

## HBH 195

### Chapter 195

"I can't fall asleep, so I want to go out." Pretending to be relaxed, Veronica chatted casually with Matthew in an attempt to hide the depression in her heart.

Too many things happened recently, and it had really worn her out. After saying that, she turned around and left with her phone in her hand.

Matthew watched as she left, but didn't follow after her because he knew that she needed some personal space.

When Veronica was out of the condominium block, she hailed a cab. "To Mudwood Street, sir."

Slowly, the cab started to drive in the direction she mentioned. As it was late at night, there were very few cars on the street, and the driver drove fast. For a car ride which usually needed an hour, it only took thirty minutes today.

Hopping out after paying, she then went to the central square of Mudwood Street. Under the colorful flashing lights, a group of playful youths were dancing wildly. A hit song by BIGBANG, Fantastic Baby, accompanied by the deafening sound of the DJ, was playing and pushing the atmosphere to its apex. Boom shaka-laka, boom shaka-laka... Boom shaka-laka... Dan-dan, dan-dan, dance...

Dancing to the music, Veronica swayed her head as she enjoyed this moment of relaxation.

The street was located in the suburbs and was a party location for motorbikers. Immersed in the boisterous atmosphere, Veronica tried her best to forget all her troubles.

The song finished playing, and the group of people gradually stepped back, revealing a lineup of more than a dozen motorbikes. The motorbikers were either handsome and dashing, wild and adventurous, or stylish foreign men, all of whom were looking very pleasing to the eyes.

A stunningly hot woman in a bikini walked in front of the motorbikes holding a small flag above her head as she shouted, "Five, four, three..."

While the sexy woman was counting down, the motorbikers were already on their gas pedals, revving up and roaring their engines, sending an adrenaline rush through the people with the thunderous and exciting sounds.

"Two, one!"

When the final number left her lips, she waved down the flag she was holding in her hand in an alluring position, and the motorbikes dashed off like they were arrows on overstretched bows.

"Woo! Do your best!"

"You're the best, bro! You'll get first place."

"Go, we're waiting here for you."

"Damn, it's so cool."

More than a dozen motorbikes zoomed through the street and gradually got out of sight.

Veronica went to a mini-market nearby and bought a can of beer. Sitting at the side of the road, she watched the enthusiastic youths fool around happily and felt much better.

While she was sitting on the curb with a hotdog in one hand and beer in another, she took a bite of her food and seemed to see a familiar figure as her eyes squinted slightly.

Astonished, she muttered, "Is that... Crayson?"

That's impossible. Why would Master appear here?

Tossing the food and drink in her hands into the bin, she then sprinted to the opposite street and followed the man in a black robe.

However, that person was walking very quickly and disappeared in a corner after turning into an alley, "Where did he go?"

Looking around, Veronica tried to find him but couldn't see his figure at all.

Rubbing her eyes, she muttered, "Did I see it wrongly..."

"Veronica Murphy, is that really you?"

While she was rooted to the spot and in a daze, someone suddenly tapped her shoulder from behind.

Spinning her head around, she couldn't help but feel surprised.

"C-Conrad? What a coincidence!"

It was already midnight, so it never struck Veronica that she would run into Conrad in this place.

Upon saying that, she reached out and felt her face. With knitted brows, she then felt the wig on her head. "You're still able to recognize me after all these makeup and dressup?"

Is it because my makeup skills are too amateur or does Conrad have the eyes of an eagle?

In front of her, Conrad was wearing a white button-down shirt layered with a black leather vest. A thick chain with a skull pendant was hanging around his neck, and he wore a pair of loose-fitting ripped jeans, which made his bearded face appear even more bad-boyish and charming.

He's handsome, cool, and attractive!

He was literally a fashionista on the forefront, and even though he was seven years older than Matthew, not a single sign of aging was visible on his face.

"I'd been watching you in the square for a long time before I was sure that it was you." Taking a step back, he gave her a once-over and couldn't help but laugh. "This getup..."

Suddenly, he stopped himself.

"W-What's up with my getup? Do I look ugly?" she asked and laughed.

"No, it has character. I like it."

Years of living abroad had made Conrad a very straightforward man.

Pursing her lips into a smile, Veronica was a little embarrassed and changed the topic on purpose, "By the way, how's Grandma doing?"

"She's doing well and alright."

"Oh, that's good." She nodded and sighed. "I'm sorry about what happened at the wedding. That was an accident. I—"

"Those things are unrelated to me, so you don't have to explain it to me." Conrad interjected and grabbed her hand. "Since you're here in Mudwood Street, it shows that you like motorbikes.

Coincidentally, I just bought a new Harley, and I can take you for a spin."

He walked in front while Veronica tagged behind as she stared unblinking at his hand which was holding hers. Her mind went blank, and almost automatically, she blocked out Conrad's words.

"Uh... O-okay," she stammered, secretly drawing back her hand. "I was just thinking of going for a spin on a bike."

"It's fated, then." He cast her a lopsided grin, which was evil, sexy, and charming.

A man like this was mature and reliable while exuding a dangerous, sexy charm, which made him especially attractive. At the same time, Veronica was aware that Conrad was a dangerous figure whom she had to stay away from.

“You’re pretty close with Matthew, aren’t you?”

smile, Veronica was especially careful with every question he was asking.

Shaking her head, she answered, “We’re just friends. If it wasn’t because Grandma liked me, I don’t think we’d have any interactions at all.”

At the edge of the square, Conrad pointed to a black Harley Davidson motorbike. It was a very cool model which was the latest and limited model of the year... with a very shocking price tag.

Circling around the motorbike, she stared at it and said, “This is the latest world-wide limited edition of Ha-”

Vroom!

The engine sound from a random motorbike cut Veronica off mid-sentence.

When she lifted her head, a royal blue Harley Davidson motorbike had come to a stop in front of her.

The motorbike tilted to the side and parked. Taking off his helmet, the motorbiker then ran his fingers through his hair and revealed his gorgeous face.

“You want to go for a spin, don’t you? Let’s go.” Looking at Veronica, the man nodded to her slightly as a signal for her to hop on.

“What are you doing here, Matthew?” Surprised, Veronica couldn’t figure out why he would show up here.

He was dressed in gray trousers, a white button-down shirt with a black vest, and a casual black-and-white checkered tie. Although it was the professional attire of a business elite, he looked utterly stunning next to the motorbike which was oozing with savageness.

Her question was not answered. Matthew merely got off the bike, placed the helmet on the seat, and walked to Conrad. “What a coincidence, Uncle Conrad.”

“It is a small world.” Sticking both hands into his pockets, Conrad shrugged. “Since we’re here, why don’t we have a race?” he asked, pointing at the motorbikes.