

TMBA 1381

CHAPTER 1381 SEE HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU

Teaming up with Paige in the company offices, the party tonight on the cruise ship, the evening dress and expensive jewelry... Matthew had arranged every bit of that. Not her fits of pique, of course, but everything else, surely.

He couldn't help but shake his head. 'How naive she is! If Paige hadn't gone through me first, would she have even dared to lay a finger on such an expensive jewelry set? Of course not. She knew on which side her bread was buttered.'

Matthew had made a bet inwardly. It was a private bet, and no one else was in on it. The only payout would be how right he was about how things played out.

He laid odds Erica would head to the office looking for him, particularly if she found he wasn't home. He figured she would come to him first even though she knew the four boys were at the Hilton family manor.

The CEO knew how jealous she got, so he had Paige imply that he would be at the party with another woman. That was all the impetus Erica needed to show up at the party. Not only would she attend, but she would make sure everyone there knew that he was hers and hers alone.

It turned out he was right. She did show up. And she did humiliate these other women.

But she had made one error in judgement. She hadn't noticed that Sheffield and Evelyn weren't there. Why would they skip a party like that? And why would Matthew go to a party that a playboy like Sheffield didn't care about?

The only reason so many business bigwigs were there was so they could schmooze with Matthew. Many of them had never met the man before, and they figured it was just good business to go.

Erica had no clue this was all arranged. She figured she was doing what came naturally, and was unaware of Matthew's machinations. 'My wife is still so adorable.'

Thinking of this, Matthew smiled.

Seeing his smile, Erica was shocked and snapped, "You're even smiling about it! So is it true?"

"No."

"Huh?"

"I'm not smiling, and you don't know the half of it!"

Erica pinched his face heavily until it was deformed. "You are smiling, but you won't admit it!"

Looking at the woman in front of him, Matthew didn't say anything. 'I love how power and money haven't changed her! She's the same old Erica.'

Erica thought he was unhappy, so she loosened her grip on his face and stammered, "Well, it's fine if you don't want to tell me. But I have something to tell you." Speaking of this, she suddenly became very downcast. "I found it's hard for me to become a woman worthy of your love. I was gone for more than three years, and I missed you every day. I love you more than I did three years ago. I learned who I was, and what I wanted. Other than that, nothing much has changed. So don't hate me, okay?"

This time she really just wanted to settle down. That was why she came back. She wanted to just live with him and love him with all her heart.

She had been looking at him the whole time, expectation and cautiousness in her eyes.

The wary look on her face made Matthew's heart ache. He felt sorry for her.

Why did she feel she had to walk on eggshells around him?

Everyone has his or her own emotions. He hoped that she could laugh loudly when she was happy, lose her temper when she was unhappy, and cry when she was sad. She shouldn't have to feel like she couldn't express herself around him.

It was very quiet in the bedroom. No one spoke in what seemed like forever. Erica stretched out her arms and wrapped them around the man's neck. "Matthew, you know what? Life without you is like having no pepper or vinegar in hot and sour rice noodles..."

The man was at a loss whether to cry or to laugh. What kind of simile was that?

"I changed my name to Erma while I was away from home. Erma is a portmanteau of Erica and Matthew, and I used your surname. That's how much I love you!"

This time, Matthew finally reacted. "So you do love me?"

The woman's face suddenly turned red. She was so anxious to express herself just now that she just started blurting things out. Now that Matthew suddenly asked the question, she suddenly became shy and faltered into his arms. "You're my husband. Of course I love you. I love you, and our sons..."

Matthew grabbed her hands with one hand and forced her to look at him with the other. "Do you love me, Erica?"

He must hear her answer now.

Erica took a deep breath and tilted her head to one side, refusing to look at him. "You know, it doesn't really matter who I love. You divorced me."

"When did I—" The man's voice suddenly stopped.

He couldn't believe his ears. Did he just blurt that out at one time? And when did that happen?

Erica suddenly looked back at him and couldn't wait to ask, "In Tow Village. I was pretty floored by the news, too. Don't you remember?" Although she didn't believe it at first, she was still excited when she heard the answer from Matthew.

A rare trace of uneasiness appeared on his face. "I didn't say that. Owen did."

"How could he say that without asking you?"

she asked. 'I have to give her credit there. Sometimes she's smarter than me. But only sometimes...' He had to change the topic. "I'm serious, Rika. Do you love me?"

"Of course... I love you," she answered in a quiet voice.

Or what? How could she love anyone else? Smart, good-looking, rich...There was no one else good enough. And she was not that stupid.

Erica would never know how long Matthew had been waiting for her to say that.

And finally, she admitted she loved him. He couldn't be happier right now.

This was something he'd never experienced before. He was so happy he wanted to get up and dance.

He leaned in to kiss her, but she turned her head at the last minute, and his lips landed on her neck. It was still like lightning running through her. She shuddered from the passion.

"Wait a minute. There's something I need to know!" Now that she confessed her feelings for him, she wanted to know his feelings too.

"Ask." Matthew had to hold back his desire for her a little longer.

Erica blinked and asked in a clear voice, "Do you love me?"

The man paused for a moment, and finally responded with only a deep kiss.

If he didn't love her, he wouldn't even kiss her.

If he didn't love her, he would never marry her. Everyone believed it was a shotgun marriage. That

Carlos had forced him to marry Erica. But they were wrong. He'd had his eye on her for a while. If he hadn't wanted to marry her, even his dad couldn't make him.

If he didn't love her, he wouldn't have missed her day and night. Every single hour of those three years was sheer torture.

'I love you, Erica. From now until forever, no matter how many ups and downs we go through, the only woman in my heart is you. It's always been you, ' he said inwardly.

Meanwhile, on the cruise ship, all the guests heard the screaming and pleading from the top deck as they disembarked.

"Help! Help me! Matthew! Erica! I was wrong... I don't want to be here..."

There were some who were naturally curious, so they climbed the stairs to take a look. Lucia was tied to one of the cell towers, bound tightly. The wind and rain lashed her in the cold, dark night.

A few bodyguards stood beside her, making sure she wouldn't break free. Not only that, they were there to stop anyone from rescuing her.

They weren't heartless. They got her whatever she wanted to eat or drink. Not like she had much of an appetite. But they would be the ones to blame if she died on their watch.

The party had been over for a long while, and everyone was still talking about it. Obviously, the guests enjoyed themselves. And they got an extra floor show—tonight, Erica had dealt with two women who had designs on Matthew. That was fun to watch. After everyone got off the cruise ship, the news spread like wildfire through the city. No one wanted to anger Miss Troublemaker.

CHAPTER 1382 HER TEARS

Erica's actions at the party had gone viral. It wasn't just the guests on the cruise ship who knew this. Everyone knew that Matthew and Erica loved each other very much. Those women who wanted Matthew for themselves were quiet, at least for now.

Late at night

Erica sat up from the bed, stretching, feeling her muscles protest. She quietly got out of bed, trying not to disturb the man lying next to her.

As soon as she opened the door and left the bedroom, the man she left behind opened his eyes.

He picked up his phone and looked at the time. It was half past three in the morning.

He rolled out of bed, put on his pajamas and followed the woman out.

Downstairs, Erica opened the walk-in freezer and walked in.

The fruit in the freezer was already washed. She stuffed a few cherry tomatoes into her mouth and continued to paw through the contents of the freezer.

A few minutes later, she came out with some veggies and frozen shrimp.

"Ahhh!" Erica practically jumped in fright when she walked out of the freezer. There was a man standing in the kitchen. She almost choked on the cherry tomato in her mouth.

Glancing at what she was holding, Matthew asked, "What are you doing?" Actually, he knew very well what she was up to.

The woman wore a thin nightgown, and when she shook her head, her hair swept aside briefly to reveal the love bites on her neck. Swallowing the cherry tomato in her mouth, she answered unhappily, "It's all your fault. You can't seem to keep your hands off me! I can't get dinner, so now I'm hungry!"

Matthew's mind was blown. Well, it was indeed his fault. He neglected that she didn't have dinner tonight. And yeah, it was his fault. They had made love past dinner time, and he forgot to get her anything to eat.

He took the vegetables and frozen shrimp from her hands and asked helplessly, "What do you want?"

"How about some noodles with veggies and shrimp?" she answered.

"That's it?" he asked in disbelief.

Erica popped another cherry tomato in her mouth and nodded, "Yes."

Thinking of the mess she had made of the noodles in Tow Village, he sighed helplessly.

The man tilted his head toward living room and said, "You go and watch TV. Maybe they'll replay one of those palace dramas you love so much."

The woman's eyes lit up. "So you'll cook it for me?"

She hadn't eaten the noodles cooked by him in a long time. She missed the way he cooked them so much!

"Of course." 'Let her cook the noodles? No way! She messed that up last time!'

Since Erica had come back to him, Matthew wanted to make sure she was well-taken care of. He wouldn't let her eat just anything. He would cook for her from now on. And if he was busy, there were

professional chefs who could do the job. He would make sure she ate delicious, healthy food every day.

Erica was so moved that she felt her eyes go hot as tears formed in them. She happily hugged the man from behind and said in a soft and flattering voice, "Thank you, Matthew! You're so good to me!" A long lost sense of happiness came back to her.

With a smile at the corners of his mouth, Matthew said in an indifferent voice, "Just go watch TV."

"I can help you wash the vegetables," she offered.

Matthew pulled her hand away and walked towards the freezer. "No, just wait in the living room."

"Fine!"

Erica turned on the TV and flipped channels, bored. Finally, she stopped when she saw one station featuring the horror movie "Midnight Hair." She devoured the gruesome images on the screen with obvious interest.

It was a quiet night. Life seemed to go back to normal. It was like she had never left.

He cooked for her while she took in a horror movie.

Matthew was too busy in the kitchen to pay attention, but the woman in the living room was already crying.

Before she ran away, she hadn't known how good she had it.

She saw many things when she was gone the past three years. But one thing she never saw was a man willing to cook for his wife after a busy day.

The other men were either lazy or they just collapsed on the bed after a whole day's work.

However, Matthew, who was busy with his work day and night, had time and energy to cook for her.

If a man loves you, he will spare some time for you no matter how busy he is.

If a man loves you, he will cook for you no matter how tired he is.

If a man loves you, you'll know his feelings for you even though he never confesses directly.

It turned out that Matthew really loved her. This time, even without his telling her, she could feel it.

Erica didn't see what was on the TV, nor did she hear a word. All she could hear was the sizzling sound of the bacon Matthew was frying up in the kitchen. She loved that sound. It sounded just like home.

"Come here," he called out.

It was not until she heard his voice that the woman, tear tracks drying on her face, came back to her senses. She forgot that she had cried. She turned off the TV and put on her slippers, rushing to the dining room.

The familiar noodles with seafood were set on the table, steaming. Next to them was a plate of fresh fruit.

She swallowed the lump forming in her throat and was about to sit down to eat.

Matthew went and fetched a fruit fork from the kitchen. She was about to grab the chopsticks when he came out. "You should wash your hands first," he suggested.

The woman, feeling mischievous, grabbed some noodles with her chopsticks and put them in her mouth. Then she quickly stood and ran to the bathroom, a smug smile on her face.

"Wait!" His tone made her stop.

Raising her hands, Erica turned to him and asked in confusion, "What's wrong?"

This was the first time he saw her face after cooking up the meal. And he knew this was a new development. When they got intimate, he simply mopped her face with wet tissues. So he knew how she was supposed to look.

But now, her face was lined with black tear stains, mascara and eye shadow running down her beautiful face, and her eyes were red and swollen. She must have been crying.

The man's face changed. He threw the fruit fork on the table, strode to her, held her hand gently and asked in a deep voice, "Why the tears?"

If she was sad in the past, she would cry loudly, and everyone heard her wailing. She couldn't have been more obvious about it if she tried.

But it was different now. It took talent to cry that much and cause that kind of mess with her makeup. She'd apparently done it quite a bit, and he had no idea.

When did she learn to cry silently? She had gone from a wailing banshee to a stoic sister.

The change made Matthew's heart ache.

His question confounded her for a moment. Then she remembered that she came to the table right after a good cry. She hurriedly wiped her tears with one hand, trying her best to smile. "It's been more

than three years since you made anything for me. I love the fact that I get to taste your cooking again. It means so much to me that I broke down. That's why I cried."

Frowning, Matthew asked, "Did you cry just because of this?"

"Of course! What else?" Erica asked him in reply. "I'm back where I belong, with my husband and kids. Why would I be sad?" Well, the only thing that she felt sad about was she hadn't avenged Orange yet.

But she knew that she couldn't get too cocky. She needed to take her time and plan.

The man let her hand go and softened his voice as he said, "As long as you don't run away again, you'll get a meal made by yours truly every day."

Erica went to hug him and buried her face in his arm. She took a deep breath and said, "Of course I won't run away. You are so nice to me. I would be a fool if I ran away again."

Matthew breathed a sigh of relief silently. Then he took a good look at her. "Hey, go clean up, willya? Look at my clothes!"

Sure enough, there was a large black stain on his light gray pajamas.

Erica was dumbfounded. She immediately shook off the man's hands and ran into the bathroom. "I didn't mean to.

Sorry!" Watching her running away, the disgust in Matthew's eyes had already turned to tenderness. He loved looking at her, regardless of what condition his clothes were in.

As long as she came back and stayed with him, everything would be fine.

The noodles with seafood he cooked still tasted the same.

When she was full, she took the empty bowl to the kitchen and dutifully put the bowl and chopsticks into the sink.

She turned on the tap and began to wash the dishes.

CHAPTER 1383 TRENDING HASHTAGS

Sitting across from her, Matthew had a clear view of what Erica was doing and did nothing to stop her. On the contrary, he just quietly observed as she washed the bowl and chopsticks she had used.

After a while, he suddenly asked, "When did you learn that?"

"Learn what?" Confused, Erica took a cloth and wiped the water she accidentally splashed near the sink.

"Washing the dishes." Before she left him, she wouldn't even get near the dishes, let alone wash them.

Erica thought about it for a moment before answering casually, "Well, Tessie couldn't handle everything on her own, especially after the children were born. So I had to help her, right? I learned a lot while I was away."

At that time, she soon realized that she wasn't really unable to do the housework. Given no other choice, she had to learn how to get by on her own, and so she did.

No matter how foolish she was, she could do some simple housework without any maids at her disposal.

Once she finished cleaning up the kitchen, Erica turned off the lights and stretched out her hand to the man who was still at the table. "Let's go upstairs and have some sleep!"

Matthew looked at her hand. It used to be so smooth, but now it had some calluses that weren't there before.

He met her eyes again and couldn't help getting a little angry. In a cold voice, he said, "Erica Leonard!"

"What?" Picking up on his anger, Erica was confused. Why did he suddenly get so mad to the point of calling her by her full name?

Rudely, he grabbed her hand and raised it to her eye level. "Look at your hand. It wasn't like this when you left me. Look at those calluses! I demand that you take care of your hands and have them healed in a month!"

Erica rubbed her hands together. She didn't notice that indeed they were covered with calluses until now.

"Even if I don't do the housework, I still have to use my camera," she answered dully. She couldn't get rid of her camera. She took pictures almost every day with it.

"Then don't take any pictures for the time being! And don't do any housework! Not until you get your smooth hands back!" he ordered.

For Erica, his overbearing behavior was a sign of the love he had for her.

So holding his neck, she coaxed him, "Okay, I'll do as you say. But don't be angry! It's just that the living conditions in Tow Village are not that good. I'll be fine now that I'm home."

"Since you are aware of the poor living conditions in Tow Village, why did you lie to those women and told them to drink the magic water from the river there?" he asked. It seemed that his wife was getting more and more naughty.

"What? How do you know about this? Were you eavesdropping?" Erica smiled awkwardly before burying her face on his shoulder.

Matthew sighed inwardly and shook his head, realizing that her facial cream would leave a stain on his clothes again. Nevertheless, her words still amused him. "Almost everyone at the party knew about it. How could I not?"

Erica had underestimated her influence. According to Matthew's estimates, many women must have already booked air tickets to Kuflya by now.

"Oh, some of the guests at the party were good friends with Camille and Phoebe. I just wanted to make fun of them. Who knew they would be so stupid to believe my tale of the magic water?" Erica was shocked to learn that people really bought into her nonsense and even booked air tickets to Kuflya.

Helplessly, Matthew stood up and grabbed her hand, leading her upstairs. "This will be good to teach them a lesson, so they won't rely on every word you say in the future!"

Holding his arm, Erica wanted to prove her loyalty to him. "Matthew, you have to trust that I won't lie to you!"

He didn't say anything. Based on her IQ, he knew that she couldn't deceive him anyway.

When they got to the bedroom, Erica immediately turned to the bathroom to wash her face and brush her teeth. While she rubbed the cleanser on her face, she kept chatting with the man in the next room, "You tore my dress. You must make up for it!"

She really didn't understand Matthew. Why did he have to tear her clothes before making love to her? It was sad to see such a beautiful dress being so easily turned into rags.

"Okay." He was willing to buy her ten dresses if she thought it would make up for the other one.

She turned on the tap and washed the cleanser away from her face. Looking at herself in the mirror, so fair and clean, she was quite pleased with the result.

The next day, Erica was still asleep when she turned up in the top list of all the search engines on the Internet.

Chantel didn't waste any time when she decided to call Erica to make fun of her.

"You've barely returned to Alorith, but you're already the hottest topic on the Internet! You didn't see it yet, did you?"

"Why am I on the Internet? I was sleeping." Erica yawned.

Suddenly remembering where she was, Erica stretched out her free hand and felt the hard chest of the man lying beside her.

She smiled and moved closer into his arms as she continued to talk to Chantel over the phone.

Chantel chuckled. "The paparazzi took pictures of Noreen's swollen face after she was stung by the bees, and then they said it was your doing. According to the press, Noreen had been trying to get her claws into Matthew and become his mistress to promote herself. But then, you, Erica, decided to teach her a lesson."

Moreover, the photos of Noreen falling to the floor at the party were also all over the Internet.

Despite Noreen's efforts and money to have all the latest news related to her removed from the websites, it was too late. People had already reposted and commented on the news. She had spent millions of dollars and yet, it didn't have much effect.

Only then did Erica realize that she might be in trouble.

Her eyes flared open, and then she looked at the man apparently still asleep on her side. She poked him in the chest, but there was no response.

Sitting up in the bed, she whispered, "Then I'm in great trouble, aren't I?"

"What are you worrying about? It was Noreen who was trying to become Matthew's mistress. She's the one in a tight spot. It comes as no surprise that you, as Matthew's legal wife, would want to teach her a lesson!"

"Oh, that's good to hear. I'll check it out online and read the comments," said Erica.

"By the way, I took a flight from Alorith to Mipburg. I'll be there for half a month. Take care of... You know what? Never mind. I'm relieved now that you're with Matthew." Chantel had become used to reminding Erica to take care of herself, but now that she was back with Matthew, she didn't need to do it any longer.

"Got it." Erica yawned again. "Then take care of yourself. Call me if you need anything."

"Okay, bye!"

After hanging up the phone, Erica lay back down in the bed. As soon as her head hit the pillow, she felt the weight of a heavy arm on her waist.

She quietly glanced back at Matthew and found that he still had his eyes closed. Unconcerned, she opened Weibo and began to browse the news of the day.

'Wait! It's already eight o'clock. Why is Matthew still asleep? He would always get up at five or six at the latest.

Has he developed the habit of sleeping late in the past few years?' she thought.

Before Erica could think it further, however, the word "hot" displayed on the screen and quickly grabbed her interest.

The topic "Erica Came Back With Her Four Sons" was followed by the word "hot" all in red.

Below she found the topic named "Erica and Noreen" also followed by the word "hot."

And although this time the word "hot" didn't follow it, the topic "Erica and Lucia" could also be found on the list of the hottest news.

A reporter had also photographed Erica in her red evening dress on the ship.

Erica was glad to see that the photo had been filtered before it was posted. That woman in the photo looked much more attractive than she was in real life. Once she realized this, she hid beneath the quilt and snickered.

CHAPTER 1384 TAKE AFTER NILES

According to the article, someone had asked Hilton Group about Erica's whereabouts a long time ago. But Hilton Group had merely stated that she had gone abroad to wait to give birth to her children.

Now everyone could finally see Erica and her four sons on the Internet.

In fact, countless people were praising Erica online with comments as such that as the mother of four children, she looked as young as a teenage girl.

Reading it, Erica began to think that someone must have spent a lot of money on those people to flatter her online.

The news about Noreen regarded the conflict between the two of them on the cruise ship. It said, "The real Mrs. Hilton teaches the most popular female celebrity a lesson in public, and the latter ends up locked up with bees." The so-called most popular female celebrity was yet to comment on this matter.

The next news about Lucia was similar to Noreen's, but Erica didn't find the photo of Lucia being tied to the cruise ship. Now she wasn't sure if it had been deleted or if anyone had even taken the picture at all.

In the comment section, everyone was on Erica's side. For all it seemed, Noreen's and Lucia's reputations had been ruined overnight.

"Is it so funny?" Matthew's low voice came from behind her. Erica nodded, still not daring to laugh out

loud. "Yes, I never knew I could look so beautiful!" Although she was a photographer, she had never taken a selfie of her own.

"A bit narcissistic of you, isn't it?" There was a hint of helplessness in the man's voice.

By hearing that, Erica finally came to her senses and turned over to face her husband. "Ah, you're awake?"

"Yeah." He had been up for a while now. In fact, he woke up much earlier than when Chantel called. Besides, he had already checked that day's trending news.

"Hey, look at this photo. Isn't your wife beautiful in it?" Erica handed him her phone.

Matthew looked back and forth between the picture and her face before he answered seriously, "You're way more beautiful in person than in this photo."

"What? Why? I thought this dress suited me so well." The woman was confused. She had just woken up and hadn't washed her face or combed her hair yet. How could Matthew think she looked any beautiful right now?

Yet his next words caught her by surprise.

"I think you're the most beautiful when you're naked!" Blushing, Erica turned away from him and scolded, "Matthew, you're such a jerk!"

The smile on Matthew's lips quickly reached his eyes with her reaction.

"Well, you'd better ask your men to delete the news. I'm afraid..."

"What are you afraid of?" he asked.

"I'm afraid my father will call to scold me and..."

Erica didn't even have the chance to finish her sentence when her phone started to ring with Wesley's call.

Under Matthew's gloating eyes, Erica pouted as she answered the phone, "Dad, what's up?"

The moment Wesley heard her voice, he started to nag, "You're just a photographer. Why are you picking fights with celebrities? It's all over the news now. The whole world knows that you, Erica, had a quarrel with that woman...Nora."

"Dad, it's Noreen," Erica reminded him kindly.

"Oh, Noreen... You don't have to correct me. I know her name!"

Wesley spat. 'You just called her Nora!' Erica thought to herself.

Wesley continued, "I asked around about this Noreen. She's been in the entertainment industry for over ten years, and yet no one could ever shake her position. Do you know why? It's because she has the support of powerful people behind her. Why did you have to provoke this woman?"

"She attempted to seduce Matthew in front of me!"

Erica hit the nail on the head, leaving Wesley speechless for a moment. But then he asked, "Don't you believe in Matthew?"

"So you're saying that I should've pretended I hadn't seen anything even though she was all over my husband in front of me and everyone else present?" she answered him with another question.

Erica managed to make Wesley run out of arguments. After a while, he said, "Of course not. But you should've told me, I would've handled it." In that way, if Noreen ever decided to seek revenge, Erica wouldn't be implicated in it.

"Dad, Matthew won't let her hurt me. Am I right, Matthew?"

Seeing that his wife was looking at him for help, Matthew took her phone and put it on his ear. "Dad, don't worry about it. I'll handle it. I won't let anyone hurt Rika."

"Matthew, aren't you at the company yet?" As a matter of fact, Wesley had read the news early in the morning but waited to call Erica and scold her at a time he was sure Matthew wouldn't be around.

However, Matthew hadn't gone to the company yet. Instead, he was still in bed with Erica, listening to every word Wesley spoke to his daughter.

Upon this realization, Wesley felt distressed. Now that Erica had Matthew to support her, it was a waste of time to try to scold her. Wesley needed to find some other moment when Matthew wasn't around to teach Erica a lesson.

"Well, I'm not very busy today. I'll be there later," Matthew answered. With his wife back home after being away for over three years, he wanted to spend more time with her.

"You'd better keep an eye on Rika. I'm afraid you'll spoil her," Wesley said seriously.

"Okay, I know it, Dad!"

Wesley pursed his lips. He did not doubt that Matthew would continue to satisfy Erica's every whim. He might have promised him to keep an eye on Erica, but in fact, he wouldn't resist spoiling her as much as

he could.

Oh boy! No wonder some people believed that Erica had saved the universe in her past life and now was granted to be reborn as Wesley's daughter only so she would later become Matthew's wife.

"Okay, I hear you. Deal with the news, and don't let it affect your company," Wesley advised Matthew. He believed that there was no need for Erica to take up public resources to deal with the two women.

"Yes, Dad. Don't worry. I will handle it," Matthew answered patiently.

"Well, that's good. I have to hang up now. I'll leave you to go on with your day!"

Before they could hang up, Erica quickly leaned over to the phone and said, "Dad, goodbye, I'll miss you!"

Wesley was rendered speechless. Although he couldn't say everything he wanted while Matthew was there, he couldn't help thinking, 'You miss me? I can't believe you had the nerve to say that. What about all those years you've stayed away from home? Didn't miss me then? I really don't know whom she takes after when it comes to her naughtiness.

Neither Blair nor I have a naughty bone in our bodies. Oh, maybe she takes it after Niles.

He is the naughtiest person in the Leonard family after all.'

At that moment, Niles, who was teaching his grandson a lesson in Askor, sneezed all of a sudden. Rubbing his nose, he wondered who was thinking about him.

After they hung up the phone, Erica decided to get out of bed with Matthew since she had already woken up anyway.

She had the day already planned in her head. First, she would go to the Hilton family's manor to visit Carlos and Debbie, and then she would wait for her sons to get back from school.

But as soon as she finished her breakfast, the few hours of sleep she had during the night were no longer able to keep her up. As her eyelids started to get heavier, she went upstairs to catch up on her sleep after Matthew left. As a result, she ended up waking up much past her lunchtime at three o'clock in the afternoon.

When she looked at the time, she rose into a sitting position and sent a desperate message to Matthew. "I'm done. I overslept. I just woke up. I promised to visit Mom and Dad. What should I do?"

"It doesn't matter. Come and pick me up. Let's go there together," he replied.

"Okay." To make up for her late visit, she decided to buy some gifts for her in-laws and the kids. But first,

she would pick Matthew up.

By the time Erica came to Hilton Group, she happened to bump into a middle-aged man as he walked out of Matthew's office. The man was about fifty years old. He was still at the door when he greeted Erica as a perfect gentleman. "Mrs. Hilton, nice to meet you. Are you here for Matthew?"

CHAPTER 1385 REUNION

Erica had a clear look of surprise on her face and she said, "Have we met before?" The man was extremely tall and lanky with dark, heavy bags under his eyes. If it weren't for the wrinkles on his face, Erica would have thought him to be twenty or thirty years old. But she was almost certain that she had never seen this man before.

He was very polite, well-mannered and respectful.

The man smiled brightly, pushing his glasses up the bridge of his nose and said, "Everyone in Alorith knows you, Mrs. Hilton."

"Oh! Well, it is nice to meet you, sir." The two shook hands gently and exchanged pleasantries before the man left.

When she entered Matthew's office, he was completely absorbed in his own work, meticulously going over a signed contract. When he saw her come in, he said, "Please give me five minutes."

"Sure, take your time. Who was that just now? Your client? He was very polite and charming," she said.

Matthew explained briefly, "He is Michel Wilkinson. He just moved the headquarters of Wilkinson Group to Alorith last year."

"Oh, okay. Please, carry on with your work." Erica hadn't been inside his office in a long time. The decoration and furnishings of the office had changed a lot.

She looked around for a while and then finally opened the door to his private lounge.

The grey bed sheet was replaced by a new one with a lighter shade of brown. His clothes were neatly hung in the wardrobe. Strangely enough, the number of clothes he had here were no less than the ones he had at home. It seemed as though he had spent a lot of time in the office.

When Matthew went inside a few minutes later, he found the woman lying on the bed and playing with her phone. Without a change in his expression, he blankly said, "Let's go! Aren't we going to the shopping mall?"

"Yes, we are!" Erica got up from the bed, pranced to him and held his arm. "Do you have time to go shopping with me?"

"What do you think?" Since Matthew was finished with work, he could keep her company even until tomorrow morning.

Erica grinned and cheerfully said, "Let's go!" After all, she couldn't wait to see her boys.

Knowing that they would come today, Debbie called Sheffield and Joshua early in the morning, asking them to bring their family to the Hilton family manor for a small reunion party.

As such, when Matthew and Erica arrived at the manor, they could hear the joyous laughter and screaming of children all the way from the outside when they rolled down the car windows.

As soon as Godwin recognized their car, he rushed over to the middle of the lawn with excitement. He cupped his hands around his mouth and shouted, "Uncle, Aunt!"

As soon as he spoke, the kids behind him all shouted, "Dad, Mom!"

"Uncle, Aunt!"

Erica waved her hands at them and screamed as loud as she could. "Boys! We are back!"

Matthew couldn't help but smile at such a wonderful scene.

In the parking lot

As soon as Erica got out of the car, she was surrounded by several children. They hugged her waist, arms, and legs. Although Erica could barely walk, even for just a moment, being surrounded by those children brightened up her day.

Matthew watched it all in silence and sighed inwardly. Perhaps, children were attracted to people with the same IQ as themselves.

When Terilynn came out brandishing a plate of colorful fruits for the children, she saw Erica surrounded by the children. Without hesitation, she looked back at the villa and shouted, "Dad, Mom, Rika is back!"

Several adults came out of the villa one after another after hearing this. Erica hadn't seen Terilynn in a while, so they walked towards the gate holding hands with the children while politely greeting the people who had come out to see her.

"Dad, Mom, Evelyn, Sheffield, Joshua." Erica let go of the children and stood up straight to greet them with a smile.

Debbie shook her head to alleviate the look of guilt on Erica's face. "You silly girl!"

"I'm glad you are back," Carlos added.

"Rika, you are so capable. We haven't found you and these brats for more than three years!" said Sheffield.

Erica smiled awkwardly as she was still a bit embarrassed. "I'm happy to see you all here. I just want everyone to know that I am extremely sorry for making you worry!"

Evelyn came over and held her in her arms. "It's okay. What really matters is that you are here now with your family, safe and sound. Just promise me that you won't pull something like that again, okay?"

"I promise, it won't happen again!" Erica assured everyone.

Carlos waved at her. "Come on in! Matthew, what are you doing hiding behind Rika?"

"Bring her in!" Matthew, however, cast a cold glance at Carlos when he said that and replied, "Why do I have to bring her in? This is her home too, isn't it? I'm sure she knows the way inside."

Having realized that the father and son were about to engage in an argument again, everyone quickly rushed to make peace. Debbie pulled Erica over and said, "Rika, let's go inside."

Evelyn held Carlos' arm and said, "Dad, let's go inside. It's such a nice day. Everyone's happy, please don't stay mad."

Sheffield winked at Matthew and then patted him on the shoulder. "Dude, you must be thrilled now that your wife is back. The family of six has made a glorious comeback! You have so many sons you could start your own band. I'm so jealous of you!"

Glancing at him, Matthew asked, "What are you going to do about Colman?"

Lately, Colman had been pestering Sheffield about wanting to learn more about network technology. Sheffield had told Matthew on many occasions that he wanted to bring Colman into his home and make him his son.

"I'm waiting for your answer. If you say okay, Colman will be my son from now on."

Matthew always saw an exceptional resemblance in personality between Colman and Erica. In fact, if Matthew had to pick one, he'd say Colman was his favorite. "Stop coveting my sons. You are welcome to have another child with my sister if you want."

Sheffield raised his hands and shrugged his shoulders. "Forget it!" Besides, he didn't want his wife to experience the excruciating pain of childbirth again.

When they entered the living room, Gwyneth saw Erica as soon as she came downstairs. She hopped the rest of the way down and ran towards Erica. "Aunt!"

Erica let Godfrey and Damian down gently and hugged the girl as tight as she could. "Gwyn!" she called out.

"Aunt, where have you been? We've missed you so much!"

Erica smiled sheepishly. "Oh really? I was just out to have some fun. But I'm back now!"

Gwyneth nodded her head and smiled broadly.

Erica looked her up and down and said, "Gwyn, you've grown up. You're almost as tall as me now."

Softly patting her daughter's head, Evelyn said, "She is a junior high school student now."

Gwyneth nodded with a smile. "Aunt, I was still in primary school when you left, and now I'm a junior high school student."

Meanwhile, Damian, who was holding a toy gun in his hand, proudly said, "Mom, we are all in the preparatory class!"

"What? When did that happen?" How could these little three-year-old boys be in preparatory class, looking to start primary school next year?

Adkins explained, "It's not like you don't know that your sons are geniuses. Staying in the kindergarten is a waste of time for us."

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Colman echoed, "Yes. Life is too short for men like me. We can't waste our precious time on this earth."

CHAPTER 1386 YOU ARE GREEDIER THAN YOUR DAD

Colman's words amused the adults around him. Erica rolled her eyes at her smug son and said, "Since when are you a man? You are just a weaned child. Don't pretend to be mature!"

Holding Colman in her arms, Debbie smiled at Erica as she pointed out, "This little guy resembles you a lot! Now, Adkins, he's most like Matthew, a little Matthew in our family. I think he will be taking over the CEO position in the future."

None of the children agreed with Debbie, but Adkins was the one to first express his opinion. "Grandma, I'm not interested in Dad's company. As a matter of fact, I want to run for public office when I grow up. I'll be the most powerful leader in Alorith, and then I'll be able to protect my mom and brothers."

The elders exchanged glances with each other. This little guy didn't seem to be joking. On the contrary, he looked dead serious.

Matthew was sitting quietly aside as he observed the scene. After listening to Adkins' words, he crossed his legs with great interest and looked straight to his son. "Being the most powerful leader in Alorith is not a big ideal. How about being the most powerful leader of our Deplua?" In his steady voice, Matthew prompted Adkins.

Knowing the characters of both father and son, everyone was shocked by the turn their conversation took. Neither Matthew nor Adkins were playful people. They always meant what they said. Therefore, if Adkins would take his father's words seriously and become the most powerful leader in Deplua in the future, that meant he would be... the president of the country?

That was most definitely an ambitious goal.

Carlos suddenly burst into laughter before he added, "From my grandfather to Matthew, we've never had anyone who had run for public office in the past generations. The Hilton family has always engaged in business. So, I give all my support to Adkins' dream!"

Sheffield gave Adkins a little pat in the head and said seriously, "Boy, as long as you have a dream in your life, everything is possible! Go for it! Just don't forget to share your glory with your uncle Sheffield here once you become rich and powerful in the future."

Terilynn, on the other hand, had some reservations about the matter. "But politics are also full of intrigues. I can't help being afraid for Adkins..." There were so many people with different and hidden

interests in politics that she worried about someone who could set Adkins up at some point in his career.

Putting his arm around her shoulders, Joshua comforted her, "This boy has inherited Matthew's IQ. You don't have to worry about him. He can do it. And Adkins, don't be afraid of anything. Just fight for your dream!" 'It's the other people who should be worried. Not Adkins. After all, the boy has two well-known families behind his back, supporting him.

As far as I'm concerned, few people in Deplua can count on families as powerful as the Hilton and Leonard families, ' Joshua thought.

Terilynn agreed with Joshua, so she didn't say anything further.

As for Erica, it was no surprise to hear about her son's dream. She had learned about it a long time ago. But she was genuinely confused with Matthew's intentions. Did he really want their son to become the president of Deplua?

As soon as the adults stopped discussing Adkins' future, Boswell hurried to tell them about his dream. "Grandma, I'm more interested in Dad's company. However, I don't believe I need to be as cold as Grandpa and Dad to take over the business. In fact, I think Uncle Sheffield is also a good CEO for me to take as an example."

The boy's statement left everyone dumbfounded for a moment until Debbie kindly asked him, "Who told you that you have to be as cold as your father and grandpa to take over the company?"

"Boswell, who told you Grandpa is cold?" Carlos asked, unconvinced. 'I quitted being a cold man a long time ago!'

Boswell couldn't help but look at Terilynn, who at this time had already stepped back to hide behind Joshua. Not wanting to betray his aunt, the boy shook his head and lied, "No one told me that. As far as I know, Grandpa had always kept a stern look on his face while he was in charge of the company, and Dad is no different now. I prefer to be a boss like Uncle Sheffield, who acts more like a regular person."

Boswell thought it was better to smile than to be a boss like his grandpa and father, and risk scaring away the clients with a scowl. 'If Dad had put on a smile more often, I believe Hilton Group would have been much more successful, ' he thought.

Flattered, Sheffield said happily, "Come on, dear son. I love you! But I have to correct you on one thing. Uncle Sheffield doesn't act more like a regular person, I AM a regular person. Got it? Only your grand... I mean, only someone like your father isn't normal!"

Sheffield swallowed back the word "grandfather" under Carlos' sharp eyes.

No matter how many years had passed, he still wouldn't dare to say anything bad about his father-in-

law.

Confused, Godwin asked Sheffield, "Dad, didn't I behave well? Why do you want either Colman or Boswell to be your son?"

"No, no, no, my son! You behave very well! It's just that I wouldn't mind having more children. Wouldn't you like to have more brothers like the four of them?" "I didn't expect my son would be jealous!" Sheffield was quite pleased with it.

After giving it some thought, Godwin shook his head and answered, "No, I don't mind!" In fact, he was excited to have four younger cousins, who were so smart that they could remember every herb Godwin showed them at first sight.

Sheffield clapped his hands and said, "Well, it's all settled then! Now it's up to your uncle Matthew and aunt Erica to let us have them!"

Terilynn chuckled. "Sheffield, are you mad?" Matthew loved his four kids too much. How could he ever agree to give them to Sheffield?

Matthew gave him the side-eye and stated coldly, "If you ever cast your greedy eyes on my sons again, you'll have to kneel on the keyboard!"

Sheffield turned to his wife and said nervously, "Honey, you heard everything. I never offended him!"

"You want to steal his sons. How is this not offensive?" Evelyn asked.

"I was just kidding!" To be honest, he wanted one or two of Matthew's sons for himself, but he knew that Matthew would never agree to that, so he could only joke about it.

At that moment, Erica called her third child, who was making origami figures for Gwyneth. "C, come here!"

Matthew frowned at how she addressed their son. She liked to call the four of them A, B, C, D, and he didn't like it. "Doesn't he have a name?"

Erica responded nonchalantly, "C is easier!"

Matthew was speechless.

With a smile that revealed the two dimples on each side of his cheeks, Colman trotted over and announced, "Mom, I'm here!"

"Tell everyone about your dream. What are you going to do when you grow up?" Erica had heard Colman talking about his dream before, but since the chefs hadn't finished cooking their dinner, they

could still carry on with their casual conversation.

"My dream?" Colman's eyes lit up as he thought of his own dream. "I want to buy one hundred sports cars, open a hundred artisanal wineries, and start one hundred modeling agencies..."

Erica asked in confusion, "Why one hundred of each?" 'Besides, didn't he want to join the navy in the past? When did his dream change?' she wondered.

Patting his chest, he voiced out loud his greatest wish, "Because I'll marry one hundred women when I grow up!"

"Puff!" Erica burst into laughter.

The others were at a loss for words, in doubt of whether they should laugh or cry. How could a three-year-old boy say that he wanted to have one hundred wives?

Carlos snorted, "You're impressive, little one. Because your father is already greedy, but you are greedier than him."

Matthew retorted calmly, "What about you, Dad? Isn't he greedier than you too?"

As the more experienced in the room, Carlos was unfazed when he snapped back, "I'm not greedy. I've never cared about any of those things. I'd never even wanted a wife. Only after I met Debbie, I realized how wonderful it is to share a life with a loved one!"

CHAPTER 1387 MOTHER COMPLEX

Debbie's cheeks blushed red at his words. "Go away. The kids are all here. What are you talking about?"

Love was in the air and everyone was amused by the adorable couple.

Erica bent down in front of Colman and sternly explained, "Son, I want you to become a good man when you grow up. If you have a hundred wives, you will be nothing more than a jerk! You should be like Grandpa and marry only one person. You only need to be good to one girl all your life!"

Erica was always envious of the love between Carlos and Debbie, as well as the love between her own parents.

Matthew, however, seemed a bit agitated by her words. 'Why would she ask our son to learn from his grandpa? Is she implying that I am not good enough to be a role model?'

Colman scratched his head and he seemed quite confused. "But Uncle Sheffield said that I could have as many wives as I wanted and I could drive them around in sport cars. They could also help me manage the wineries and the companies."

After the entire room burst into laughter, Erica playfully squeezed the boy's cheeks and followed it with a kiss. As it turned out the little boy's idea of an ideal wife was his mother who could take care of everything for him.

As soon as Evelyn pinched Sheffield, he immediately corrected the boy without wasting another second. "Colman, you're such a good listener! But, I was just kidding! Sure, we can buy as many cars as we want, but when it comes to having a wife, you should remember what your mother said—one wife is enough! Look at me! The only woman I need in my life is your aunt Evelyn!" Sheffield pulled Evelyn into his arms.

Evelyn's face blushed red and she hid her embarrassment behind a fake smile. "The kids are watching us! Let go of me!" She whispered between clenched teeth.

However, Sheffield, didn't comply and the two of them remained stuck to each other endearingly.

Colman nodded, even though he was still a bit confused. "All right. I'll marry a beautiful and lovely girl like my mother!"

Erica's heart melted almost instantly and she winked at him, giving him the thumps of approval. "Wow, that's my good boy!"

Matthew raised his eyebrows. 'Beautiful and lovely? This woman is truly narcissistic.'

Then it was Damian's turn. He was the youngest of the four children, but the most sensible one. Somehow having expected what Erica was going to ask him, he didn't answer, but instead asked, "Mom, what do you want me to do when I grow up?"

"Well... honey, that will depend on you, but I will support you no matter what." Whatever Damian wanted to do, as long as it made him happy, Erica wouldn't obstruct.

Then the boy turned to look at Matthew and asked, "Dad, what can I do to protect Mom forever when I grow up?"

It was only then that Matthew finally realized that these four little boys all had a mother complex. Their entire lives revolved around his wife. With this thought in mind, he softly said, "First of all, my wife has me, so don't you worry about having to protect her. If you really want to find someone to protect, you can just find your own wife when you're old enough. You can do whatever you want, and your plans don't have to include your mother."

This hilarious exchange between father and son caused a loud roar of laughter in the room again.

Damian was vexed as he was able to protect his mother in the past even without his father's company to support him. But, now that things had changed and his mother no longer needed his protection. What was he going to do?

The boy remained silent, as if lost in deep thought and thus, no one tried to hurry him. However, everyone waited with anticipation to see what his answer would be.

After a while, Damian smiled and said, "I know now. I want to be a big star like Grandma and Aunt Chantel!"

However, Matthew was quick to disagree. "You're not in good health, my boy. Why don't you train with your uncle Gifford more often?" Matthew's disagreement wasn't attributed to the fact that he didn't think Damian could be a star, he just thought that it would be better for the boy to train as a soldier for a few years to strengthen his body.

"But then I won't be able to see Mom very often." 'Isn't Uncle Gifford unable to stay home very often?' Damian wondered.

The boys' unconditional love for their mother was starting to give Matthew a headache. He patiently explained, "You won't be able to see your mother often if you become a star either. Besides, you can also choose to become a policeman in Alorith. I'm sure there's a lot of things you can do."

'A policeman?' Damian thought this was a good idea, so he nodded, "Okay, Dad. I'll be a policeman when I grow up."

Matthew nodded with satisfaction. 'I'm just glad that he's not thinking about my wife anymore.'

What he didn't know was that his youngest son was actually thinking, 'Being a policeman is great because then I can protect my mother from the bad guys.'

Gwyneth was a bit more matured than the boys. So, when the adults asked her about her dream, she only said, "It's a secret!"

Needless to say, all thanks to the influence of his father, Godwin's wish was to become a doctor. How predictable!

Godfrey's wish was to be a lawyer.

The youngest boy, Jeffrey Martin had no idea what everyone was talking about. He answered with a lisp, "I'm going to be Nezha when I grow up!"

Everyone found Jeffrey so irresistibly adorable that he didn't even need to pronounce his words properly.

Finally when dinner was served, everyone gradually moved to the dining table.

This was the first time in many years that the entirety of the Hilton family shared this table once again.

At the same time, they also witnessed the benefits of having a lot of sons. The four sons picked up food for Erica one after another, which made Matthew frown.

He couldn't understand why the boys treated their father and mother so differently.

In the middle of the dinner, Erica stood up with a cup of tea in her hand, cleared her throat and apologized to the two elders. "Dad, Mom, I want to apologize for everything that's happened in the past few years. I shouldn't have run away from home without a word. I am sorry for making you worry. I take full responsibility for my actions and I wanted to apologize to you in person. I want to propose a toast, but if you don't mind, I will replace my wine with tea. Please allow me, as a token of my apology."

Carlos and Debbie looked at each other and said nothing.

Sheffield chuckled. "Why do you want to replace wine with tea? Why don't you toast with real wine?"

When Erica realized that it was okay, she put down the cup of tea and said, "Okay!"

Evelyn gently pinched the mischievous man and said, "Don't you think you're being too annoying today? Just drink by yourself if you want to drink wine. Why did you have to involve Rika?"

Sheffield raised an eyebrow and snickered at Matthew. "This is a family reunion and everyone is happy. A little bit of wine won't hurt anybody." 'I was speaking out of kindness, okay? Perhaps a bit of wine would do wonders for Matthew and Rika later in bed,' Sheffield thought.

Erica smiled at Evelyn. "It doesn't matter, Evelyn. My brother-in-law is right. A little wine could help to show my sincerity!"

Then she picked up the glass of wine in front of Matthew.

There was still half of Matthew's liquor left in the glass. When Carlos tried to dissuade her, she refilled the glass with more liquor and looked at her parents-in-law again. "Dad, Mom, I'm sorry. It will never happen again!" Then she gulped down the remainder of the wine.

Sheffield clapped his hands in amazement and said, "Wow! You're something else, Rika!"

Meanwhile, as the confused little boy watched Sheffield clapping his hands, Jeffrey, who didn't know what else to do, started clapping his hands. "Wow! Aunt Erica is awesome!"

"Ha-ha..." The others were completely smitten by this little boy.

Carlos gave Erica a simple nod. "Well, it's okay. Please sit down and finish your dinner. We both understand what you mean. Since it was you who chose to leave, I'll blame Matthew's failure to look after you. From now on, I hope that he will pay more attention to the needs of his wife!"

As she took a sip of tea, Erica rushed to explain. "No, Dad! This time it was really my fault. Matthew has been nothing but a kind husband to me!"

CHAPTER 1388 LIKE A QUEEN

Matthew quietly glanced at the woman whose face was gradually turning red.

"Matthew, you see? Rika is so kind to you. Remember to treat her well in the future, understood?" Carlos was a firm believer that it was mostly the man's fault when something went wrong in the marriage.

Matthew rarely did not oppose his father. But this time, he simply nodded in agreement and said, "I understand."

In shock, Erica looked back at the man beside her and said in a low voice, "But it's all my fault."

Pouring her some tea, he answered lightly, "It takes two to quarrel. It was my fault too."

Erica didn't know how to react to his behavior.

However, that was not the time or place to voice out her concerns. So, for the time being, she suppressed her anxiety and forced herself to continue to eat.

Two hours later, the dinner was over. As the kids had school in the morning, Erica and Matthew decided to bid everyone farewell.

The elders wanted the four kids to stay in the manor, but that wasn't the children's wish. They missed their mother and wanted to spend some time with her.

Therefore, the kids followed Erica and Matthew back to the Pearl Villa District.

The moment they arrived, Matthew went straight to his study to get some work done. After a while, he headed back to the bedroom and heard some noises coming from the bathroom. When he walked in there, he found the four children and their mother.

The scene in front of him rendered him speechless.

While Adkins was getting a basin of water to wash Erica's feet, Boswell stood on a chair to get her a towel. At the same time, Colman was on his feet behind her, massaging her shoulders and back, as Damian held a glass of juice to Erica's lips. There was no doubt how much she was enjoying their services.

When Adkins noticed his father coming in, he requested casually, "Dad, help me carry the basin to Mom. I've filled it with too much water." The basin was so heavy that the kid could barely hold it.

Matthew twitched his lips.

'Is this my place in this family? Of a servant?'

Before he could say anything, Erica handed the juice she was drinking back to Damian and stood up. Then she pulled Matthew over and let him sit down on the chair. "My dear children, listen! Dad is the greatest and works the hardest in this family, so from now on, we should treat him well. C, you massage Dad. D, you let Dad drink the juice! A, I'll help you carry the basin of water."

"Got it, Mom!" they answered in unison. Immediately, the children began to move to follow their mother's instructions.

Matthew didn't know what to say. He wondered if that was really happening.

When Matthew saw Erica coming with the basin of water in her hands, he came back to his senses and abruptly rose from the chair.

Under the woman's confused gaze, he told his four sons, "Mom is wrong on something. Mom is the only girl in this family, and it's the responsibility of men to protect and take care of the women in their lives. You were doing everything right before I came. Keep it up like this. From now on, I'll help you take good care of your mother as well!"

"Okay, Dad!" the kids answered in unison again, as if they had a connection.

The next moment, a dumbfounded Erica and the four kids watched Matthew take off his coat. Colman thoughtfully stepped forward to get the piece of clothing from his father before throwing it into the basket.

Matthew then rolled up his sleeves and squatted down to begin to wash Erica's feet.

After he was done, he stretched out his hand and commanded, "Towel!"

"Here it is, Dad!" Boswell promptly handed him the towel.

"Thank you!"

"You're welcome, Dad!"

Matthew wiped her feet and then carried her back to the bedroom, not bothering to put on her shoes for her.

The four kids were left to clean up the mess. Boswell and Colman carried the basin together and poured the water into the sink. Damian took the slippers Erica had worn before to her bedside. And Adkins, who was obsessed with cleanliness, threw the towel into another basket.

Erica couldn't be any happier receiving that kind of treatment. In fact, she felt like a queen.

As soon as the four kids finished their chores, they threw themselves on their parents' bed and played with Erica.

This was a habit they had developed in Tow Village. Every night before going to bed, the kids would stay with Erica and chat for a while.

Only now things were a bit different since they had their father with them too!

The children didn't stay in the master bedroom for long, though. Matthew picked up Adkins and Damian in each one of his arms while Boswell held his neck from the front and Colman from behind. Matthew carried the kids towards the door this way and then sent everyone to their rooms simultaneously.

As Adkins had to take a shower every night, he was the last one to be taken back to his bedroom. Thankfully, the servant had already gotten his bath ready for him.

Despite having several servants at his disposal, Matthew had the feeling he had become a bit of a mother after the arrival of his four sons.

Once he was finally back to his bedroom, Erica wasn't there anymore. Assuming that she must have gone after their sons, Matthew headed straight to the shower.

At ten o'clock sharp, all the lights in the four kids' rooms were turned off. After saying good night to each one of them, Erica went back to the master bedroom.

Matthew had been waiting for her for a while. When he saw her coming, he asked casually, "Are they all asleep?"

"Yes."

She walked towards his side of the bed and threw herself into his arms. "Honey, I feel dizzy."

Anxiety flashed through his eyes. "What happened?"

"I drank too much tonight. I guess I'm drunk!" The woman held back a laugh and continued to hug him.

Matthew was speechless. She had only had a small glass of wine during the whole evening, and it had been almost three hours since. How could she still be drunk?

Matthew was sure she had something in mind but didn't question it. Instead, he said cooperatively, "Drink some warm water if you feel dizzy."

"What? Why? Why do I need to drink some warm water if I feel dizzy?"

"Warm water can heal any illness!" he answered.

She pouted her lips. 'That's what a jerk who doesn't care about his wife would say!' "Come on, honey, please give me a massage!"

"A massage?" The man smirked. "Okay." Matthew put down his tablet and lay his wife on the mattress, beginning to caress her body.

The woman was soon screaming with his touch, "No, it's not there! I'm dizzy. Rub my temples!"

Matthew pretended not to hear her protest and went on caressing her.

Naturally, his advances led them to make love. In the end, Erica was lying in the bed, exhausted. "Tomorrow night... I want to sleep with my sons!"

"With whom?"

"Anyone of them." 'As long as I don't need to share a bed with you!' she thought.

The man relentlessly refused, "No way!"

"I will die!"

"Don't worry. You won't die so easily!" At worst, he could give her a night off tomorrow.

Erica was so frustrated. Was this man really her husband?

The next morning, Erica was still asleep when the kids jumped on her bed.

"Shh, Mommy seems tired," Adkins warned.

"You're right. We should leave her alone," agreed Boswell.

"Okay, but first let's give Mom a kiss," suggested Colman.

"We need to be gentle not to wake her up!" said Damian.

After the four kids kissed their mother gently, they ran back to their rooms in their pajamas to wash up.

Matthew quietly glanced at the woman whose face was gradually turning red.

"Matthew, you see? Remember to treat her well in the future, understood?"

Cerlos was a firm believer that it was mostly the men's fault when something went wrong in the marriage.

Matthew rarely did not oppose his father. But this time, he simply nodded in agreement and said, "I understand."

In shock, Erece looked back at the men beside her and said in a low voice, "But it's all my fault."

Pouring her some tea, he answered lightly, "It takes two to quarrel. It was my fault too."

Erece didn't know how to react to his behavior.

However, that was not the time or place to voice out her concerns. So, for the time being, she suppressed her anxiety and forced herself to continue to eat.

Two hours later, the dinner was over. As the kids had school in the morning, Erece and Matthew decided to bid everyone farewell.

The elders wanted the four kids to stay in the manor, but that wasn't the children's wish. They missed their mother and wanted to spend some time with her.

Therefore, the kids followed Erece and Matthew back to the Pearl Velle District.

The moment they arrived, Matthew went straight to his study to get some work done. After a while, he headed back to the bedroom and heard some noises coming from the bathroom. When he walked in there, he found the four children and their mother.

The scene in front of him rendered him speechless.

While Edkens was getting a basin of water to wash Erece's feet, Boswell stood on a chair to get her a towel. At the same time, Colmen was on his feet behind her, massaging her shoulders and back, as Demeen held a glass of juice to Erece's lips. There was no doubt how much she was enjoying their services.

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CHAPTER 1389 SHOPPING

Matthew was just downstairs patiently waiting for the kids to come down for breakfast. As soon as the sound of their collective footsteps was heard, several maids immediately ran into the dining room with breakfast.

Adkins was the first to greet him. "Good morning, Dad!"

Boswell climbed onto the chair opposite to Matthew and sat down. "Good morning, Dad!"

Colman moved his chair next to his dad and said with a smile, "Daddy, I want to sit with you!" He wanted to sit next to his father because he was quite fond of him.

Every time Matthew looked at Colman, he could see Erica on him. His facial expression softened and he gently said, "Sure."

Carrying an Ultraman toy in his hand, Damian walked to the other side of his dad and mumbled in a low voice. "Dad, I want to sit with you too."

"Sure." Matthew smiled.

Damian seemed quite satisfied to be greeted with a smile and he smiled back sweetly as he sat down next to Matthew.

Shortly after, they began eating breakfast merrily. When the boys came back, the four of them would laugh and talk loudly during meals. Matthew only had to tell them once that it was rude to talk too much during meals and now they seldom made noise.

After a while, Adkins wiped his mouth with a napkin and looked at Matthew, who had already finished breakfast and was waiting for them. "Dad, will you drive us to school today?"

On most days, just as long as he was not too busy in the morning, Matthew would drive them to school before going to the company.

If he was too busy or he had to go out of town on a business trip, Carlos and Debbie would take them to school and pick them up after as well. At the very least, Sheffield, Joshua or any other family members would do the job. In any case, Matthew wouldn't trust anyone else with the responsibility of his sons.

"Yes. I'll pick you up after school too."

In fact, Matthew had no real plans of going to the company today, so he decided it would be the perfect day to drop them off at school and pick them up later in the afternoon.

While chewing the last mouthful of bread, Colman asked, "Dad, can you come to pick us up with Mom?" They had been going to school for a while now, but they had never been picked up by their parents at the same time.

Glancing at him, Matthew reprimanded the boy, "Didn't I tell you not to speak with your mouth full?"

However, the jovial boy didn't feel annoyed by his dad's scolding at all. He simply made a face at him before continuing to chew the food in his mouth.

When the room was quiet again, Matthew told his sons, "I will see if your mom can come with me as well."

Needless to say, his words gave the kids enough excitement as they grinned from ear to ear.

Just as he had said, Matthew drove the four boys to school. When he returned to the villa, he received a message from Erica. "Honey, are you at the company?"

'Why is she asking me this? I have a feeling she's up to something again,' he thought. "What's up?" he replied nonchalantly.

"No, I was just wondering what you were doing." 'I just want to know if he's gone to work so I can go out and take some photographs,' she thought to herself.

"Hmm." Matthew's response was aimed at her last message.

However, Erica mistook his answer as a response to her first question. As such, she cheerfully assumed that he had gone to the company.

Much to her surprise, when Erica finished her breakfast and was happily heading out with her camera, she bumped into Matthew who was coming in from outside.

The camera hanging on her neck was an obvious indication of her intentions. Unfortunately, it was too big for her to hide it quickly.

The man squinted his eyes at her and said, "Where do you think you're going?"

"Well..." Embarrassed, she quickly changed the topic and said, "Weren't you at the company? What are you doing back here all of a sudden? Did you forget to bring a file with you?"

"No." Matthew casually glanced at his watch and said, "Put the camera back." 'You got up very early today.'

The woman sighed silently and raised her hands in front of him. "I didn't do the housework. I'll buy some skincare products for my hands later and I promise I'll go to the beauty salon more often in the future until the calluses on my hands disappear. Please don't stop me from going out to shoot pictures, okay?"

That morning, Erica deliberately gave up the chance to sleep in, just so she could sneak out to take photos. She wasn't expecting to get caught red-handed like that.

"I'll go with you."

"What?"

Half an hour later, the couple arrived at Shining International Plaza.

Their sudden and unexpected appearance made all the staff in the shopping mall panic. This time, Matthew was here as well. They didn't know if he was here for an inspection or just a casual fun time with his beloved wife.

At first, he took Erica to one of the most posh clothing stores in the mall. The person who was in charge of the floor, the manager, as well as two seemingly competent salesladies walked over to serve them in person.

Erica fell into contemplation, wondering if this was the actual first time Matthew had taken her shopping.

Yesterday, Matthew had asked someone to prepare a few gift bags in advance and asked her to pick out the gifts for the family in the VIP room upstairs. However, Erica didn't consider that to be shopping at all.

Erica brushed her eyes over the wide array of designer dresses and paused to think for a while. Then she turned around and snickered at the man who was staring at her. Despite of the man's look of confusion, Erica decisively asked one of the salesladies to bring her more dresses of different colors to try on.

Matthew couldn't tell what she was up to for some time, so he decided to wait for her in the VIP area.

A few minutes later, she walked out in a dress and a pair of high-heeled shoes that the saleslady had matched for her.

The upper part of the dress was off-shoulder, yellow and white knitted sweater with vertical stripes. It was connected to a black half skirt with a slit on the side. The high-heeled shoes on her feet were black. All of a sudden, it seemed as though she had transformed into a completely different person.

She turned around to face the mirror and seemed to be quite satisfied, with a particularly bright smile dancing about on her face.

However, Matthew looked at the side of the dress and frowned. The slit on the side went above her knees, and her fair thigh was partly visible with her every move.

The off-shoulder sweater made her skin looked fairer. If it weren't for the slit in the lower part of the dress, he might have been more accepting of this dress.

The man simply turned her down without hesitation. "Go and change into something else."

"Okay!" Completely disregarding the man's frown, Erica told the saleslady as she walked, "Please set this one aside. I'm taking this one."

"Yes, Mrs. Hilton."

Matthew refuted, "No need to pack it. Just try something else."

Erica stopped and looked back at the man in confusion. "What's wrong?" She twirled, slowly bringing her slender arms on her slim waist while her sheer dress flowed in the breeze, twisting around her body. "Honey, don't you like it?"

His deep eyes fell on her collarbones first, and then on her slim waist...

Erica immediately noticed the familiar look of desire in his eyes. Her heart skipped a beat, and her face turned red. She muttered to herself, 'Damn it. This bad man thinks about sex all day long.'

He stood up from the sofa, put his hands in his pockets and walked to her side. With a serious expression, he said, "You can buy it if you want. But, don't wear it outside!"

"What? Why?"

"It's not a suitable look for you." She looked young, just like a teenager who was under age. When she wore those mature clothes, it was as if a child had stolen an adult's clothes.

CHAPTER 1390 A STUMBLING BLOCK

Tensing, as her annoyance grew, Erica huffed at his statement in disagreement. "It's not that it doesn't suit me. It's just that you're too used to seeing me in sportswear or casual clothes. I can see why you would have a hard time adjusting to my sudden change in style, but that's not really my problem."

Matthew rolled his eyes at her. She had an excuse for everything she did. Disregarding the other people around them, Matthew reached out and wrapped his arms around her slender waist, leaning in to whisper. "I'll repeat what I've said, you are not allowed to wear this dress in public! Why don't I help you take it off in the fitting room and teach you how to..."

"Fine! I'll go and change!" she interrupted him in a hurry.

She couldn't stand to face his lustful glare anymore. Erica found herself utterly baffled at how the man could so easily go from buying her clothes to thinking up such dirty thoughts in his mind so seamlessly.

"Good girl." With a satisfied smile on his face, he let her go and watched her retreat into the fitting room.

Much to his surprise, the second dress wasn't very different from the first in terms of style.

White lace top with long sleeves and black tight skirt...

With his long legs crossed and his back against the back of the chair, Matthew realized that this woman must have done it on purpose. If Matthew were to allow this woman to continue like this, it would take

them forever to get out of there with a dress they could both agree on.

Matthew sighed and stood up immediately, slowly buttoning up his blazer. Then, without another word, he walked straight towards the woman and started picking up dresses of his choice, while she was busy looking at herself in the mirror.

He turned to face the saleswoman and said, "Take away everything Erica has picked out and don't bring those in front of me again."

"Yes, Matthew."

Erica pouted her lips with disappointment as she reluctantly dragged herself into the fitting room.

The clothes Matthew picked out for Erica matched her usual style very well.

She changed into an orange casual outfit, which could also make her skin look fairer.

After trying on a few outfits, by the time Erica was starting to show signs of impatience, the saleslady had packed more than ten outfits in accordance with Matthew's wishes. The devious man, however, showed no indications of any impatience or frustration. Every time she went inside the fitting room, Matthew pulled out his phone and started working. Then when Erica would come out, he would nonchalantly put his phone away.

This went on until Erica had tried over a dozen outfits. When he asked the saleslady to pack the twentieth dress, Erica couldn't tolerate it anymore. "I think that's enough. I don't want to try on any more dresses!"

Matthew looked at Erica and nodded his head. "Okay, I'll pay the bill." He noticed the frustration that flashed through Erica's eyes.

Erica was confused. Why did he agree with her so easily? If she had known it earlier, she would have told him earlier that she didn't want to try on any more dresses.

The clothes that were packed got sent back to the villa by Matthew's men. Afterwards, Matthew took her to buy shoes, jewelries and every other thing that she might need.

After a bountiful lunch at one of the finest restaurants in the city, the two went to the beauty salon.

The place they went to was exclusive to women only and men weren't even allowed to enter. However, since Matthew insisted on accompanying his wife, the manager had to arrange a private room for them.

Matthew spent the whole time working on his phone while Erica indulged in all kinds of services provided by the reputable establishment.

From time to time, she would hold his hand and say a few words. "Why don't you have some of the pretty girls give you a massage? You're not busy are you?"

He cast a cold glance at the woman who was talking to him with her eyes closed. 'That's awfully generous of you. You'll let other women put their hands on me? Perhaps I should be happy that I have married such a generous wife?' he thought.

In addition to the two of them, there were also two masseuses in the private room. One was giving her a facial, while the other was massaging her body.

Matthew refused without hesitation. "No, thanks. You know, I'm not used to being touched by women except you."

Erica raised the corners of her lips when she heard this. In truth, she was just testing him. Needless to say, she was quite satisfied with his answer.

But she still sighed, feigning sorrow. "What a pity. You would have enjoyed it very much."

'What a pity?' With a murderous look in his eyes, he said, "Since you're having such a good time, please carry on for a little longer. I am in no hurry."

As soon as they walked out of the beauty salon, gossips about Mr. and Mrs. Hilton's love for each other spread out like wildfire.

Taking his hand, Erica proclaimed, "My fashion sense is a bit childish so I just wanted to be sexy for you, but why are you making it so difficult for me to do that?"

"You have to remember that you look the sexiest when you..."

Erica covered his mouth to stop him from finishing his sentence. She already knew what he wanted to say. He would have said that she looked the sexiest when she was naked. They were smack in the middle of a busy shopping mall. How could he say something like that in front of so many people?

When she was sure he would keep his mouth shut, she whispered to him, "Can't we talk about it when we get home?"

A cheeky smile appeared on the man's face. "Why must we only talk about that at home?"

"Do you want the whole world to know when your wife looks the most beautiful?"

Matthew pretended to be indifferent as he shook his head. "Am I being too loud?"

"Not really."

"So, what is the problem?"

Erica couldn't find the words to refute him. She realized that he was right—she was indeed overreacting.

Matthew glanced at his watch to check the time and they shopped until half past four in the afternoon. Then, they set off for the kindergarten where their sons were.

A few years ago, Sheffield had invested in a kindergarten near their home for Gwyneth. Later, Godwin also studied there. When the four young masters of the Hilton family started going there, many people in Alorith tried their best to get their children enrolled at this school too.

The school gate opened slowly and the four boys were led outside by two teachers, hand in hand.

Except Adkins, who was a neat freak. He wasn't fond of anyone holding his hand, not even his teachers.

However, if his family members wanted to hold his hand, he would somewhat accept it.

Erica was waiting patiently by the car. When the teachers brought her sons out, she greeted the teachers politely, "Hello!"

When the children saw their mother, they let go of the teachers' hands and threw themselves into her arms. "Mommy, Mommy!" For a brief period, their joyful voices and laughter filled the air.

The two teachers also greeted Erica with a smile.

Matthew made a dramatic appearance as he pushed the car door open and stepped outside.

"Daddy, Daddy!" Colman got into the car first, and then Adkins followed him.

One of the teachers told them, "Matthew, Erica, your sons did a great job today and they were very well-behaved in class. You've taught them well!"

Holding two children in her arms, Erica answered with a little embarrassment, "Thanks. They have been paying attention to you at school lately. You've taught them well. Thank you for your hard work!"

"You're welcome, Erica! But there is one thing I want to tell you. It's about Damian. The boy seems to be very interested in playing the piano. I think you should look into it a bit more."

In fact, the teachers couldn't tell the quadruplets apart, but it was easier for them to recognize Damian, because his face was slightly pale and his body was thinner than his brothers.

Erica grabbed the boy and pulled him to her side. "Damian, is that true?"

Damian nodded. "Yes, but Mom, it's not a big deal. I was just enjoying the music because the teacher

was playing the piano very nicely."

The teacher smiled affectionately and said, "Thank you, Damian. I will work harder in the future."

"You're welcome."