

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 121

Chapter 121

Shock, astonishment, panic, anxiety—all that surged within her was a myriad of emotions.

Veronica's feelings were a complicated mess.

If Tiffany wasn't pregnant with Matthew's child, Veronica might still feel just that tiny bit hopeful toward Matthew. She'd feel that he couldn't possibly side with Tiffany. But right now, he was the father of the baby inside Tiffany's belly...

Would he be like Tiffany one day and kill her, because he couldn't continue to let her have a spot in his life?

A sense of danger washed over Veronica then, making her unable to calm herself. In the face of this startling news, she felt like retreating.

Matthew took in Veronica's expression with his dark eyes. It made him lapse into deep thought. *Her gaze... Is that sadness, or disappointment?*

When they were in Dawnpol Village, Veronica had asked him to watch the moon together with her. She said that she had something to tell him, but she later lied about having a stomachache and ran. After that, Melissa came to ask him if he truly loved Tiffany.

At that time, he thought that Veronica had gotten Melissa to probe his feelings, presumably because Veronica coveted him.

However, Xavier had proposed to Veronica that day at the hospital, and she even accepted his ring. For a moment, Matthew wasn't sure if she was capable of switching sides so easily, or if she was simply greedy for money and power.

"A... baby?" Melissa slapped a hand over her mouth as she stared at Tiffany in disbelief. "You're pregnant with Matthew's baby?"

How did this happen so suddenly? Melissa felt heartbroken. She loved Matthew so much. Initially, she thought that there was a chance that Matthew and Tiffany might break off their engagement, as they were simply engaged and not married. But now, Tiffany was pregnant with Matthew's child.

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Did Melissa even have a hope of being with Matthew now? That hope was practically left dead in a ditch!

hai nghi im one month along now. I only found out yesterday when I went for a checkup at the hospital with Matthew." Tiffany was all smiles as she spoke to Melissa. She then turned her loving gaze upon Matthew. The burning love in her eyes was clear for all 10 see.

Yesierday? Veronica understood then the reason for Matthew's sudden leave after he had sent her to Kings Residence yesterday. He hadn't shown up the entire day and night after that because he was with Tiffany.

"Veronica, what's... wrong? Why do you look upset?" Tiffany's lips curved up imperceptibly at the sight of Veronica's awful expression, but it disappeared in a flash,

"So, you're pregnant. What's it got to do with me? Is it worth me being upset?" Veronica shot back. "I still have some company things to settle. So, I'll be taking my leave." She turned and left quickly without lingering.

Veronica had enjoyed the slightest scrap of "niceness" that Matthew gave her. It addled her mind, making her think that Matthew was different from the Larsons. When she was kidnapped and brought overseas, he saved her just so that he could get on Elizabeth's good side; when she was swept away by the raging river by Dawnpol Village in Almeida, he saved her for the same purpose as well.

Matthew did so much for her simply because she was Elizabeth's savior and was loved and favored by the older woman. This was all the better for him, to cultivate a chess piece he could plant by Elizabeth's side and draw intel from her, to build the foundations of his war with Conrad Kings when Conrad returned home to fight over the family inheritance!

Veronica currently found herself laughable and pitiable. The pitiable part was, she was so pitiful that she saw the scrap of “niceness” that Matthew threw her way as being better than it was, to the point that she was greatly moved by it; the laughable part was, he was clearly the fiancé of her nemesis, yet she still felt just that little bit hopeful about him.

What a contradiction this was!

“Yep, I’m busy too, so I’m leaving.” Melissa snorted, stamping her foot before turning to leave the office with Veronica. They filed into the elevator together.

Melissa’s face was red with anger as the elevator headed to their destination. “That shameless fox! She’s only been engaged to Matthew for a few months, but she’s already pregnant with his baby. That’s just way too fast. Though, Matthew’s also pretty incredible. Does he have some godly luck? She got pregnant so quickly. How

Qui supposed to compete with her in the future? I don’t have the upper hand at all!” Nie couldn’t stop herself from cursing.

Melissa had thought that she still had a high chance of being with Matthew after she got to know Veronica. She never imagined that Tiffany would be pregnant with his child after just a few days without seeing him. Things were simply moving too fast.

“He’s just a f*ckboy. My advice? Don’t fall for him too deeply,” Veronica said to Melissa, her eyes staring off into space.

“We may be besties, Veronica, but I don’t agree with you.” Melissa glared at Veronica, her lips pursing together. –“Matthew’s the man of my dreams. He’s dashing and rich. Though, he’s got a bad eye for partners since he got engaged to Tiffany. Still, that doesn’t change my impression of him.”

Melissa was his number one fan. As long as the world stood, he would remain the man of her dreams.

Veronica looked down for a moment before looking to the side to glance at the innocent and pure-hearted Melissa. She hesitated for a moment. “If, one day, you found out that the man of your dreams wasn’t as perfect as you thought he was, would you be disappointed?”

“Of course not. No one is perfect. I love him, so everything he does is right.”

"Including getting married to Tiffany?"

"Tch, he may be engaged to that two-faced little b*tch, but no barrier can stay up forever as long as you have the right tools!" She gazed at Veronica confidently and pointed at her own face. "My beauty is unparalleled, and I am all natural. Everyone loves me. So, I believe that I can hook him. As long as they still haven't tied the knot, I have a 99% chance of succeeding!"

"Why 99%?" *This young lady is drunk on her own confidence.*

"Because he's just a step away from marrying Tiffany. The remaining 99 steps are right there for me."

At Melissa's explanation, Veronica chuckled stiffly. She wasn't sure how to reply to that. "Oh, hehe..." *Such an artless, naive girl.*

After they left the Spinfluence building, Melissa bid goodbye to Veronica, saying that she was going off for a round of drinks with friends. Veronica then returned to Konig and buried herself in work at the secretariat.

Turning time to 30 minutes before, right after Melissa and Veronica left the president's office but before they went their separate ways, Tiffany grabbed Mathew's hand. Sensing that he didn't look well, she asked, "Should I not have said all of that in front of Veronica? She... She didn't look too good."

If Tiffany could notice it, then Matthew naturally would've noticed it as well. He glanced at Tiffany with his cold eyes for a moment. "Don't be silly. The baby is the most important," he said, his tone icy.

"Mmhm. Don't worry, Matthew. I'll be sure to take good care of myself and our child." Tiffany placed a hand over her belly and looked down. A glint shone in her eyes. Following Matthew on his last business trip had been the right choice. Otherwise, how would she have been able to create such a perfect opportunity for herself and successfully become pregnant with his child?

"Good." Matthew silently shook off Tiffany's grasp and turned to walk over to his desk. He pulled up a sheaf of papers and began to work through his documents.

Tiffany approached him to stand by his side. After much hesitation, she finally got the nerve to probe him. "Since we have a child now, when... when do you plan for us to get married?"

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"Marriage?" Matthew had never thought about this sudden question before.

"That's right. We are already going to have a baby together; of course we'll have to get married. How would our baby be able to live openly then? Shotgun marriages are a common occurrence nowadays, but it still won't be good if it's revealed that we got married in a hurry." Tiffany seized the opportunity to put pressure on Matthew and advance her plans. Veronica was currently her largest obstacle in marrying into the Kings Family. If she could smoothly marry into the Kings Family, then Veronica would no longer be such a threat like she was now.

By then, offing Veronica would be as easy as flicking a finger.

Matthew furrowed his brows before he relaxed.

The two of them were silent for a long while. Just as Tiffany thought she wouldn't be getting an answer, Matthew spoke. "After my grandmother's birthday."

His grandmother's birthday? Tiffany calculated the time until then; it was just over a month away. The ecstasy she felt couldn't be held back as it showed on her face through a beautiful smile.

"Her birthday is soon. Why don't we try some wedding gowns and get some pre wedding pictures taken first? The baby will grow day by day; a pre-wedding photoshoot then will affect the baby's growth." Smart Tiffany attempted to strike the iron while it was hot, taking every opportunity she could to force Matthew to agree.

Pre-wedding photoshoot? An image of Veronica came to Matthew's mind. His gaze turned hollow as he stared at the documents on his desk.

"Young Master Matthew, don't forget that you cannot have any weaknesses."

"Young Master Matthew, you will only be able to solidify your status within the Kingses once you have a child."

"Young Master Matthew, you aren't allowed to marry for love in the first place as the son in a distinguished family."

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All of a sudden, Matthew recalled all of Thomas' warnings. He fell into deep thought. Although he currently controlled the Spinfluence Group, Spinfluence's greatest

encimy was still his uncle, Conrad Kings!

And falling in love would actually be a weakness.

"All right," Matthew replied, breaking the long silence.

Even though it took a mere two minutes for his answer, it felt like an entire century for Tiffany. Her eyes teared up at his answer. Instantly, she felt that all of her efforts paid off.

"Bloomstead's best pre-wedding photoshoot agencies are Florian Wedding Photographers, Ivari, Milano Photography..."

Just as Tiffany was rattling off all these photography agencies, Matthew raised a hand and interrupted her. "You make the arrangements."

"Um... Okay, I'll take a look at these agencies and discuss the final choice with you."

"That works. You should go back. I still have some work to do."

"Sure. Go ahead then. I'll... go home."

Tiffany was beside herself with joy. She stood next to Matthew to look at the beautiful lines of his face. Her fists clenched. At last, she worked up the courage to bend down and press a kiss to his cheek. Then, she straightened up and quickly stepped out of the office.

The moment the door closed, Tiffany walked briskly to the elevator. As she waited for the elevator, her excitement got the better of her, and tears began to stream down her face.

She did it. She succeeded at last. She was about to marry Matthew. Soon, she would become the lady of the Kings Family, becoming the most envied woman in

Bloomstead!

Meanwhile, Matthew gripped the documents in his hands tightly, his expression stormy and stiff. His eye twitched slightly as a strong look of disgust came to his eyes. Several moments later, he pulled out a few wads of tissue paper to wipe at the spot on his face where Tiffany had kissed him. Fury roiled in his chest.

When Tiffany returned home, she immediately shared this piece of good news with

Floch and Rachel. The entire family was overjoyed by this turn of events.

Rachel hugged Tiffany. "Congratulations. Your dream has come true, Tiffy. You're

about to become the lady of the Kings household soon."

"Haha, that's right. I'm going to be Matthew's father-in-law soon. Let's see if that little dog who usually barks at me will have the courage to look down on me then."

"What are you saying, Floch? Hardly anyone will dare to look down on you with your current status," Rachel jested.

"Why would there be no one? Look at the Kingses, the Neelsons, Lloyd, and those other wretched families. They all think little of me, simply because their companies are doing better than ours," Floch ranted in displeasure.

Tiffany couldn't stand to hear this anymore. "The problem here now isn't with you, but with Veronica. She's back. I'm worried that she might stir up some trouble in the coming days."

Normally, Tiffany wasn't worried about anything, since there would usually be someone there to clean up the mess if something happened. However, she was worried about the possible troublemaker, Veronica.

"You're going to marry Matthew soon. Once you have tied the knot and successfully given birth, you will have solidified your relationship with him. You wouldn't need to fear Veronica then, and she won't be able to affect you at all. Right now, you have to be vigilant about maintaining your clean image. Try not to have too many altercations with Veronica. You must avoid trouble. We'll discuss this further after the wedding." Rachel's plan was to stabilize their position by getting Tiffany to marry Matthew as soon as possible.

"Exactly. Your mother has a point." Floch approved very much of Rachel's thoughts and plans. When she announced Veronica's identity to the world, she successfully stopped the masses from talking. She also found the people that Veronica had bribed and stopped the news outlets in time. This was what Floch admired about Rachel

"Mom, will this really work?" Tiffany wasn't exactly sure.

"Old Mrs. Kings currently adores Veronica. If anything happens to Veronica, the consequences will be dire. You need to remember my advice, Tiffany--do not miss the forest for the trees. You will have to bear with it now in order to successfully marry into the Kingses." Rachel pinched Tiffany's cheeks in adoration. Although she was exasperated, she was actually more worried.

"Yes, your mother is right. Listen to her."

"Okay then, I won't butt heads with Veronica for now. But if my marriage with

Matthew goes through, then it's time for Veronica's funeral!" Viciousness rose in her sves, a juxtaposition against the beauty of her features.

Meanwhile, Veronica was still busy with work at Konig's secretariat even though it was time to clock out. All of a sudden, someone came over and tapped her desk. "So hardworking. You're not going to eat?"

At the sound of the person's voice, Veronica lifted her head to see Xavier standing before her. He lifted an eyebrow and grinned at her. "Come on, I'll treat you to a meal."

“Not hungry. I’ve got no appetite now.” Veronica expressionlessly lowered her head and continued to sort through the pile of documents. “I’ll continue working for a bit. I’ll go back and rest later.”

“No need to busy yourself with those things; they aren’t urgently needed. You can work on them tomorrow!” Xavier ordered like a tyrant of an employer, a hand coming down to land on the documents in front of Veronica.

“I’m really not hungry.” Already in an unpleasant mood, Veronica turned down Xavier’s dinner invitation. She didn’t want to eat; all she wanted was to calm down by herself.

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Xavier sensed from Veronica’s doleful expression that something was wrong. Concerned, he asked, “What’s the matter?”

“Nothing. It’s just that I ate too much at lunchtime, so I’m not hungry yet at the moment.” Veronica gave him a perfunctory smile. Then, she pointed at the documents on her desk, saying, “I’m reading these documents. I’ll be going home to sleep after a while.”

“Okay. In that case, I’ll stay here with you. As it happens, I don’t feel like eating either.” Xavier came and sat down next to her. Darting a look at the documents on her desk, he said, “Is there anything you don’t understand? I can explain it to you.” He knew that Veronica had something on her mind, but instead of asking her about it, he merely kept her company in silence as she worked late.

After they finished work, Xavier took Veronica to have some late-night snacks and drove her "home."

Veronica told Xavier she was staying in an alley across from Twilight Club, but after Xavier left, she returned to Matthew's Twilight Condominium. At first, she wanted to refuse the man's offer to drive her home, but she really couldn't resist his raging enthusiasm.

It was pitch-dark inside when she entered the apartment. In the dim light from the outside, Veronica took off her shoes and walked over to the living room sofa wearily. Lying down on the sofa, she closed her eyes without saying a word.

Ring! Just then, her cell phone rang in her pocket. She took out her cell phone, only to see that it was an incoming call from Xavier. "Bro? What's the matter?" she asked languidly while resting her head on the sofa's armrest.

"Where are you?"

"Where am I?" Veronica was startled; she didn't understand why Xavier would ask such a question all of a sudden. "I'm home, of course. Where else can I be?"

"Oh?" Xavier uttered on the other end of the line. Then, he continued with a slight drawl in a way that seemed meaningful, "I'm asking you where your place is. I'd like to visit your place."

Veronica's heart skipped a beat. She sat up on the sofa, thinking, Could he have learned something? She made up a random excuse and turned Xavier down, saying, "Oh, 1.

wh... I'm a bit tired, so I'm going to sleep, And besides, I'm renting the place with a few other girls, so it'd be improper for you to come here. If you have something to discuss with me, let's talk about it tomorrow."

"Okay. We'll talk about it tomorrow, then. Good night."

"Good night."

Veronica hung up. Thinking that she had worried too much, she let out an inward sigh of relief.

Unbeknownst to her, however, Xavier was standing next to the elevator at the second basement parking lot of Twilight Club. Clutching his cell phone in his hand, he stared hard at

the number displayed on the elevator's floor indicator—38. The 38th floor was the floor where Matthew resided. Turns out she's been living with Matthew, eh?

Veronica, who was upstairs, was completely unaware of these things. After lying down in the living room for a while, she went to the bathroom to clean herself. Then, she went to the study and turned on the laptop. After opening the browser, she keyed in a URL and entered a mysterious website, reading the information on the website while carefully keeping a lookout for Matthew, who might come back at any time.

Suddenly, the door to the study opened with a squeak.

Veronica looked up to see Matthew coming in. "You're back already?" she asked with feigned nonchalance; at the same time, however, she surreptitiously closed the website and quickly removed the traces of her having visited the website. Then, she switched to an online novel website that she had opened beforehand, pretending to be reading the online novel.

Wearing a black shirt paired with a dark-colored casual necktie, Matthew strode toward Veronica with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows. As he walked, he loosened his necktie and undid the two buttons on his collar. His muscular chest was partly hidden and partly visible, and it, along with his outrageously good-looking face, made him appear as noble and aloof as a perfect Prince Charming that came straight out of a comic book.

Even Veronica, who was immune to men's masculine charm, couldn't help being fascinated by Matthew's handsomeness.

"What are you reading?" Matthew walked over and stood beside her, but he couldn't help narrowing his eyes slightly after darting a look at the laptop screen. The next

instant, he knocked her head lightly with his hand, saying, "How could you read this kind of thing? You're a lady."

"What's wrong with that? Can't I read novels? Veronica frowned in displeasure while shooting the man an angry glare. "I like to read these. That's none of your business!"

"You like to read these?" Matthew repeated her words.

The inwardly displeased woman looked up at him. "What's wrong with reading novels for satisfaction? There are things that are unattainable in life, after all." Life is always less than

satisfactory. Isn't it good to experience those wonderful things in one's imagination by reading novels?

"Satisfaction, hmm?" A flicker flashed across Matthew's narrow, piercing eyes. Gripping Veronica's chin with his hand, he gently turned her head, forcing her to look at the laptop screen. Pointing at the website, he read aloud, "Staring at his gigantic organ, Belinda cried out..." Too embarrassed to read the rest of the sentence, he asked her, "Why have I never found you being so brazen before?"

"I..." Veronica was at a loss for words. She fixed her eyes on the sentences displayed on the screen that Matthew pointed to, which read, 'Oh, God! Your c*ck is so big and thick! T-This is definitely too much for me... But I love it so much...'

F*ck... Holy sh*t! What the hell is all this? Even Veronica, who had been calm and collected just now, could no longer retain her composure. A rosy blush instantly came over her little face, which looked as fair and delicate as fine-quality marble. She was so embarrassed that she wished the ground would open and swallow her up. Damn it! I only clicked into a random novel, but do the novel's contents have to be so explicit?

But was Veronica the kind of woman who would easily give in? No, I'm not. Never, she thought. After licking her lips, she cleared her throat and said nonchalantly, "What's the problem with that? We're adults, after all. Can't I have a bit of a hobby? I've even watched lots of porn videos, let alone this kind of novel. Tsk, what are you making a fuss about?" As she felt guilty, she spoke in an unusually loud voice. After finishing her sentence in a loud voice, she brushed off Matthew's hand and stood up. "I've had enough of enjoying it, so let me recommend it to you for free. Just take your time reading it. I'm going to sleep." With that, she got up in an attempt to take to her heels.

However, as soon as she stood up, Matthew sat her down in the executive chair. Trapping her in the chair with his hand placed on the armrests, he fixed his sharp eyes on her without blinking, asking, "Do you often watch those videos with him?" With a chilly expression that made one's flesh creep, he clutched the executive chair's armrests so tightly that his knuckles cracked.

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“Great!” Matthew straightened up and grabbed Veronica’s wrist. “Come with me!”

Veronica was startled by what Matthew did. She couldn’t understand why the man flared up all of a sudden. *Where is he taking me to? Is he gonna get physical with me again?* “Hey! Hey, Matthew! Where are you taking me?”

The man grabbed her wrist and dragged her into a large movie room. Then, he sat her down in the chair and handed her his cell phone. “Key in the website address.”

“Huh? What? Y–You really want to watch this? Ha ha...” Veronica asked with a forced smile. *Damn it! Is there no line that this jerk won’t cross?*

Matthew didn’t say a word in reply, though. He merely stared fixedly at her with frosty eyes, sending a chill down her spine.

When Veronica didn’t get an answer from Matthew for a long time, she could only look down at his cell phone. Then, she opened the browser and hesitantly keyed in a URL. In reality, she did know about the website. Back when she was working at Twilight Club, Cody and the other men liked to share this website, so she memorized the website address after listening to their conversation. She only heard the URL passively, but her memory was excellent, so she committed the URL to memory.

As soon as she opened the website, its abundant number of videos immediately popped up.

Matthew was only restraining his anger at first, but he became somewhat unable to restrain his anger anymore at the sight of what was on the phone’s screen. *How dare this damn woman watch these with Xavier! Great. This is great.* He took back his cell phone, but before he could say anything, Veronica jumped out of the chair and ran out swiftly right away.

Still, however fast Veronica was, she couldn't match Matthew's speed. She had just run past the chair and made a few steps when Matthew grabbed her collar and dragged her back effortlessly. Then, he sat her down in the chair, saying, "Looks like you've indeed watched a lot of porn videos. In that case, you must've not experienced the cinematic effects of 3D surround sound, have you?"

*Did he just say '3D surround sound? What's the f*cking difference between this and being personally on the scene? And besides, isn't it sexually stimulating for a man and a woman to watch this kind of thing together? Veronica felt that if she really were to stay and watch the videos, she might wind up revealing her most original nature and sleeping with*

Matthew, not to mention that Matthew might lay a hand on her! She braced herself and stammered, "What are you talking about? Do I look like the kind of person who's never watched porn? 1-1-I'm recommending this to you so that you can watch the videos with Tiffany to bring you two closer as husband and wife."

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Just as they were speaking, a voice that would make one's heart race and one's face blush with shyness suddenly sounded in the movie room. "Mm... Ah..."

As Matthew had said, the 3D surround sound made them feel like they were personally on the scene. Just the woman's charming and attractive voice alone would send a tingling sensation throughout one's body and shock one to the core as though an electric current had spread throughout their body. Subconsciously, the pair turned to look at the ultra-high-definition screen, which was 4-meters wide and 2.5 meters high. The thrilling scenes sent blood pumping through their veins, causing their hearts to thump wildly.

This is way too shameless, thought Veronica. She was so nervous that her face blushed. Struggling to push Matthew away, she said, "Bro, I'm going to sleep. I won't be keeping you from taking your time watching it." It's all a misunderstanding.

Matthew had no intention of letting her go, though. He merely replied, "Since you can watch it with Xavier, why can't you watch it with me?"

"Xavier?" *What does Xavier have to do with this?* thought Veronica. Baffled, she thought about it carefully. Only then did she recall that Matthew had asked her just now if she had watched porn with "him." She didn't think much about it at the time, but she didn't expect Matthew to get the wrong idea that she had watched porn with Xavier. "Yeah, I watched it

with Xavier, so I don't want to watch it anymore. It's no longer exciting to watch something I've watched before, after all. Please enjoy it yourself." *How I wish to flee*, she thought.

Matthew seemed determined to go against her, though. Sitting next to her right away, he wrapped his arm around her shoulders, saying, "You're gonna watch it today, whether you want to or not."

"He he. Can I say no? I want to sleep." Veronica gave a smile of embarrassment that seemed very affected.

Instead of answering her, Matthew merely pressed a button on the sofa's armrest. All the lights were switched off; only the scenes on the screen kept switching from one to the next.

Panicked, Veronica felt even more embarrassed, so much so that she wished she could hide herself.

Just then, Matthew's voice rang in her ear. "If you want to sleep, you can sleep here 100," Of course, the word "sleep" wasn't referring to something pure.

Veronica only felt dry and hot all over as the man's tingling sound reverberated in her ears. For a long time, she had trouble calming herself down. "I'm used to sleeping in bed."

"Oh, is that so?" Matthew suddenly turned to look at the woman next to him. "You enjoyed sleeping on the sofa very much last time."

Last time? Veronica recalled her previous coupling with Matthew on the sofa in the lounge of the hotel where he and Tiffany got engaged. "That was a thing of the past. And besides, you're now my brother. It's inappropriate for us to do that."

Matthew's warm breath blew on Veronica's cheek and her hair as he leaned close to her, making her feel even more uncomfortable. "What makes it inappropriate? We aren't related by blood."

For the very first time, Veronica found it so difficult to control her emotions and desires. *I was too hasty, after all.* "Well... Uh..." A myriad of thoughts crossed her mind. After pondering for a moment, she immediately said, "It's inappropriate, of course. I'm having my period."

"If my memory serves me right, you already had your period on the fifth day after we went to Dawnpol Village."

Veronica was rendered speechless. *How does he even know about this?!* “That’s too shameless of you, Matthew! Do you pry into this kind of thing too?” she fumed somewhat angrily.

“Melissa told me that.”

“Melissa... How could that damn woman even tell you this?” Veronica felt like crying as she was at a loss for a retort. She couldn’t escape from Matthew, nor could she fight against him. *I can’t “accept reality,” can I?* She made things clear to him right away, saying, “You always seem so clever, so why don’t you understand this today? I stalled you off with so many excuses just to tell you that I don’t want to sleep with you!”

However, as soon as she finished her sentence, Matthew’s expression grew even darker; his eyes were so sharp as though he wanted to skin her alive. He pinched her cheek with the hand he placed on her shoulder, asking, “What? Does he pleasure you a lot?”

“Well, of course he does.” The contents of the novel Veronica had read just now

appeared in her mind. Quoting the novel, she said, “He’s got a big c*ck, and he’s good in bed, so he could pleasure me, of course. I—” *This is too embarrassing.* She had never thought that she would say something so shameless and embarrassing in front of a man one day.

“Mmph...” In the end, Veronica succeeded in angering Matthew, so much so that the man sealed her lips with a domineering and savage kiss right away before she could

even finish her sentence. “Hey, Matthew! L-Let... me... go...”

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In a moment of desperation, Veronica put out her right hand to shove Matthew away, only to gasp in pain as she shoved him too hard. *"Hiss... Ouch..."*

Sensing that something was wrong, Matthew let go of her and switched on the movie room's lights right away. Only then did he notice that Veronica's sleeve had been stained with blood. In an instant, his face darkened with a frown, and he looked at her with a complicated look in his eyes. "Sorry."

Veronica was somewhat startled by Matthew's unsolicited apology. She never expected that the man who considered himself superior to everyone else would take the initiative to apologize to her one day. However, before she could come to her senses, the man had turned off the screen mirroring on his cell phone, turning off the video that was inappropriate for kids. Then, he took her hand, saying, "Come on. Let me bandage your wound."

Peeved, Veronica shook off his hand right away. "I'll treat my wound myself.". Storming barefoot out of the movie room in a huff, she found the first-aid kit in the living room and began to treat her lacerated wound.

Walking out of the movie room, Matthew felt guilty when he saw Veronica sitting on the sofa and clumsily untying the bandage around her right arm with her left hand. Coming to her side, he sat down, held her right arm, and helped her untie the bandage around it.

Veronica struggled. "I'll do it myself. Just let go,"

However, Matthew chided softly, "Don't move!"

Immediately, Veronica fell silent, letting the man wipe the blood off her wound before he applied medicine to the wound and bandaged the wound deftly at one go. During the entire

process, she silently watched the man, who was completely absorbed in what he was doing. It wasn't until he finished bandaging her wound that she said, "It's getting late. I'm going to sleep." With that, she stood up, returned to her room angrily, and slammed the door shut with a loud bang,

Sitting on the sofa, Matthew clutched the bandage in his hand while gazing at the tightly closed door, his feelings incredibly mixed.

Instead of coming out to watch TV as before, Veronica lay in the bedroom the whole time tonight.

The next day, Matthew got out of bed and made porridge for Veronica as usual, but he didn't see her coming out even at 7:00AM. He went and knocked on the door to her bedroom, but no one answered the door.

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He pushed the door open, only to be surprised to find that the bedroom was empty. She was gone.

Standing at the door, the man was startled for a moment. Then, he took out his phone to call Veronica. She didn't answer the phone when he called her the first time; it wasn't until he called her the second time that she answered the phone and asked, "Anything?"

"Where are you?"

"Starting from today, I'll never go back to Twilight Condominium, nor do you have to worry about where I am. Goodbye." Veronica hung up right away without saying another word to Matthew. At first, she had thought that Matthew would restrain himself after Elizabeth had acknowledged her as her god-granddaughter. However, it turned out that she had overestimated the man, who was even worse than a beast. In order to avoid losing her chastity again, she chose to rent an apartment outside.

That morning, Veronica asked Xavier for a day off and found a small one-bedroom apartment online with a monthly rent of 2,000. She spent the morning renting the apartment for a year and buying daily supplies, using up most of the money Melissa had wired to her.

It was already 10:00AM when everything was done. Exhausted, she lay down on the living room sofa wearily without moving for a long time.

Ring! Just then, her cell phone rang on the table. She darted a look at the phone's screen, which showed an incoming call from an unfamiliar phone number. She picked up the phone and answered the call, saying, "Hello. Who is this?"

"Hi, is Veronica speaking?" A woman's voice that sounded somewhat familiar spoke on the other end of the line.

"Yes, it's me."

"Phew... That's great. I found you at last. Veronica, it's me, Yvonne. Where are you? I'm in Bloomstead right now."

"Uh.." Veronica had never gotten in touch with Yvonne again since they parted ways last time. She got to know Yvonne by accident after hiding in the latter's car and getting kidnapped abroad with her for no reason last time. However, she didn't!

intend to be close friends with Yvonne, whose identity and background she found 100 mysterious and unfathomable. Giving Yvonne a nearby address, she said, "I'm at Jazz Crumbs Cafe on Pines Street."

"Okay. Just wait for me. I'll be there right away," Yvonne said before hanging up.

On the other hand, Veronica got up and spruced herself up. After leaving the neighborhood through the back entrance, she arrived at Jazz Crumbs Cafe on Pines Street. Then, she ordered a cup of coffee while waiting for Yvonne on the second floor at the seat by the window.

20 minutes later, Yvonne showed up before Veronica. Dressed in her usual style, she wore a waisted, irregular white vertical-striped suit, which was matched with a belt, a pair of black pants, and high heels. Her long hair hung loose over her shoulders, making her look as intelligent and poised as a capable elite woman. She waved to Veronica, saying, "Hi there! It's been a while since we last saw each other."

Veronica picked up her cup of coffee and took a sip from it. Looking at Yvonne with a puzzled look in her eyes, she asked, "What makes you think of contacting me all of a sudden?"

"Well, I just returned from overseas, didn't I? Just give me a minute while I order a cup of coffee first. I'm quite thirsty," Yvonne said while waving to the waiter. "Waiter, give me a cup of latte, please."

"Since we've met again, I should return your necklace to you." Veronica took off the necklace Yvonne had previously exchanged for hers before placing it on the table. "This is yours," she said while pointing at the necklace Yvonne was wearing. "Give it back to me."

"Are you serious, Veronica?" Yvonne covered her neck with her hand. "How can you take back something you've given to me as a present?"

Luckily, Veronica's background wasn't complicated except for her relationship with the Larsons. Otherwise, she would've suspected that Yvonne was cozying up to her with a purpose. "But we aren't that close."

"Aren't we? We've risked our lives together." Yvonne pushed the necklace toward Veronica with a chuckle. "To be honest with you, I came to you because you're on good terms with Matthew." She spoke her mind with no intention of hiding anything from Veronica.

Veronica looked skeptical, though. "Who was the one that kidnapped you?" One could tell at a glance that the person mustn't be someone ordinary, for the person

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could hire mercenaries.

"Can I... keep it a secret?" Yvonne asked.

Veronica didn't say a word, but she shook her head.

Seeing Veronica's response, Yvonne felt somewhat helpless. She took a business card out of her pocket and handed it to Veronica.

Veronica took the business card and read the information on it, mumbling, "The president of Honeycloud Cosmetics Limited?" *Isn't it located in the office building next to Spinfluence Group?* she thought. She wasn't unfamiliar with Honeycloud Cosmetics, a newly established brand that fought its way into the highly competitive market and occupied a place in the country by selling medium-end products with extremely high quality. Even those special

cosmetics that Veronica had bought were from this company. "So?" Veronica asked in reply while throwing up her hands.

Yvonne raised her eyebrows. "Isn't it obvious enough? I want you to introduce me to Matthew so that I can collaborate with his company." Obviously, she didn't want to disclose her background.

Veronica hesitated. After taking a look at Yvonne, she reached out her left hand and rubbed her index finger against her thumb vigorously to imply something.

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At the sight of the scene, Yvonne compressed her lips into a smile. "That's what I like about you. You're frank." She picked up her handbag and took a check out of it. "Here's a check of 500,000. As long as you're able to help me ask Matthew out, this will be yours. If you can help me collaborate with the Spinfluence Group, I'll pay you another one million." In total, the reward would be 1.5 million.

Veronica's eyes instantly shone with greed. She straightened up, asking, "Will you keep your word?" *To think that someone is offering me money right when I'm short of money! God is really smiling upon me*, she thought. She had been guessing Yvonne's identity at first, but now it seemed that the latter was apparently not interested in her. Instead, Matthew was the one Yvonne was actually interested in. After all, with the Kingses' current social standing, many would scramble to collaborate with them.

"Of course!" Yvonne curled her lips into a smile.

Veronica darted a look at the check on the table. After some deliberation, though, she shook her head, saying, "With Honeycloud Cosmetics' current standing, as long as you guys collaborate with the Spinfluence Group, you'll no longer be a third-rate cosmetic brand that depends on social media to promote and sell your products as you currently are. Instead, you'll instantly join the ranks of the first-rate brands. So, I'm afraid it's not sincere enough to offer such an amount of money." She didn't know much about Honeycloud Cosmetics, but she knew that its products were most widely promoted on Instagram Stories. Furthermore, Honeycloud Cosmetics cared a lot about its brand image, and it kept countless buyers coming back for more by putting a great deal of effort into the quality of its products.

"Name your price then," Yvonne replied without hesitation.

Veronica pondered for a moment. Then, she put out her left hand and held up three fingers.

"Deal," Yvonne readily agreed without thinking.

"Can I go back on it? You agreed so readily." Veronica suddenly regretted it a little. She couldn't help thinking that the three-million sum that she asked for was too little. Otherwise, why would Yvonne agree to her demand so readily? "I can promise you, but you must give my necklace back to me." She didn't like wearing someone else's jewelry.

"Well... Okay. *Sigh*, you're so petty..." Yvonne muttered as she took off her necklace and gave it back to Veronica.

In the afternoon, Veronica called Matthew on her initiative for the first time.

Sitting in his office, the man looked at the phone number displayed on his phone's screen. Even though the phone number wasn't on his phone's list of contacts, the familiar number had already been engraved in his mind. He answered the phone, saying, "What's up? Wanna come back already?" .

On this end of the line, Veronica thought for a moment while glancing hesitantly at Yvonne, who was sitting across from her. *It's three million! It's all money. I've got to reap every penny I could from Matthew*, she thought. "Uh-huh."

She didn't say anything, but she heard the man on the other end let out a chuckle. He asked, "Are you hungry? Let me treat you to lunch."

"Alright. Let's meet up at Phil's Restaurant then."

“Okay,” Matthew agreed without hesitation.

Veronica hung up while looking at Yvonne, who was sitting across from her, with a cheeky grin. “Don’t you want to get to know Matthew? Pay me another one million, and I’ll let you stay in Matthew’s home. How about it?”

“In that case, what about 800,000?”

“That’s too expensive.”

“700,000?”

“That’s expensive.”

“What about 500,000? 500,000 is my bottom price. It all depends on whether you cherish this opportunity or not. Who knows? Maybe you could establish a long-time business partnership with the Kings Family.”

“Hm, you have a point. Alright then, 500,000 it is,” Yvonne replied.

Veronica’s lips curled into a meaningful smile as she lowered her head to drink coffee.

OC

An hour later, Veronica and Yvonne were sitting in Phil’s Restaurant’s private room while waiting silently.

Soon Mathew showed up at the private room’s door. As soon as he came in, he douced Yvonne.

Seeing the man coming in, Yvonne immediately stood up and greeted him, saying, “Nice to meet you, President Kings.”

Matthew gave her a slight nod while seating himself across from the two. “Have you been waiting for a long time?” He darted a glance at Veronica with what seemed like a hint of displeasure in his eyes.

Veronica turned a blind eye to this, though. "I'm hungry, so let's order our meal. I'm gonna eat whatever's the best and expensive." *F*ck, it pisses me off to think that this *sshole molested me yesterday.*

"Okay," Matthew replied while pressing the call button on the table.

The waitress came in, saying, "Hi, ladies and gentleman. What would you like to order:

"Please give us two servings of the most expensive single set meals," Matthew replied, before raising his eyes to look at Yvonne. "What would you like to eat, Miss Spencer?"

"I'm fine with anything," Yvonne replied with a polite smile. Then, she said to the waitress, "Just give me a cacio e pepe and a French steak."

The waitress jotted down their orders. "Please wait a moment, ladies and gentleman." With that, she turned around and left the private room.

The private room slowly quieted down.

Finding a subject, Yvonne teased, "It's really enviable that you're on good terms with President Kings, Roni."

"Stop flattering me. He's my godbrother, so just treat him as one of us." Veronica picked up the glass of drinking water on the table and took a sip from it while casting a sidelong glance at Matthew with repressed anger.

"Oh, no wonder." Yvonne nodded repeatedly. Then, she said to Matthew, "President Kings, you must be very happy to have such a vivacious and adorable sister."

"Uh-huh." Matthew's manner was cold. Since he rarely spoke to Yvonne, she dared not bring up the subject of the collaboration.

The three had lunch in an awkward atmosphere that made Yvonne feel incredibly

suffocated and almost out of breath. After leaving the restaurant, instead of driving her own car, she got into Matthew's car with Veronica as per what she and Veronica had agreed upon.

Sitting in the driver's seat, the man looked at the two ladies in the back seat, asking, "Where are you staying, Miss Spencer?":

"..." Looking embarrassed, Yvonne threw Veronica a look to ask for help.

Grasping Yvonne's hint at once, Veronica immediately said, "Yvonne hasn't found a place to stay yet, so I'd like to let her stay with me."

Matthew glanced at Yvonne through the rearview mirror. Seeing that the lady was silent, he started the car and headed back to Twilight Condominium without saying a word. *I just knew it! With this damn woman's stubborn character, why would she give in and come back after she'd left? Turns out that she's got someone backing her up, huh?*

After the three arrived at Twilight Club's second basement, Matthew parked his car, and the three took the elevator to the top-floor apartment. Even though the top-floor apartment was spacious and had many rooms, the study, the home gym, and the movie room had taken up most of the rooms, making the master bedroom and the second bedroom the only bedrooms available.

Before Matthew could speak, Veronica said, "Yvonne will be sharing a room with me from today onward."

"As you wish." Matthew didn't say anything else. Instead, he merely unbuttoned his suit jacket gracefully with his slender fingers. After taking off his suit jacket and hanging it on the coat stand, he turned around and went to the study.

After the door to the study was closed, Yvonne patted Veronica on the shoulder and asked in a whisper, "Oh, my God! So you two are living under the same roof?" She had an animated expression, as though she had pictured the story of a domineering company president falling in love with an ordinary lady in her mind.

Veronica shot a disdainful look at her. "What are you thinking about? He's just my godbrother, and he's engaged to his fiancée. Not only that, but his fiancée is already pregnant."

"That's the thing. Since his fiancée is already pregnant, shouldn't he be living with her?" Yvonne asked.

Veronica curled her lips with a shrug. "Maybe the Kings Family is so strict with their children that only married couples can live together."

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"Since the Kings Family is strict with their children, why would he be—"

"Yvonne, are you gonna stay or not? Get out of here if you aren't!" Veronica snapped right away without giving Yvonne the opportunity to finish her sentence. Then, she shoved Yvonne into her room, saying, "Here, the closet is full of new clothes. We're about the same height, so pick your clothes yourself. The bathroom is over there. Hurry up and wash yourself before going to sleep!"

"Oh, okay, okay." Sensing that this topic was a taboo for Veronica, Yvonne dared not ask her further about it.

Veronica then went to the living room's bathroom and furtively called the landlady of the apartment she had rented today to ask her if she could quit the lease and have her rent refunded.

"Are you crazy? How could you quit the lease right now after moving in just today? Are you trying to make a fool of me?"

"It's okay that you're angry, but you shouldn't be yelling at me. It's fine that I can't have my rent refunded, but what are you speaking so harshly for?"

“How could you ask such a retarded question when you know that I’m angry? You must be out of your mind! *Beep—*” The landlady showered abuses on Veronica before hanging up right away.

Veronica’s lips twitched at the sight of the ended phone call, “*Sigh*, I can’t have my rent refunded. It’s over 20,000 lost. It really hurts.” Whenever she thought about it. she felt a surge of exasperation. *It’s all Matthew, that *sshole’s fault! If it weren’t for him. I wouldn’t have lost over 20,000.*

As soon as she opened the bathroom door to come out, she saw Matthew standing outside. Her face darkened, and she snapped in displeasure, “Why are you standing at the bathroom door? Why have I never realized you’ve got such a hobby?”

Matthew raised his hand and loosened his necktie with an air of impatience. Then, he seized Veronica by the collar and pinned her against the wall, asking, “Are you close to Yvonne?”

“What does that have to do with you?!” Veronica shot back snappishly.

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“How dare you be friends with her? She’s from an unknown background. Are you

ured of living?” *What a foolish woman who dares to bring anybody home!*

Her head tilted to one side, Veronica stared at Matthew as her obsidian-like bright eyes sparkled with a smile. “Why would I? She’s only a good friend of mine.” *Good friend? No, Yvonne and I were only forced to live together for a week after being kidnapped*, she thought. Of course, she had some suspicions about Yvonne’s appearance, but she was certain that the latter wasn’t sent by the Larson Family. There was nothing else about Veronica that Yvonne could take advantage of. In that case, the only thing that could explain this was that... Yvonne’s purpose in getting close to her was to get close to Matthew

However, no matter whether Yvonne had her eyes on Matthew’s wealth, power, influence, or Matthew himself, it was none of Veronica’s business. Therefore, Veronica wouldn’t care about it as long as it wouldn’t keep her from “getting rich.” Moreover, Matthew wasn’t a kind person either. He was incredibly shrewd, so it would probably be extremely difficult for Yvonne to gain something from him.

“The mercenaries who kidnapped her that day were...” Matthew wanted to tell Veronica the identity and background of Yvonne’s kidnapper at first, but he feared that he might frighten

this foolish woman. In the end, he merely said with a sigh, "I had too much to drink yesterday."

He changed the subject so quickly that it was somewhat puzzling.

Veronica knew that Matthew was apologizing for his behavior yesterday. She had smelled alcohol on him yesterday as soon as he came back, but the amount of alcohol wasn't sufficient to make him lose self-control. "So what?" She knitted her brows. "It's pointless to give an absurd explanation right now after you've done it." In other words, she was accusing him of talking nonsense by blaming his behavior yesterday on alcohol after he had raped her and slept with her. *Or are you saying that you're a brainless creature who has no control over your lower half?*

Matthew's face darkened slightly, and he patted Veronica lightly on the head with his large hand. "In the future, we'll only be brother and sister. There'll be no other relationship between us apart from that." The "relationship" that he said wasn't referring to the brother-sister relationship; in reality, he was telling Veronica that he would never touch her again.

Since he had said so, Veronica decided to make things clear instead of being secretive. "You better keep your words. If you dare touch me again in the future, I'll definitely fight you to death!"

Suddenly, Matthew said, "Two months later, Tiffany and I will be getting married."

The two seemed to be responding to each other's words with irrelevant answers as they jumped from one topic to another, but they actually understood what each other's words meant.

Veronica was slightly startled. Then, with the benefit of hindsight, she realized why Matthew would say just now that their relationship would be limited to that of brother and sister. As it turned out, it was because the two were planning to get married in two months due to Tiffany's pregnancy. Feeling suffocated at once, she instantly felt her heart ache terribly. *Why does my heart ache so terribly? That's right why wouldn't my heart ache terribly? How am I supposed to avenge my adoptive parents and undo the injustice done to me if he marries Tiffany?*

Veronica felt that her insistence on taking revenge over the past few months had suddenly become pointless at this very moment. If she were to fight against the Larson Family alone,

she might find a way to make the family lose face or even bring down the family. In the beginning, when Matthew said he would marry Tiffany in half a year, she thought that half a year would be sufficient for her to go against the Larson Family and avenge her adoptive parents. However, their wedding was suddenly brought forward to two months later on surprisingly short notice. In other words, in a few days, the Kings Family would prepare for the wedding and announce publicly the date of their wedding, telling everyone that Tiffany was soon marrying into the Kings Family. At the moment, he and Tiffany could almost be considered a family; for good or ill, they would be bound together.

How can I fight against the Larsons and the Kingses on my own? I'll only be fighting a hopeless battle.

Veronica blinked her eyes before looking at the man before her with a bitter smile. "Is that so? Congratulations to you, then." *Congratulations to you on becoming a father and to Tiffany on becoming Mrs. Kings. Tiffany's defeated me completely after all.*

Shoving the man away, she went to the living room's bar counter and took a bottle of red wine from the liquor cabinet. Then, she went to the living room and started drinking on her own.

Matthew stood in place while watching the woman's every move. He knew very well that she had shoved him with her injured right arm just now, but she didn't notice it at all. The sentence she had said out of personal feelings when they lay in the tent on the mountain in Almeida that day crossed his mind. *"Will you help the Larsons if they want to kill me one day?"*

Walking up to Veronica, he felt bad in every way when he saw her pour red wine into her wine glass and drink heavily by gulping down a glass of red wine after another.

Torunia, do you wama... Oh, dear! Why are you drinking alone? Didn't you hurt your arm. You can't drink liquor when you're injured." Yvomno was suddenly dressed after taking a shower. After all, she was at Matthew's home, so she had to observe the proprieties in his presence, of course. Coming to Veronica's side, she sat down and snatched the wine bottle from her. "Are you insane? You'll get drunk by drinking like this."

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Veronica shot Yvonne a glare with frosty eyes before snatching the wine bottle back from her. "What a busybody! Can't I drink when I'm in a good mood?"

"You're in a good mood?" Yvonne looked dumbfounded. *Which part of her looks like she's in a good mood?*

"Yeah, I'm in a good mood. My brother is marrying his fiancée very soon, so I'm happy. Do you wanna have a couple of drinks with me to celebrate it in advance? Oh, right, Yvonne, let me tell you this: we can ask Matthew for a huge present when he marries Tiffany! Haha..." She guffawed without restraint while holding up the wine bottle again before gulping several mouthfuls of wine, filling her stomach with liquor continuously as if she was drinking water.

Yvonne was stunned by Veronica's behavior. "A—Are you really happy?" *Why does it seem to me that she's heartbroken?*

"Yeah, I'm happy. I'm happy." Veronica nodded vigorously while plonking the emptied bottle of red wine on the table. After giving a belch, she stood up and walked over to the bar counter. "Matthew... no, my brother's rich. All the wine on his bar counter is good wine, so it'll be a shame not to drink them. I want to drink more of them."

Walking over to the bar counter, she looked at the bottles of good wine placed on the wine rack, looking specifically for some vintage wine to drink. Even though those wines were flavorful, they were very old, and it would be harmful to her health if she drank them without decanting them first. After finding two bottles of wine on the wine rack, she shot a glance at Yvonne and shook her head. "You're bad at drinking. Just go to sleep. I want to drink with him," she said while handing a bottle of red wine to Matthew. "Come on! We've got to get

drunk in order to celebrate your becoming a father. But let me say this in advance: you have to give me a huge present when you get married.”

Matthew stared fixedly at Veronica. The last time she recklessly got drunk like this was the day she was rescued from abroad. Only a month had passed since then.

Knowing Matthew’s relationship with Veronica, Yvonne couldn’t say anything else. She only said to Matthew, “I’m going to sleep. Just stop her from drinking too much.”

“Uh–huh,” Matthew replied.

With that, Yvonne went back to the bedroom to sleep.

Veronica held up her wine bottle and clinked it against Matthew’s. “Come on; have a drink with me.”

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“You shouldn’t be drinking. Your wound hasn’t healed yet.”

“It’s no big deal. It’s just a minor injury, after all.” Veronica darted a sidelong glance at him. “Just shut up and drink. Why talk so much nonsense while drinking?” Holding the wine bottle in her hand, she continued drinking on her own. It didn’t take long before she finished the bottle of wine in her hand, but her little face fell when she noticed that Matthew’s wine bottle was untouched. “Never mind if you don’t want to drink with me. I’ll drink with Xavier instead.” She put down her wine bottle and stood up to head outside.

However, as soon as she walked past Matthew, the man grabbed her wrist tightly. “I’ll drink with you.” Grabbing her wrist with one hand while holding the wine bottle with another, he stared at her and gulped a big mouthful of red wine. “Sit down. I’ll drink with you.”

“That’s more like it.” Veronica gave a depressingly sad grin.

Matthew drank with Veronica and watched as she drank four bottles of red wine without getting drunk. At first, he thought that drinking some wine would help her fall asleep, but the tipsy woman had no intention of going to sleep at all. If she kept on drinking, she might suffer from alcohol intoxication, which would be harmful to her health. He snatched away the wine bottle in her hand, saying, “Let’s stop drinking. I’ll take you out for a ride.” He couldn’t help but sigh from the bottom of his heart at the woman’s astonishing capacity for

liquor. However, no matter how well she could hold her liquor, alcohol was still harmful to her health.

Her cheeks flushed, Veronica turned to look at Matthew with narrowed eyes, asking, "Hmm? A ride? Where?"

"Just come with me." Matthew took her hand, stood up, and headed outside.

Veronica felt somewhat dizzy, and she staggered a little while walking. However, she was very sober, so she held Matthew's hand tightly for fear of falling. After entering the elevator, she stood on tiptoe and wrapped her left arm around his shoulder like a buddy. "Where are we going in the middle of the night? Can I ride on the Ferris wheel? I've always wanted to take a ride on the Ferris wheel ever since I was little, but I never had the opportunity. Do you think... that I'm miserable?" Resting her head on Matthew's shoulder, the woman gave a smelly belch after finishing her sentence, and her breath reeked of alcohol.

Matthew frowned in disgust, but he nonetheless put his arm around her waist for

tear that she might lose her balance and fall to the ground. "Okay, I'll take you on a Ferris wheel ride."

"Really? Is it the largest Ferris wheel in Bloomstead?"

"Yeah."

"Wow, that'd be great! He he! To think that I can ride on the Ferris wheel at such a late hour! That's definitely gonna be f-fun..." Veronica grinned happily.

On the other hand, Matthew had a complicated look on his face as he looked at Veronica with his eyes full of worry and sympathy. While taking her downstairs, he texted Thomas, who was already waiting downstairs when he arrived at the second basement parking lot. For work reasons, Thomas couldn't be staying too far from Matthew, so it had been arranged for him to stay in the presidential suite downstairs of Matthew's apartment. Eventually, the presidential suite Thomas had been staying in became his little apartment.

After getting into the car, Matthew, who was sitting in the back seat, asked Thomas, "Is everything ready?"

"I've contacted the person in charge of the amusement park," Thomas said while starting the car before slowly driving out of the parking lot.

Veronica turned her head to look out of the window at the moon as she and Matthew sat in the back seat. Instead of falling into a drunken sleep, she became more and more sober. On top of having something on her mind, she suffered from severe insomnia. Moreover, she could hold her liquor much better than others, so she rarely got drunk.

Since she was especially confident of her ability to hold her liquor, she didn't know she had thrown up like mad in Matthew's apartment after getting dead drunk last time. However, she ended up getting as drunk as a lord last time because she had mistakenly drunk red wine that was very old.

Seeing that she wasn't sleeping, Matthew asked, "What are you thinking?"

Veronica shook her head slightly with a sigh of dejection. "I'm just watching the moon."

She was thinking that Matthew was going to marry Tiffany soon. She wondered whether she should continue avenging her adoptive parents or go back to her hometown to keep her adoptive parents company as they lived out the rest of their lives. However, no matter which choice she would make, it would be a difficult

choice, and her heart was full of resentment. She resented the Larsons for abandoning her heartlessly and injuring her adoptive parents in a staged car accident in order to save Randy. Not only that, but they even hatched multiple plots to get rid of her and her adoptive parents.

If she didn't get back at the Larsons for this, Veronica felt she would never have peace of mind for the rest of her life. However, how was she supposed to fight against two powerful families on her own?

Ring! Suddenly, someone's cell phone rang in the quiet car.

Matthew took out his cell phone and saw that it was an incoming call from Tiffany. Despite staring at the phone's screen, he glanced at Veronica out of the corner of his eye. In the end, he pressed the red button and rejected the phone call.

II

However, it didn't take long before Tiffany called him again.

Matthew clutched his cell phone in his hand. After hesitating for a moment, he answered the phone and held it up to his ear, asking, "What's the matter?"

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Chapter 129

"Matthew, have you gone to sleep?"

Matthew pressed his cell phone against his left ear. When he heard the voice on the other end of the line, a flicker of impatience flashed across his eyes. "Not yet."

"... miss you." Tiffany's voice sounded especially soft like a drizzling rain in spring.

"Rest early. I've got something to deal with over here, so I'm hanging,"

"Matthew, my parents aren't home today, so I'm a little scared of being alone. C Could you come over and keep me company?" Tiffany spoke her mind after hesitating for a long time..

However, Matthew didn't choose to keep Tiffany company because of the latter's plea. Instead, he replied coldly, "I've got something to deal with at the moment. Let's talk later," and hung up right away.

Sitting next to the man, Veronica couldn't make out who was talking on the other end of the line, but she vaguely figured out from Matthew's words that the person was probably Tiffany. *Why is he so indifferent to his future wife? Did he have a quarrel with her yesterday or something?* Instead of saying anything, she merely kept looking out of the window, watching as the car sped toward the biggest amusement park in Bloomstead from the downtown area.

Neither Veronica nor Matthew spoke on the way, and the atmosphere in the car was especially grave with a hint of oppression.

An hour later, the car arrived at the biggest amusement park in Bloomstead.

After Thomas stopped the car, Matthew and Veronica opened the car door and got out of the car.

Standing at the amusement park's entrance, Veronica looked up to see the soaring Ferris wheel in the amusement park, which looked especially beautiful as it spun with its neon lights flashing.

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"Let's go in." Matthew watched as Veronica stood in place while looking up at the Ferris wheel. Her expression was especially clear under the light; even the hint of sadness in her eyes was clearly revealed.

Thomas went to take care of the amusement park's staff, whereas Matthew and

Veronica entered the park together. All the park's attractions were available and waiting for the two to play.

It wasn't until they entered the amusement park and saw the fun attractions that Veronica said with a sigh, "My family's poor. When I was little, my parents would only take me to the park when I ranked top of my class in the exam. All the park has are some small attractions like bumper cars, children's roller-coaster, and carousel. Even so, I still think that things were pretty nice when I was a child." Now that she had grown up, she could own everything she wanted, but she was no longer as happy as she had been during her childhood. Furthermore, she wished she could travel back in time to her childhood.

Matthew sensed clearly the sadness and disappointment in Veronica's words. Turning his head to look at the woman, he said softly, "Which attractions do you want to play? I'll play with you."

Veronica shook her head with a quiet sigh. "You don't have to." Even if she wanted to play, there was no way she would be in the mood to do that.

The two walked inside the large amusement park and watched the lights flash dazzlingly on the attractions. The music was ringing in their ears, and the atmosphere was very nice, but they couldn't arouse Veronica's interest at all.

They went all the way to the Ferris wheel, where the staff member opened the cabin door for them to go inside. When the cabin door was closed, the Ferris wheel was still spinning softly. Standing in front of the glass door, Veronica stared at the outside world, but she wasn't delighted at all. "I've always looked forward to riding the Ferris wheel since I was little. Now that I'm actually riding one, I find that... it's far less wonderful than when you look at it from a distance."

Standing next to her, Matthew replied, "Perhaps it's because we're riding it at night."

"Maybe." Veronica stood before the glass door for a while. Then, she sat down in the seat, saying, "I'm sleepy."

"Just sleep if you're sleepy," Matthew said. Then, he saw Veronica lying huddled up on the Ferris wheel and sleeping for real.

It was already autumn, and the night was slightly chilly. The man took off his suit jacket and draped it on Veronica. Shortly after that, he heard her even breathing. Fearing that she might fall from the seat while sleeping, he walked up to her and propped up her head. Then, he sat down and let her rest her head in his lap.

Veronica slept more and more soundly when she smelled the familiar scent.

The man's mood darkened as he gently stroked Veronica's hair with his fingers. After that, he took out his cell phone and sent Thomas a text message. 'Cancel the wedding and postpone it indefinitely

Shortly after the text message was sent, he received a text message from Thomas. It read, 'Please think twice about it, Young Master Matthew. Miss Larson is already pregnant. If you marry her after the baby is born, it'll harm the future Little Master's reputation, not to mention the impact it'll have on Miss Larson's reputation.'

Matthew merely darted a look at Thomas' text message before he replied, 'Just do it!

After he sent the text message, Thomas didn't reply to his text messages anymore.

With that, the man sat with his back against the chair while letting Veronica rest her head in his lap. Staying with her the entire night, he supported her head with his hand to prevent her from falling from her seat.

When Veronica woke up the next morning, she opened her eyes and found herself in a cramped space. After blinking her eyes drowsily, she darted a look at the scenery outside, only to sit up at once in fright. "Where's this place?"

"The Ferris wheel," Matthew replied.

Upon hearing his voice, Veronica looked back at once. Only then did she realize that Matthew was sitting next to her, whereas she seemed... to have slept in his lap just now. After carefully recalling what had happened last night, she slowly marshaled her thoughts and resumed her simple-minded demeanor with a smile of embarrassment. "I forgot it. I had too much to drink last night." As she spoke, she sensed the suit jacket on her, so she took it off and handed it to him. "Thanks. Let me treat you to breakfast when we go back later." Walking up to the Ferris wheel's cabin door, she couldn't help but sigh while looking at the scenery outside. "It's so tall. It really gives the feeling of looking at many mountains from a high position. The misty mountains are really beautiful."

After a good night's sleep, she felt like all the problems that were weighing on her mind had disappeared; even her tone of voice made one feel relaxed.

After riding the Ferris wheel for another while, Veronica and Matthew left the amusement park and went back. However fun the amusement park was, she wasn't in the mood to play.

After the two got into the car, Thomas slowly drove downtown.

On the way downtown, Veronica's cell phone rang. When she took out her cell

phone, she saw that it was an incoming call from Elizabeth. Shooting a glance at Matthew, she pressed the 'answer' button, saying, "Hello? Grandma,"

Before she could finish her sentence, though, Elizabeth's voice rang on the other end of the line. "Veronica, did you see my Lily? I can't find Lily."

Upon hearing Elizabeth's words, Veronica knitted her brows in confusion. *Lily*? She had heard from Elizabeth about Lily before, so she knew that Elizabeth had a youngest daughter,

but she died in an accident ten years ago. *Why would she ask me this question all of a sudden?* “Grandma, a—are you alright?” She couldn’t help worrying about Elizabeth inwardly.

“Oh, I’m fine. I’m alright. I just had a slip of the tongue just now. I wanted to ask you if you know where Matthew is.”

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Veronica turned to look at Matthew with a meaningful look in her eyes. She lied, “I don’t know about that. Why don’t you call him and ask him where he is instead?”

Elizabeth sounded amiable. “*Sigh*, alright, alright. As for you, when will you be free to keep me company, young lady? It’s been a month since you saved me last time, yet I only got to meet you the day before yesterday. What makes you so busy every day?”

“In that case, I’ll go keep you company tonight, okay?”

“Okay, okay! It’s settled then.”

“Uh-huh. See you tonight, Grandma.” When Veronica hung up, she only felt that Elizabeth was somewhat strange today.

Noticing that something was wrong with Veronica’s expression, Matthew asked, “What’s wrong?”

Veronica shook her head without speaking while quietly waiting for Elizabeth to call Matthew. However, after waiting for a while, she didn’t see Matthew getting a phone call

from Elizabeth. *Didn't she say she was looking for Matthew? Why didn't she contact him?* She couldn't help but ask, "Uh, is your phone's battery still good?" Elizabeth was supposed to have called Matthew if his phone hadn't run out of juice.

"Yeah, it is."

"Oh..." Veronica hung her head slightly and was deep in thought. Suddenly, she recalled something and asked, "When is Grandma's birthday?"

"A month and six days later."

"Which means, August 24."

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Veronica estimated the time according to the date Matthew had just given her. Then, she recalled Elizabeth telling her that she would be celebrating her birthday in two months when she saved Elizabeth last time. If the date Elizabeth had told her was

correct, it would be Elizabeth's birthday in a few days' time. However, Matthew said that her birthday was a month later, and the Kings Family hadn't done anything to prepare for her birthday either. *So does it mean that Grandma said the wrong thing last time? Also, when I went to the Kings Residence the day before yesterday, Grandma said we hadn't met for a month as soon as she saw me. But in reality, we've not seen each other for over 527 weeks since I saved her. Furthermore, Lily has passed away for ten years, so why did she*

suddenly bring this up just now?

Sensing that something was wrong with the look on Veronica's face, Matthew asked her, "What are you thinking about?"

"I feel that..." Veronica hesitated for a moment. However, seeing how serious Matthew looked with his eyes full of worry, she said, "Never mind, it's nothing. Grandma was looking for you just now, so call her." She couldn't make wild guesses on something before there was evidence. *I'd better spend more time with Grandma these days and observe her to determine whether she's alright.*

Matthew then called Elizabeth. She seemed to be alright; after exchanging a few pleasantries with him, she hung up. When the car slowly reached the downtown area, Matthew suddenly asked, "What are you going to treat me to?"

Veronica thought for a moment. After looking at the breakfast shop on the roadside, she said to Thomas, "Mr. Ritter, could you pull over to the side of the road for a moment?"

"Oh, okay, Miss Murphy," Thomas replied, before turning the steering wheel and pulling over to the side of the road.

"Wait for me in the car while I buy it for you," Veronica said to Matthew. Then, she opened the car door and went directly to the breakfast shop on the other side of the road.

A few minutes later, the woman carefully crossed the road while carrying the breakfast bags. After getting back into the car, she closed the car door. "Here's your breakfast." She handed a serving of breakfast to Matthew before handing another to Thomas. "You must be tired too, Mr. Ritter. Have some breakfast."

Taking the breakfast bag, Matthew looked at the egg in the white transparent plastic bag. The egg was already peeled, and its surface was covered in brown marble-like patterns. Aside from the egg, there was also a cup of soy milk. He frowned slightly with a hint of disgust in his dark eyes, asking, "Is this what you call 'breakfast'?"

"Yeah. What's the problem? The tea egg costs a buck, and the soy milk costs two bucks. I even bought a tea egg for Mr. Ritter. I've bought four dollars' worth of breakfast for you both, which is good enough." Veronica shot a glance at Matthew before lowering her head to eat the tea egg in her hand. Her heart aching terribly, she muttered, "Life isn't easy, and it's difficult to make money. Even a breakfast costs seven bucks. It's so distressing."

Thomas' lips twitched as he sat in the driver's seat while looking at the tea egg in the plastic bag. When he looked up at Matthew, who was sitting in the back seat, through the rearview mirror, he saw the latter looking down at the tea egg for a long time without laying a hand' on it. "Young Master Matthew, we'll arrive at One Piece Restaurant if we turn the corner ahead of us. Do you want to have breakfast there?" Having worked for Matthew for a dozen years, he knew very well that Matthew never ate street foods and found them unhygienic and lacking in nutritional value, so he suggested that they go to One Piece Restaurant instead.

"What? We're going to One Piece Restaurant?" Veronica's eyes lit up, and she immediately snatched away the breakfast that Matthew had stared at for a long time. "If you had said earlier that we're going to have breakfast at One Piece Restaurant, I wouldn't have had to

treat you to breakfast. You don't like this breakfast, anyway, so let me keep it for breakfast tomorrow."

Born with a silver spoon in his mouth, Matthew was used to eating all kinds of exotic food and different styles of breakfasts that were rich in nutrition. However, he never ate street foods like these. Despite his inner aversion, he stretched out his hand and took back the tea egg and the soy milk. "It's good to eat something different," he said.

Then, he opened the plastic bag, took a bite of the tea egg, and chewed it slowly.

Surprisingly, the salty egg, which was flavored with spices, smelled even more appetizing and tasted even better than the tasteless boiled eggs that he usually ate.

Upon watching Matthew take a bite and savor the taste, Veronica couldn't help being curious. "How is it? Does it taste good?"

Matthew lowered his head and took another bite. After chewing it well, he slowly swallowed it and replied, "It's special."

"What do you mean by 'special'? It's more delicious than boiled eggs, of course. Rich people like you prefer to have ham and cheese sandwiches for breakfast, which are boring and high in sugar. No wonder you know how to make porridge. You must've been tired of eating sandwiches for breakfast."

Even though Matthew had enjoyed a privileged life since childhood by eating French, Italian, or Japanese cuisine made by top chefs, these cuisines weren't as diverse as traditional cuisine. Street foods might not be hygienic, but people ate all kinds of foods, so he wasn't too worried about this.

"Meals will be charged from tomorrow onward," said Matthew while drinking soy milk after finishing the tea egg in his hand.

Eating the tea egg, Veronica paused, instantly feeling that the tea egg in her hand didn't smell appetizing anymore. Knitting her brows, she asked in displeasure with a

sier expression, "Why Didn't you guys agree to not charge me money? Why the vudden change of mind?"

let me correct you that I said, 'it all depends on how you perform.'" There was a barely perceptible smile on the man's clearly-defined face. Matthew had indeed said to Veronica that he wouldn't charge her for the porridge if she stayed in his apartment, but the point was that it all depended on her performance. In other words, the right to interpret belonged to Matthew.

"Ain't I performing well by treating you to breakfast? What's wrong with buying you breakfast?"

"Do you think three bucks' worth of breakfast is good?"

"It's better than having nothing to eat for breakfast, anyway." Veronica was peeved. *Just look at what kind of a person he is! It's good enough that I gave him something to eat, yet he isn't grateful for that. Not only that, but he even frowned at it!* Feeling incredibly displeased, she said, "Fine if you don't wanna eat. Nobody's forcing you to eat it anyway. If you hate it so much, then throw it up!"

Thomas, who was eating the tea egg in the driver's seat, was chewing the egg yolk when Veronica's words amused him. Instantly, he swallowed the egg yolk, which got stuck in his throat and caused him to choke until he was somewhat out of breath. "Pfift! *Cough..* Mmph..."