picked her up. Ignoring her struggles, he pulled her into his arms and ordered coldly, "Come and take Erica to the car!"

"Yes, sir!" The nearest bodyguard came over quickly and led Erica into the car politely.

Worried that Watkins would be beaten to death, she refused to get in. She went back and roared to Matthew, "We're just here for the activity. What's wrong with you?"

Seeing her protecting Watkins angered him more. With bloodthirsty eyes, he asked, "Erica, are you sure you are standing at the right place?"

His words confused her. But when she turned to look at Watkins, who was being helped by Hyatt behind her, she finally understood what he meant. "I just don't want you to hurt other people. But since you are so stubborn, what can I do?"

Watkins hadn't completely recovered yet. It wasn't right that he beat him to death just to satisfy himself.

"Come here!" Matthew ordered. His cold eyes narrowed even more while he was giving her a warning look.

"No!" she refused firmly. But her word added fuel to the fire. Seeing that he was about to explode again, she got frightened and quickly added, "Not unless you promise not to hit him anymore!"

He pursed his lips, and the air around him felt freezing. Eventually, he nodded, "Okay."

She hesitated for a while before she slowly walked towards him.

As soon as she stood in front of him, he immediately held her hand tightly as if afraid that she would run away again.

Fortunately, the other members of the association had already left, so no one had witnessed what happened aside from them. Matthew kept his words and left the Blessing Palace with Erica.

While being pulled by Matthew to the car, she turned and waved to Hyatt and Watkins a few times and mouthed to them, "I'm leaving now."

Matthew cast her a cold glance and said with a gloomy face, "Are you so reluctant to leave him?"

"Of course not!" she immediately denied.

He didn't let go of her hand until they both got into his Emperor car.

For a moment, Erica didn't know what to say. She was afraid that she might say something that would anger him again.

After a minute or two, Matthew was the one who broke the silence. "Starting today, you will have your classes at home. You can choose between the manor and the villa."

"No way!" she refused in an instant. She couldn't imagine staying at home all day long.

Glancing at her long face, he said, "Erica, I have already given you a chance, but you've just wasted it. This time, you won't be the one to decide." If she stayed at home all the time, she wouldn't get a chance to meet any men.

"No, I won't agree with that. Matthew, I am a human. I want my freedom."

"After our babies are born, I promise that you will return to your normal life." 'But not for now, ' he thought.

Erica's face flushed with anger. "You are going too far! You didn't even apologize to Watkins for hurting him before, and now you hurt him again." At least when she slapped Camille in the hospital the last time, she had never hit her again since then.

"Don't blame me for beating him. I warned him, but he didn't listen to me."

She raised her voice and argued with him, "We didn't meet in private. It was an activity organized by the Photography Association. Besides, if he hadn't come to help me, your sons might have been killed by that crazy woman."

Matthew sneered, straightened his sleeves, and replied with the same words that she had said before. "Who knows if it was all an act?" It was possible that Watkins planned the whole incident and pretended to save Erica. As an innocent woman, she could easily believe and be more grateful to him.

CHAPTER 1333 HE DOESN'T LIKE HIS WIFE

Fury coursed through Erica, and she glared at her husband. "You've gone too far. The security guard at the Blessing Palace said that the crazy woman had escaped from the mental hospital several times. She'd snuck into the palace through the hole to scare people. How can Watkins be involved? Is it possible to lure a person with a mental health condition out of a hospital?"

"Anything is possible!" Matthew snapped. He wondered if Camille and Watkins had been acquainted

and whether they had conspired to destroy his and Erica's relationship.

If he found out any evidence to support his theory, he swore he wouldn't be forgiving.

"Humph! You're judging a gentleman with your evil heart!"

The man squinted and grabbed the woman's chin. "Say it again!"

'How dare you call me evil? Are you courting death?' he thought as resentment surged through him.

"You want me to repeat it? Fine! Do you think that I'm afraid of you?" Erica adjusted her position so that her bulging belly was in Matthew's sight. Then, she spoke, "I said you are judging a gentleman with your evil heart!"

She wasn't afraid of provoking him as she didn't believe that he would hit a pregnant woman.

And she was right. Matthew just couldn't be angry with her. His anger toward Watkins also disappeared the moment his eyes fell on her belly. He couldn't punish her, but he knew something else that he could do to unsettle her.

The man suddenly lowered his head and kissed her red lips, hard.

When they had lunch at noon, Erica listened as Matthew spoke on the phone. He was busy interviewing teachers for her.

Having lost her appetite, she poked the rice in her bowl with her chopsticks. Finally, she picked up all the food that the man had served her and put it back into his bowl.

This was her way of silently protesting his decision.

Eventually, Matthew put down his phone and cast a sharp glance at the pregnant woman. Unwilling to invite his wrath, she reluctantly began to eat the rice.

Meanwhile, she silently cursed him for being overbearing, unreasonable, and brutal!

Matthew had always been a man of action. This situation was no different. He found a private teacher for Erica that day itself. Now, she wouldn't need to go to school again, just like he had ordered.

Her first theory class was later that afternoon. The teacher was very knowledgeable. She explained to Erica all the concepts she had found challenging to understand earlier.

The teacher was so good that there was no reason for Erica to complain to Matthew.

Just like that, two days passed. Soon, Erica couldn't tolerate being stuck inside the villa anymore.

This feeling grew manifold when the teacher took her to the garden for location shooting. As she studied the flowers and plants in the garden, Erica began to feel that she had wasted such a beautiful season cooped up inside.

'No way! I can't go on like this. I have to coax Matthew into letting me out!' she decided.

Overnight, Neville decided to send Watkins abroad.

It happened all of a sudden. By the time Erica learned about it, Watkins had already boarded the plane. Before turning off his phone, he called her. "Erica, I'm going abroad. I can't stay in Alorith anymore."

"What happened? Why do you have to leave Alorith so suddenly?" Erica was confused.

With a heavy sigh, Watkins explained, "Matthew not only started to mess up my father's company, but he also threatened to take me away and chop off my arms and legs... My father had to send me away. I might never be able to return to Alorith again." He sounded sad.

Erica was stunned when she heard the accusations. "No, it's impossible. Matthew just wanted to frighten you. How could he chop off your arms..."

"Erica, you still don't believe me, do you? Matthew doesn't like his wife, and he won't allow others to befriend her. Just because you are his woman, he won't tolerate anyone getting close to you. What about him? He has met the Campbell family's sisters several times without your knowledge. Forget it. If I say anything else, it will sound like I'm trying to sow discord between you two. Anyway, Erica, I hope you will be happy!"

With that, Watkins ended the call.

Erica lay on the bed and fidgeted with her phone. The more she thought about what Watkins had said, the more annoyed she became. Soon, she found herself staring at the WeChat application, wondering how to question Matthew.

She randomly clicked on a WeChat group full of unread messages and casually scrolled up and down a few times.

She stumbled across a picture posted by Kaitlyn in the group chat. The date stamp on the photo showed that it had been taken yesterday.

Erica clicked on the picture. It was taken at a dinner party. As she searched the faces in the photo, she saw Camille.

The person sitting one seat away from her was none other than... Matthew!

He was wearing a white shirt. A man sat on his right and a woman on his left. Erica didn't know the identity of the woman on his left. She was in her twenties and looked very beautiful.

The woman was pouring a glass of wine for Matthew. Although he was expressionless, the woman was smiling.

Erica went back to the group chat and re-read Kaitlyn's message. She said, "My cousin and I are out for dinner. Matthew is also here."

The other people in the group had sent messages expressing their envy of her.

Erica scrolled up again, but the picture of the dinner party had disappeared. Maybe it had been withdrawn.

She gritted her teeth and texted Matthew irritably. "Where are you?" Why could he indulge himself in dissipation but didn't allow her to go out? That was so unfair to her!

Matthew's response shook Erica out of her reflection. "I'm outside. I'll return late."

Erica couldn't believe his reply. Was he socializing again? And she was stuck in the villa? She was so furious that her mind went blank, and she couldn't think of a befitting answer.

After a while, just when she was about to fall asleep, she received a message from Kaitlyn. "Erica, I'm with the Campbell family. Camille just told me that Matthew went to see Phoebe. I don't know if it's true or not. I used the pretext of going to the bathroom to find a way to tell you this without anyone noticing. Don't tell anyone that I told you."

Erica shot up in bed when she read the message. It was already very late at night, but Matthew hadn't returned. Did he truly go to see Phoebe?

She glanced around the bedroom; she was alone here while her husband was likely with another woman outside. She felt so betrayed. Such anguish surged through her that it felt as if a knife were piercing her heart.

'No way! I need to see this myself.' "Where is Phoebe now?" she asked.

Several agonizing moments passed before Kaitlyn replied with a voice message. "She isn't at the Campbell family residence. So, perhaps she is in her apartment." She seemed to be whispering in the voice message. It lent credibility to her claim that she was indeed secretly giving this information to Erica.

"Do you know the address of her apartment?"

"Yes. I will send it to you!"

It was not until Erica changed her clothes that she remembered that Matthew had asked several people to keep an eye on her. How would she leave the villa?

Perhaps they would not stop her if she claimed to be going to the Hilton family's manor.

Erica breathed a sigh of relief.

When she opened the door of the villa, she saw several bodyguards standing outside. As soon as they noticed her, they became vigilant. "Erica!" Everyone knew that this pregnant woman could climb over the wall and window. So two bodyguards were guarding the windowsill too.

Erica announced calmly, "I'm going to the manor. Ask the driver to take me there."

"Erica, why do you go to the manor so late?" One of the bodyguards was bold enough to question her.

She glanced at him coldly, "Do you have a problem with my visiting my parents-in-law? Didn't Matthew say that I could go to the manor?"

Her tone was harsh, and her explanation was reasonable. The bodyguard was also frightened when she mentioned Matthew. "Yes, Erica. I'll arrange for the car right away!"

CHAPTER 1334 MATTHEW'S BABIES

The car arrived immediately. Without any doubt on Erica, the bodyguard opened the door for her. After she had seated in the back seat, he sat in the passenger seat.

While they were driving out of the community, she suddenly said, "I'm hungry. I remember there is a restaurant selling fried chicken not far away from here. I want to eat there."

"Well..." The bodyguard was obviously hesitant.

To hide her guilt, she said coldly, "What's wrong? Am I not allowed to eat fried chicken? If you starve Matthew's babies, make sure that you can take responsibility."

Her threat worked because the bodyguard immediately apologized, "I'm sorry, Erica. Where is that restaurant? Please give the driver directions so we can take you there." "What is wrong with Erica tonight? According to my colleagues, she is a nice and easy-going woman. She's not like other rich women who are bossy and arrogant. Why does she seem strict and demanding now?" the bodyguard thought inwardly.

Erica told the driver the address and he followed her instructions.

She also borrowed the bodyguard's phone, so he couldn't have the chance to inform Matthew. She just pretended that her phone ran out of battery.

The car stopped in front of the entrance of a high-end community. The driver looked back in confusion and asked, "Erica, there is no restaurant that sells fried chicken here."

"Oh, Matthew just texted me that he is here. Just take me in. We will buy fried chicken together," she answered calmly.

The driver and the bodyguard were rendered speechless.

They could sense that something was wrong, but they couldn't afford to ask more questions since she was going to see Matthew inside.

The driver said something to the security guard, and the car went inside the community smoothly.

The bodyguard accompanied Erica to the elevator, and they stopped on the nineteenth floor.

She was about to ring the doorbell, but her hand froze in midair when she thought of what might happen next.

After taking a step back, she asked the bodyguard to ring the doorbell instead while she waited at the side.

The bodyguard pressed the doorbell many times

before someone asked from the inside, "Who is it?"

Although she couldn't see the person behind the door, Erica could tell that it was Phoebe's voice.

Knowing that Phoebe would peer through the peephole, she didn't say anything but stood in front of the door.

If Matthew was really inside, Phoebe would surely open the door to show off.

As she expected, Phoebe opened the door in a short while.

Erica's facial expression changed slightly upon seeing her standing at the door, buttoning up her shirt. Her hair was a little messy as if she had just gotten up from the bed.

But that was not the most dreadful sight for Erica. The most horrible was seeing a man walking out of the bedroom while buttoning up his shirt too.

And the man was none other than Matthew.

A man and a woman were inside the apartment at night and buttoning up their shirts at the same time.

What could anyone think?

Erica was thunderstruck. Her mind went blank, and her face turned pale as a sheet in an instant.

She had seen it with her two eyes. Her husband just got out of another woman's bedroom.

When Matthew saw her standing at the door, he was a little stunned. But then, he acted like nothing was wrong. He walked up to her and asked softly, "Didn't you go to the manor?"

Unable to utter a word, she just stared at him.

Finally, he noticed that there was something wrong with her. He looked down at his shirt and was about to explain, "Just now..."

However, Erica suddenly slapped Phoebe with her trembling hand. The impact was strong enough for the latter's head to tilt to one side. As her eyes turned red with anger, she yelled, "Phoebe, how dare you seduce my husband!"

Matthew's face darkened. He now understood why Erica was so mad.

All he wanted to do was calm her down, so he came over and hugged her. "Rika, don't be angry. I will explain everything."

But to his surprise, Erica shook his hands off and slapped him without hesitation.

Pak! The sound reverberated inside the quiet room.

Tears welled up in her eyes. At this moment, she was not afraid of his cold face anymore. "Matthew, is this why you want to lock me up at home?" She then laughed bitterly. "Ha-ha! I'm actually still waiting for Phoebe to transfer the ten million to your account."

'I am such a fool!

How could I even believe that Matthew will give up the woman he likes and fall in love with a woman he didn't want to marry in the first place?

I overestimated myself. In the end, I was only fooled, ' she thought bitterly.

Since Matthew was also slapped, Phoebe, who wanted to fight back, decided to shut her mouth.

"Erica!" Matthew uttered her name slowly, giving pressure to each syllable.

Erica took a deep breath as she was choking with sobs. "Don't you ever call my name! Liar!"

He ignored her words and said calmly, "I came here to take Nathan's things."

"Take Nathan's things? Are his things on that bitch's bed?" she mocked and laughed sarcastically.

He stared straight to her eyes and said unblinkingly, "Nothing happened between Phoebe and me. It's not what you think it is."

If he was not mistaken, Erica and he fell into Phoebe's trap.

Wiping her tears, Erica stared at the woman next to her. "Phoebe, I declare that you are done!" She would not forgive her no matter what, and she would do everything to teach her a good lesson.

After saying those words, she held her head high, turned around, and left the apartment decisively.

Despite being slapped by Erica, Matthew followed her quickly. He didn't even bother to take his suit in the living room.

Fortunately, she didn't stop him from entering the elevator. Inside, he pressed her against the wall and coaxed her in a soft voice, "Rika, Phoebe told me that she found a box hidden by Nathan. There were important things in it, so I came to pick the box up. But when I arrived there, the pipe in her bathroom suddenly broke."

As tears still streamed down her face, Erica listened to his explanation without saying a word.

He continued, "The property manager came and fixed the pipe, but my clothes were already wet, so I went to her bedroom to change into Nathan's shirt."

"You're lying!" Erica suddenly broke out. Trying to suppress the pain in her heart, she retorted, "You are a neat freak. You won't wear clothes that others wear!" She knew what a neat freak Matthew was. He wouldn't even wear his best friend's clothes.

"Yes, you're right. But this one I'm wearing is new." Phoebe bought the shirt for Nathan before, but he didn't get the chance to use it. That was why he agreed to wear it.

Matthew thought of the whole scenario in his mind. Phoebe decided to sell the apartment and found the box while she was cleaning up. She then asked Matthew to get it. But when he was there, the pipe suddenly broke. His clothes got wet when he tried to fix it. She then offered Nathan's new shirt, and he changed right in time that Erica arrived. Obviously, things were preplanned. It was a trap.

He would definitely make Phoebe pay for this. But for now, he needed to focus on appeasing Erica. He couldn't do anything unless she forgave him.

"It seems that I am really a fool in your eyes," Erica murmured. She hated herself for being so stupid to fall in love with a man who loved no one but Phoebe.

When the elevator reached the ground floor, she pushed him away and walked out.

As soon as she got in the car, she dialed Gifford's number, ignoring Matthew, who sat beside her.

Every time she sent a message to Gifford, it would always take a long time before he replied. But when she called him, he would answer immediately. She knew that Gifford was always busy. After all, when Rhea called him for help last time, she had to call him more than twenty times before he finally answered.

As soon as he answered the phone, she immediately sobbed and said, "Gifford, I'm serious this time."

CHAPTER 1335 YOU DON'T LOVE ME

Gifford grew more fearful when Erica's crying intensified. Concern laced his voice as he asked, "What's wrong? Tell me what has happened. Don't cry!"

"I never want to see Phoebe again. I want her to disappear from Alorith. Gifford, can you do that for me?" she asked between sobs. She couldn't count on Matthew anymore.

"Yes, I can. I can do whatever you need me to do," Gifford answered decisively and without hesitation. He would do anything if it calmed his dear sister.

Matthew placed a hand over her phone, and with the other, he gently cupped her chin and turned her face toward him. "Look at me," he murmured, but Erica closed her eyes tightly and shook her head. Tears streamed down her face, and he wiped them with a gentle swipe of his thumb. When she finally met his gaze, he said, "Let me do it!"

"I don't need you anymore, Matthew!" came her hoarse reply. "I know that you still love Phoebe. You don't love me. You never loved me! You had no choice but to marry me! Even though we have been together for so long and are going to have babies, you still don't love me!" Erica was so heartbroken that she shouted at Matthew. She didn't even care that Gifford could hear every word she said.

'He used to be gentle with me. But it was all fake. He just wanted me to get pregnant!' she thought as anger surged within her.

Her crying and questioning made Matthew's heart ache. "Honey, it's not what you think. Let me explain..." He did really love her very much.

"Don't lie to me anymore! Matthew, I have two babies in my belly. After they are born, one is yours and the other is mine. Let's go our separate ways!" Erica yelled as fresh tears stained her cheeks.

Gifford's furious voice came through the phone. "Matthew, what did you do to hurt my sister? Believe it or not, I'll bring people to Alorith to teach you a lesson!"

Gifford had never heard his sister speak this way before. Matthew must have done something to truly hurt her. He felt so sorry for her that he wished he could beat his brother-in-law.

Matthew took the phone from the weeping Erica and told Gifford, "I did nothing wrong. Rika misunderstood me. I'm trying to explain myself to her, and you are not helping.

Don't add fuel to the fire!" "You broke my sister's heart, and you dare to retort? Matthew, you think I would not dare do anything to you?" Gifford threatened.

Matthew responded coldly, "Try it!"

"As you wish!" Gifford cursed. "Wait for me. I'm coming to Alorith right now."

No one could bully his sister, not even Matthew.

After the call ended, Matthew threw the phone aside, grabbed Erica by the shoulders, and implored, "Rika, I have never loved Phoebe. You are the reason why I didn't send her to the slum. I wanted to use her to make you jealous. So that..." "...you would treat me better." He didn't finish.

"Just shut up! I won't listen to your nonsense anymore. You're nothing but a liar!" Erica was so agitated that she covered her ears and shook her head. She didn't want to listen to his explanations.

After everything she had seen, how could she believe anything that Matthew said?

"I admit that I have lied to you on occasions, but they were white lies. You should know that I would never hurt you!" Matthew had never been so desperate to explain himself to others. Not like this. Erica was special, and she had to know how he felt about her.

Tears poured down Erica's face. She was so confused and anguished that she couldn't think straight. She wouldn't accept any justification that Matthew gave, no matter what he said.

She knew that she shouldn't have trusted Phoebe, but she was just so sad.

Matthew asked the driver to pull over. A sensible man, the driver stopped and then excused himself on the pretext that he wanted a cigarette. Now, only the couple were in the car.

The man wiped her tears and said, "Honey, let's talk, okay?"

Erica shook her head. She didn't want to talk about anything now. She felt as though her heart had shattered. All she wanted to do was calm down, but Matthew's explanations were just making her more distraught.

He knew that she didn't want to hear it, but he still had to say something. "Just as I was returning tonight, I received a call from Phoebe..."

To arrange for the ten million, Phoebe decided to sell the house that Nathan had left to her. When she was packing their belongings, she found a box that he had hidden. Inside it was his background information, his childhood toys, and other important things.

She called Matthew and told him about the box, and so, he went over to fetch Nathan's things.

As he was sifting through the box, Phoebe went to pour a glass of water for him. That was when she found that the bedroom was flooded. She went into the bathroom to investigate and saw that the bathroom pipe had burst.

Matthew couldn't just sit there and do nothing. While Phoebe called the property management, he went to the bathroom to see if he could stop the leak.

Phoebe accidentally bumped into the shower-head, thus spraying water everywhere, including on Matthew.

Eventually, the property management personnel brought a new pipe to replace the broken one. At that time, Phoebe began cleaning the bathroom while Matthew took the new shirt given by her and changed in the bedroom next door.

As soon as he put on the new shirt, he heard the doorbell. He came out to see who it was, only to find Erica.

Then, things spun out of control.

Erica listened to him with a blank expression. She didn't know whether she should believe him or not.

"Phoebe will wire the ten million tomorrow. I've already looked into it. Now that Camille has transferred four million to her account, she has enough money to pay the compensation she owes us."

He knew that Erica had sued Phoebe to punish her, not for the money.

Exhausted, both mentally and physically, Erica rested her head on his shoulder. She remained silent, except for the occasional sobs.

"Are you still angry with me for how I treated Watkins? Do you know that he loves Camille? He doesn't like you."

Erica felt like a thunderbolt from the clear sky had struck her. Of course, she didn't care whether Watkins liked her or not.

She was upset because Watkins had lied to her. Now, it turned out that he was infatuated with Camille.

"I saw it with my own eyes. They got in the same car and entered the same neighborhood." A man and a woman took a car at night and entered the same community. To Matthew, it didn't look like they were talking about work or that they were just platonic friends.

But he didn't have any evidence to prove that Watkins liked Camille. So he just reminded Erica to be careful of Watkins.

"I feel what happened this evening was another trap. Tell me, how did you know that I'm here with Phoebe?" he asked.

Erica remained silent for a while. Eventually, she answered truthfully, "Kaitlyn told me."

Matthew knew who Kaitlyn was. After all, he had called the headmaster and asked him to expel Kaitlyn and Luther from school.

"This woman is Fanya's niece. She told you that I was in Phoebe's apartment. Then you came and saw Phoebe and me. She was trying to sow dissension between us, wasn't she?"

he rationalized. At this moment, Erica began to doubt everything in her life.

Tessie, Watkins, Kaitlyn... What kind of friends did she have?

Matthew's heart ached for Erica. His simple, sweet Rika had been hurt by so many people. He wrapped her in his arms and said. "Rika, don't overthink. I'll deal with those people, okay?"

A moment later, Erica shook her head. She looked into his eyes and said firmly, "Let me deal with them myself."

After what had happened tonight, she finally understood what Matthew had said before—the weaker branch would break first.

If she hadn't asked Phoebe to pay the ten million in compensation but had sent her to the slum, instead, tonight's incident would never have happened. Erica now realized that sometimes her soft-heartedness set her up for much grief.

"Okay! You handle this however you like. I won't interfere." He would do whatever she said as long as she was not sad.

When she saw the tenderness in his eyes, Erica couldn't help but ask, "Matthew, you like me, don't you?"

"What do you think?" He felt it was evident that he loved her deeply, but she still asked. Couldn't she see it?

'What do I think?

Can't he just answer my question?' She rolled her eyes and didn't bother to ask again.

Erica was silly, and Matthew never expressed his feelings for her straightforwardly. So, she still didn't know that he loved her deeply.

CHAPTER 1336 BREAK OFF RELATIONS

Matthew lowered his head and kissed his wife's red lips. "Are you still sad?"

She shook her head and answered firmly, "I'm not sad. I'm just angry because Phoebe provoked me!"

"Okay, then why did you hit me?" Matthew was under the impression that Erica had slapped him because she was feeling envious.

However, he just found out that she was just angry with Phoebe. He was a bit disappointed as he felt like he had been slapped for nothing.

"You made me think you two were having an affair. What would you have done in my place? To tell you the truth, I felt sorry for you too. After all, you're a handsome man.

How about I just slap myself next time?" she suggested. 'Slap yourself? Why?' Matthew couldn't find meaning in her words.

When she caught his confused expression, Erica explained to him, "I have such a handsome and rich husband that even when we fight, I don't have the heart to hit you.

I suppose I could only slap myself instead." 'What? Then I'd prefer you to hit me instead, ' he thought.

When the car arrived at their villa, Erica was still in a bad mood. She didn't talk much on the way, but she rested her head against Matthew's chest, deep in thought.

Matthew carried the woman to the villa and said to the bodyguards at the gate, "You can go home now!"

"Yes, Matthew."

Thanks to Matthew, Erica's mood was better in no time.

At Leonard family's house in Askor

Gifford appeared at home out of the blue. While no one was noticing, he went back to his bedroom, took something and walked out just as quickly as he had come in.

As he closed the door behind him, he glanced at the innermost room in the corridor.

He hesitated for a moment and walked over. When he was about to knock on the door, he heard a faint noise coming from the door of Wesley's room.

Suddenly, Wesley pushed the door open from the inside.

Gifford turned around and strode over, just in time to meet his father.

Wesley frowned in confusion as he wasn't expecting to see his son. "Why did you come back at this hour?"

'Isn't he glad I am back home in the first place?' Gifford thought to himself and rolled his eyes. "I came back to fetch something before heading out to Alorith," he answered honestly.

"Why are you going to Alorith?" Wesley asked.

"I'm going to see Matthew!" Gifford mumbled as he was about to leave.

"Come back here!" Wesley called out to his son, realizing that something was not right.

Gifford stopped in his tracks, turned around and looked at his father. "What?" he asked impatiently.

"What are you going to do in Alorith in the middle of the night?"

"I'll shut down Matthew's company and teach him a lesson!" As soon as the last word left his mouth, he turned around and attempted to leave again.

"Stop!" Wesley ran after his son immediately.

Gifford had to stop again, but his patience was wearing thin. "What do you want?"

"You said you wanted to shut down Matthew's company and teach him a lesson, but you didn't tell me what had happened. You have some nerve! Perhaps I should teach you a lesson!"

"That man broke Rika's heart!"

Wesley rolled his eyes at his stupid son. "What goes on between a man and his wife is none of your concern. Just mind your own business. You can barely deal with your own relationship properly." Wesley was furious. After all, Gifford hadn't come back home ever since he got married to Chantel. And now he was there in the middle of the night, intending to leave without her knowing. He had gone too far!

"Dad! It's different this time. Matthew really broke Rika's heart." Gifford felt helpless because his father

didn't believe him.

Wesley paused for a while and said, "Why are you in such a hurry? Go and see your wife first. I'll call Matthew and ask him what's going on."

Gifford glanced at the room where Chantel was staying. If he had known that his father would stop him, Gifford would not have come back to take the document Matthew had signed where he said that he would never bully Erica.

Blair was sound asleep when she was woken up by the conversation between father and son. She wondered who was making such a fuss at this hour as she walked out in her pajamas. "Gifford, what are you doing here?" she asked.

Gifford rolled his eyes at the older man. The moment he noticed the anger in Wesley's eyes, he reluctantly answered, "Well, I am here to see Chantel." Then he took two steps back and walked towards Chantel's room.

The lights in Chantel's room were switched off. After a long, tiresome day, she could barely keep her eyes open, let alone notice the person standing in her room right now.

Gifford decided not to turn on the lights because he didn't want to disturb her. He sat on the edge of the bed in the dark and stared at the sleeping woman under the moonlight.

The woman lay on her left side, dressed in a loose light blue silk nightgown. Her breathing was steady and her long hair was pressed under her head.

As he sat there, quietly staring at Chantel, his Adam's apple bobbed up and down.

Gifford counted the months in his head and realized that it had been a long time since he had fallen into Erica and Chantel's trap.

The man hadn't had sex in several months and he wasn't feeling good.

As his long fingers brushed over the woman's face, his hands gradually went down.

'Huh? Has she gained weight? Her belly feels rounder than it was last time. It's so soft!

Well, I'm glad she has been eating well. Besides, she was quite skinny. I wouldn't mind if she gained a few pounds more.'

Just then, the gentle touch of his hands caused the woman to move.

Frightened, Gifford withdrew his hand immediately and froze as she slowly turned over with her back towards him.

Gifford didn't know that his wife liked to sleep on her side until now.

A moment later, he heard the sound of the door to the study closing. Gifford snapped himself back to reality, stood up from the bed and walked out silently as if he was never there.

Watching him come out in a set of clean clothes, Wesley knew that he wasn't going to stay. "I just called Matthew. They did have a fight, but now Rika has fallen asleep and is not angry anymore. Don't worry about her and mind your own business."

"Dad, you must have been fooled by Matthew. I was on the phone with Rika and she was crying like crazy," Gifford argued.

Wesley glared at him impatiently. "Your sister always cries for nothing. It's nothing new and you know it," he snapped.

"Dad, it's really different this time. I have to go there!"

"Why don't you spend more of your free time with your wife? Why do you have to care so much for someone else's problem? If something bad happened to Rika, do you think that Matthew would just sit by and do nothing? And if he were the one to break her heart, would Carlos and Debbie not interfere? Listen to what I'm saying! Stop worrying about Rika! And you want to shut down Matthew's company? Have you lost your mind?" Wesley strongly believed that Matthew would never do anything to hurt Erica. Besides, she wasn't complaining when he was on the phone with Matthew just now, which implied that there was nothing serious to be worried about.

Indeed, if it were a big deal, she would have already run away from Matthew by now. Erica wouldn't have waited for Gifford to come to her rescue if that were really the case.

'It seems as though Rika was right all along. Dad loves Matthew as if he were his own son. Rika, Yvette and I must have been picked up from the street or something!'

With this thought in mind, Gifford spoke in the same tone as Erica's. "Dad, did you really pick me up from the trash bin when I was a baby?"

"Yes!" Wesley said and walked towards the bedroom door.

"Good to know! Fine! I'll cut all ties with you," Gifford declared.

Wesley paused and turned around to face his son with a deadpan expression. "Really?"

Gifford had an illusion that as long as he dared to nod, Wesley would really sever their father-son relationship. "I know you don't want to do that, so forget it..."

"Don't flatter yourself.

How about this? Since you want to break off ties with the Leonard family, you can cut your flesh and bones and return them to your father and mother*!" (*TN: This is from the story of Nezha. In order to break off relations with his family, Nezha cut his flesh and bones and returned them to his parents.)

Gifford felt a little embarrassed. 'Why is Dad being so cruel to me?'

"Dad, I'd better cut your flesh and bones and return them to Mom!" He ran as fast as he could once the words left his mouth.

Without another word, Wesley picked up his slipper from the floor and threw it at his fleeing son.

CHAPTER 1337 AVENGE ME

Although he didn't look back, Gifford was able to dodge Wesley's slipper, so it flew straight to the landing of the staircase.

"Get it back for me," Wesley growled from behind.

Gifford walked up to the slipper but didn't pick it up. Instead, he turned to Wesley, gave him a wicked grin, and kicked his slipper down to the ground floor.

"You bastard!" Wesley immediately picked up his remaining slipper and ran after his son.

Seeing him coming, Gifford dashed downstairs as fast as he could. So when Wesley reached the landing, he was already at the door of the living room.

Before opening the door, he turned to Wesley and said, "Dad, you can't do it anymore. You are already very old. You can't even catch up with me now."

Squinting his eyes, Wesley ignored his mockery and said, "Gifford, I remember there is something important we haven't told you yet." The last time that Gifford came home, Wesley and Blair only urged him to take Chantel and get their marriage licenses. No one had mentioned to him that Chantel was pregnant.

"What is it?" Gifford asked confusedly.

With a mysterious smile on his face, Wesley just said, "Never mind. I'm going to bed now."

Since he entered the military, Gifford had always been earnest and never went back on his word before his soldiers. But when Wesley refused to answer, he decisively returned to the living room and said with a cheeky smile, "Dad, I'll take your slipper upstairs." What Wesley wanted to tell him must be something important, so he was eager to know it.

"Never mind. I don't need my slipper anymore."

"Dad, I'll buy you a new pair of slippers." 'I'll buy you a pair of slippers worth 99 cents, ' he thought to himself.

But Wesley didn't even bother to answer him this time.

Feeling disappointed, he looked at the slipper and thought for a while, before he turned around and left.

As soon as he went out, he took his phone and sent a message to Erica, asking, "Rika, how are you now?"

It only took a short while when he received her response. "I'm doing fine."

'Since she is fine, I won't go to Alorith anymore, ' he thought.

Inside their bedroom in the villa, Matthew took Erica's phone and put it on the bedside table. He then turned off the light and lay down beside her. They fell asleep in each other's arms.

When Erica woke up the next morning, Matthew was already tidying up his clothes, getting ready for work.

The moment he saw her eyes open, he turned around and handed her a bank card. "Phoebe has already transferred the ten million dollars."

She just stared at it for a long time before saying, "Mm."

He waited for her to take the card, but she didn't, so he ordered, "Take it."

"No, thanks," she refused unhesitatingly. She didn't want any money from the people she hated the most.

He didn't force her anymore. Instead, he said, "Have a good rest. I have to go to the company today. Just call me if you need anything."

She just answered in a low voice, "Mm."

Matthew was about to leave, but when he noticed her mood, he sat on the edge of the bed and pulled the quilt. He bent over and whispered in her ear, "I thought we're okay now that I've already explained everything to you."

He couldn't understand why she seemed to be still angry.

Erica shut her eyes and said, "Go to the company now." She was actually brewing a big plan.

He stood up and said, "Okay. But I'll come back at noon so we can have lunch together."

This time, she didn't say anything more, so he left.

What Matthew didn't know was as soon as he left, Erica immediately got up from the bed and took her phone to call Gifford.

It took a while before her call was answered, but it was not Gifford. "Hello, Erica. Gifford is busy right now. What's up?"

She recognized the man's voice as one of Gifford's soldiers. "Hi! I have something urgent to talk to him. When is he free?"

"I'll bring the phone to him now. Wait a minute."

"Okay. Thank you!"

After a short while, Gifford's voice came from the other end of the line. "What's wrong?"

"Where are you?" she asked.

"In Askor."

She suddenly got confused. "Didn't you say that you'd come to Alorith to avenge me?" she asked anxiously.

"Didn't you say that you were all right?"

"When did I say that?" After Matthew had explained everything, she had forgiven him. But it didn't mean that she wouldn't deal with the Campbell sisters anymore.

"I asked you on WeChat last night, and you replied you were all right."

Upon hearing it, she immediately checked her WeChat. Indeed, there was a reply to Gifford's message. However, it was not she who sent the message. "It was Matthew who replied to you," she said. She had already fallen asleep at that time.

"So, do you still need me to go there now?" Gifford asked.

"Not really. Anyway, forget about it." Matthew had already put a lot of bodyguards outside their gate, so she felt like Gifford didn't need to come.

Gifford asked confusedly, "Have you and Matthew made up?"

"Not yet. I have to go now. I have something else to do."

She then hung up the phone.

Looking at his phone, Gifford was speechless for a while. Since when did Erica become busier than him?

Inside a five-star hotel in Alorith, the lights were shining brightly at the grandiose lobby. Most people who came for dinner today were successful businessmen, scholars, and famous stars in the entertainment industry.

At this moment, more than a dozen men and women were inside Room 266.

Most of them were from the business circle, and the one who organized the dinner was Carlson Edwards, who was also a business tycoon.

"Camille, why did Carlson invite us to dinner?" Phoebe, who felt uneasy, asked in a low voice.

Camille had met Carlson several times, but she always avoided him because of his bad reputation. Someone else had invited her and Phoebe to this dinner today. They only found out Carlson was the host when they arrived. "Don't worry. I'm sure that man won't set me up. We will be fine here," Camille answered.

The man she was referring to was the one who invited them here. Instead of backing out, she just comforted herself and Phoebe.

Everyone knew that Carlson was a BDSM maniac. Some women had died in his bed, but he had been using his money to cover up his crimes.

He had been taking a fancy to the beautiful Camille since the first time he saw her. He had actually tried to pursue her a couple of times, but she never took him seriously.

This time, Camille couldn't help feeling uneasy as she quietly took a sip of champagne while listening to Carlson swanking in front of everyone.

Phoebe and Camille only felt relieved when the dinner had ended, and they walked out of the private room.

Carlson was so horrible that even having dinner with him in the same room sent a chill down their spines.

But as they entered the elevator, several bodyguards came out of nowhere and blocked them.

One of them pressed the button to the twenty-sixth floor.

Phoebe immediately yelled in panic, "We are going down!"

But no one responded, and the elevator had begun to rise.

If they remembered it correctly, on the twenty-sixth floor were the presidential suites of this hotel.

All of a sudden, the sisters had a feeling that something was not right. They quietly looked at each other as panic flashed across their eyes.

CHAPTER 1338 | ARRANGED |

Quietly, Camille reached her phone and tried to ask for help without anyone noticing.

However, a bodyguard beside her soon realized what she was trying to do. Taking out his dagger, he quickly pressed it against her neck as he snatched the cellphone from the hysterical woman.

In the meantime, another bodyguard grabbed Phoebe's purse and unzipped it to make sure that her phone was still in it.

By the time the elevator stopped on the 26th floor, the two women were forced to get out. Waiting for them, about a dozen bodyguards stood in two rows in front of a presidential suite. Instantaneously, it became clear that the whole floor had been booked by whoever was behind this.

The next moment, the sisters were led to the much-guarded suite, where they found a man and a woman in a pleasant conversation with one another.

From time to time, the woman would even laugh joyfully at the man's words.

The instant Camille recognized the woman, she unconsciously turned around to run towards the door. But before she could go very far, she felt the cold steel of the dagger against her neck once more. Then the bodyguard warned her fiercely, "Don't move!"

Phoebe, on the other hand, froze in shock to see who that woman was chatting with the man. Recomposing herself, she asked, "Erica, what do you want?"

Erica calmly drank from her glass of water and then smiled as she looked at the Campbell sisters. "Carlson is a regular customer of Hilton Group. As the CEO's wife, I want to give him a big gift!"

'A big gift?' Camille began to worry and warned her coldly, "Erica, if anything happens to me today, the Campbell family won't let you get away with it!"

Erica stood up, showing off her big belly as she walked around the room. With a faint smile on her lips, she asked, "Didn't anyone tell you that if anything happened to me, both the Hilton and the Leonard families wouldn't let you get away with it either? To tell you the truth, I arranged today's dinner."

Phoebe struggled violently in response but was forced to calm down when she felt the blade accidentally slipping through her neck. As blood started to ooze out from her wound, she said, "I've already paid you ten million dollars, what else do you want?"

"What else do I want?" Touching the bracelet given by her husband on her wrist, Erica stared coldly at the Campbell sisters. "Don't you like to go after the same man? I want to help you get what you want. This is Carlson. He's a big shot in the financial world. I bet you've already heard about him. Anyway, I just thought you would like him. Or should I say his money? Carlson, what do you think of the Campbell sisters?"

Carlson had been eager to make love to Camille for a long time. But he had never expected that her sister would also look so stunning, or that he would end up in a threesome with the two beauties. He couldn't have been more excited. With an obscene grin, he answered, "Mrs. Hilton, I'm really satisfied with the gift!"

Scared, Phoebe immediately shouted at the top of her lungs, "Help! Help!"

The bodyguards did nothing to stop her.

Erica dug her finger into her ear and kindly reminded her, "Stop shouting. There is no one else on this floor besides us."

Camille looked at the fat and disgusting man in front of her and felt sick. How could she have sex with him? Her only hope was to persuade the pregnant woman to change her mind. "Erica, I don't mind the slap you gave me before, but ask them to let us go now!"

Erica took two steps forward, and her features hardened. "In your dreams!" she uttered coldly. If she kept being nice to the Campbell sisters, they would never take her seriously or stop trying to seduce her husband.

With her hands on her waist, Erica winked at the bodyguards. Confused, the Campbell sisters soon felt a sting in their arms.

Immediately, some cold liquid was infused into their bodies, and within a few seconds, the needles were pulled out.

"Erica, what did you let them inject us with?" Phoebe asked loudly, which made Erica's ears hurt. Not willing to stay in that room any longer, Erica didn't answer her.

Instead, she turned to Carlson, who was looking forward to having sex with the Campbell sisters, and told him with a smile, "Carlos, every second of this romantic night is precious. I hope you'll enjoy it."

"Thank you, Mrs. Hilton! I'll remember to be generous with you for your kindness in the future."

Carlson's eyes were filled with lust when he looked at the Campbell sisters.

As soon as Erica turned to leave, the drugs started to take effect. Phoebe's legs weakened as she fell to her knees on the floor.

Camille stared at Erica's back with resentment for a few more seconds, but in the end, she wasn't able to resist the effect of the drug. Breathing heavily, she ended up collapsing like her sister.

The drug that the bodyguards had injected them with was Matthew's. Therefore, its effect was much stronger than the one used on Gifford. There was no way that the Campbell sisters would be able to resist it.

After walking out of the room, Erica didn't leave the hotel immediately. Instead, she went to the next room.

Inside, there was a woman tied to a chair with a tape on her mouth.

In front of her, a huge screen showed the surveillance video from the other room. At that moment, they could see Carlson carrying one of the sisters to bed.

When the tied woman heard the steps coming from behind her, she turned her head and saw Erica. Although she couldn't say a word to her, the resentment in her eyes was explicit.

Erica stood next to her and looked at the big screen, ignoring the woman's struggling. Meanwhile, Carlson had already carried both Phoebe and Camille to bed.

He was preparing the tools that he intended to use on the sisters when he unexpectedly burst into laughter.

Erica didn't want to see such a disgusting scene, so she turned around and ordered the two bodyguards in the room, "Keep an eye on Fanya. If she dares to close her eyes, beat her until she opens them widely and is looking at the screen."

Her voice was clear and even sweet, but every word she said drove Fanya closer to the edge of an unfathomable abyss.

Her two daughters were about to go through the most terrible experience of their lives. As a mother, she was now forced to watch it with her own eyes. She couldn't believe Erica's cruelty!

"Yes, Erica!"

"Mmph..." Fanya moaned louder, trying to say something, but Erica had no interest in hearing it. So after making sure that everything was ready, she calmly left the room.

Now with the two closed doors behind her, Erica looked dead serious as she ordered the rest of the bodyguards, "Keep an eye on everyone in these rooms. They can't come out until tomorrow morning!"

"Yes, Erica."

Downstairs, an Emperor car had been waiting for a long time at the hotel's entrance. The moment the pregnant woman came out, the man in the back seat got out of the car to welcome her in person.

"Are you done?" he asked in a soft voice and held her hands as if he didn't know what was going on inside the hotel.

The woman nodded and yawned. "Now I want to go home and get some sleep."

"Okay!" The man led her inside the car before he told the driver that they were ready to leave the hotel.

On the way back, the two didn't talk. Erica just leaned against Matthew's chest with her eyes closed.

Knowing that she wasn't asleep, Matthew suddenly spoke when they were about to arrive at their place. "The slum is ready. The Campbell sisters can be sent there at any time. How about we send them the day after tomorrow?"

'The day after tomorrow?' Erica thought for a while and said, "I'll see them tomorrow before making the decision." First, she wanted to enjoy her victory.

"Okay."

That night, Erica slept soundly as usual, but for the three members of the Campbell family, that had been the worst night of their entire lives.

The next day, Erica got up before dawn and took her phone with her to the bathroom. There, she dialed a number and ordered, "Ask the reporters to wait on the 26th floor."

After hanging up, she used the toilet and took her phone back to the bedroom.

Matthew was already awake when he saw the pregnant woman walking towards him.

CHAPTER 1339 REPUTATIONS RUINED

Erica crawled into bed as if nothing happened. She put her phone aside, closed her eyes, and curled up in Matthew's arms. She was asleep almost as soon as her head hit the pillow.

Looking at the quiet woman, Matthew kissed her hair. Her silence worried him. She was usually venting her anger rather loudly.

She had done something that could destroy the lives of two women, possibly all the Campbell family,

but she was calm as could be.

This made Matthew feel really sorry for her. His wife seemed to have changed overnight.

At the first rays of dawn, Erica yawned and stretched. She was still very quiet, less talkative than usual.

After a while, the man whispered in her ear in a voice thick with lust, "Honey, how about we play a game called 'find the sausage'?"

Erica didn't refuse. She wrapped her arms around the man's neck and said, "I'm in a good mood.

This could be your lucky day!" When he heard that, he was thrilled.

Around noon, Erica sat at the table and looked at her phone.

News of the Campbell family's indiscretions had gone viral on the Internet.

A reporter had broken the story, along with a damning photo. Rumor had it that both sisters were dating the same guy—a big shot in the financial world. There was no way they were going to print the prominent person's name, so they focused on the Campbell sisters instead.

The three of them stayed in a hotel room all night and were photographed by reporters when they left. As soon as the VIP left the hotel room, the two sisters helped each other leave the room. Of course, the man's face was pixelated.

The reporters in the corridor immediately surrounded the two of them, and they kept firing off questions and snapping pics.

The Campbell sisters were ambushed by the paparazzi. They couldn't have anticipated how many reporters there were. And their cameras captured their disheveled appearance.

There were a lot of curses on the Internet, especially leveled at the second daughter of the Campbell family, Phoebe. She was not a good woman, stealing art to pass off as her own, and she even violated Matthew's likeness rights. Everyone knew that. But apparently she and her sister had slept with the same guy, on the same night. Never mind that the man was married.

The comment areas were like a shark tank. The netizens were out for blood. They unleashed epithets like whore, slut, and bitch.

And this, of course, affected their public standing. So much that people hurled insults if they saw them across the street. The Campbell family's reputation was ruined. Both the Campbell Group and Camille's company were in trouble.

The stock prices of the two companies plummeted, and the companies were a mess. Most of the senior

executives submitted their resignations one after the other, and bank loans were suspended. Private equity firms were circling like vultures, making lowball offers to buy the companies out.

The Campbell sisters went to the hospital in secret. They took back roads home, hoping to avoid the paparazzi. They were about to find out that a more dangerous enemy awaited them. The car was nearing the Campbell family villa, when three black cars approached and surrounded them.

There was no escape. Each time the driver tried to leave, a car would move to block him. The Campbell sisters were trapped.

Seeing the pregnant woman leaving the car in front of them, the two women in the back seat both shivered in fear.

Erica wore a loose knee-length dress this evening. She looked different from how she used to be. Her attitude was colder and darker. Her belly was too swollen to be covered up.

She walked over to a bench and three bodyguards flanked her for protection. Seeing that she wanted to sit down, one of the bodyguards came over and helped her. The woman slowly sat down with his help.

As of this moment, she exuded an elegant, noble temperament, even arrogant. A very different Erica indeed.

Right in front of her was the back door of the car where the Campbell sisters sat. Erica ordered the bodyguard who helped her, "Let's not be rude to our guests. Go invite them out!"

"Yes, Erica!"

There were seven bodyguards out tonight. The man winked at the other bodyguards, and three of them immediately surrounded the car of the Campbell family and began to knock on the car window.

It was already eight o'clock at night. It was quiet here and no cars could be seen or heard, no one out for a walk, no one exercising their dogs. No sound could be heard except for an occasional night creature. Even if there were a few passers-by, they would be re-directed by the bodyguards. No one was coming to help.

The driver was also frightened. Looking out the window at Erica, Camille ordered the driver calmly, "Call the police!" Her eyes were narrow and dangerous like a viper's.

"Okay, Camille!"

The driver of the Campbell family called the police with trembling hands. He wasn't about to open the car door after hanging up the phone.

One of the bodyguards returned to his car, took out an emergency hammer and began pounding on the

window.

Seeing that the glass was about to break, the Campbell family's driver immediately opened the door so he wouldn't get hit by shattered glass.

One bodyguard reacted quickly. As soon as the driver opened the door, the bodyguard pulled him out of the way, and lunged for the auto-unlock button. The other two bodyguards opened the two doors at the rear of the car at the same time and pulled the screaming women from the vehicle.

After taking them to Erica, one of the bodyguards kicked Phoebe in the back of her knee and she knelt down in front of Erica.

The pain from her knees dazed her for a time.

With one hand supporting her chin, Erica looked at the Campbell sisters who had different expressions on their faces, and said in a lively, brisk tone, "Camille, Phoebe. So how was your night? Pretty exciting, huh? You're just headed home from the hospital, right?"

There were old rumors that Carlson loved BDSM. If they'd suffered injuries at his hands, that would explain the hospital visit.

Thinking of what happened last night, Camille wished she could tear Erica to pieces and eat her alive. She gritted her teeth and swore, "Don't be so cocky! You'll pay for what happened last night. How would you like to have trouble walking?"

Hearing this, Erica pretended that she was scared. "Really? Please don't do that to me, Camille. I'm scared to death. I'm pregnant. Have mercy on my babies, at least!" she said in an exaggerated tone.

Her attitude made Camille want to slap her ten times. But as soon as she took a step forward, the bodyguard rudely pulled her back to where she was, keeping her away from Erica.

"Bitch!" said Camille. Phoebe staggered to her feet and started cursing Erica. "Camille, take that back. She's not a bitch—she's a fucking cunt!"

"Wow! What a foul mouth you have!" Erica's expression didn't change, but her tone became cold. "Slap her!"

"Yes, Erica!" One of the bodyguards held Phoebe's hands, and another came over and gave her a heavy slap.

"Ahhh!" Phoebe screamed in pain, her face red and swollen. Blood pooled on her lips.

Pak! Another slap made Phoebe cry and beg for mercy, "I... I'll stop! Please! Erica, don't do this!" She was stunned and her head was buzzing. She kept begging for mercy. "I won't say anything bad about you

again!"

Camille hated Phoebe being so cowardly. She glared at the woman who had the upper hand and cursed, "Erica, you are nothing but an idiot!"

Erica looked at her and said nothing.

Camille was pretty sure Matthew had known everything they had done. Otherwise, Neville wouldn't have sent Watkins out of the country, and she and Phoebe wouldn't have been sent to Carlson as "gifts."

Matthew was so rich and powerful, he could kill a man in broad daylight and the authorities wouldn't touch him. Erica, being his wife, was also shielded from repercussions. That was why she was able to subject Camille and her sister to Carlson's less-than-tender mercies.

Camille understood well that even if the Campbell family tried their best to sue Erica, that would fail too. If Matthew wanted to protect her, Erica would be safe and sound for the rest of her life.

Therefore, she could only enjoy fantasies of revenge on this stupid woman. "You know what? Watkins and Kaitlyn have been working for us. Ha-ha!"

CHAPTER 1340 MATTHEW LOVES YOU

Watkins fell in love with Camille when he was eighteen. However, she didn't like him because he was not her type. But Watkins' family had a strong background, and Champion Group was more influential and powerful than Campbell Group in Alorith.

Because of this, she wanted him to stay in love with her and wouldn't fall for another woman. So although she had never agreed to be his girlfriend, she hung out with him from time to time.

Phoebe, on the other hand, had always wanted to become Matthew's wife. She tried her best to get closer to him. But since Erica came to his life, her chance of becoming his wife had become slimmer and slimmer. For the sake of the Campbell family, Camille decided to take over her sister in becoming Mrs. Hilton. For Camille's plans, she needed to use Watkins, so she agreed to sleep with him. After that, he pretended to be injured and to be saved by Erica.

That was how the story started. Everything was Camille's idea. From the first time that Erica saved Watkins to the phone call before he went abroad, she knew every detail.

She was also the one who told Watkins to send roses to Erica and pretend that he liked her so much. He even dared to go against Matthew to convince Erica that his feelings were real.

The shooting incident was also her plot. She hired some gangsters to shoot Matthew, and she took the bullets for him to make it appear that she saved his life.

In short, she and Watkins had been working together to destroy Erica and Matthew's relationship.

Erica looked at Camille in shock after hearing the whole story. She couldn't help trembling in rage as she asked, "So, it was really you who planned Matthew's attack?"

Camille's mouth curved into a wild smile. This time, she didn't look aloof anymore. "Yes. I arranged everything. But unfortunately, you didn't feel anything fishy because you are stupid." Actually, if Matthew's men had not caught the two criminals who escaped, she wouldn't have admitted everything to Erica.

'Is she crazy?' Erica wondered inwardly. "You risked your life by taking those bullets just to ruin our marriage. Are you out of your mind?" What if the criminals made a mistake and failed to aim the bullets at her arm? If they hit her heart, she might not be able to survive. This thought gave Erica some goose bumps.

The smile on Camille's face vanished. She stared at her and said coldly, "You can't make an omelet without cracking the eggs."

Erica was rendered speechless. The Campbell sisters were indeed crazy. First, Phoebe framed her by deliberately falling herself to the ground and had a miscarriage.

Second, Camille took two bullets for Matthew to get his attention and ruin their relationship.

They were willing to do everything just to become Matthew's wife.

"Yes, you are Mrs. Hilton. But you are so stupid. You didn't even notice that Watkins approached you on purpose. You can't even tell a person's true colors. If I were you, I would stay away from Matthew. He doesn't deserve someone like you at all." Seeing the sudden change in Erica's facial expression elated Camille.

She added, "You even fell into Phoebe's trap when she asked Matthew to get Nathan's things in her apartment. Erica, you are the most stupid person I have ever met.

Do you even know that Matthew really loves you?"

The question made Erica raise her head suddenly. She looked at Camille and asked, "What... did you just say?"

Camille found her reaction hilarious. Even Phoebe, who had a swollen face, mocked at her rudely, "Camille is right, Erica. You are stupid. Everyone knows that Matthew is in love with you, except you. You are the dumbest person in the whole world."

'Matthew is in love with... me? Not with Phoebe?'

Erica felt like her heart was clenched tightly. All of a sudden, everything that Matthew had done for her

flashed back in her memory. First, although he was only forced to marry her, he arranged everything, even the sedan chair for their wedding. Then he treated Ethan like his own son, and treated her like a queen. He even spent time to cook for her.

He also helped her silently when it came to Tam and Tessie. When she asked him to conspire with her against Gifford, he did his best to help without any complaints.

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He also helped her silently when it came to Tam and Tessie. When she asked him to conspire with her against Gifford, he did his best to help without any complaints.

Everything that she had taken a fancy to during the auction was also sent to her. When she sued Phoebe, he didn't say anything against it. After thinking about it carefully, she now realized why Matthew had held off the case. He already knew that she had gone to Watkins for help and not to him, so he was jealous.

It dawned on her in an instant. All things made sense to her now.

However, every time she said that Phoebe was the woman he loved, he didn't deny it. And there was

still one question that lingered in her mind: was Matthew really the father of the baby in Phoebe's belly? Clenching her fists, she plucked up the courage to ask Phoebe, "Who is the father of the baby in your belly?"

Her voice sounded weak, but the Campbell sisters heard it.

"Ha-ha! I know you are going to ask. Of course, it's Nathan. Do you really believe that Matthew would sleep with his best friend's woman?" Thinking that they had finally won this round, Phoebe's and Camille's moods lightened up.

Then Camille said, "Matthew has long known that you are not responsible for Phoebe's miscarriage and that she was conniving with Watkins to scheme against you. But he never told you, and he even let her stay in Alorith to make you feel guilty every day. Perhaps he doesn't really love you that much."

This time, Erica was startled. Her mood was like a roller coaster.

She never thought that Matthew had already known her innocence all this time.

With a smug smile on her face, Phoebe said, "Erica, how can Matthew deserve an idiot like you? If I were you, I would not hesitate to kill myself."

Camille burst into laughter upon hearing Phoebe's words.

After being quiet for a while, Erica ordered her bodyguards in a calm voice, "Take Phoebe to the slum where Tessie is. Ask Matthew for the exact location of the place. Make sure that she won't be able to come back to Alorith for the rest of her life."

"Erica, how dare you!" But before Phoebe could say anything more, the two bodyguards already dragged her to the car.

Erica then turned to Camille and said, "I initially want to sue you, but I'm afraid that you will also cause trouble like Phoebe, so I change my mind. You are always cold and aloof in front of everyone. Your arrogance makes you feel like no one else can be better than you. I know a small village in Mipburg. I think that place is quite suitable for you. After all, you can have a peaceful life there. If you want to visit the town, it will take you a day by carriage." She then ordered her other bodyguards, "Take her away."

"Yes, Erica!"

"Erica!" Camille screamed. "How dare you send me away! You're crazy!" The bodyguards covered her mouth and dragged her into the car. "Mmph!" She continued to struggle.

Since the Campbell sisters were now taken away, Erica allowed the driver of the Campbell family to leave. She was left with the four bodyguards guarding her.

She just sat there quietly, looking at the garden across the road, with confusion in her eyes.

The Campbell sisters had indeed succeeded in making her realize how stupid she was. She failed to find out that they all made a fool out of her. She even kept on fighting with Matthew because of them.

As she thought of Matthew, a bitter smile appeared on her face. Her heart ached. It was not easy to fall in love with a person, but she was far from worthy of him.

At this moment, she finally understood how Chantel felt. She was in love with Gifford but always said that she didn't deserve him.

She even scolded Chantel before because for her, as long as she loved a person, she deserved him.

Now she realized she was wrong. She didn't deserve Matthew at all.