

HBH

Chapter 119

Slam! All of a sudden, the door to the office flung open with a hard kick.

Veronica and

Xavier whipped their heads around, startled, only to see a woman with long, wavy hair and thick makeup strolling in. A pair of sunglasses rested on her face, and several bags hung off her arms.

“Hey, Xavier, look what I bought for you...”

The woman turned her head to look at the side as she spoke. All of a sudden, she went stiff. Her slender fingers reached up to pluck her sunglasses off so that she could take a closer look at the person in front of her. She shrieked then, tossing aside her bags to charge toward Veronica and wrap her in a hug. “Oh, Veronica, you’re alive! You’re still alive! This is great news! Hahaha, I was so worried. I thought that something actually happened to you.”

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Melissa was so worked up that she hopped as she screamed, like an overstimulated kid.

“Ow... that hurts! Release me! Stop hugging!” Veronica sucked in a breath after Melissa jostled her injury, breaking out in a cold sweat.

Having seen this, Xavier pulled Melissa aside. “Let her go, Melissa. Roni is injured.”

Melissa’s smile froze over. “Ah, she got... hurt?” She loosened her hug then. Seeing Veronica press a hand to her right arm, she leaned in close, frowning as she asked in worry, “Oh dear, how did you get hurt? I’m so sorry. I didn’t do that on purpose.” She pursed her lips. Her heart ached, yet she was also happy.

“I’m okay, really.” Veronica waved a hand dismissively and shook her head, but the pain in her arm still didn’t abate.

“So long as you’re fine. Tell me now, what happened to you guys that day actually? You got swept away by the river currents, and we couldn’t find you. Later on, when Xavier said that you were alive, I didn’t believe him. Who would have thought that you really are alive?” Melissa dragged Veronica to sit on the couch. She kept chirping away endlessly like a sparrow.

“When I got swept away, I managed to get back to shore by pulling myself up a tree by the riverbank. Your brother found me later. I got hurt while in the river, and was discharged from the hospital just recently.” In a few quick sentences, Veronica explained the terrifying events of that day clearly.

“It’s all in the past now. So long as you’re okay now.” Melissa grinned beatifically, overjoyed

Xavier was a little baffled by their closeness. “Since when were you two so close?” he asked as he picked up Melissa’s shopping bags and placed them aside.

“Hehe, now that’s a secret for us girls.” Melissa abruptly snapped her fingers as she spoke. “Oh, right, I have something for you.” She got up and rifled through her dozen or so shopping bags before she found what she was looking for. She then brought a handbag over to Veronica. “Here you go. Good things always happen after a disaster. Here’s a present for you.”

Melissa had initially bought the bag for herself, but with Veronica here, it would be better to gift it to Veronica instead. After all, Melissa would be able to see her idol every day with Veronica here.

The bag was a limited edition Hermès. Design-wise, it was sophisticated and elegant. Veronica glanced at it and shook her head. “I get your sentiment, but you should keep the bag for yourself. I can’t use this.”

“If I said it’s for you, then it’s for you. Take it!” Melissa shoved the Hermès bag into Veronica’s arms. “Hmph, nobody can refuse my gifts!”

“But I really can’t...”

“Since it’s a present for you, you should accept it,” Xavier advised Veronica before she could continue protesting.

“Yep, yep. I see you as my bestie, so you’ll have to accept my presents, or you’ll be looking down on me.” Melissa raised an eyebrow, radiating pure “I’m a princess and my words is law” energy. Her directness was a trait that others liked.

“Thank you.” With no other choice, Veronica helplessly accepted the bag.

“Come on now, no need to thank me. You’ll have plenty of opportunities to make it up to me in the future.”

“Heh.” Veronica just knew that Melissa definitely had her own plans since she gave her a gift.

“By the way, Xavier, didn’t you say that you were going to propose to Veronica after she’s back? Why aren’t you seizing this opportunity now?” Melissa asked Xavier outright, having suddenly remembered this matter.

Nitier shrugged helplessly with his hands raised. “I got shot down.”

Xavier and Melissa were as close as could be. Although they were only half-siblings through their father, Xavier thought that Melissa’s straightforward nature was adorable and likable.

“Huh? Rejected?” Melissa was outright baffled. She turned her head back to look at Veronica. “Why did you reject my brother’s proposal? Is it because he seems like too much of a womanizer?”

Such direct words! An awkward look came over Veronica’s expression as she chuckled in embarrassment. “Maybe.”

“Oho, a lady with her own thoughts and personality, and who isn’t a gold-digger. I like you even more now.” Melissa threw an arm over Veronica’s shoulder and rubbed herself against it. “You really shouldn’t agree to a proposal from a f*ckboy like my brother. You’ll need more than a single book to fully write about his philandering ways.”

“Hey, Melissa Crawford, I’m your brother here. You’re going overboard with the roasting!” Xavier leaned against his desk, his arms folded over his chest as he observed the two women on the couch. He wasn’t sure whether he should laugh or cry at Melissa’s antics when he heard that. But, he wasn’t angry. On the contrary, he was actually glad to see Melissa was on good terms with Veronica.

“Look, Xavier, Veronica’s like a sister to me. How can I just stand by and watch her jump into a dumpster fire?” Melissa shook her head and let out a sigh. “From now on, I’ll protect her. You should set your sights on another woman. If I’m going to introduce a man to Veronica, he’s going to be someone with class.”

Although Melissa was close to Xavier, she also knew about his womanizing antics. Naturally, she didn’t want him to hurt Veronica.

“Are you itching for a fight because you haven’t been in one the last few days, Melissa?”

“Hah, I’m just telling the truth. Besides, you can’t bring yourself to hit me anyway.”

“Just come here and try me!”

The siblings bantered back and forth. They seemed to be arguing, but in reality, it was just their way of teasing each other.

Veronica couldn’t help but feel jealous at the sight. She also had a sister, but their relationship wasn’t like that of the Crawford siblings.

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When noon came, the three of them had lunch together. After lunch, Melissa made up an excuse to lead Veronica away.

“Where are you taking me?” Veronica asked inside Melissa’s car.

“Of course it’s to see Matthew. It’s been a while since I last saw him,” Melissa answered while driving

Veronica pressed a hand to her forehead. *What evil thoughts could this woman have actually...*

“Oh, there’s reception now: Add my Venmo and I’ll Venmo you the money. We may be besties, but we should still settle money matters properly. I’ll need to pay you for

earlier.” Melissa opened her Venmo app. Veronica checked her details and added Melissa.

The next moment, a message popped up on Veronica’s Venmo app. It was a transaction notice, informing her that she had just received 30,000 bucks.

“We agreed that I’d pay you 30,000 for getting me a date with him, with an extra 10,000 as a one-time bonus. You better not go back on your word.

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Veronica's eyes lit up at Melissa's words. Her mood instantly took a turn for the better. "How could I? I keep my promises."

It was so easy earning money like this. Veronica hadn't thought that Matthew could be used like a golden goose. She would have to hang onto him for this in the future!

Thirty minutes later, Veronica and Melissa arrived at the Spinfluence building. She prepared to call Matthew, but she was also worried that she would interrupt him on the off-chance that he was in a business meeting. So, she called Thomas instead. Thomas came downstairs shortly after that.

"Hello, Miss Murphy and Miss Crawford, what are you here for today?" Thomas had immediately come to see Veronica the moment he heard about her arrival. He was good at reading people, after all. As someone who had a good grasp on people's feelings, Thomas knew very well just how important Veronica was to his employer.

"Uh... I'm here to look for Matthew," Veronica said with a straight face as she glanced at Melissa meaningfully.

Thomas dipped his head before walking over to the reception and pointing at Veronica. "From today onward, you are not supposed to stop her from entering the premises," he said to the receptionists.

The two receptionists eyed Veronica, jealousy clear in their eyes as they nodded. "All right. Understood, Mr. Ritter."

Thomas proceeded to lead Veronica and Melissa upstairs.

This was Veronica's first time inside the Spinfluence Group. At the sight of the elegant and modern interior design and the throngs of smart business people walking its halls, she felt envious. If it wasn't for the Larsons, she could have been like the employees here, working hard in a similar environment.

Having reached the CEO's office, Thomas pointed at the door. "This is Young Master Matthew's office, Miss Murphy. Please head inside yourself; I still have some business to attend to." He didn't want to third-wheel them, so he made up an excuse to slip away.

"Thank you, Mr. Ritter," Veronica said. Then, she and Melissa walked over to the door, knocking on it before opening the door.

The moment they walked in, they were greeted by the sight of an opulent office with a muted color scheme. Matthew sat by a curved desk, leaning back in his large chair, while there, sitting on his lap was... Tiffany Larson!

Veronica stopped in her tracks to stare dumbly at the sight before her.

Matthew was, as usual, dressed in a suit. His hair was cut short. His features were chiseled and defined, comparable to the perfection of a model, especially with his chic and noble aura; the woman in his arms was clad in a strapless dress. Her long hair cascaded down to her waist, and her light makeup was beautifully done. Her collarbones were visible without being stark, adding to her loveliness. Both man and woman were beautiful creatures, works of art. And here they were, cuddling closely with each other.

Those two were engaged, so it was perfectly normal that this would happen. And yet Veronica felt suffocated, like she was a beat behind everyone. .

“So that b*tch is here too.” Melissa couldn’t stop herself from pursing her lips upon seeing Tiffany, envious of her position. Upon closer look, although Veronica and

Tiffany looked very much similar, Melissa still thought that Veronica’s beauty surpassed Tiffany’s, even when Veronica had no makeup on.

Both women stepped inside. Melissa took an even closer look at Tiffany then. Upon comparing them, she realized that Veronica’s eyes were larger and more lively. Her eyebrows especially were more beautiful than Tiffany’s, and her nose was more defined and straighter than Tiffany’s. Veronica had a small mole on her nose too; despite her lack of makeup, the mole added a dignified air to her.

Her beauty perfectly eclipsed Tiffany’s. The title of the most beautiful woman in Bloomstead might just change hands.

“Why... are you here?” A chill swept through Matthew’s heart at Veronica’s sudden appearance. His only like eyes turned away from her momentarily as he immediately pushed Tiffany away gently. Although he was pushing her away, it looked like he was treating her delicately.

“My, you’re back at last, Veronica.” Tiffany’s lips quirked up into a smile. She then approached Veronica. “I knew that you went to Almeida recently. When I heard that you got into an accident, I nearly worried myself to death,” she said in concern.

“Tch, blatant lies! I don’t see any concern coming from you,” Melissa stated mercilessly. She found Tiffany so fake that it made her nauseous.

“No, I just suspected...”

“She simply felt unwell recently.” Before Tiffany could finish her words, Matthew walked over and pulled her to his side, answering Melissa’s rebuttal on her behalf.

Melissa had spent half a month with Veronica in Almeida. One could say they were inseparable. Matthew was also someone who treated the friends of those important to him well, so he was naturally more patient with Melissa.

Tiffany’s expression went rigid at his words. She eyed Matthew for a long while with a meaningful look. At last, she forced herself to giggle. “He’s right; I’ve been feeling under the weather the last few days. I was worried about Veronica, yet I was powerless to help her. However, my family sent out many search parties to look for her after her disappearance.”

Although Tiffany knew that Matthew and Veronica had been in Almeida at the same time, Tiffany hadn’t gone to Almeida, owing to a certain reason. Regardless, she had achieved her goals to some **extent**.

Veronica looked at Matthew with a dispirited gaze. For a moment, she didn’t speak. They looked at each other just like that with complicated looks in their eyes, as though they could convey all their feelings this way.

Matthew's dark brows furrowed at the sight of her gaze. "Why are you here?"

"I..." Veronica's mind went blank at the sudden question; she was unsure how to answer Matthew.

Melissa promptly stood up for her when she noticed Veronica's stuttering. "I was the one who made Veronica come to see you." She defended Veronica righteously like a good friend would.

Tiffany's hands clenched as she fixed Veronica with a jealous glare. She couldn't understand how this little wretch was able to return from Almeida alive. Not only that, but this wretched woman had even been able to become good friends with Melissa. *Everyone in Bloomstead knows that Melissa is the most pampered and cosseted person in the Crawford Family. Is Veronica planting some seeds in preparation to fight back against the Larsons? How shrewd of her!*

"Since you're here to see Matthew, take a seat. Would you like coffee or tea?" Tiffany immediately put on a bossy demeanor, like she was the leader here. Her haughtiness was a turn-off.

"I just remembered that I have something to do. Goodbye." Veronica didn't want to interact with Tiffany, nor did she want to see her. There was no space for her when Tiffany was around.

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As though he had discerned Veronica's thoughts, Matthew immediately said to Tiffany. "You're unwell. You should go back early and rest.",

"I'm not that tired." Tiffany shook her head, unwilling to leave. *Leave and let Veronica get the chance to spend time alone with Matthew? Not on my watch!*

"Have you forgotten the doctor's orders?" Matthew asked again, a frosty edge to his voice now.

Tiffany's expression shifted slightly. She pressed her lips together as she looked at Matthew before looking at Veronica. It was only then that she placed a hand on her belly. "All right. The doctor said that the baby seems unstable. I should go back and rest."

The baby seems unstable? Veronica's mind buzzed. All she could sense was how blank her mind was. She stared at Tiffany in shock, unable to speak. *Is Tiffany actually pregnant with Matthew's child?*

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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.

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 to see.

Yesterday? 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 added to 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.”

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

enemy 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, Ivori, 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 eyes, a juxtaposition against the beauty of her features.

Meanwhile, Veronica was still busy with work at König’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.

Chapter 124

“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.”

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...”

Chapter 125

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 cellphone, 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.

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.

Chapter 126

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

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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."

Chapter 127

"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.

“How dare you be friends with her? She’s from an unknown background. Are you tired 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." Yvonne 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 want to 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."

"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

fear 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.

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?"