

Chapter 196

Oho! Lifting her brows, Veronica suddenly felt the hostility in the air. These two are exactly as rumored... They don't get along with each other! Barely a minute after meeting, they are starting a head-on competition. Interesting.

"I don't think so." Pointing to the attire he was wearing, Matthew explained, "These clothes aren't the most convenient. Next time, maybe." Looking away, he then turned to Veronica. "Let's go, Roni." He paced to her and held her hand very naturally. "Do you know how to ride a motorbike? I can teach you."

"Hey, don't look down on me. Shall we race?" Of course Veronica was offended because he underestimated her.

"Sure." He agreed readily.

Didn't you just say that it's not convenient in these clothing? Why is it convenient now? Veronica wondered. Could it be... this jerk is really looking down on me?

"Well, your uncle is here, so you can borrow his Harley while I take yours, and we can have a race. But... it's not fun without any stakes."

She cast him a sheepish smirk, and with just one glance, Matthew knew what she was secretly planning in her mind.

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"That's true." Conrad agreed from the side. "How about this? I'll bet on your win with 50,000. What do you think?"

For wealthy people, money was merely a figure, but 50,000 was not a small figure for Veronica.

"Sure—"

But Matthew changed his mind.

"I just learned how to ride a motorbike." Veronica had just agreed when Matthew broke her off, giving her a helpless smile and a shrug. "My skills are really bad. Why don't you take me for a ride instead?"

"Huh? Are you really that bad?" She shot him a look of disgust, but still took the keys from his hand and hopped onto the Harley motorbike. "Get on. I'll take you for a spin."

"Okay," Matthew answered, accepting her invitation. Before getting on the bike, he turned back and said to Conrad, "We're leaving first, Uncle Conrad."

He flashed him a smile, but the smile didn't reach his eyes, and even the light in his eyes flickered.

After he got on the bike, Veronica said, "Sittight."

"Okay," the man behind her muttered and placed his hands on her waist.

Even though it seemed like a nonchalant act, it was enough to stun Veronica for a second. However, on second thoughts, riding on a motorbike was different from sitting in a car, and this act didn't seem out of place.

Hence, she throttled and sped off, but she had accelerated too much, resulting in a sudden thrust that almost threw Matthew off the bike.

Out of reflex, the man tugged, and after steadying himself, he placed his arms around her waist. "Are you sure you know how to ride a motorbike? I'm not insured."

Chuckling sheepishly, she then said, "Well, that's because I'm not used to this bike." She flashed him an embarrassed smile as a chill ran down her spine.

What happened earlier was really because she hadn't adjusted to this new motorbike. Fortunately, Matthew wasn't thrown off the bike, or else Thomas would really kill her.

Riding on the road, more than a dozen motorbikes came toward them one after another together with the humming of the engines and the playful shrieks and whistles of the men, which made Veronica exhilarated as well.

Accelerating to the maximum, she was riding well until she suddenly ran over a stone, and the front of the bike swayed. "Damn it..."

At first, she was startled, but the next second, she felt the man behind herself leaning against her as he wrapped his arms around her and held the handlebars of the bike to hold the swaying bike steady.

This scene, where she was held in his arms and wrapped around by him, was incredibly ambiguous.