

Chapter 182 Blessings From Old Classmates, Her Billionaire Husband

“It’s just a formality. You don’t have to worry about it.” “Matthew, I... wanted to ask you something. Did you ever... love me?” Tiffany suddenly asked the question that she had been dying to know in her heart. After she said those words, the other party fell into a few seconds of silence. “I have never loved you.” He has never loved me! Silence followed his answer.

Although it was just five words, the feeling was more akin to someone stabbing a knife right into her heart without notice and the pain caused Tiffany to forget how to breathe. The pain of having her heart torn apart spread across every cell in her body. It was just as expected—he was never in love with her. As to why he was willing to proceed with the marriage, it was all because Matthew wanted to keep the promise of them tying the knot after ‘she had saved him’ and she bore ‘his child’.

He thought that he should be the one responsible for it. That was all. “Grandma said that relationships can be fostered. You can also take your time to slowly learn how to love me once we are married, right?” At that moment, Tiffany looked as pathetic and pitiful as she could ever be. Even the love that she desired looked so laughable. Now that she was facing a man who did not have a shred of feelings toward her, she even had to speak carefully.

Was this the kind of love she really wanted? Tiffany doubted herself. His answer came after a moment of silence. “I won’t.” When she had asked the question, all Matthew could see was the face of Veronica, whom he badly wanted. Even if they looked almost identical, there were still so many subtle differences between them, such as their personality, eyebrows, voices, body... Apart from the elegance that

Tiffany was born with, she was lacking in every aspect when compared to Veronica. However, it was Veronica’s brash and honest personality that he particularly fancied. After Matthew’s words, the other side of the call went dead silent. “From the beginning, I have said that you are a suitable candidate to marry into the Kings Family.

That is all,” the emotionless man added. If what Matthew had uttered earlier was like an icicle that pierced her heart, then this sentence was akin to her posthumous torture. It was pain beyond belief. With a face that was full of tears, Tiffany lacked the strength to even speak. She closed her eyes and hung up in despair. What a sentence, ‘From the beginning, I have said that you are a suitable candidate to marry into the Kings Family.

That is all’. At that time, she did not know whether to feel sad or fortunate about the whole thing. It was not until a long while that she recomposed herself and left the bitterness behind. It wasn’t that she had good composure; it was just that she recently had too much to bear. However, no matter what, the position of the Young Mistress of the Kingses was hers for sure. On the other side, a call from Thomas came right after Matthew placed his phone down.

“Boss, it’s almost time for you to get changed.” “There’s no hurry.” After hanging up, Matthew got up and walked to the bedroom. The sight of Veronica waking up greeted him as he opened the door. When he saw that she was still asleep, the man thought that she looked adorable before his cold face was replaced by a gentle smile. “Morning.” Upon seeing Matthew, Veronica was a bit shocked and felt uncomfortable since his words from last night echoed in her mind.

However, fearing that her reaction would be obvious, she could only pretend to walk in a relaxed manner to him with open arms. "Morning. As the godbrother and the groom of today's wedding, shouldn't you have prepared a big red packet for me?" She would never miss any opportunity to 'earn money'. Her words stunned Matthew as he replied, "I haven't prepared it yet. However, your share will definitely be included."

"Then, I shall thank you in advance." Lifting her wrist, Veronica looked at the time on her watch. "It's getting rather late, so I should be heading to the office now. I wish you... a happy wedding." After that, she walked past him and left in a rush. It was already 7:00AM after she headed to the office and finished freshening up. Since all of the employees had clocked in at 7:00AM sharp, everything was good to go.

At around eight o'clock or so, Veronica was already patrolling the wedding venue when she suddenly received a call. Whipping out her phone, she saw that it was Melissa calling. "Is there anything you want by calling so early in the morning?" "Veronica Murphy, you are such a heartless person.

How could you utter such cold words when I've been missing you so much?" Melissa snorted. "Why do you care whether I've hurt you when you have already said that I'm heartless?" "You..." Angered to the point of speechlessness, Melissa then continued, "You know what? Never mind.

I don't want to continue with this pointless argument. Oh, right, today is my idol's wedding. Are you attending it?" Even through the phone, Veronica could feel how relaxed and easygoing Melissa sounded. "Don't you love Matthew very much? Why are you so happy now that he's about to get married?"

This did not seem to make any sense at all. "I'm definitely sad to see him getting married, but this will not affect me attending the ceremony. When will you be coming over? There will be something truly spectacular to witness later, so make sure that you do not miss it." "What... do you mean by that?" Veronica, who had a great sixth sense for such things, had already felt that something was about to occur.

"The wedding of the century. A woman's dream coming true. You really shouldn't miss it. Anyway, I'll see you there later. Bye." After saying that, Melissa hung up. At the same time, over at Dragon's Creek Villa, all of Tiffany's close friends and associates had arrived to attend her wedding.

Caitlyn West, an old classmate, was the first to come into the room to give Tiffany her wishes. "Congratulations, Tiffany. You finally got your wish of marrying Young Master Matthew. You have really made everyone envious now." Tiffany's best friend, Reese Jorge, walked to the dressing table before giving Tiffany a big hug. "My dear friend, I hope you'll have a happy wedding." Afterward, all of her friends who were present gave their best wishes to her.

The last person who appeared in front of her was the precious daughter of the Dame Family, which was one of four great families in Bloomstead, Ruka Dame. On top of being treated like she was the real princess of the Dame Family in Bloomstead, she was also madly in love with Matthew. However, she did not anticipate that Tiffany would be a step ahead of her to tie the knot with him. Since Ruka was a natural beauty, she was dressed to kill.

Thanks to the further assistance from her makeup, she did not lose out to Tiffany in terms of beauty. Dressed in the exquisite attire by the French designer, Elise Monet, she was able to radiate a unique aura. Now that she had appeared in such a flashy way, her presence overshadowed Tiffany; it was as if

she was hinting that she was here to crash the party. "You really do have good luck, Tiffany." As former classmates, Ruka did not want to attend Tiffany's wedding, but was afraid of the gossip that might ensue if she did not.

Tiffany, who was already agitated by Matthew's words earlier that morning, did not despair any further. Instead, she picked herself up and readjusted her emotions as she sat in front of the dressing table to wait for his wedding car to pick her up. Compared to the grievance she had felt either, the appearance of all her classmates and their subsequent flattery made her feel more vain and elated.

This was especially so when she saw Ruka, who always acted so high and mighty, turning green with envy from the fact that she would soon marry Matthew. It made Tiffany feel like she had already won the game of life. "Thank you for your wishes and for attending my wedding.

Words cannot describe how happy I am right now." Shooting a glance at Ruka, Tiffany knew that she was planning to crash the party today by dressing up so extravagantly. However, she was not angry and merely gave a soft smile. "Ruka, you really do look beautiful today."

Yes, you're beautiful, but you're not the one whom Matthew chose. Then, she added, "Oh, yeah, there'll be a lot of handsome men with promising futures present today. You should make full use of this chance to look for your Prince Charming, Ruka."