

HBH

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. 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.

“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, 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.”

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...*"

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Clapping one hand over his neck while clutching the passenger seat with the other, Thomas sat sideways in his seat. His face turned red as he choked on the egg yolk, and veins were bulging in his forehead, making him look very scary,

Frightened. Veronica handed the soy milk in her hand to Thomas right away. "Have some soy milk, Mr. Ritter."

Thomas took a look at Veronica, then at the soy milk she was holding with a look of aversion.

"I've never drunk it."

Only when Veronica said she had never drunk the soy milk did Thomas take it. After gulping down a big mouthful of soy milk, he finally felt much better. Letting out a long sigh of relief, he beat his chest, saying, "Sh*t, I almost choked to death."

"Yeah, you'd better choke to death!" Veronica chided Thomas angrily. "It's true that birds of a feather flock together. You're just like your boss. How could you be fussy about whether I've drunk the soy milk when you were almost choking to death? Are you serious?"

"Ha ha. Anyway, thank you, Miss Murphy." Thomas smiled with embarrassment while thanking Veronica for the life-saving soy milk she had handed to him just in time. Deciding from the bottom of his heart that he would never eat something like a tea egg again, he started the car and slowly drove on.

Sitting in the back seat, Veronica looked at Matthew, who was closing his eyes in repose. She found that this guy had become more and more petty. *Is he holding a grudge against me for treating him to three bucks' worth of breakfast?* She touched her nose and thought for a moment before suggesting, "Actually, there are many kinds of delicious street foods, such as stir-fried noodles, teppanyaki, and tacos... What about I take you to have some street foods tomorrow evening?"

The man slowly opened his eyes to shoot a glance at Veronica out of the corner of his eye. "Tacos? Are you gonna treat me to cheap fish tacos or something?"

"What? Fish... Haha..." Veronica was amused by his words. "Haha..." Placing her hand on her stomach, she laughed hysterically while slapping her thigh with no regard for her image.

Matthew and Thomas were dumbfounded by Veronica's sudden guffaw as they didn't

understand what made her laugh so hysterically. Matthew turned to look at her, whereas Thomas stared at her through the rearview mirror. I

Only then did Veronica's smile fade. She said in a whisper, "There are some things that you have to be careful about saying."

"Huh?" Matthew was puzzled.

"There's a joke about fish tacos. If someone says they're taking you to eat fish tacos, he's actually... Never mind, it's nothing." *It's better not to say some dirty remarks out loud,* she thought. She waved her hand, saying, "Don't care about how much the tacos cost. I'll definitely let you have enough of them tomorrow." In order to enjoy free breakfast in the future, she could only endure the heartache and spend some money again to treat Matthew to dinner.

Matthew didn't ask her further questions as the three returned to Twilight

Condominium

When Matthew and Veronica returned to the apartment, Yvonne had already gone to work. After changing her clothes, Veronica said goodbye to Matthew. "I'm off to work. Bye," she shouted toward his bedroom while standing in the living room.

However, as soon as she finished her sentence, Matthew opened the door and came out walking upright. Dressed in a dark gray suit, the radiant-looking man gave off a noble and distant air of superiority through every pore like an exceptionally handsome celestial being that was unapproachable. Even just a glance at such an extraordinarily dignified man would please both the eye and the mind.

An inadvertent sidelong glance at Matthew was all it took for Veronica to be attracted to his handsome looks, and she fell for him instantly. *How could this jerk be so good looking? God is more or less partial to him, I guess.*

"I'll give you a ride," Matthew said.

"Oh, that's pretty nice. Saves me money," Veronica replied with a chuckle.

The two got along well without getting into conflicts, which was very rare. As they took the elevator together from the top floor to the second basement, Veronica pursed her lips and asked, "I might leave Bloomstead in the near future."

Matthew could tell from the way Veronica sounded that she was planning to leave Bloomstead for good without coming back again. Still, he asked, "...When will you come back?"

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Dressed in a waist-fitting black business suit, the lady wore her neck-length black hair in a bun with a strand of hair hanging from her temple, which made her look capable and yet adorable. Compared with her previously long hair, her short hair made her look even younger while making her appear sexy and sweet at the same time. Tucking the strand of hair hanging from her temple behind her ear, she shook her head, saying, "I probably... won't come back anymore."

She had indeed drunk a lot yesterday, but it didn't mean that she was really drunk. She had thought about some matters carefully. Avenging her adoptive parents was very important, but she was no match for the Kings Family and the Larson Family. *Why do such a stupid thing as to fight a hopeless battle, then?* Rather than courting death, it was better to endure the humiliation and go back to stay with her adoptive parents, which was better than anything else.

Matthew's eyes were fixed on the lady next to him the whole time as he looked at the side of her face. She had small and delicate clear-cut features, which made her look adorable.

He didn't say another word, though.

With that, the two of them fell silent.

When they reached the second basement, Thomas was already waiting for them in the car. After they got into the car, Matthew said, "Head for the Glory Company."

Thomas

corrected Matthew, saying, "Mr. Crawford's Glory Company was renamed Konig Company six weeks ago."

Veronica's lips twitched as she sat beside Matthew. So

this guy knew a long time ago that I'm working at Xavier's company, eh? No wonder he never asked me on which company's behalf I was doing charity when we went to Almeida together. I thought he wouldn't give a damn about Xavier's small company. Seems like I've underestimated him.

Matthew seemed a bit curious. "Why the sudden change of the company's name?"

Thomas explained as he drove, "There was a complete shakeup of the company's top management after Glory Company was renamed Konig Company.

Mr. Crawford bounced back all of a sudden, though I wonder if it was the so-called 'indirect complacency.'"

"It's wrong of you to say that, Mr. Ritter. Xavier is very diligent in his work, okay?" Veronica chided Thomas angrily right away as she couldn't bear the sight of him saying so. She admitted that when she first started working at Glory Company, everyone in the company had been lazy and slacked off about their work. However,

after she returned from being kidnapped abroad, Xavier suddenly renamed his company to Konig. There was a complete shakeup of the company's top management, and Xavier became even more devoted to the company.

Veronica merely thought that Xavier had come to his senses all of a sudden and wanted to work hard and make progress. However, she didn't know that he had done all this to make himself more powerful so that he could protect her better when he became a full-fledged businessman. He renamed the company Konig Company because "könig" was the German word for "king." *Since you stayed by my side when I made a comeback, I'll be the king of the world with you by my side*, he thought.

"Yeah, yeah, you're right, Miss Murphy." Thomas didn't argue with her.

Matthew's long, slanted eyes lowered slightly and dimmed, but he didn't say a word.

Half an hour later, Veronica arrived at Konig Company. She waved to Matthew, saying, "Bye."

"I'll pick you up this evening to take you to the Kings Residence."

"Okay," Veronica replied, before entering Konig Company with her handbag in her hand.

Inside the car, Matthew's expression slowly turned serious as he watched Veronica disappear from his sight. He asked in a grim voice, "Have you found out the identity of the mysterious masked man?" He was referring to the masked man in Dawnpol

Village.

“Apologies for my incompetence, but I’m unable to find out his identity.” Thomas felt somewhat helpless. “All I know is that this man is no ordinary man. He’s definitely not someone sent by the Larsons to kill Miss Murphy.”

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Hearing

that, Matthew squinted his eyes as a trembling coldness surged in them. “Carry on!” He grew even more curious about the identity of the person who dared lay a finger on his woman.

Meanwhile, in Konig Company, Veronica punched her card and headed straight to the president’s office. She pushed open the door, only to be welcomed by Xavier’s rear figure as he was sitting on his desk, admiring the frame of graphic text that was newly hung on his wall.

“Watch as I revitalize, sit as I imperialize. Hot damn, those are some words.” Veronica mumbled her praise as she subconsciously gave a thumbs-up.

Hearing that, Xavier turned around. At the sight of Veronica, the memory of the day he sent her and watched as she entered Twilight Condominium flashed in his mind. Hints of sadness surged in his eyes. However, he covered up his despair and simply chuckled. “Indeed, you watched as I revitalized, so sit by me as I imperialize the world!” The quote was composed for Veronica.

Xavier was once a known business prodigy in Bloomstead, but due to numerous triggering forces, he was pushed over the edge and found no way to get back up, living the purposeless life of a vermin. From a prodigy to a good-for-nothing, he had grown too incompetent to be likeable, and ended up being disdained by everyone he knew. Nevertheless, that only persisted until his encounter with Veronica, who inspired him to regain control of his life, but she wouldn’t know about that.

“Good luck, Bro! I’m rooting for you.” Veronica placed her purse aside before throwing herself onto the couch in his office’s lounge area. Slothfully leaning against the couch, she turned her head toward Xavier, stating, “I’ve got something to tell you.”

“What is it?” Xavier walked to the water dispenser and made a cup of tea for her before walking over and serving the cup of tea to her.

“I plan to return to my hometown.”

“For how long?” Xavier didn’t give it much thought. He simply assumed that she was applying for leave.

With her elbow on the couch’s armrest and her hand supporting her chin, Veronica helplessly grinned as she shook her head. “I’m not coming back.”

At once, Xavier’s brows tightened; he was shocked. “What, why? What happened?”

“Nothing really. Having lived so long in the busy city, I thought the countryside felt better. Perhaps it’s more suitable for me.”

“Is it because he’s getting married to Tiffany?” As the open person he was, he laid everything out from his

heart. Prior to that day, Melissa, who had just returned from Spinfluence Group, informed him that Tiffany was pregnant, and it would only be a short time before they wedded each other.

Recalling that, Xavier lamented, "Now that Tiffany is pregnant, the Kings Family is going to speed up the wedding even if it's for the sake of pride. When the Kingses and the Larsons team up, you..." Pausing, his eyes fell upon the disaffected woman opposite him, and he stopped talking. Instead, he went on a tangent. "Anyway, I support your decision to return. By then, I'll have this company expanded to your doorstep, and you can continue to work for me."

"Haha! Not a problem, of course! If you're really setting up a branch there, I'll spend the rest of my life working for you as a specialized employee." Veronica assumed the man was merely jesting. ==

"That'll be the best! Our company has accepted a new project. It's been a while since you received your secretary training, so you've probably learned all the basics. Thus, your next step is managing the new business!"

Xavier said that she had been receiving training for "a while," though she had only started one week ago. She was guided by the executive secretary to understand every task and procedure of the company, and sometimes, she was taught about the specialized abilities of a secretary. Veronica knew that Xavier was actually training her.

"Aren't you a sly businessman? Secretary skills, new project, then you're gonna have me follow you for meetings, which eventually makes me your personal assistant. Tsk, tsk... How calculative!" Veronica was as perceptive as usual.

Although Xavier's plans were exactly as Veronica stated, his true intention was to face hardship and grow together with her. "Since my Roni is so smart, letting her remain an ordinary employee would be such a waste of talent. I'll double your pay as my personal assistant!"

"Praise Brother Xavier!" Veronica gave the man a big thumbs-up. Soon, as the smile on her face diminished, she sternly clarified, "But I can't be by your side for long. As I said, I'm going back to my hometown."

"Don't worry about that. Until you finally leave, just do whatever you can for the time being."

"Thank you. That means a lot to me." Carrying her purse, Veronica stood up. "Then, I shall tend to my work."

"Please." Xavier nodded. After watching her leave the room, he went to sit at his desk and dialed a company hotline. "Come over for a bit."

Not long after he hung up, the executive secretary walked in and stood before him. "How may I help, President Crawford?"

“Order some men to visit Veronica’s hometown and see if there’s any suitable place to set up a branch.” As Xavier was speaking, he wrote down the woman’s hometown address and handed the note to the executive secretary.

“Roger that, President.”

“Also, do not let her know about this. Oh, one more thing. Prepare a private office for her.”

“On it, President.” The executive secretary nodded in response and turned around to exit the room.

Time speedily passed. Veronica was studying the infographics of the new project at the secretariat, and before she realized it, it was already afternoon. All of a sudden, she received a text from Xavier asking what she wanted for lunch, to which she replied, ‘Anything

And so, the duo went to a steakhouse nearby.

In the meantime, in Spinfluence Group, Tiffany, who woke up midday, received a call from Thomas. “Miss Larson, Young Master Matthew has ordered me to inform you that the wedding has been postponed.”

A second ago, her conscience was still hazy, but after hearing Thomas’s message, she sprung up from her bed. Grasping her phone, she collected her emotions and managed to keep up her gentlewoman facade, questioning, “Why the postponement? Didn’t Matthew say the ceremony is in two months?” Uneasy, she had never anticipated for Matthew to change his mind in merely one night. *But why? Is Veronica related to this?* She couldn’t come to a conclusion.

“It’s Young Master Matthew’s wish. You can take your confusion to him.” Thomas then went on and relayed his master’s plans to put every preparation for the wedding on hold.

“Got it. Thanks.” Tiffany hung up. Tilted, she almost smashed her phone onto the

ground, but she managed to retain her rationality and suppress her anger. “I can’t be pissed now. For the sake of the child, for the sake of the child...” Containing the vexation in her heart, she got out of bed and went to wash up in the bathroom and hastily put on her makeup. She then went downstairs and found Rachel and Floch who were apparently at home.

“Mom, Dad, Thomas... just called me.” Feigning disappointment, Tiffany walked over to her parents as she was subduing the indignation within her. After all, now that she was bearing a child inside of her, there was no way Matthew would refuse to marry her.

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Even if he had no desire to marry her, he would still need to obey Elizabeth. There was nothing at all to worry about.

“Why did Thomas call you? Is it regarding the wedding?” Rachel was gently brushing her face, massaging it with a jade roller.

“The wedding is canceled.” Tiffany, seemingly aggrieved, went and sat down on the couch. Her eyes, filled with anger and reluctance, were reddened.

In response, Rachel immediately stopped her massage and put aside the jade roller, staring at her daughter who was about to burst into tears. "What's the matter? Why did he do that out of nowhere?"

"How would I know? That Veronica b*tch may even be the one causing it!"

"Veronica shouldn't have the power to meddle in a marriage in the Kings Family." Floch shook his head. "It must be more complicated than it seems, so don't look too much into it. Even if Matthew doesn't want to get married, we still have Old Mrs. Kings. So all you have to do is visit her more often," he comforted his daughter and let out a deep sigh.

"Yes, your dad's right. All of Bloomstead knows that Old Mrs. Kings is dying to have a great-grandchild. It's only a matter of time until she finds out about the one inside you. Don't you know who's the powerholder in the Kings Family?" Rachel shook her head. Although she sounded rather scornful, she was actually concerned for her daughter.

"I know that. That's why I'm going to see Matthew before visiting the Kings Residence." Tiffany grabbed a piece of tissue and wiped her tears. If she hadn't known about Elizabeth being their last card, she would have been throwing a tantrum in her room, falling extremely depressed, before she went downstairs.

Ring... ring... All of a sudden, Floch's phone on the table rang, to which he grabbed it and answered the call. "What is it?" – vonia

"What? She was set up in Almeida?"

"Who did it?"

"Go see to it now, fool!"

Onis having blurted a few simple sentences, Floch ended the call and turned around with his gaze brushing over Tiffany and falling onto Rachel. With a frown, he claimed, "I was informed that Veronica falling into a river in Almeida some time ago was actually a set-up to kill her off."

"Yeah, didn't you guys know?" Tiffany peered at her parents in confusion.

"How did you know?" Floch and Rachel quizzed in unison with their eyes fixated on

Tiffany.

"I overheard Thomas's phone call a few days ago, and knew about it by accident," Tiffany answered honestly. Although she knew Veronica accidentally fell into the river, and was washed away by the violent flood, she did not know the entire thing was orchestrated.

With a strict glare, Rachel hesitated for a moment before asking, "You have no hand in this, do you, Tiffy?"

"What? Of course not! If I were to go against her, I'll make sure she has no chance to survive in my scheme. Lucky her!" Tiffany scoffed. She would give up pretty much everything to have Veronica dead.

“Listen to me, Tiffy. No matter what happens, do not lay a finger on Veronica.”

“Why not? You’re not trying to protect her, are you, Mom?”

“You nuts? You’re now Matthew’s fiancée, and Veronica is Old Mrs. Kings’ recognized god–granddaughter. If you dare touch Veronica, the entire Kings Family will be alerted. Imagine how long it’s gonna take until you and Matthew finally get married.”

“I’m aware of everything you said, or I would have made a move on her.” Tiffany tossed the tissue in her hand into the rubbish bin and turned toward the door. “I’m gonna go see Matthew. Bye–bye.”

Right now, her most important mission was to utilize the child in her abdomen as leverage to reel Matthew in as soon as possible; she would give anything to accomplish said mission. She put on her shoes in the entryway and grabbed the car keys before driving out of the residence.

The sound of the car engine gradually waned, and when it completely dispersed, Rachel looked at Floch with a complex, knowing, and ambiguous look. “It seems Tiffany really didn’t do it. But who else would be targeting her? Have you found it out?” she hastily interrogated her husband.

Floch took a puff of the cigarette between his fingers and shook his head. “We have to find the person. But I was told that Matthew is looking into it as well, so perhaps...” He froze for a second with his cigarette between his fingers before looking back at Rachel with an insecure frown. “It seems... the inevitable has come.”

Done with her work in the Konig Company, Veronica bid her farewell to Xavier. “I’m leaving, Bro.”

Xavier, who was preoccupied by his tasks, saw her standing by his office door and paused on his work. “Where are you heading to? Let me send you.”

“It’s okay. I’m visiting Old Mrs. Kings today.”

“I’ll send you. I have nothing left to do anyway.” After organizing the files on his desk, he got up and walked toward her. “It’ll take almost one hour to get to Kings Residence from here. You sure you wanna take the cab?”

Take the cab? Veronica didn’t intend to take the cab and was actually planning to ask Matthew for a ride. However, after wondering for a while, she finalized that it wouldn’t be too much of a burden to Xavier since she would be leaving Bloomstead very soon. And so, the two took the elevator downstairs. After acquiring some fruits, she got into Xavier’s vehicle and they began their trip to Kings Residence.

On their way to Kings Residence, Veronica, sitting in the passenger seat, fell into deep contemplation, leaving the mood in the car rather quiet, to which Xavier would peek at her from time to time.

He suddenly asked, “Does Matthew know you’re going back?” Xavier wasn’t exactly informed about the relationship between Veronica and Matthew. All he knew was that her initial resentment for Matthew had developed into adoration so deep that she chose to live with him regardless of the marriage engagement between him and Tiffany. *But earlier, out of nowhere, she just decided to leave Bloomstead. Is it due to the realization that her love for Matthew is going nowhere because of his marriage with Tiffany, or is it due to the alliance between the Kingses and the Lar*

sons that will soon be established that will bury her hopes of revenge? With two possibilities in his mind, he couldn't settle down with either.

"Yeah, I told him."

"What did he say?"

"Tsk, what do you expect? 'Oh, he's begging me to stay. You think he'd say that? It's

not like I mean anything to him." Veronica scoffed. Initially, she chose to stay by Matthew's side solely because Elizabeth liked her, and thanks to that, the man wouldn't sit idly by were she in any danger. Nonetheless, as he would soon marry Tiffany, she would no longer have a chance to take her revenge. Thus, leaving Bloomstead had become her only choice. Even if she managed to turn the tables and become Elizabeth's legal goddaughter, she would still remain a pawn of Matthew's. Knowing what she was approaching to be a road of no return, she had no desire to end up as a sacrificial pawn on somebody else's chessboard without even getting her revenge. Thus, safety became her priority.

Although Veronica's reply came as a surprise to Xavier, it was somewhat reasonable. "When are you planning to leave?"

i

"Next

week, I guess. My father's birthday is in a few days. I wanna go home and celebrate it with him." Besides, her foster father was already sixty-three. If she didn't spend more time with him, none could tell how much longer her old man had left.

"What a good daughter."

"Yeah, I know right? Hahaha!" Veronica raised her head and chortled. The mood in the car quickly grew merry.

JIB

Shortly after, they arrived at Kings-Residence. When Xavier's car stopped, Matthew's car was driven over and parked right beside it.

Chapter 134

Matthew was seen alighting his vehicle together with Tiffany.

:

"Oh, Veronica, I see you've brought your boyfriend over with you." Carrying her purse, Tiffany greeted Veronica as if she was the open-hearted, generous host of the residence

Matthew, on the other hand, gave Veronica a piercing glance before glaring at Xavier. His eyes were abysmally cold.

"That's none of your business. Why do you care?" Veronica taunted and rolled her eyes at Tiffany, showing no intention in playing nice.

“What... Y—

You...” Surprised by her impudence, Tiffany felt infuriated and frustrated. She turned to Matthew, eyeing him for help, but the man “missed it.”

“You what? Huh? Get away from me, witch!”

Veronica deliberately took a few steps backward and brushed the nonexistent dust on her shoulders away before turning around to pick up the supplements in Xavier’s car, saying, “B—”

Before she could say a word, Xavier interjected, “I’ll carry them for you. Let’s go see Old Mrs. Kings.”

Veronica was dazed and confused. *He said he was only sending me here. Why is he suddenly coming with me?* Regardless, Xavier was only trying to help, so she didn’t feel right to reject his goodwill.

“Mr. Crawford, Veronica comes from the countryside, so her speech can be... harsh. But don’t take it to heart. I’m sure she’ll slowly change.” Disconcerted, Tiffany took the opportunity to mock Veronica’s identity and gave her a “pep talk.”

“Since you’re Mr. Crawford’s girlfriend, make sure to kill your old, bad habits, okay? Otherwise, how are you going to get married to him? You’re bound to get bad mouthed!” Having said that, she turned to Matthew. “Isn’t that right, Matthew?”

Matthew simply shot her a mean glance before turning his eyes to Veronica as he blurted a “yes.”

“Shut up, b*tch! Stop poking your nose into my matters!” Veronica had no desire to be courteous with Tiffany just because she was Matthew’s “fiancée.”

His apathy toward Tiffany caused Xavier to overthink. He came to a “conclusion” that the hatred Veronica bore toward Tiffany wasn’t only familial, but also out of jealousy as love rivals!

“B—B*tch? How could you say that, Veronica? I was only saying those for your sake...”

Tiffany pursed her lips. Her reddened eyes made her seem so pitiable.

“As if that would stop the world from revolving around you! Also, stop saying sh*t like ‘for your sake this’, for your sake that. If it’s really for my sake, then get the hell away from me. Don’t soil the path I’m about to tread on and pollute the scenery I’m about to glimpse.” Veronica did not pull her punches.

Beside her was Xavier, who tacitly nodded. “Yup, even your breath smells like a what’s that?—right, a pretentious b*tch!”

Hearing his insult, Veronica could no longer hold it in and burst out laughing. *He’s done it!*

Tiffany, contrastingly, teared up and miserably whimpered. She lowered her head and spoke not another word.

Despite not wanting to participate in the verbal war, Matthew felt somewhat irritated by how synergistic Veronica and Xavier were, and the fact that she was so happy with him. “Since Mr. Crawford can’t stand

the smell here, I guess you shouldn't tarry any longer. Farewell." He explicitly requested for Xavier to leave. Just like Veronica to Tiffany, Matthew had no intention to spare Xavier the courtesy.

In Veronica's eyes, however, that seemed like a fiancé trying to protect his fiancée. It felt rather intimate

. Disaffected, she countered, "Xavier's my guest. Who do you think you are to ask him to leave? You're not the boss here in Kings Residence!" Finished, she grabbed Xavier by his wrist . "Come, let's go inside."

"Mm," Xavier blurted. He couldn't hide the joy at the corners of his lips.

When he walked by Matthew, they had a momentary battle of gazes, where Xavier's face was full of smug.

It was not until the two entered the residence did Tiffany timidly say to Matthew, "Please don't get mad, Matthew. That's just how Veronica is. She was spoiled rotten back then, and never learned her manners ." Contrary to her words, she was, in fact, unrelentingly envious.

Matthew was a figure in Bloomstead none dared to oppose, and even tycoons would feel obliged to bow before him. Nonetheless, even when Veronica was barbarically reprimanding and insulting him, there wasn't a trace of anger to be found on his face. Tiffany, as the fiancée herself, didn't even dare to behave so impertinently with her own fiancé, but Veronica, as a total nobody, was bold enough to go against him!

"Courtesy isn't always the best." Matthew tossed those words out and walked away.

In the public eye, Tiffany was considered the golden girl of Bloomstead. Looks, talents—the gift from God possessed them both. Nevertheless, after having spent a long time with Veronica, Matthew, upon countless investigations, found out that the Larsons could not afford her existence. Tiffany, contrary to the rumors, wasn't exactly graceful. Rather, she was so pretentious that it was extremely detestable, unlike Veronica who always laid her emotions out in the open. Veronica was significantly more adorable, comforting, and charming. If it weren't for the child inside her, Tiffany definitely had zero chance to get into the Kings Family.

"M..." Standing still on the ground, Tiffany clenched her fists as her body trembled out of vexation. The jealousy in her heart was spreading through her body and swiftly took over her rationality.

Die... She must die... How is this hateful woman getting so much love from Matthew? I'll allow her boastfulness no longer! It should be her... No, it must be her who's always instigating Matthew, causing him to call our wedding off!

"What are you waiting for?" As she was stationarily contemplating, Matthew suddenly halted his steps and turned around to look at her.

“Ah, yes. I’m coming.” Wiping the tears on her cheek off with her sleeve, Tiffany suppressed her vexation and followed after.

With that, the four entered the residence in a line and went to the living room.

Having heard about their visit, Elizabeth was already waiting in the living room. When Veronica walked in, the old woman sprung up from her seat and excitedly yelled, “Oh, my Veronica is here!” As she was walking up to Veronica, she saw Xavier who entered after her favorite girl. “Isn’t this... Young Master Xavier?”

Veronica wrapped her arm around the back of Xavier’s neck and joyously introduced the man to Elizabeth. “Grandma, this is Xavier, my tightest Bro! He sent me here today and decided to visit you as well.”

“Good day, Old Mrs. Kings,” Xavier politely greeted the old woman. There was not a sign of the rumored overbearing, womanizer behavior within him.

“Hahaha. I see... It’s so nice of you to come visit this old woman, Mr. Crawford.” Elizabeth beamed as she attempted to read his face. “I’ve heard bad things about you, Mr. Crawford, but from what I see today, that’s not the case at all!”

“You’re flattering me, Old Mrs. Kings.” Xavier subtly smiled.

“That’s right, Grandma. Xavier is the best, and he’s helped me so many times! People love spreading false rumors even if there’s no credibility to those rumors. How annoying!”

Chapter 135

Veronica righteously defended Xavier.

“Who cares what other people say? From what I can see, Xavier is a good kid.” Elizabeth had seen many people in her life, and it only took her one glance to tell that Xavier was different from the rumors.

“Old Mrs. Kings, you’re giving me too much credit.” Xavier was not used to the flattery.

“That’s more like it. I just knew Grandma has a good eye for people.” Veronica grinned.

As she said that, Matthew walked in with Tiffany behind them, only to see Veronica intimately hugging Xavier’s neck as they chatted, seemingly in a good mood. *This damn woman. Does she really like Xavier that much?* he thought.

Of course, Tiffany witnessed the scene with him as well. She murmured in a melancholic tone, “They have such a good relationship. I envy them.”

She had deliberately said this to Matthew, but Tiffany knew that he wouldn’t want to hear it. Hence, she didn’t wait for his answer and pretended to be “talking to herself” instead, greeting Elizabeth soon after. “Grandma?”

“Tiffany, you’re here? Now that everyone is here, let’s wash our hands and eat before the food gets cold.” Elizabeth’s gaze moved from Veronica to Tiffany as she greeted them, before she said to Xavier, “You could’ve just come without bringing anything. Don’t waste your money.”

“Roni bought all of these.” Xavier put the gifts aside as he spoke.

Compared with Elizabeth's enthusiasm for Xavier and Veronica, Tiffany clearly felt Elizabeth's indifference to her. However, even though she was a little upset, she didn't show it.

As they sat at the dining table, Veronica smiled in satisfaction upon seeing the hearty dinner. "Grandma, if you prepare so many delicious things, I might gain five pounds after this meal."

With just a sentence, she made the crowd burst into laughter.

A kind smile appeared on Elizabeth's face as she said, "Eat more if you like it. Look at how skinny you've become. You should put on more weight." After she finished speaking, she glanced at Tiffany again and noticed that she looked unhappy. Seeing that, she immediately added, "Tiffany, you should eat more too."

"Yes. Thank you, Grandma." Upon finally being "cared for" by Elizabeth, Tiffany felt better in an instant.

"Come, come, let's eat before it gets cold." As the eldest, Elizabeth picked up her fork and began to eat. According to the rules, the juniors were not allowed to eat before the elderly.

Seeing that Elizabeth had started her meal, Veronica picked up her fork and went for the braised pork she had been eyeing for a long time, intending to feast herself. However, as usual, something unpleasant always had to occur.

"Blargh..."

Before they could begin eating, they saw Tiffany reach out and cover her mouth in a bout of nausea.

"What... What's wrong with you?" Elizabeth furrowed her eyebrows, a little displeased.

"Grandma, I'm sorry. ... I'm pregnant. I can't... I can't stand the smell of meat. Blargh..." She retched again, then got up and went directly to the bathroom.

Elizabeth was taken aback for a few seconds before she looked at Matthew in bewilderment. "What is she talking about? Is she pregnant?"

Matthew's expression was glum as he answered, "Uh—huh." Saying that, he involuntarily cast a glance at Veronica, only to see that she was indifferently eating with her head lowered.

"What kind of blockheaded answer is that? You should go and check on her." Though Elizabeth reprimanded Matthew, she couldn't hold herself back anymore and got up and walked to the bathroom, muttering as she went, "Oh, she's finally pregnant. Haha!"

Elizabeth, who had been yearning to hold her great-grandson in her arms, laughed heartily as she walked to the door of the bathroom. When she saw Matthew standing outside without any intention of going in to check on Tiffany, she slapped him on the back and chided, "What are you doing here? You didn't tell me something as important as Tiffany getting pregnant. Pregnancy is the most unpleasant time for her. Hurry up and go have a look!"

Although Elizabeth didn't like Tiffany that much, she had been forcing herself to accept Tiffany's existence ever since Matthew got engaged to her until Tiffany gradually became more pleasing to her eyes.

"I am not a family doctor," Matthew put his hands in his pockets and replied indifferently

As the child belonged to him, he had to marry Tiffany and care for her and the child out of a responsibility. However, every time he got close to her and looked at her face that was almost identical to Veronica's, he felt revulsed.

The two looked similar, but their voices, demeanors, the place of their eyebrows, and the length of their hair were all different. Even their scent was far from each other. While Tiffany always smelled heavily of branded perfume, Veronica exuded a faint fragrance that was fresh and natural instead of an overpowering stench that was mixed with various scents.

Taking out his phone, Matthew called the family doctor. "Come to the living room in the courtyard."

"Oh, you're hopeless!" Elizabeth was well aware of Matthew's temperament. She knew very well that he was an insensitive, aloof man, and that he was not well-versed in romance.

However, she wasn't in a place to say anything, so she walked into the bathroom and patted Tiffany, who was vomiting on the toilet, on the back: "How long have you been pregnant? Why is your morning sickness so severe?"

Tiffany, who was "retching," shook her head. After dry heaving for a long time without vomiting anything, she flushed the toilet and took a paper towel to wipe her mouth. Her small face hung down as she replied, "It's been more than a month. I didn't expect my reaction to be so huge when I saw the meat."

Sure enough, Elizabeth really didn't know that she was pregnant. It seemed that she was right to deliberately "act" in front of Elizabeth. She had only revealed her pregnancy, but Elizabeth was already treating her extremely differently.

"Everyone reacts differently. Some may only have mild symptoms of morning sickness, while some may react more severely. It's hard to say." Elizabeth took Tiffany's hand as she chided affectionately, "You silly girl, why didn't you tell me you were pregnant?"

Holding Tiffany's hand, they made their way back to the dining hall where she dragged Tiffany to sit next to her. That seat also happened to be where Matthew had

been sitting earlier.

"Grandma, I didn't mean to keep it from you." Tiffany lowered her head shyly, biting her red lips.

Veronica and Xavier sat quietly by the side. Because Elizabeth had stopped eating, they naturally couldn't continue either.

"I know. It's not your fault. I blame that brat Matthew instead." Elizabeth smiled from ear to ear, not letting go of Tiffany's hand.

It wasn't until Matthew walked to Tiffany's side and sat down that Elizabeth said to him, "Since Tiffany is already pregnant, you two should quickly plan your marriage to prevent criticism from outsiders."

The Kings Family had a huge business and a high status, so their every action would be greatly judged and criticized by outsiders. Not to mention, Matthew and Tiffany were already engaged, and now that they had children, marriage was the obvious and natural choice.

As soon as Elizabeth spoke, Matthew only picked up the red wine in front of him and took a sip, glancing at Veronica who was sitting opposite of him.

Chapter 136

Opposite him, Veronica lowered her head and played with her phone with a careless expression, as if she hadn't heard Elizabeth's words.

Elizabeth, who was accustomed to Matthew's silence, turned to Tiffany instead. "Tiffany, what are your plans? Do your parents know that you are pregnant with a child?"

"Grandma, my parents had just found out about it too."

Tiffany knew very well that if she wanted to marry Matthew, she could only put all her hopes on Elizabeth, so she said, "I'll follow whatever Matthew says." Saying that, she glanced at Matthew affectionately, her bright eyes full of love and fondness.

Seeing Tiffany's love for Matthew in her eyes, Elizabeth smacked the table gently. "Matthew, you aren't getting any younger. In my opinion, you should hold the wedding next month. Her belly will probably start showing in three months, so it's better for you to marry sooner so that you don't become a laughingstock."

The wealthier one was, the more they cared about reputation. Hence, having a child before marriage was an extremely shameless thing.

"Too hasty," Matthew slowly put down the glass in his hand and said carelessly.

"How is it too hasty? Just send out the invitations, select the wedding venue, and then go for the pre-wedding photoshoot. As long as we have money, there's nothing that can't be done."

As Elizabeth pondered their marriage, she looked at Veronica and asked, "Veronica, don't you think so?"

As Veronica, who was a bystander, was named, she raised her eyebrows and looked at the two opposite of her as if nothing had happened. When her gaze went from Tiffany to Matthew, she met his gaze for a moment. Though it was just a glance, his eyes were full of indescribable emotions that Veronica couldn't get a grasp on.

While she was deep in thought, Xavier beside her suddenly spoke up. "Old Mrs. Kings is right. One month is indeed enough."

"Yeah, it's more than enough. Both the invitation and the wedding venue can be arranged by other people, and the both of you will only have to take wedding photos. Isn't it just a matter of two, three days? It's completely enough," Veronica said.

Everyone knew Elizabeth really wanted a great-grandson.

Before, when Veronica told Elizabeth that the Larson Family had threatened her to donate her bone marrow to Randy, Elizabeth still felt extremely repelled by the Larson Family at that time. However, as she gradually came into contact with Tiffany, her resistance to Tiffany gradually disappeared. Now that Tiffany was pregnant, Elizabeth called for her to marry Matthew quickly!

That was just how life was.

“Hahaha, Veronica is right.” Elizabeth patted her on the shoulder. “Then, I’ll leave the preparations of the wedding venue to you. You’re Matthew’s godsister and you have a good eye. I believe in you.”

Her words shocked everyone, and several gazes fell on Elizabeth all at once.

Tiffany thought, *Why? Why should my wedding be arranged by that b*tch Veronica?*

Matthew was confused. *What is Grandma planning?*

Xavier was dumbfounded. *As I thought, there isn’t anyone good in the Kings Family. This is going too far.*

Veronica was taken aback. *Is Grandma all right?*

“Grandma, the wedding...”

Matthew opened his mouth and was about to say something when he saw Veronica nod. “Okay. Since Grandma trusts me, I don’t have a problem at all,” she said.

In the end, she was about to leave Bloomstead. Because of Elizabeth’s liking for her, Matthew had saved her many times. She had to repay Elizabeth’s saving grace. However, Elizabeth’s actions confused Veronica and made her unable to grasp what she was thinking. She even began to doubt Elizabeth’s liking for her.

“Hahaha, okay, that’s settled. Let’s hurry and eat.” Elizabeth was in a good mood and was smiling from ear to ear. She naturally took care of Tiffany and gave her food, and ordered the chefs to prepare some fruits for her after dinner.

After they finished their meal, they sat together and chatted for a while before going home. Because Elizabeth was in a good mood today, she showed them to the door with Mrs. Coleman, her personal caretaker as well as the housekeeper, and watched them leave.

It wasn’t until the two cars were far away that Elizabeth let out a sigh and said to Mrs.

Coleman, “Mrs. Coleman, it seems that I will get the chance to see my great grandson before I die. I’m content, haha.”

Mrs. Coleman, who was standing next to her, lightly chided her, “What nonsense are you spouting? You’re still healthy and well.”

“Not even the children know about my condition, but you should know better.”

“Oh, your condition isn’t as bad as you think. Please don’t worry too much.”

Mrs. Coleman helped her into the house when she suddenly thought of something and said, "Old Madam, do you remember what you said to Miss Murphy just now?"

at Mrs. Coleman in confusion. "What did I say? Is there something wrong?"

"Uh... *Sigh*, never mind, it's okay." Mrs. Coleman shook her head, not wanting to tell Elizabeth what had just happened for fear that she would be upset.

"Just tell me when I ask you to. Stop dilly-dallying," Elizabeth scolded.

"I..." Mrs. Coleman hesitated for a moment, but upon seeing Elizabeth's resolute attitude, she had no choice but to say, "You asked Miss Murphy to plan the wedding for the young master and Miss Tiffany."

"Nonsense! Tiffany and Veronica act like enemies every time they meet. What the Larson Family did to Veronica was despicable.

Although I accepted Tiffany, I would not do such a silly thing." Elizabeth waved her hand. "It's absolutely impossible. You're just talking nonsense." She brushed away Mrs. Coleman's hand that was holding her and continued to walk alone.

However, a few steps later, she stopped again and looked back at Mrs. Coleman. "Did I really say something like that?" She looked guilty, and her eyes were helpless and full of sadness.

Mrs. Coleman couldn't bear to see Elizabeth blaming herself like this, so she immediately stepped forward to comfort her, "I've said this before: you can't hide it from them forever. But you insist on being so stubborn. You should just talk to Miss Murphy. She is indeed a good girl."

"Sigh, I must be growing old." Elizabeth patted her head and fell into deep remorse.

Matthew sent Tiffany back to the villa. At the entrance, Tiffany opened the car door

and got out of the car. She looked at Matthew fondly and asked, "Matthew, thank you for sending me back. There's still some time. Do you want to go in and have a seat?"

Although she and Matthew were already engaged and he had sent her home many times, he rarely went into the villa. Tiffany was upset about this, but she dared not speak up.

"You're pregnant. Rest early." Matthew said indifferently, "Good night."

Tiffany bit her red lips lightly, feeling a little incredulous, but she could only nod and reply, "Okay. Good night, Matthew."

On the way back from the Kings Residence, she didn't dare mention the "wedding" for fear that Matthew would regret it all of a sudden. Tiffany warned herself countless times that she had to hold back and wait until she married into the Kings Family, then all her problems would be solved.

After that, Matthew started his car and left, heading straight for Twilight Condominium. When he returned home, Yvonne and Veronica were sitting on the sofa watching television.

Seeing him walking in, Yvonne, being the shrewd woman she was, greeted him. "Young Master Matthew, you're back?"

"Yeah." Matthew was as indifferent as ever. He said little as if ignoring her.

"Veronica, you can keep watching. I'll go to bed first."

She headed back to the bedroom to avoid disturbing Veronica and Matthew's time alone.

Matthew unbuttoned his suit with his long fingers and put his coat on the back of the sofa. He took a seat next to Veronica, asking in a deep voice, "Why did you agree to Grandma?"

Although Matthew didn't understand why Elizabeth asked Veronica to plan his and Tiffany's wedding, Veronica could have refused, but she unexpectedly agreed.

Veronica sat cross-

legged with a bag of potato chips in her hand. As she put a piece into her mouth, she glanced at him lazily and muttered, "Since Grandma has asked, what reason do I have to refuse?"

She shrugged and sighed. "If it weren't for Grandma's liking for me, you wouldn't save me from the fire, nor would you go abroad to save me, and you wouldn't risk your life to save me in the mountains either. No matter what, I'll always remember Grandma's kindness. Anyway, she just asked me to plan a wedding. Even if I had to donate a kidney to her, I wouldn't refuse."

Many said that debts between humans were the most difficult to pay off, and she owed Elizabeth a "saving grace," so Veronica had no reason to refuse.

Hearing that, Matthew suddenly recalled his past memories as though a movie was playing in his mind. His sharp eyes gradually dimmed. *Did she think that everything I did was because of 'Grandma's orders'? That I only risked my life to protect her because Grandma liked her?*

"I'll look for you at your company during my break tomorrow to discuss the details of the wedding with you." Veronica seemed to have moved on from everything. She was calm and indifferent.

Veronica admitted that she hated the Larson Family, but now that she couldn't avenge herself, she simply forced herself to let go of her hatred. She owed Elizabeth too much, and she wouldn't do anything at the wedding to embarrass Tiffany, for that would only make the Kings Family a laughingstock in Bloomstead. She had a

kind heart, and she knew that she had to repay Elizabeth's kindness, so naturally she wouldn't do such a despicable and shameless thing.

"I will leave the matter to Thomas."

Matthew recalled that when he was engaged to Tiffany, Veronica suddenly appeared and found out about the truth and that her child would be handed over to Tiffany to raise after birth. In order to prevent that from happening, she took a lot of medicine regardless of the risks, causing herself to miscarry and al

most bleed to death. One could only imagine how much that incident had impacted Veronica, and Matthew didn't want her to suffer again.

"Ha," Veronica said softly, her cool eyes turning to Matthew. "Are you afraid that I'll do something to Tiffany at the wedding?" As she said that, she shook her head, her face full of irony and contempt. "I'm never such a despicable person." –

Saying that, she threw the bag of potato chips on the table and got up. After putting on her slippers, she headed straight for her bedroom.

Bang!

II

IP

She slammed the bedroom door loudly, cutting off Matthew's gaze from her. He was silent for a moment before he got up and went to the study to start working.

Veronica tossed and turned on the bed and couldn't sleep, and with the addition of Yvonne, it was even more difficult to adapt.

It was past midnight, and Yvonne was already asleep. Veronica felt bored from playing on her phone, so she got up and went to the living room to watch television. She scrolled through various variety shows, but nothing piqued her interest.

Though it was past three o'clock at night, Veronica was still lying on the sofa without a trace of sleepiness. In the end, she had no choice but to go to the study. However, she didn't expect that when she opened the door, Matthew was still sitting at the desk and processing documents.

Taken aback, Veronica asked in surprise, "It's almost four o'clock. Why are you still

up?"

"Are you worried about me?" Matthew's thin lips raised into a light and gentle smile as if snow had melted off his face.

"Don't blow your own trumpet, okay? I just think you're hogging the computer and preventing me from playing games."

Playing games was the best way to destress during a sleepless night.

a

Matthew looked at the time in the lower right corner of the computer. It was approaching four o'clock, but she still didn't look sleepy at all. Instead, she looked as energetic as ever.

"I'm done with my work. You can come." Matthew closed the file and got up. He walked past Veronica and closed the door.

Veronica curled her lips and muttered, "Why is he so easy to talk to today?" *Could it be that he knows I'm going back to my hometown, so he improved his attitude toward me?* She didn't think too much about

it and sat on the big chair. The leather chair was airtight, and she could almost feel the residual temperature Matthew had left.

Subsequently, she turned on the computer and logged in to her account to start playing a game.

In the living room, Matthew warmed a glass of hot milk for Veronica and put the medicine prescribed by the doctor for her into the milk, stirring it until it melted.

Then, he took the glass of milk into the study.

“Get lost! How can I level up if you invade my army? Do you even know how to play this game? Did they let an elementary schooler in?” Veronica was pressing on the keyboard intensely on one hand while moving the mouse with the other, her eyes trained on the computer intently.

“Here, drink some milk.” Matthew placed the glass down on the table and glanced at the game Veronica was playing. “You like playing this a lot?”

“It’s all right. Thanks.” As Veronica had completely devoted herself to the game, she didn’t have time to drink the milk at all.

Seeing that the milk was about to get cold, Matthew grew worried she would notice the strong smell of medicine in it. Hence, he simply picked up the glass of milk and brought it to her mouth, ordering, “Drink.”

There was a straw in the glass, so Veronica only needed to lower her head to drink the milk, but she was so startled when a glass of milk suddenly appeared in front of her that she stood up suddenly.

“M—
Matthew, what are you doing?” *There must be a reason why he’s being so courteous. This scumbag man bringing me milk to drink is completely unbelievable. Since when did he treat me so well?*

Overwhelmed by Matthew’s kindness, she took off her headphones and looked at him, and then at the milk in his hand, before asking, “Did you poison the milk?”

Hearing this, Matthew’s expression darkened. “Do you want to drink it or not?”

“Of course not. What if it’s poisonous? What if I don’t live to see the sun tomorrow?” Veronica wanted to live to see another day.

The corners of Matthew’s mouth twitched slightly; he was angered by her antics. *So I’m such a despicable and shameless person in her heart.* He didn’t explain anything but took a sip of the milk before handing it to her again. “Milk helps you to sleep. Your wound hasn’t healed, so you need to rest early, but you’re still playing games. I guess your wrist doesn’t hurt at all.”

If other girls got injured, they would cry in pain, but she only bore her wound and sat in front of the computer to play games frantically. *This woman is unbelievable,* he thought.

“Oh, I see. Thank you.” Seeing him take a sip, Veronica realized that it shouldn’t be poisoned, so she took the milk and drank it in a single gulp.

Then, she smacked her lips, frowning. "Matthew, did you put something in the milk?"

Chapter 138

"No." Matthew took the glass directly from her hand, turned, and left the study.

He returned to his bedroom to take a shower and prepare to rest, but he was still a little worried that that stupid woman, Veronica, would fall asleep in the study.

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Sure enough, when he appeared at the door of the study in his pajamas, Veronica was sprawled on the table, sound asleep.

Matthew walked up to her, intending to take her back to her bedroom. However, in the end, he chose not to do so, and went to get a blanket and covered her instead. It was getting cold, and it was easy to catch a cold if she didn't cover up when she slept.

Veronica was deep asleep and the game was still open on the computer. However, although she fell asleep on the table with her headphones on, the noise did not wake her up at all.

Matthew turned off the computer and helped her lean on the chair. He pressed a button, and the chair was tilted 45 degrees backward into the perfect sleeping position.

We

Although sleeping here wasn't very comfortable, Matthew knew that after she left Bloomstead, no one would be around to take care of her every day, so she still had to adapt to some things by herself.

As he gazed at the sleeping woman, he noticed that she seemed to be troubled. Her brows remained furrowed with worry even as she slept. Matthew squatted in front of her and stretched out his hand to touch her cheek, gently smoothing her eyebrows. After a while, he got up and left the study after turning off the light.

The next day, Veronica woke up in the study. As she walked toward the living room, she smelled a familiar aroma. Her eyes lit up, and she walked to the kitchen. Sure enough, Matthew was making porridge. "Morning. What kind of porridge did you make today?"

The handsome man was wearing a black shirt, he was radiant with a big back, and he was surrounded by a plaid apron in front of him. Nothing seemed out of place, and he looked very grounded.

"Shrimp porridge." Matthew spoke to her a little more gently.

"It smells good, but..." Veronica touched her nose and smiled. "Why do you only cook porridge and not anything else?"

“Because I don’t want to.”

“Oh, if you don’t know how to, just say so. You don’t have to say you don’t want to.” Veronica curled her lips and grinned at him. “I’m going to brush my teeth.”

“Go ahead.” He responded, and saw Veronica hopping out of the kitchen and returning to the bedroom.

As she was young and at the age to be energetic, she should be as lively as this, living life without a care in the world.

Ten minutes later, Yvonne and Veronica sat in the dining room, waiting for their breakfast.

Matthew carried two servings of porridge on a tray and walked over and put them on the table, one in front of Veronica and the other in front of him.

Veronica was taken aback. She raised her gaze to him and asked, “Where’s Yvonne’s?”

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“I only made two servings.” Matthew didn’t even look at Yvonne, as if she didn’t exist.

Yvonne was a little embarrassed by this situation. She shook her head.

“It’s okay. You guys enjoy yourselves. I’ll just go out and buy some breakfast.”

“All right.”

“Why are you buying food when we have food at home? How wasteful.”

As soon as Matthew finished speaking, Veronica ignored him and said to Yvonne, pushing his breakfast in front of Yvonne, “Give it a try. It’s delicious.”

“Uh... I—It’s alright.” Yvonne waved her hand repeatedly. “This is Young Master Matthew’s food. How can I eat it?”

“Miss Spencer, haven’t you found a place to stay yet?” Matthew sat opposite them, his eyes boring into Yvonne as he questioned.

His eyes seemed to be able to penetrate her soul, and they sent a chill crawling down Yvonne’s spine. Yvonne hastily turned to look at Veronica, requesting for backup.

Seeing the “shining” rich woman, Veronica dared not offend her, so she looped an arm around Yvonne’s neck and said to Matthew, “Bro, I would like to introduce you

to my good friend, Yvonne. As the owner of a cosmetics company, she would like to collaborate with your company. We have such a good relationship, and you’re my brother, which makes you my friend’s brother too. Shouldn’t you give it some thought?”

She would be leaving Bloomstead in a few days, so she had to settle Yvonne’s affairs quickly. Otherwise, she wouldn’t be able to get Yvonne’s money.

Matthew didn’t speak and only sat opposite them with his hands around his chest, his expression serious and arrogant. Normally, he would have refused i

Immediately, but when he looked at Veronica's flattering smile, he could see through her schemes at a glance.

The next moment, he got up and left.

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"Hello? Bro? Matthew, don't go: We're all a family, aren't we? Can't you help Yvonne out?" Veronica was thinking Matthew declined her request and left angrily.

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However, he took something out of the bar counter drawer and turned back to the dining room, placing a business card in front of Yvonne. "Provide your company's various qualifications, and contact my assistant directly."

Yvonne was stunned as she looked at the embossed business card in front of her for a moment before she immediately stood up and nodded at Matthew. "Thank you, Young Master Matthew." =

"Haha, you're amazing, Matthew. But... when are you going to sign the contract with Yvonne?" Veronica asked with an expectant expression.

"It's alright. I'm not in a hurry at all," Yvonne said with a smile,

"You shut up!" Veronica glared at her fiercely. Her words seemed to mean, *You're not in a hurry, but can't you see that I'm leaving Bloomstead? I'm in a hurry!*

The man put his hands in his pockets and stood upright, looking down at Veronica. "In your opinion, when is the best time to sign a contract?"

"Um... let me think about it..." She tilted her head, touched her chin with her fingers, and thought very seriously. "I think five days, no... Five days is too long. Three... Two days is fine. In fact, your company is so close that she can provide you with all the qualifications and information today. You can sign the contract today."

When Yvonne heard Veronica's words, she couldn't help being frightened. "Haha, you... Aren't you being too hasty?" She stretched out her hand and pulled the corner

of Veronica's clothes, leaning in front of her to whisper, "Generally, signing a contract requires a procedure. How can it be completed in one day?"

What was more, they were just an unknown small company.

"What procedures?"

"This is a company regulation, so it's better to follow the rules."

"What rules? The company belongs to my brother, so of course, he's in charge of everything. His words are the 'rules!'"

Veronica couldn't wait for Matthew to sign a contract with Yvonne so that she could get 3.5 million in "benefits" and go home to start a business.

“That’s not,”

Just when Yvonne was about to explain the process to Veronica, Matthew’s thin lips parted, and he said lightly, “Sure.”

His short answer shocked Yvonne, but Veronica smacked the table and pointed to him, saying proudly to Yvonne, “Look, I just said that my brother is the best. I gotta let everyone know how amazing he is!” |

“Haha.” Yvonne laughed stiffly. “Yes, yes, Young Master Matthew is amazing.” *If Matthew wasn’t amazing, I wouldn’t be here trying to secure a collaboration with him.*

“So, Miss Spencer, can you leave now?”