

HBH

Chapter 149

Seeing how simple both the woman and her place were, it was certainly unbelievable for the woman to be Elizabeth's god-granddaughter as she had claimed.

What a load of bollocks, thought the police officer before he incredulously asked, "Who did you say your god-grandmother is?"

"My god-grandmother is Old Mrs. Kings of the unbeatable Kings Family!" Veronica explained earnestly, "The Kings that make up a quarter of The Four Big Families of Bloomstead, mind you."

Instead of being intimidated, the police officers began to look at each other as they sniggered.

Then, one of them decided to speak up, "Young Master Matthew already called us earlier regarding a case of someone stealing his wine. We have filed a case for him. So please, follow us back to the station so that we can further investigate this."

Despite inwardly cursing the situation out with all her might, she managed to give a calm response. "Oh, alright then. Give me a moment to change into something else," she replied with her face full of smiles.

That sh*thead Matthew just wasn't capable of behaving like a proper human being.

She knew that he was going to call the cops on her, but she had not expected him to do it so quickly—she didn't even get the chance to put the alcohol back!

After changing her clothes while grumbling her way through, she finally stepped out of the room in a different outfit, where her reappearance had caught a few of the police officers by surprise. "Wait, are you.. . Tiffany Larson, the No. 1 Talented Girl from the Larson's Family?"

"She looks like Tiffany Larson, but her vibe is definitely different," another officer expressed his observation.

"Oh, she is Larson's other daughter that went missing when she was a baby. They had it announced to the public not long ago. She grew up in the boonies. That must be why she can't compare to Tiffany Larson's elegance. But I have to say, this lady here might be prettier than Tiffany Larson."

As though Veronica was an item placed on a shelf, the police officers began to evaluate her amongst themselves as they looked at her from head to toe.

Since the Larsons had revealed Veronica's identity to the public, it was no surprise that they knew about her.

However, no one other than the people in the upper-class circle would know about her becoming Elizabeth's god-granddaughter since Elizabeth had intended to only announce it on the day of her birthday celebration.

Somewhat offended by them openly judging her, Veronica walked past them and decided to walk ahead instead. "Aren't we going to the police station? Let's go."

At once, some of the police officers began to lower their guards after learning about her identity, but the chattering never ceased even as they followed closely behind her.

"She really is from the boonies, huh? Just stealing everything she sees."

"Maybe it isn't as simple as it seems. She *did* say that Young Master Matthew was the one who gave it to her and that Old Mrs. Kings was her god-grandmother."

"Come on, you think Old Mrs. Kings would take a village girl in as her god granddaughter? You're overestimating this young lady."

"Right. She must have been blabbering nonsense. Why would Young Master Matthew call the police on her if what she said was true?"

"That is hard to say. Young Master Matthew made us come over here even though he himself knows where she lives. This is something that someone of his capability can solve at a snap of his fingers, and yet, he wanted to do it the hard way. I don't think we should completely disregard what she said."

"But we can't completely believe her either."

"That is true."

As Veronica walked in front, she could hear the whisperings happening behind her. but she chose not to say anything despite feeling frustrated by it.

Then, they took the elevator down and hopped into the police car before finally leaving for the station to get Veronica's statement taken.

Meanwhile, Matthew was already seated in the main hallway of the police station when they arrived. With his legs crossed and torso leaned back against the backrest

of the chair, he managed to look as casual as he was intimidating.

Veronica's temper immediately flared when her eyes fell on him. As if nothing had happened, he nonchalantly lifted his eyes to stare into her angry gaze. The fleeting smile he had on disappeared from his cold face before it turned into a full grin.

"Matthew Kings!" she called out as her steps came to a halt. She then tore away the bottle of 1945 Romanée-

Conti from the hands of one of the officers before stomping toward Matthew and slamming the bottle on a table nearby. "Here is your red wine. I'm giving it back to you!"

Instead of replying, Matthew only quietly stared at her. He didn't have to say even a word for others to feel the menace emitting out of him.

Getting timider by the second, Veronica unconsciously gulped. "It is just a bottle of wine! Did you really have to call the police for something like this? You are just wasting government resources," she continued in a slightly meeker tone.

She swore to the heavens that the only reason she took it was that it looked like it would be a good bottle of red wine!

Furthermore, she had always drunk from Matthew's alcohol stash without his permission when they lived together.

However, this scumbag of a man completely turned his back on her after Veronica announced that she would no longer stay by Elizabeth's side as she would be leaving Bloomstead soon. His attitude toward her had changed almost instantaneously because she no longer held any value for him.

During that one night when she couldn't fall asleep, her eyes lingered on Matthew's wine shelf, and that was when her eyes eventually fell on this delectable-looking bottle of wine. So, she took it but left it unscathed in her bedroom.

Then, she decided to bring it along with her when she left Twilight Condominium, never expecting the bottle of wine—looking nothing out of the ordinary—to be priced at a staggering 3.9 million!

Maybe it was her fault for taking the expensive wine, but why did Matthew skip contacting her first before heading straight for the police?!

While sitting without even moving an inch, Matthew lifted his head slightly to peer at the woman before him and questioned her in a low voice. "Do you know how much this bottle you took is worth?"

"Who wouldn't know that this is a 1945 Romanée-Conti—

"She stopped abruptly halfway through her sentence when she realized that she had fallen right into the trap Matthew had just set.

For Matthew to call the police despite knowing that she was the one who took the wine made it obvious that Matthew was trying to convict her for 'knowingly going against the law' if she were to confess that she was aware of the value of the wine she had taken

Without waiting for Veronica to come up with another retort, Matthew gave an indifferent wave as his head tilted to glance at the officers standing behind Veronica. Officers, I'm sure you all have heard her. She knew the value of the wine when she took it," he informed.

"F*ck!" she finally spat. "Matthew, you piece of sh*t. I—

"Knowing that her following words would come to naught, she bit her tongue and said, "You were the one who gave this to me!

As for how I knew its price, Xavier was the one who told me about the price of the red wine when he came over to my condominium earlier. I was so surprised that I almost called the police, only to have them knock on my door before I even rang them!"

Matthew's face immediately fell when he heard Veronica's words. At that moment, his gaze turned a few notches colder too.

Earlier? Xavier went to her place?

Her words kept reverberating in his head as he casually lowered his head to look at the Rolex Blue Dial watch resting on his wrist. *But it's already 11 nearing midnight!*

"Oh, really? Can anyone prove that?" His fingertips lightly tapped on the back of his hand. Even though he appeared calm as he threw the question at Veronica, his heart was thumping hard in his chest.

"Of course!" she exclaimed while taking out her phone. "I'll give Xavier a call right this moment!"

Just then, Matthew suddenly stopped her in her tracks. "You have a close relationship with Xavier. He is not a reliable witness. You have nothing to back your words." He then slowly took out a thumb drive from the inner breast pocket of his suit before continuing, "I, on the other hand, have a surveillance recording of you committing the crime."

Immediately, Veronica's eyes glued to the thumb drive in Matthew's hand, and even though she didn't say a word in return, her blazing pair of eyes were sufficient for

others to read the exact thoughts and emotions that were going through her head and heart.

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Veronica was endlessly, unceasingly cursing Matthew on the inside, and if looks really could kill, he would have been dead by Veronica's gaze.

The police officers, who were spectators of the argument, stared at the duo in silence.

They had somewhat figured out that Veronica and Matthew probably had a relationship more complex than one could imagine.

Hence, this situation probably had more than meets the eye.

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The deafening silence went on for a while before the leader of the police officers intervened. "Young Master Matthew, why don't the both of you try to talk it out first? We can also go by standard procedure if you both can't get to the bottom of this yourselves later."

"Thank you for your help, Officer Garth," Matthew replied with a small nod, exuding incomparable elegance with just a light movement.

As soon as the police officers had left the hall, Veronica boldly asked with arms akimbo, "What the hell do you want, Matthew? I already returned you your wine, so can I go now?"

Instead of answering her question, he coldly stared at her as his smooth brows raised. "Do you know the penalty for grand larceny?" Hearing that, Veronica pursed her lips together.

How could she not know?

She knew it better than anyone else.

She then let out an arrogant ‘hmpf’ and complained, “You’re considered my brother. How is it considered theft if I only took a bottle of your wine?” Her emotions were running so high that she had to hold herself back in case she accidentally assaulted him.

She knew that she wouldn’t win a physical fight against him anyway, but it would definitely feel good if she could just let out whatever she was bottling up inside.

“It is theft as long as you take something that isn’t yours,” Matthew responded humorously. “I have known you for so long to only find out now that you don’t know the law,” Matthew spoke slowly in a calm manner and he didn’t seem to be

particularly angry.

However, Veronica felt as though he was ridiculing her.

She was almost baffled by his attitude, but her eyes kept glaring at the man before her. At that moment, her anger was at its peak.

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The silent war went on for a while as they looked at each other unmovingly before her red lips finally parted. “It only took me a short while after knowing you to learn that people can be ruthless when they want something. What is the point of complicating things like this? Are you doing this just so I would stay behind to keep Grandma company?”

And find out more secrets about Conrad from Grandma? she quietly thought to herself.

His handsome features turned frigid as soon as she uttered those words. It wasn’t as though it was the first time anyone had said that he was ruthless, but coming from Veronica directly? It certainly felt like she had plunged a whole sword into him.

The usually—calm Matthew—clearly agitated by her provocation—asked Veronica in return with his eyebrows raised, “What else do you think you are capable of, if not that?”

Hearing his question. Veronica couldn’t help but let out a snort.

Huh. As expected, she thought.

“Sure. I’ll stay, but I’ve been feeling homesick and wish to go back for a while. I’ll come back to Bloomstead after that.” Thinking that this was a good chance to make Matthew drop the case, Veronica agreed verbally but was actually planning on giving Matthew whatever excuse she could after so that she won’t need to return to Bloomstead.

Finally, everything was going as Matthew had planned.

Hearing her reply, he watched her quietly before swiftly getting up from his seat and heading toward the police officers. He then withdrew the case with the reason that it all had been nothing but a misunderstanding.

After the case was closed, they both left the police station with Veronica marching angrily ahead while Matthew silently watched her from behind.

There were hardly any cars driving on the road by the time they were outside—not even a taxi was in sight.

Looking around in the middle of the night, she couldn't help but grumble, "Where are the cars, man?"

Meanwhile, Matthew had already made his way into his car. He then drove his car, only to stop before Veronica and proceeded to lightly honk the car horn twice. "Get in. I'll take you home," he said after rolling down the window.

At that, she let out a huff and scowled at him. "Save it. What if you charge me a ridiculous fee for riding in your ridiculously luxurious customized car? I can't even bear the thought of touching it," she scoffed before walking away.

Even though she could conveniently order a ride using her phone, she decided against it in an attempt to save a few bucks in her pocket—she did spend over a million dollars just the night before after all. In addition to that, considering how she wasn't sleepy despite it being already midnight, she chose to take a stroll by the roadside while enjoying the gentle breeze blowing in her face.

However, she merely took a few steps when she suddenly noticed that Matthew had unknowingly caught up with her and was currently walking right beside her.

Immediately, she halted her steps and glared between Matthew and his parked car. "Are you crazy? Why are you following me when you have a car right there?"

"My car broke down. I just called the tow company," he replied with a shrug.

A bright smile instantly appeared on Veronica's face after Matthew said that, "Ha! Serves you right! Karma is a b*tch, eh?" she cheered in between giggles.

She laughed out loud as soon as her mood was made better, and even though her unadulterated laughter wasn't the least bit refined, it was a sound that felt truly genuine and pure.

Seeing her chortle made the corners of his sensual lips raise unconsciously as she gave him a sense of warmth like a spring breeze in a chilly winter. At that, the cold mask he had on was instantly melted and replaced by a gentle and tranquil expression.

He had his hands placed in the pockets of his suit pants as he continued to enjoy his saunter with Veronica.

Since it was the beginning of autumn, the nights were getting colder.

Veronica began to shrink herself as she felt the cold slowly getting to her. Since she had left her condominium in a hurry earlier, she was only dressed in a thin blouse

that could barely protect her from the cold.

Noticing this, Matthew swiftly removed his coat and tossed it at Veronica. "Hold that for me," he told her.

"Why should I?" she quickly argued in return as she heard his 'commanding' tone.

"Oh?" He tilted his head to look at her. "I just withdrew the case not long ago and now you're already turning against me?"

"I..." She started to retort, but she couldn't think of anything to say.

Fine, who cares? Good women don't argue with trashy men anyway. Lowering myself is such an unclassy thing to do! She calmed herself down with her thoughts.

Hit by another cold breeze, she quickly threw the coat in her hand over her shoulders. "Are you really not wearing this? I'll wear it, then. Don't you dare collect a fee from me because of this!" –

"I won't." Hearing his airily reply, Veronica sarcastically remarked, "Now, that's more like it. I see that you still have some conscience."

Instead of acknowledging her jab, he asked, "When are you going back to your hometown?"

"The day after tomorrow. Ah, no—

" she said after thinking for a bit. "It is already the middle of the night now. If you count the hours, I'm going back tomorrow."

Mythpoint was everybody's dream destination.

Veronica, too, was once tempted by the hustle and bustle of this place, but alas, she had to face reality.

Not only was the cost of living here high, but it was also fairly fast-paced. A place that was full of deceit and mind games was not for her.

She couldn't help but miss her parents and master who were still back at home sometimes.

Learning that Veronica was departing soon, Matthew's face dimmed, and he turned to look at the woman walking beside him.

Strolling with the breeze suddenly felt like a rare luxury for them to find peace within the busy city.

A feeling of wanting the moment to last, too, started to creep out from a corner of his heart.

"Have you ever considered working at Spinfluence Group?" he suddenly asked.

Veronica might be going back to her hometown, but Matthew wished to leave a spot for her in the company when she decided it was time for her to head back to Bloomstead.

"Forget it." She gave an outright rejection. "That is suicide for me. What if something were to happen at the company after I start working there? You probably will point your finger at me and claim that I sold the company or something. It will be a big mess for me to clean if you decide to send me to the police again."

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Veronica had a vague feeling that there was a plot underway. She had the impression that Matthew bore no good intentions toward her and was always plotting something against her.

That one sentence of hers rendered Matthew speechless. Hence, they stopped talking

They had no idea how long they had walked when they arrived near the Twilight Club. Seeing that Veronica was about to cross the street to return to her rented apartment, Matthew immediately said, "You have some things left in my condominium."

"What's that?" Veronica couldn't recall what she had left in Twilight Condominium.

"Clothes."

"All those clothes are bought by you, aren't they?"

"Yes, but you have already worn them, so now who should I give them to? If you do not want them, I'll just throw them away." This man knew Veronica's personality well, and he knew exactly what to say to make her succumb.

"Are you sure you do not want them?"

Those clothes were all limited edition from high-end brands. Throwing them all away would be such a waste. Thinking of what he said, she reckoned that Matthew was really a wastrel. All the clothes were in good condition, but he had no qualms about throwing them away.

Matthew kept silent and merely nodded slightly.

"Well, then I'll go to your house and take them away." Veronica pouted before saying, "But I better warn you, those are given to me by you and I want to record this down as proof."

Once bitten, twice shy. After the previous experience, she didn't want to be used by him again.

"As you wish," Matthew said nonchalantly.

They then entered Twilight Club's lobby, swiped the entry card required for its

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The elevator had arrived at the upper floor. When both of them exited the elevator, Veronica activated her phone's video recording function at once and pointed her phone at Matthew's face. She then said, "Come on, evidence in the form of video recording. I am going to record everything down in case you later turn around and sue me for theft, and I would have nothing to explain by then."

In the past, Matthew was disgusted and enraged by people pointing their phones at him. However, Veronica's mischievous look in doing this made him smile instead. Such a smile was unusual, and his cool-looking face seemed to warm up.

"What are you smiling at?"

Raising her phone, Veronica looked at Matthew, who was being recorded on her phone. His smile was so mesmerizing that it drew her in and made her fall into it in an instant.

Such a lovely face. God must have pampered him so much that he was given a perfect face with no flaws, which was so attractive that it made people forget to breathe.

Veronica swore that if the person before her was not Matthew, she would have gone after him for his attractive face and asked him to be her boyfriend. But, remembering the odious heart beneath this good-looking face, she couldn't allow herself to think any further.

Seeing that he did not answer her question, she continued saying, "You're the one who told me to get the clothes, correct? You have to leave some proof; if not, how am I going to get them?"

"Yes, I will give you all the clothes in my wardrobe."

"This is merely a broad statement of yours. Come with me."

She then held his hand, pulled him to the room, and opened his wardrobe. She filmed him again, followed by the clothes in the wardrobe, and asked, "These are the clothes to be given to me, correct?"

"Yes."

"Free of charge, no regrets, and you wouldn't demand any payment from me, right?"

"Yes"

Veronica laughed. "Good, as long as there is evidence."

Smilingly, she saved that video recording into her phone gallery and kept her phone.

However, just when she was about to tidy up the clothes, Matthew's eyes lit up. "Um... I've been playing a game recently, and you're skilled in games, right? Could you share some experience with me?"

"What?"

A *game*? When she heard what he said, her jaws dropped. She had previously assumed that it was impossible for him to play games since he was so busy with his work, and it had never occurred to her that he would seek her guidance. "Gaming is based on experiences; hence, it's impossible for me to teach you for free."

Needless to say, her response was well within Matthew's expectation, with only variations in a few words. He remained calm and asked, "How much is your fee to guide me on training three heroes, from now to tomorrow?"

“From now until tomorrow, that’s one full day and one night. Such a fee would be... Hmm... Let me think ...”

Thinking of what to say, she pursed her lips with one arm crossed before her and another touching her jaws, and her gleaming eyes looked at him every now and then.

Recalling the time in Twilight Club where he took one million from her, and another time when he called the police to arrest her, she figured that she would not waste such a scarce opportunity to deal with him. After considering all these, she said, “At least fifty thousand. No discount. My capability is worth it.”

“Forget it, I’ll ask Thomas to find someone else tomorrow, and most probably there will be others with a cheaper fee.”

Leaving these words, Matthew turned around and left. Yet, his steps were small with a slow speed, as if he was anticipating something.

“Huh? Hey, wait a minute. We can discuss this.”

How could she let go of such a golden opportunity? Veronica pulled him, walked past him, and stood before him. Smilingly, she said, “Tell me how much you’re thinking of. I’ll give you a discount in light of our relationship.”

“Ten thousand.”

“Sh*t, Matthew Kings, you’re going overboard. I merely said I will give you a discount, but not to this extent. The most I can deduct is... ten thousand.”

“No, ten thousand to be the entire fee.”

“Well, then thirty–five thousand.”

“Ten thousand.”

“Thirty thousand!”

“Fifteen thousand, nothing more.”

“Nay, twenty thousand. Twenty thousand—and that’s final. It cannot be any lesser.”

“Ten thousand.”

“Matthew Kings, what do you mean? You said fifteen thousand moments ago, and now it’s ten thousand again? Can you be more reasonable?”

“Fifteen thousand seems to be a little expensive.”

“Expensive, my foot! You’re so stingy! Forget it, I’ll take fifteen thousand. Transfer this amount to me first and remember to refer to it as ‘the fees for learning games.’”

Being so defensive against him, Veronica felt that she was living in trepidation. He transferred fifteen thousand to her on the spot. Happily receiving the money, she felt that he appeared more appealing to her eyes now.

“Come on, let’s play the game on the sofa. I’ll teach you.”

Pulling him to the living room, she sat on the sofa happily and forgot she had a wound on her right hand. He then sat beside her and turned on the most popular game at the time: Honor of Kings.

Sitting close to each other, she tilted her head toward him, looked at his phone, and asked, “Why are you suddenly interested in playing games?”

“Because...” *You like them.*

Throughout her stay in Twilight Club, he had always seen her playing games. Sometimes she played the computer version, while other times she played with the

phone version, and no matter which version, she was good at them. And, having no idea when this thought started, he wanted to play with her, thinking that it might be a fun experience.

“Because of what?”

He paused his answer midway and began to keep her guessing. This piqued her interest.

“I play them to kill time. Work is dull and boring, you know.”

“Oh, such a workaholic like you would find working dull too, huh.”

Veronica didn’t know how to react. Nevertheless, she proceeded to ask him about his view and understanding of the game. Initially, she was merely sitting beside him. But as they conversed, she began to lean on the edge of his shoulder. When she felt uncomfortable with her position, she simply placed her hands over his shoulder and rested her jaw on it.

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She could see his phone so much better in this position.

“Matthew, are you dumb? You can’t play Angela like this.”

“You’re so stupid.”

“For Angela, you can use her second skill first, then only the big move. Or, you can use the second skill first, followed by the first skill, and lastly the big move. If you use her first skill directly without using the other skills first, your opponent will run away upon seeing it. She’s a crowd-control hero. You do know that right?”

“Further, you’re up against the supporting hero, Da Qiao. Her second skill is the ring there, and after completing a full circle with it, she can take away all of her opponent’s heroes within it.”

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“You have to get yourself familiarized with all the heroes and their skills before you can play them better. Know your enemy as well as you know yourself, and you can win a hundred battles without losing a single one.”

Veronica was so engrossed in the game that even the tone of her voice increased by a few decibels.

Throughout the entire game, Matthew sat quietly listening to her instructions. His delicate fingers scrolled the phone display slowly, controlling the hero, but his gaze was fixed on Veronica, who was almost entirely engulfed in his embrace.

He could faintly smell her scent, as well as the fragrance of her shampoo from her hair.

As a result of his inattentiveness, his Angela was instantly killed by a hero who jumped out from the bushes nearby.

“Flicker, flicker now! Hey, I’ve already said to use the flicker move! What are you doing?”

Veronica was furious. She turned around and glared at him, saying, “If I knew earlier that you were so stupid, I wouldn’t have agreed to teach you. No, I should’ve raised the fee.”

“... don’t really know how to play this.”

Despite her shouting and scolding at him, Matthew didn’t seem to be angry.

Instead, it was Veronica who was enraged.

“Come on, I’ll sign in my account and guide you around.”

She did not realize that she was getting too close with him, to the extent where they appeared to be intimate.

Upon finishing her sentence, she stood up, intending to take out her phone and log into her account to play the game with him.

And the moment she stood up, his embrace felt void, and the elation he felt earlier faded instantly.

His eyes dimmed in that second.

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However, when she took out her phone and saw the battery level, she muttered, “Oh no, out of battery. Matthew, do you have a charger for an Android phone?”

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“No.”

“What shall we do, then?”

“I’ll ask Thomas to send one over later.”

“That’s fine. Send him a message after you finish this round.”

“Okay,” Matthew answered.

She then continued to guide him, with Matthew learning diligently.

After

ending this round, he began to talk to divert her attention, and by the time she remembered that he needed to text Thomas, the next round had already begun.

This went on for tens of rounds.

They went on until about five in the morning. By then, she was already so sleepy that she fell asleep on his shoulder; her head tilted as if it was about to fall. Noticing this, he raised his hand to support her head, but she unconsciously lay down in his arms.

He locked his phone and put it aside. The entire living room fell silent in an instant.

She was sound asleep in his arms, and he let her do so while crossing his legs and placing them on the coffee table.

Being so noisy usually, she was finally quiet now. Looking at her face which was almost identical to Tiffany's, he felt that they were similar, but not entirely alike.

Her facial features were delicate, and her complexion was fair. Together with the fine contours of her face, she looked beautiful.

While she was lying down, the raven hair of hers slid across her face and covered her beauty.

Seeing this, Matthew swept her bangs aside with his fingers and kept them behind her ears.

However, her skin was so delicate and smooth that he couldn't take his fingers away from it when he touched it.

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Only when she was in a deep sleep did he stand up and carry her in his arms to the room, where he placed her on the bed.

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Then stop himself from leaning over and kissing her lips.

Her lips were soft and tender, and had a faint sweet smell. He was completely engrossed in this feeling.

"Uh..." Veronica felt someone blocking her airway and groaned uncomfortably.

Hearing that, he let go of her instantly.

It was just that her silly-looking face looked too cute at the moment.

“Do you like her?”

In that split second, this question flashed through Matthew’s mind.

This guy, who was smiling just seconds ago, was taken aback by his own thoughts. He stared blankly at the woman in front of him.

Like her?

How could this be possible?

He had spent his entire life focusing solely on his career, and he couldn’t possibly like such a country girl now.

His face turned cold when he thought of these.

He then stood up and left the room quickly.

It was as if he was running away from her.

Standing in the living room, he sent a message to the group of Bloomstead’s four young masters. ‘Let’s drink at our old place.

He then went downstairs and entered the club’s private room, Number 8888.

Twenty minutes later, two of his friends, Caleb and Skyler, entered the seemingly empty room.

Caleb Shaw, the only successor of the Shaw Family. But his mind was set on upholding justice. Hence, he enrolled in a police university despite his family’s objections and was now an inspector in the police station.

And Skyler Robins, the youngest and the most unusual doctor in Bloomstead.

His suave and unrestrained appearance gave the impression that he was indecent, but instead, he was a gifted doctor at the top of the country’s list.

However, he had left the medical field to pursue his career in business.

“Matt, why did you suddenly want to drink?”

With an arm around Caleb’s shoulder, Skyler walked toward Matthew and teased, “We haven’t seen you in a while, and we thought you had forgotten about us now that you’ve gotten yourself a wife.”

Caleb was the quieter of the two. He simply inquired indifferently, “Is there anything bothering you?”

“Stop saying the impossible, Caleb. Matt is now having a good time with his wife. What could possibly be bothering him?” Skyler patted his shoulders and made fun of him. “Not everyone is as unromantic as you, a wooden block.”

The two of them sat next to Matthew, one to his left and the other to his right.

Matthew raised his glass and had a sip. “Where’s Miguel?”

“He couldn’t come as he had something on,” Skyler replied. At the same time, he, too, raised his glass, and they all clinked their glasses, finishing whatever that was left in them

After finishing his drink, Skyler set his glass down and moved forward to select a song. The volume was turned down so that it wouldn’t affect their conversation.

As he took the microphone and began to sing along with the music, he overheard Matthew asking Caleb, “What is the behavior of loving someone?”

“What the heck are you saying?” Shocked by what Matthew asked, Skyler who was ready to sing dropped his microphone.

He quickly turned around and sat beside Matthew. “Matt, please repeat what you just said. What? Behavior of loving someone? Oh my God, don’t tell me you’ve fallen in love with that girl, Tiffany?”

“Miss Larson possesses both beauty and talent. As such, it’s no surprise that no man could resist her,” said Caleb, the unromantic guy.

Matthew took a sip of his wine while holding his glass with his delicate fingers and said, “You haven’t answered my question.” As he spoke, he cast a glance at Skyler.

Skyler and Xavier were birds of a feather who flocked together, both being playboys.

However, as Skyler was now in charge of a multimedia agency, he was no longer surrounded by a diverse range of women from various industries, but rather by celebrities.

“The behavior of loving someone? A day apart with her would feel like years. You want to be with her all the time, and kiss her as well as being intimate with her whenever you see her. Even doing nothing with her is wonderful.”

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Skyler, a love expert, shared his views.

Matthew glanced at him doubtfully, feeling what he said was meaningless. He then turned to look at Caleb, the boring guy, as if he believed Caleb more.

Unexpectedly, Caleb nodded seriously, and said, “Basically... correct.”

Receiving such a positive response, Matthew frowned slightly. He went silent for a few moments before raising his glass and finishing the wine in it.

Caleb and Skyler looked at each other, puzzled.

“What is this reaction of yours, Matt? Have you really fallen in love with Tiffany?”

“Miss Larson is his wife, and it’s natural for him to love her. It would be unusual if he didn’t.”

Veronica’s face showed up in Matthew’s mind as he listened to what they said. “It’s not her,” he said, gripping his glass tightly as if he was unable to accept the reality.

Matthew

was still doubting himself before this, but after hearing what Skyler said, he confirmed his suspicions. Such as the night when he didn't stop Veronica from leaving the condominium, he was restless and irritable for the entire day. That was the reason he came up with ideas for her to appear before him. Moreover, he wanted to hug her the moment he saw her, and even when she was sleeping, he kissed her silently. It was only out of moral obligations that he didn't do anything else to her.

But what Skyler said, especially the last part about doing nothing with her being wonderful—that was spot on.

"What, not her? You're saying it's not Tiffany?" Skyler was stunned, and he couldn't believe that Matthew said that. He immediately pursued, asking, "Who would it be if it's not her? Don't tell me you're hiding another woman?"

Caleb was equally surprised. Skeptically, he looked at Matthew, waiting for his answer.

But Matthew remained silent. He simply raised his glass with his slender fingers and silently drank his wine.

Both of them, as outsiders, were more anxious than Matthew.

After a while of suspense, Skyler slapped Matthew's back and uttered, "Come on Matt, answer us. I'm getting anxious here. How long do you want to keep us waiting?"

Still, Matthew remained silent.

Instead, it was Caleb who broke the suspense. He looked like he was seriously pondering over something and asked, "Don't tell me it's the god-granddaughter that Old Mrs. Kings said she was going to take?"

Clever enough to be perfectly accurate, him being a policeman came as no surprise.

"What're you saying, Caleb? That's impossible."

Skyler believed Caleb's guess was incorrect and proceeded to analyze the situation before explaining to Caleb, "Look, the god-granddaughter that Old Mrs. Kings wanted looks exactly like Tiffany. Further, that girl is just a country girl who is not presentable at all. Matt doesn't even like Tiffany, so how would he like another girl who resembles her? It's too far-fetched."

He shrugged and gave a confident smile, before raising his glass and clinking it with Matthew's. "Am I right, Matt?" He took a sip of his wine.

However, while he was drinking, he heard Matthew answering in a deep tone, "I guess it's her."

"Pfft— *Cough... cough...*"

Hearing that, Skyler spurted out the wine in his mouth while coughing nonstop. "*Cough...* What the f*ck. I nearly choked myself to death. Matt, what nonsense are you saying?"

“And you’re still unsure about this?” Caleb sensed Matthew’s hesitation and reservations in his words.

Matthew shook his head slightly. “I was uncertain before I came here, but now, I’m pretty sure.”

“I assume she’s the girl you risked your life to save from the fire? Oh my, when I heard that from Thomas, I wondered since when you became such a great man, it turns out that you were saving *that* girl!”

While drawing tissues to wipe the spills on his clothes, Skyler murmured in his heart, *Who is this fery lady who enchanted Matt? I must meet her. I must!*

“Since you like her, why did you sleep with Tiffany then?” Leaning on the sofa, Caleb asked nonchalantly with his legs crossed.

Caleb was tanned, and his hair was cut in a standard buzz cut. Nonetheless, as he was a policeman who had to face hardships every day, he gave off the impression of being very healthy, pleasing to the eyes and attractive. Particularly, he was a man of few words. Further, he appeared very decent, and people could sense his righteousness by just a glance.

“That was an unwanted incident.”

As he spoke, Matthew recalled that time when he was overseas. He got drunk after socializing because of his job and had no idea what happened later that made him sleep with Tiffany.

But she got pregnant after that, so he had to take the responsibility.

“Tsk—

tsk, you don’t appear to be such a responsible man. But this is a simple matter to resolve. Even though Old Mrs. King wants to have great—

grandchildren and you need to marry Tiffany, you can just spend some money and keep your godsister as your mistress. You know how it is with women; they can be easily pacified by gifting them luxurious cars and expensive bags.”

Skyler raised his hand

and patted Matthew’s shoulder lightly. “Besides, being such a handsome man like yourself? Any woman will be throwing themselves at you! There is nothing difficult in handling just one of them.”

“Shut up!” The moment Skyler finished his sentence, Matthew glared angrily at him.

That night, Matthew drank a lot, so much that he had no idea what was going on around him. He had no idea why he felt heavy—

hearted upon realizing his true feelings for Veronica. It was more depressing than what he felt on the day he knew that Veronica “liked” Xavier.

They drank until dawn, and Matthew was already passed out while lying down. Skyler, who was slightly drunk, shrugged and spread out his hands while

looking at Caleb, who was wide awake. “Tsk tsk. Matt’s really fallen for the girl now.”

Hearing that, Caleb merely took a glance at Matthew who was sleeping on the sofa. He understood Matthew’s feelings, but he kept silent.

Skyler took his phone out and called Thomas. "Thomas, send me the phone number of your boss' godsister."

Thomas was confounded by such a call in the wee hours, with Skyler asking for Veronica's contact. "Young Master Skyler, what do you want Miss Murphy's number for?"

"Stop asking so many questions and just send me the number quickly!"

"Uh, yes sir. Please give me a moment." Thomas hung up the call and immediately forwarded Veronica's contact to Skyler.

At the same time, Skyler and Caleb were both supporting Matthew as they entered the elevator. They were both sending Matthew back to his private condominium on the upper floors of Twilight Club.

Ring

The elevator reached the upper floors and stopped.

They swiped the entry card, entered the condominium while holding on to Matthew, and placed him on his bed in his room. They exited the room only after settling him.

Upon entering the living room, Skyler saw the bottle of Romanée-Conti of the year 1945.

That was the expensive wine in Matthew's car that Thomas had delivered the night before after driving Matthew's car back to the basement parking lot.

Matthew was learning about games from Veronica at that time, and thus, when Thomas brought the bottle over, he merely left it on the table.

"Oh my, Caleb, look. Is this the bottle of wine from New York's Sotheby's auction that someone had given to Matthew a few years ago?"

Skyler had excellent taste. He recognized the wine by just one look at the bottle, and he couldn't help but be intrigued.

Suddenly, the door of the second bedroom swung open. Veronica, neatly dressed but wearing slippers, stood in front of the room, and was stunned upon seeing the two guys in the living room.

Alarmed, she asked, "Who are you two?"

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Skyler was so startled by Veronica's sudden appearance that he nearly lost his grip on the wine bottle. *Matthew's such a badass! He's really keeping the woman as a mistress. Since he's already keeping her as a mistress, why would he drink like a fish? What is he acting so mawkish for?*

Keeping silent as usual, Caleb looked Veronica up and down without saying a word, whereas Skyler put down the wine bottle, sized her up with an evil leer, and flirted, "Wow, what a pretty babe we've got here." Having met Tiffany in person, they had to admit that Tiffany did have the mild disposition and easy manner of a well-

bred young lady from a respectable family. On top of being gentle and demure, Tiffany exuded the qualities of a pampered and refined young lady of note. This woman, on the other hand, was dressed plainly. Despite her striking resemblance to Tiffany, she had a coldly elegant air about her that made her attractive somehow.

"I'm asking you who you guys are! How did you get in here without permission?" Veronica asked while looking around, but she didn't see Matthew anywhere.

Folding his arms across his chest in a raffish manner, Skyler motioned at the door, saying, "I walked in here, of course. The door's right there."

"Isn't that bullsh*t? Could you have crawled in here?" Veronica gave Skyler a disdainful look. "Who are you guys looking for?"

Skyler's curiosity was piqued by the woman. He couldn't help but joke, "Hey, babe, isn't your attitude a little too much? We're sworn friends with Matthew, so that attitude of yours won't do."

Veronica shot back, "What kind of attitude do you want, then? Do you want me to worship you and make offerings to you like you're a god or something?" *What a lunatic! As expected, birds of a feather flock together. Matthew's buddies are like him; they're condescending, as though they're anxious to be spoiled by people all over the world. He's simply nuts.*

Skyler didn't expect Veronica to talk back to him. Dumbstruck at first, he then looked back at Caleb and couldn't hide his amusement. "Ah, you're quite interesting, babe. Wanna consider making friends with me?" He raised an eyebrow at her with interest.

Veronica

shot a scornful look at him. "Cozying up to me like a toady right now after talking down to me just a moment ago, huh? What a quick change of attitude." With that, she turned toward Matthew's room without bothering to continue entertaining such a frivolous man.

Skvier was quite slippant on most occasions, but he had never been dissed like this by a woman before. Internally displeased, he decided to pretend to teach this fiery tempered woman some manners, so he grabbed her shoulder, saying, "Stop right there! Take back what you said just now, babe, or I'm gonna kill you."

Veronica paused in her tracks before turning her head slightly to give Skyler a : disdainful look out of the corner of her eye. "You're the one who showed me how to be a toady and a stuck-up snob at the same time. You're condescending to me one moment and playing up to me the next. weren't you the one who said those words yourself? If somebody has to take back what they said, you're the one who's gonna do

it."

Rendered speechless by Veronica's words, Skyler was simmering with anger. After all, when had he ever been trifled with like this by a woman? He felt that he had been challenged. *F*ck, to think that I'd be challenged by a woman!* "I'm gonna count to three. If you don't apologize to me, I'll make you crawl out of here!" he warned in a stern voice.

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Caleb looked at Skyler before turning to look meaningfully at Veronica. After raising his eyebrows with interest, he settled back on the sofa right away, folding his arms across his chest—while watching the man and the woman with great interest.

“Get off me!” Veronica warned in displeasure.

“Three...”

“Let go of me!”

“Two...”

Skyler was still counting, but he didn’t notice that Veronica’s little face had darkened in anger with deep furrows in her brow. The next instant, she grabbed the hand he placed on her shoulder and threw him over her shoulder right away with one swift movement, flinging him heavily onto the ground with a loud thud.

Skyler felt like the world had spun around him. Before he could realize what had happened, he had been flung onto the ground by Veronica without the opportunity to resist. “Hiss...” he gasped in pain while boiling with rage. “Damn it! Didn’t Matt say you’re from a remote backwater place or something? Why would you know some self-defense? Ouch, that fall almost killed me...”

“That’s a lot of nonsense. Is someone from a remote backwater place supposed to know nothing? You’re simply nuts!” Veronica let out a snort. “What an idiot.”

At the sight of the scene, Caleb couldn’t help but laugh inconsiderately. “Pffft...” Unlike Skyler, he found this icy-looking woman quite impressive. All of a sudden, he more or less understood why Matthew would be interested in this woman.

Veronica withdrew her gaze and stepped over Skyler, who was lying on the ground... Just as she was heading toward Matthew’s bedroom, his bedroom door suddenly opened.

Stunned, the little lady stood in place without moving.

Matthew was drunk, but he had been woken by the loud noise in the living room long ago thanks to his vigilance. He merely lay still in bed, but when he heard a dull thud, he came out of the room, worried. He opened the room door, only to see Skyler lying on the ground as Veronica stepped over him. *This woman... she really wouldn’t let anyone bully her, eh?* His lips curled into a faint smile as a flicker of amusement flashed across his eyes.

Skyler complained, “F*ck, Matt, you came out at last! Aren’t you gonna teach your woman some manners? She attacked me physically despite me being your buddy. Ouch, it hurts like hell.” Of the four sworn buddies, Skyler was the weakest at fighting, but not even he expected that he would be knocked flat by a woman one day.

Just then, however, Veronica said coldly, “You’re home? It’s nothing, then. I thought your home had been broken into. You guys go ahead and chat. I’m leaving.” Then, she turned around and left right away.

“Hold on a minute,” Matthew called out to her. Seeing that the woman was leaving, he asked, “Is our deal yesterday no longer valid today?”

T

Startled, Veronica looked back at Matthew. “Can’t you be a decent human being, Matthew? Yeah, we’ve got a deal whereby I’m supposed to teach you how to play games. But the normal working hours are eight hours per day, and it’s been eight hours from the moment I taught you at about 12:00AM yesterday until now.” With a straight face, she pointed at her wristwatch, which showed that it was exactly 9:30AM.

“What the hell, Matt? I’m an expert at—”
“Skyler said to Matthew while massaging his aching butt, only to be silenced mid-sentence at once by Matthew’s piercing glare.

“You went to sleep at about 4:00AM yesterday,” Matthew said.

Veronica replied, “Well, I did go to sleep at the time, but you didn’t wake me up either. You’re the person in charge here. Since you didn’t wake me up despite knowing that I was sleeping, it meant you’d silently given consent. So, the hours

didn’t conflict with our deal. Goodbye!” She turned around and picked up several bags of clothes before strutting out of the room under the three men’s stare.

However, as soon as she reached the door, she saw the delivery guy from One Piece Restaurant showing up outside the door. “Good morning. Here’s the breakfast you’ve ordered.” The delivery guy handed a large food insulation box directly to her in a deferential manner.

Veronica was startled, but she couldn’t stop her stomach from rumbling just then. After giving it some thought, she took the food insulation box from the delivery guy.

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“Thank you,” the delivery guy said, before he turned around and left.

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Veronica turned back into the living room while carrying the food insulation box. “He he, Matthew, since you ordered so much food for breakfast, I’d better finish them before leaving. Otherwise, it’ll be a waste,” she said while heading toward the sofa with the food insulation box in one hand and the paper bags in the other.

Skyler was sitting on the sofa and groaning in pain when he saw Veronica coming back. However, before he could call her to account for her excessive use of self defense just now, he was kicked lightly by Veronica, who said, “Get up! Move aside a little.”

Skyler’s lips twitched violently. He wanted to say something, but when he saw the unsympathetic smile on Caleb’s face and how Matthew showed no intention of standing up for him, he voluntarily moved aside to make a place for Veronica.

Veronica put the paper bags containing clothes on the sofa and the food insulation box on the coffee table. As soon as she opened the box, she was greeted by a savory smell. "Wow, it smells so good! I happen to be hungry," she said while taking out the sumptuous breakfast inside the box: "Aren't you a bit of a spendthrift, Matthew? Why order so much for breakfast for both of us?" Her heart ached terribly at the sight of the various dishes in the food insulation box. *This meal is damn expensive.*

At the sight of the scene, Skyler was astounded. Not only did Veronica address Matthew by the latter's first name without the use of honorifics, but she even spoke to him in a rude and even somewhat cocky manner. *Is this what people mean by "spoiling"?* She simply fears nothing, he thought. In Bloomstead, Skyler had rarely seen anyone who dared to call Matthew by his first name or even haughtily chastise him for being a "spendthrift." He felt like his world was being turned upside down.

On the other hand, Caleb's impenetrable gaze shifted back and forth between Veronica and Matthew, making it impossible to figure out what he was thinking.

"Let's eat together," Matthew said. Then, he went to the master bathroom to wash up.

Seeing that the man had entered the bathroom, Skyler immediately moved up to Veronica. "Babe, do you always speak to Matthew in such a haughty way?"

"Haughty? How?"

Wasn't that just normal communication? Matthew is a spendthrift in the first place, so I was only stating the fact," Veronica replied while sitting cross legged on the carpet. After opening the container containing the porridge, she

lowered her head and started to dig in with no intention of waiting for Matthew at all.

"Aren't you gonna wait for him to join you for breakfast?" Skyler asked.

"Why should I wait for him to come and eat with me? Don't tell me that I have to wait for him to feed me."

Skyler was rendered speechless by her reply. *What a conversation killer.* Without saying another word, he slowly walked to Caleb's side and nudged the latter in the arm, exchanging looks with the latter. *F*ck, this little babe is no ordinary woman,* he conveyed with his eyes.

Caleb gave him a look in return. *I noticed that long ago.*

Skyler shot him a glare. *If you noticed that long ago, why didn't you stop me just now? Do you know how much my butt hurt just now?*

Caleb threw him a disdainful look. *Serves you right. You were the one who asked for it.*

Skyler glared at him. *Get lost!*

The two men kept making eye contact while thinking the same things.

After a little while, Matthew came out of his bedroom, having washed up, taken a shower, and changed into a set of clean clothes. After looking at the two buddies sitting on the sofa, he darted his eyes toward Veronica, w

ho was sitting on the carpet. Seeing that she was eating breakfast with relish, he sat down beside her habitually and pushed the glass of specially-ordered milk toward her. "Drink this."

"Okay." Veronica picked up the glass of warm milk and took a sip from it before furrowing her brow. "Matthew, did you poison the milk or something? Why does it taste so weird?" The milk she drank the other day tasted somewhat weird as well.

"It's specially-made milk by One Piece Restaurant. Costs 888 per glass," the man replied nonchalantly.

"888?" Veronica was flabbergasted. Looking at the milk in the glass in bewilderment, she muttered, "Is it his milk produced by a golden cow or something? Why is it so expensive?" As she spoke, she held her head up and drank up all the milk up to the very last drop.

Veronica simply thought that the milk was expensive, but she didn't know that Matthew merely had the medicine that the doctor had prescribed for her added to it,

and that the glass of milk wasn't that expensive at all.

A faint smile appeared on Matthew's stony face when he saw that Veronica had finished the glass of milk. He then raised his eyes to look at the two buddies across from him, only to find two pairs of eyes staring fixedly at him. The looks in their eyes were strange, with a hint of astonishment; it was as if they were in disbelief.

Matthew's smile froze, and the corner of his lips twitched slightly. "What are you guys waiting for? The food's gonna get cold if it's left uneaten."

Caleb glanced at the dining room nearby with a faint smile. Then, he rubbed his nose with an affected smile

on his taut face. "Okay, okay." He was truly astonished, for Matthew would never have made do with having meals on a coffee table in the past. As a cultured man, Matthew always carried himself with the dignified air of a noble and was very particular about his lifestyle. How could he possibly have meals on the coffee table in the living room?

Skyler, on the other hand, was appalled.

Matthew opened a meal box containing shrimp and cheese ravioli.

As soon as the meal box was opened, Veronica smelled the aroma of the ravioli. In an instant, she no longer found the porridge before her appetizing. "Let's swap our meals, Matthew. This is shrimp and cheese ravioli, right? He he, having eaten quite a lot of the porridge you made, I find this porridge bland," she said while holding out her half-eaten bowl of porridge to Matthew, taking the opportunity to take the ravioli before him away.

"Mm-hmm. You can have it if you like," Matthew replied naturally.

Nodding vigorously, Veronica picked up a ravioli and ate it. In an instant, her eyes widened, and she gave a thumbs up. "It's yummy!" She slurred her words as her mouth was stuffed with ravioli. The ravioli was superb, though. It was especially delicious; the shrimps were tender and full of umami, whereas the cheese tasted savory but not overwhelming. Veronica rarely got to eat such delicious ravioli, so she couldn't hold back her desire to share her joy. She picked up a ravioli with a fork and handed it to Matthew. Seei

ng that he didn't take the fork, she held the ravioli to his mouth right away and said excitedly, "Here, have a bite. It's delicious, really. Hurry up and try it."

Matthew wasn't surprised by Veronica's abrupt move. The day he found her in the forest after she went missing in Dawnpol Village, she had shared food with him in a natural manner; it was just that she didn't go to the extent of feeding him herself. He looked at the ravioli on her fork, as if enjoying the wonderfulness of this very

neut.

However, Veronica thought the man was spurning her. "Don't wanna use the fork that has my saliva on it? Never mind then."

Just as she was about to take back the fork and eat the ravioli herself, Matthew grabbed her hand and brought the ravioli into his own mouth, munching it slowly.

Her head tilted to one side, Veronica stared at Matthew with a look of anticipation, anxiously waiting for him to praise her, as though she had made the ravioli herself. "How is it? Isn't it super-duper delicious?"

"Not bad," Matthew replied.

"Not bad, you say?" Veronica knitted her brows as the smile on her face vanished at once. "You're too picky, don't you think? Seriously, I wonder how you grew up while being such a picky eater. You can cook nothing but porridge, yet you keep whining about your food every day. What kind of a person are you? Tsk."

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Just as the couple were having a conversation, the plate that Skyler was holding slipped out of his grasp and dropped onto the coffee table with a loud clatter. *What the hell? Is the guy before me still the germophobic Matt? He actually made breakfast for this little babe? He actually used the fork that this little babe had used? He actually enjoys being chided by this little babe?*

Skyler felt that he must have gone insane. His mind must have been befuddled; he must have been dreaming about such a side of Matthew. He turned to look at the

equally stupefied Caleb next to him in a daze. "Caleb, hurry up and give me a slap! I must be dreaming."

Like Skyler, Caleb was so shocked by Matthew's behavior that he didn't come to his senses for a long time. Upon hearing Skyler's words, he nodded with a stiff neck, raised his hand, and slapped Skyler directly across the face.

The slap was so hard that it knocked Skyler down on the sofa right away, and the resulting pain instantly brought him to his senses. Covering his cheek with his hand, he screeched at the top of his voice, "F*ck, it hurts like hell! Were you trying to kill me with a slap to my face, Caleb? Ouch, my face!"

However, Caleb shook his hand and replied, "Well, my hand hurts too.. which means you're not dreaming."

Skyler winced in pain with a visible slap mark on his cheek. "Of course! How could your hand not hurt? My cheek has nearly swollen up! Were you taking the opportunity to take revenge on me? Damn it, Caleb, if my face is disfigured, this will be the end of our friendship!"

"Well, I just feared that you couldn't distinguish between dream and reality if I didn't slap you hard enough" Caleb explained.

"That being said, you shouldn't have slapped the hell out of me!"

"Do you think you'd still be alive if I had slapped the hell out of you?"

"F*ck! What the hell's going on here?" Skyler was quite annoyed.

Before he could get his anger off his chest, however, he heard Veronica mumble, "Matthew, does your friend have a screw loose or something? Should we call for an ambulance? The way I see it, he's suffering from some serious mental issues." Then, she turned to look at Matthew and whispered, "Did your friend just sneak out of a

mental asylum? Oh, dear! That'd be pitiful. He's quite handsome; it's just that something is wrong with his mind, which is a waste of his good looks. What a shame." She thought she was speaking in a low voice, but unbeknownst to her, Skyler heard her words very clearly and was so enraged that he was nearly unable to breathe.

Shooting an impassive glance at the two men sitting across from him, Matthew quite agreed with Veronica's words. "Perhaps you're right."

Caleb massaged his burning palm while eyeing Matthew and Veronica. Immersed in shock, even he was unable to recollect himself for a long time, let alone Skyler.

Veronica didn't put down her fork until she finished the ravioli. After wiping her mouth clean, she stood up, picked up the paper bags, and said to Matthew, "You guys have a chat, then. I'm leaving first." As she spoke, she walked past Matthew. Before she left, she even took a sympathetic look at Skyler and gave Matthew a worried look, signaling to him with her gaze.

Matthew followed Veronica's gaze to look at Skyler. Then, he saw her point at her head and mouth, 'He's not quite right in the head. You'd better stay away from him.'

Unable to contain his amusement, Matthew nodded slightly with a chuckle and watched as Veronica left the apartment with the clothes.

Suddenly, his cell phone beeped with an incoming text message. He picked up the phone and glanced at its screen, only to see that it was a text message from Thomas. It read, 'Young Master Matthew, Miss Larson is here.'

At the sight of the text message, Matthew's eyes darkened slightly, but he merely texted 'OK' in reply.

After Veronica had left, Skyler jumped from his seat and rushed toward Matthew in a flash. "Be honest, Matt—how long have you been in love with that woman?" *This is simply the hottest news of the year!* Skyler once thought that Matthew would never fall in love with any woman. Even though he knew that Matthew was going to marry Tiffany, he thought it was because Matthew lacked a wom

an. He thought Matthew was merely forced to get married because the position of Mrs. Kings couldn't be left vacant. Otherwise, he absolutely believed that Matthew would've chosen to stay unmarried.

"Does she know that you're going to marry Miss Larson?" Caleb asked thoughtfully.

Sitting on the sofa, Matthew lowered his eyes in deep thought. "Yeah, she does."

Skyler leaned on Matthew while wrapping his arm around the latter's shoulders in a

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brotherly fashion. "Answer me, Matt. Don't avoid answering my question."

Matthew replied, "I'm not sure." His thoughts were in a whirl as he gazed at the half eaten bowl of porridge on the coffee table with fathomless eyes. He recalled the moments he shared with Veronica, but not even he realized when he'd started to care so much about her.

While the three men's conversation in the apartment was still going on, Veronica walked leisurely out of the elevator with several bags of clothes in her hands. At first, she had disdained taking these clothes from Matthew's apartment, but she recalled the one million she had spent in the bar the other day. Then, recalling how Matthew had deliberately embarrassed her yesterday by calling the police for a bottle of wine, she decided to keep these clothes.

She planned to put these clothes up for sale online and sell them at a discount. She figured that doing so would allow her to get most of her money back and recover part of her losses. Humming a little tune, she merrily walked out of Twilight Club's lobby.

It was already close to 10:00AM at this moment, and there were very few people in the lobby. Paying no attention

to the presence of others, Veronica lowered her head and toyed with her phone, but after she left, a person emerged from a corner.

The person was none other than Tiffany. After glancing back at Veronica's receding figure, she turned to look at the private elevator, the floor indicator of which showed the digit "1." The elevator led to the top floor and was dedicated to Matthew's use. Besides Matthew, Thomas was the only other person who could use the elevator at will. *But why would Veronica come out of the elevator with several bags in her hands?*

Tiffany frowned with a vicious look in her eyes. Standing where she was, she pondered for a moment before making a phone call. "Help me check the surveillance footage of the private elevator lobby on the west side of Twilight Club over the past few days at once and see if a woman has shown up." After giving the instructions, she ended the phone call.

The private elevator went up before slowly coming down. When the elevator door opened, Thomas was standing inside. Upon seeing Tiffany, he gave her a slight nod. "Sorry to keep you waiting, Miss Larson."

The anger on Tiffany's fair and pretty face vanished all at once. She replied with a gentle smile, "Thank you for picking me up, Mr. Ritter."

“You’re welcome, Miss Larson.” Thomas sized Tiffany up with a meaningful look in his eyes. Then, he asked, “Did you see anyone when you arrived just now?” He had sent Matthew a text message when Tiffany arrived. Matthew merely replied with an OK, which meant that Veronica was probably not upstairs. However, he knew very well that Veronica was upstairs last night. *Could Miss Murphy have left? In that case, could Miss Larson have run into her?*

Tiffany’s beautiful eyes froze slightly. For an instant, there was a look of surprise in her eyes, but it disappeared so quickly that Thomas didn’t notice anything wrong at all. Her heart skipped a beat, and she couldn’t help becoming nervous. *Could it be that Thomas also knew Veronica had come to Matthew’s apartment?*

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“No, I didn’t. Who do you expect me to see, Mr. Ritter?” Tiffany asked with feigned ignorance.

Thomas smiled at once. “No, nothing. I just wanted to ask if you had seen Miss Carson leaving.” He cleverly made up an excuse. Miss Carson was one of the secretaries in Spinfluence Group’s secretarial department, so it was normal for her to make contact with Matthew.

“No, I didn’t.” Tiffany stared fixedly at Thomas without blinking. When her keen eyes noticed the flicker of guilt in his eyes, she instantly realized that he was hiding something

Ding! The elevator reached the top floor.

Stepping out of the elevator, Thomas made an inviting gesture. “You may go in, Miss Larson. Young Master Matthew is inside. I’ll be going down first.” It would be improper for him, a personal assistant, to play gooseberry when the engaged couple were alone in a private space.

“Oh, okay.” Tiffany nodded. Carrying her handbag, she stepped out of the elevator in high heels. After reaching the door to the living room, she knocked on the door, which opened automatically for her to go inside.

In the living room, Skyler was bombarding Matthew with questions about Veronica, whereas Caleb sat a side and listened quietly without saying a word. When the living room door suddenly opened, they looked at the door and saw Tiffany coming in.

Skyler’s eyes widened involuntarily; he grabbed Caleb’s arm and pinched it hard. “Holy sh*t, why’s she here? It’s lucky that Veronica’s gone. Otherwise, wouldn’t she have caught Matt in the act?” he whispered to himself.

However, as soon as he finished his sentence, Matthew immediately shot him a threatening glare, sending a chill down his spine while causing him to let out an involuntary gasp of fright.

Tiffany said, “Matthew? Oh, Skyler and Caleb! So both of you are here 100?” She had been suspecting just now that something was going on between Veronica and Matthew, but her mind was put to rest when she saw Skyler and

Caleb. She thought she had worried too much just now. Even if Veronica did come, it was a best because

Matthew had something to give her. After all, Veronica was Elizabeth's god granddaughter, so it was understandable for them to be in touch with each other

Furthermore, what else could happen between them in the presence of the upright Caleb?

Forcing out a chuckle, Skyler waved to Tiffany and flattered her against his conscience, saying, "Ho ho, our gifted lady is here! You've become prettier since I last saw you several days ago." Luckily, he flirted with women all the time and was often accompanied by gorgeous ladies, so these words of flattery came to him as easily as breathing. They might sound insincere, but he was used to saying them.

Caleb nodded to Tiffany in greeting.

Matthew asked, "What brings you here?" He looked unperturbed upon seeing Tiffany, but his fathomless eyes rested on her face with a touch of scrutiny, as if musing on whether she had stumbled across Veronica.

"I wanted to go to your office to see you at first, but Mr. Ritter said you weren't there, so I came here instead." Tiffany came to Matthew's side and sat down. Seeing the sumptuous breakfast on the coffee table, she asked, "Matthew, why are you guys having breakfast so late in the morning?"

"Drew and Caleb ordered these since they hadn't eaten breakfast," Matthew replied. Skyler was the fourth child in his family, so Matthew and the others called him "Drew," a nickname that originated from the word "quadruple."

"Uh... Y-Yeah, that's right. Caleb and I were a little hungry, so we ordered something to eat," Skyler chimed in as he eagerly played along.

Seeing how the two men echoed each other's words, Tiffany believed their story, and her bad mood just now instantly disappeared. Sitting beside Matthew, she pursed her lips slightly while turning to look at the handsome man who would soon become her groom. At the thought of this, she felt exhilarated. Holding Matthew's arm in a very natural manner, she said coquettishly in a soft and sweet voice, "Matthew, are you free today? Could you go with me to pick my wedding dress?"

Needless to say, Tiffany was a gorgeous woman with an exceptionally sweet voice, and she could make countless men feel their bodies go limp just by acting a bit like a coquette. However, Matthew wasn't one of these men. "I'm—" he began, before changing his tune mid-sentence upon smelling the overwhelming perfume that Tiffany was wearing. "Don't wear perfume anymore. You're pregnant."

He was only asking Tiffany to stop wearing perfume on the excuse of her pregnancy so that he wouldn't detest her even more. However, when Tiffany heard those words, she felt she was being loved and cared for by the man. Deeply moved, she nodded heavily. "Okay, I'll do as you say, Matthew." *It doesn't matter even if the perfume and*

cosmetics I'm using are safe for pregnant women. As long as he dislikes it, I'll correct it, she thought. Finally she added, "I'll try not to wear makeup and high heels from now on."

"Uh-huh," Matthew uttered impassively with his stony face devoid of expression.

Skyler and Caleb sat on the sofa across from the couple with their eyes focused on them. Upon sensing the very different attitudes Matthew had toward Tiffany and Veronica, they couldn't help but raise their eyebrows and turn to look at each other. Even though they didn't say anything, they understood what each other wanted to say. *Matthew doesn't like Tiffany at all. Doesn't he feel compromised about having to marry her? Did he only choose her because Tiffany, a young lady of note who carries herself with grace and gentleness and is accomplished in everything she does, is the best candidate for the Kings Family's future matriarch?*

"Matthew, let's go pick out my wedding dress with me," Tiffany pleaded. Then, before Matthew could say anything, she turned to look at Skyler and Caleb across from her, saying, "Skyler, Caleb, both of you will be the best men at Matthew and my wedding. Shall we go and pick out our attire together?" As Matthew's buddies, Skyler and Caleb would be the best men at his wedding, of course.

Skyler had a warm personality. Now that a beautiful lady was inviting him, he wouldn't turn her down, of course, so he nodded and agreed without hesitation. "Sure, no problem. As it happens, Matt, Caleb, and I are free today, so it might not be a bad idea to pick out our attire for the wedding," he blurted out without thinking.

As soon as he finished his sentence, though, he noticed Matthew's darkened face, and the smile on his face froze. Immediately, he realized he had said something he shouldn't have—he shouldn't have accepted Tiffany's invitation. That being said, what was said couldn't be unsaid. He scratched his head while lowering his head to avoid Matthew's piercing gaze. He couldn't help but wonder, *Oh, my God! What the hell does Matt mean?*

"Since you guys are free today, let's go together," Matthew agreed for the first time.

The fact that he would agree to go pick out Tiffany's wedding dress with her made Caleb frown slightly. It was a barely perceptible emotional response, but it was sufficient to show how astounded Caleb, a man who rarely showed his emotion, was.

On the other hand, Tiffany was filled with ecstatic happiness. "Okay! In that case, let's go right away." God only knew how long she had been looking forward to this moment. Now that her dream was coming true, this was even more surprising to her than winning the 50-million jackpot! After all, the Kings family's future matriarch was a position that had been coveted by countless women for a long time. By becoming Matthew's wife, she would beat thousands of women to the draw.

Chapter 158

After leaving Matthew's apartment, the group of four headed for the largest bridal shop in Bloomstead by car.

The bridal shop was a branch of a hugely popular international wedding dress fashion label that was favored by many due to the novel and good—

looking design of its wedding dresses. By the time Matthew and the others arrived at the bridal shop, Thomas had called the shop's owner in advance and asked that the place be cleared of other customers. Therefore, when the group entered the bridal shop, there was no one else inside other than the staff members.

The bridal shop's staff members stood in the lobby in two rows while respectfully awaiting the arrival of the big shots. Upon seeing Matthew and the others, the manager immediately went up and greeted them. "You must be Young Master Matthew. Please come inside," she said. "We've prepared some snacks for you guys. Please come with me."

Matthew didn't want to waste his time in such a place, though. "It's not necessary. Just take her to try on the wedding dresses right away," he replied. Then, he turned and said to Tiffany, "Go take a look and see what kind of wedding dress you'd prefer."

"Alright!" Tiffany replied happily with unconcealed joy and happiness on her smiling face.

At Milady Bridal Boutique, every wedding dress was designed by the top designers of a mainstream international wedding dress fashion label. Moreover, the bridal shop would release a new one-of-a-kind limited-edition wedding dress every month, making the shop the dream place for countless women.

"Please come with me, Miss Larson. Young Master Matthew, please have a seat with your friends at the lounge," the manager said to the group.

With that, Tiffany followed the manager to the second floor to pick out her wedding dress, whereas Matthew and the others sat in the lounge on the first floor while having tea. Despite the fact that Matthew was about to get married very soon, there was no trace of joy on his face.

Skyler exchanged a brief look with Caleb. Unable to hold back his curiosity, he leaned close to Matthew and asked, "Matt, marriage is for life. Have you thought this through?" Once the marriage was formalized, there would be no turning back. There were some things that mustn't be handled in a slapdash way.

Sliding his cup of tea with a contemplative look, Matthew rubbed the cup's surface lightly with his slender fingers.

"Drew is right." The taciturn Caleb patted Matthew on the shoulder with a mournful sigh.

Matthew didn't respond to either of the two men's words for a long time. It wasn't until he finished his cup of tea that he put down the cup, rose from his seat, and said, "Let's go upstairs to pick out our suits." With that, he stood up and headed for the second floor.

Skyler and Caleb looked at each other, at a loss for what to do. After that, they shrugged and shook their heads in helplessness.

At Milady Bridal Boutique, Tiffany had a hard time containing her excitement as she basked in joy the whole time. This was the happiest day for her in decades. After bustling about from noon until 3:00PM, she

finally picked a global limited-edition wedding dress that was one of the most beautiful wedding dresses at the shop.

After settling on the wedding dress in satisfaction, Tiffany left with Matthew. She knew it would be too late to have a wedding dress made to order right now on short notice, so she had no choice but to choose a limited-edition wedding dress. *A little impatience spoils great plans, so I can't make a fuss because of a wedding dress. Otherwise, if Matthew breaks off our engagement then, I'll regret it very much in the future.*

Upon returning to Dragon's Creek Villa, Tiffany said goodbye to Matthew and went back to her home.

Rachel and Floch weren't home. Planning to tell them the surprise after they came back, Tiffany returned to her bedroom to take a rest. She went upstairs with a spring in her step while humming to herself. However, as soon as she lay down in bed, her cell phone rang. It was a phone call from the number that she had dialed this morning at Twilight Condominium to have the surveillance videos looked into. "Did you get your hands on the surveillance footage?"

Twilight Club had surveillance cameras installed, but it was almost impossible for ordinary people to get their hands on the surveillance videos due to the high-end luxury club's excellent privacy. However, Tiffany didn't hesitate to spend a lot of money to find out the truth in order to investigate the relationship between Veronica and Matthew.

"The footage has been emailed to you. Check it yourself" the caller replied before hanging up.

Tiffany, who had been somewhat tired just a moment ago, was instantly wide awake. Lying against the head of the bed, she opened the email on her cell phone, and sure enough, there was a surveillance video attached. When she tapped on the video to play it, what she saw was the scene of Veronica stepping out of the elevator as the elevator door opened. However, when she continued playing the video, it suddenly cut to the scene where Veronica and Matthew entered the elevator together. The timestamp on the lower right corner of the video showed that the scene was recorded the night before.

Initially, Tiffany had thought that the person had emailed her the entire video, but she didn't expect the person to compile all the scenes that had Veronica in them into the video. After playing the video for only about half a minute, she noticed from the video's timestamp that not only had Veronica gone in and out of Matthew's private apartment before, but she even had the access card to the private elevator. To the best of Tiffany's recollection, only Matthew and Thomas had access cards to the top floor, so she never expected Veronica to have the card as well.

Tiffany's face turned ghastly pale all of a sudden. Clutching the phone in her left hand, she clenched her teeth hard even while continuing to watch the video, and her eyes were ablaze with violent rage. *One day, two days, three days... One week, two weeks...* According to the time when Veronica had first appeared on the surveillance video, she had stayed in Matthew's apartment at Twilight Condominium for 17 days. *17 days!*

Without Tiffany's knowledge, Veronica and Matthew had lived together for 17 days. Tiffany couldn't imagine what had happened during the 17 days Veronica and Matthew had spent living together. After all, V

Veronica had once been pregnant with Matthew's baby. Since they had slept together before, there was no way they wouldn't sleep together again while living together.

Tiffany only felt a suffocating pain in her chest. She felt as though she couldn't breathe; even her mind went blank, as though it had been deprived of oxygen. Clutching her cell phone in her hand, she kept gasping for breath as her chest heaved up and down. In the end, she even shivered uncontrollably. "That b*tch! That f*cking b*tch!" She swore to herself to vent her anger.

Suddenly, Tiffany's belly twinged. Clapping her hand over her belly, she thought to herself, *I've got to calm down. I mustn't get angry. The baby is my only bargaining chip. If I miscarry the baby in a fit of rage, I'll pay too dearly for my whistle.* Despite her towering rage, she chose to calm down for the first time, but tears of humiliation ran down the corners of her eyes. She tried to calm down by taking deep breaths, but it took a long time before she recovered herself.

Knock! Knock! Knock! Suddenly, someone knocked on the door.

Rachel pushed the door open and came in. "So you're back, Tiffany! How is it? Did you get to try on your wedding dress with Matthew today?" Having learned from the servants that Tiffany had come home, she entered Tiffany's room, only to find how ghastly her daughter looked. "Oh, dear!" she exclaimed at once, before sitting on the edge of the bed and putting her hand over Tiffany's forehead. "What's wrong with you? Are you feeling unwell or something? Why do you look so pale all of a sudden?"

Upon feeling how much Rachel cared about her, Tiffany felt both aggrieved and resentful; she resented her mother for giving birth to Veronica after giving birth to her back then. *If it weren't for Veronica, that b*tch, I would've gone up in the world long ago and become the happiest woman in the world by now. Not only does that b*tch rob me of my sense of security, but she also seduced my man and shamelessly slept with Matthew while I'm engaged to him!* Struggling to control her emotions, she asked, "Mom, what would you do if somebody wants to rob your daughter of her happiness?"