

HBH 199

Chapter 199

Of all the outrageous things Matthew had heard over the years, these were probably the most daring. If it was someone else who said it, they would have already become a member of Hell. So, she's really being fearless because she knows that I fancy her, Matthew reckoned.

Narrowing his dark eyes, he shot daggers at her with his eyes. "Veronica Murphy!"

"Why are you shouting my name? Matthew Kings, I'm telling you. Even you calling my name is an insult to me. You'd better-uh!"

While she was still lashing out at him brazenly, the man sealed her lips with a kiss mid-sentence.

Her head rested on the dashboard of the motorbike, and her eyes were wide in disbelief. "Uh... Get away..."

As she was kissed against her will, a fire of fury ignited and burned brightly in her heart, and she felt that she had been taken a huge advantage of, despite the fact that a familiar scent of masculinity drifted through her nostrils when his cool lips touched hers.

It was a very familiar scent, as though it was there in her dreams every day, and it inexplicably subsided the fury in her heart greatly.

But... what the hell? How is it possible that I'm so familiar with Matthew's scent? she thought. Has this jerk been taking advantage of me everyday while I was asleep? Otherwise, why is his scent so natural for me?

The fury which had subsided rushed through her again, and she struggled to reach out her hand and slap him in anger. However, the man already expected her to strike him, and he released his grip on the handlebar to grab her wrist instead. Getting up, he glanced at her with his icy eyes. "What now? You've grown a liking for slapping me?"

"That's because you're shameless-ouch!"

Stopping, she hissed in pain. She had just started berating him again when he suddenly lowered his head and covered her soft lips with his sexy lips, biting her while she was unguarded.

Instantly, blood flowed from her lips and she tasted it on her tongue.

"It hurts! Matthew King, are you a dog? Why did you bite me?"

Overwhelmed with anger, she shoved him and lifted her leg to kick him in the face, but his reaction was quick. Leaning back, he dodged her attack effortlessly.

However, the kick was merely a farce because her real aim was to go around him. After hopping off the bike, she dashed off without looking back, running away in panic as though there was a vicious dog chasing her.

Straightening himself, Matthew pursed his lips and smirked as he fixed his eyes on Veronica, who had run far away.

"Ha!" From the bottom of his heart, he chuckled and shook his head helplessly before accelerating and leaving.

Since she was still mad at him, he didn't want to make the situation even more sour.

But... the one who's flaunting around is her! he thought.

Previously, there was no way he could accept it when a woman was being unreasonable, but now, he felt that Veronica was different from the rest, adding some spices to his otherwise peaceful life.

After running a few feet, Veronica saw Matthew riding off on the motorbike, and she stopped running. Beep, beep, beep!

She had only walked a little when a car stopped next to her. Seated in the passenger seat, Thomas rolled

down the window and said, "Miss Murphy, get in the car. We'll take you back."

"Sure!" As long as it's not Matthew's car, anybody else's car will do. "Mr. Ritter, you're a nice guy," she said while she opened the car door and got in.

"Thanks for the compliment, Miss Murphy," he answered. It's not that I'm a nice guy, but it's a direct order from Boss. Otherwise, we can't just abandon her in this wilderness.

About an hour later, they reached the city, and Veronica returned to Twilight Condominium. In the living room, while she was standing in the corridor and changing shoes, she saw that the shoes Matthew was wearing yesterday had already been set aside,

Is he back already? she wondered and heard the sounds of pots and pans clanging from the kitchen.

"Go wash up quickly and eat."

It seemed like Matthew, who was busy in the kitchen, already knew that she was back. She dragged her feet in slippers to peek into the kitchen.

On the stove, porridge was boiling in the pot, and the steam floated into the air before it disappeared into the kitchen ventilator.

Glancing at the porridge, she then turned to Matthew, the complicated look in her eyes saying, 'Porridge again? Ha, that's all you can cook, huh? But I'm not going to eat it. Who knows if you've poisoned it?'

Ignoring his aloof and yet handsome face, she bolted straight for her room, but all of a sudden, something came into her mind, and she walked out of her room before turning into Matthew's.

At the same time, Matthew happened to come out of the kitchen and caught her going into his room. Immediately, a bad premonition loomed over his mind.

Living under the same roof with him, Veronica had a principle-she never entered his room without permission.

After he placed down the porridge on the dining table, he paced to the master bedroom, but he had barely made a few steps when a roar echoed from his room.

"Matthew Kings!"

Along with Veronica's hysterical shriek was the baleful air she carried with her as she stormed out of the room. Grabbing an antique china from a surface on the right, she then tossed it in Matthew's direction.

"You b*stard! Didn't you say that you didn't touch me, you liar?"

The china flew in the air in a parabola, flying directly for Matthew, but he managed to catch it in his hands with his quick reflexes.

His exquisitely sculpted face turned grim. "What happened?"

"What happened? Hmph, the cheek of you to ask me that!"

Storming in front of him angrily, she grabbed the tie around his neck and pulled it sharply, tightening it and choking his neck.

I have to admit that this move by this damned woman is wild and dominant, he thought. Paired with her outfit today, which made her look like a little thug, she was really cool and attractive.

"You like to lie, don't you? Then tell me: What is this, huh?!"

She held up a prescription bottle in her hand, and on the small white bottle was the label-estazolam tablets!

His attractive eyes glanced at the bottle that her fair fingers were clutching, but there wasn't much emotion on his face, as though he had expected this.

"I was right when I said that the milk you offered me every time had a weird taste. So it turns out that you really added sleeping pills in it. What a despicable jerk! Do you trust me when I say that I'll call the

police now and sue you for r*pe?"

She was mad with rage, and her fire of fury burned brightly and brazenly, burning out the last bit of her rationale.

"You like to lie, don't you? I'm giving you a chance now to come up with an excuse. Huh?!" Enraged, she glared at him as she pulled his tie even harder.

On the other hand, Matthew furrowed his brows and snatched his tie out of her hand. Then, he undid it and tossed it on the couch.

"It's true that estazolam is a medication that helps with sleep, but didn't you realize that you have insomnia? I got this medication prescribed by a doctor to help you keep up with basic sleep."

For a person who wasn't good at explaining himself, Matthew tried to explain helplessly because he was forced to a corner by Veronica. However, she didn't believe a single word he said.

"You're the one with insomnia, and so is your entire family! You're a despicable jerk!"

Throwing the medication into his face, she then marched back into her room and dashed out after grabbing her cell phone and bag.