

HBH

Chapter 81

Standing in front of Veronica, Xavier couldn't help pausing for a moment as he studied her pale, delicate face. "So, this is the real you."

No doubt, the phrase 'natural beauty' referred to women like her.

Veronica's natural appearance, without her freckles and dark complexion, was so pure and beautiful that it made his heart race even to the point of swooning.

"Mhmm. There's no need for me to pretend to be ugly in the future." She chuckled at that.

In response, Xavier inclined his head. "Good. You look better like this anyway. Women should be prettier and more delicate."

"Is that so? Ha!"

"You look too thin, though. Come on. Let me take you for a meal." With that, he grabbed her hand and led her in the direction of the One Piece Restaurant.

Although it was a chain restaurant, the One Piece Restaurant was costly and not open to non-members. Even if an ordinary person were to enter the restaurant, they would not be able to secure a table.

After entering the establishment, the duo went to sit down at a table next by the window on the second floor, whereupon they began ordering.

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As Veronica scanned the price list, she couldn't help gripping the card in her pocket and thinking to herself,

My goodness! A cabbage stew costs 252? Isn't that just stew made using the heart of a cabbage? What ridiculous pricing!

Yet, it was the cheapest dish.

The starting price for other dishes like the pigeon stew or pork shoulder was upwards of 600 apiece.

After they ordered, a waiter printed them a copy of their order and left it on the table. Glancing with faux carelessness at it, Veronica noticed that the meal cost them 3560.

"Do you know who on earth kidnapped you, Roni?" Xavier finally asked her after the waiter had left.

She shook her head in response. "I don't know, but it seemed like an accident. What's past should be left in the past. I have to thank you for the fiasco with my parents. though."

At this moment, Veronica felt like she owed him so much she could never pay him back

"There's no need for such courtesy between us ' Xavier replied.

He didn't like it when she was courteous toward him because it felt like she was distancing herself from him.

Following that, they chatted about recent events. After Veronica gave him a simple summary of everything concerning the Larsons, Xavier was extremely angry on her behalf. However, he also blamed himself somewhat for not handling a lot of things very well.

“Veronica?” A voice suddenly interrupted them as they were chatting. “What a coincidence. Why are you both here as well?”

As they glanced over, they saw Matthew and Tiffany standing nearby, with the latter’s hands wrapped around the former’s arm. The pair was handsome and beautiful, and they looked well-matched. Yet, the duo was inexplicably hard on the eye.

Meanwhile, the moment Veronica glanced over, she happened to meet Matthew’s eyes. He was staring profoundly at her and wearing an expression of him catching her in the act, as if she was doing something shameful behind his back.

“Matthew and I are here to eat as well, Veronica. Since we’ve bumped into each other, why don’t we... eat together?” Tilting her head to look at Matthew next to her, Tiffany thought of something and she asked Xavier, “May we, Mr. Crawford?”

Of course, she was acting of her own volition and completely not seeking Matthew’s opinion.

“You,”

Right as Veronica was about to say something, Xavier interrupted, “Sure, but we’re not paying for this meal.”

“Well, Veronica is my sister and Matthew’s god-sister, and you’ve helped her quite a bit lately. Naturally, Matthew and I will pay for this meal.” Tiffany seemed to be hinting at something with every sentence, but it wasn’t clear who she was directing her insinuations at apart from herself. After that, she looked at Matthew again.

“You’re fine with that, aren’t you?”

Calmly, he answered, “Sure.”

With that, he sat down next to Xavier, and Tiffany sat down next to Veronica. A waiter was hailed to add more items to their order and more places at the table.

Just like that, the original group of two now became a group of four.

Though restrained in front of Veronica on a regular day, Tiffany was extremely lively at this moment.

“Mr. Crawford, after your argument with your dad about Veronica at my engagement party, how are you and your dad now?”

Talk about hitting below the belt!

Sweeping her a cold glance, Xavier answered impolitely, “Would a father and his son hold any grudges between them? Please think before you speak, Miss Larson.”

The verbal slap embarrassed Tiffany, and she pursed her lips pitifully before continuing, “I-I simply think you like Veronica and worry that your father won’t accept her.”

With the twins seated next to each other, Tiffany and Veronica looked incredibly alike. They both had similarly fair skin and delicate faces-it was only that, with her shortened hair and slapdash attire of a white shirt, pale blue jeans, and canvas shoes, Veronica had all the comeliness of a girl-next-door.

On the other hand, with her waist-length chestnut hair, dusty pink nail polish, latest high-end luxury necklace and earrings, and one-shoulder corset dress, Tiffany had the air of a socialite.

As Xavier studied the sisters, so did Matthew. The more the men looked, the more they discovered that the mole on Veronica's nose added to her attractiveness, and her eyes were larger and more energetic than Tiffany's. Her lips were fuller too. Naturally, she was the slightest bit more attractive than Tiffany.

That was especially the case when considering the light red, fingernail-sized birthmark behind Veronica's ear, whereas Tiffany's skin was blank.

Xavier leisurely took a sip of his beverage before replying, "It doesn't matter whether my father approves of the women I like. It changes nothing."

"Well, you still need to see if I approve," Matthew suddenly interrupted after having kept silent for a while.

Instantly, the atmosphere became tense and heavy, and a sense of hostility permeated the air.

At this moment, Veronica grimaced slightly. After all, she wasn't attracted to Xavier, and he only said those things at the engagement party to protect her. How had they reached the misunderstanding they had now?

Yet, Xavier's expression grew darker the moment he absorbed Matthew's words. "What right do you have to interfere with my and Veronica's business?"

Since he was aware of what Matthew did to Veronica not so long ago, Xavier loathed Matthew somewhat.

Thus, he was incredibly resistant to hearing from Matthew now.

Annoyed by the downward turn of the situation, Veronica slapped the table. "Are you here to eat or to argue?"

Her reprimand was loud and shrill, startling enough to cause the people at the tables surrounding them to glare at her. Upon seeing that, Veronica blushed in embarrassment.

Sheepishly, she offered the onlookers an apologetic smile and said in a lower voice, "Sorry for disturbing you." And then, she glared at Tiffany. "No one thinks you're mute just because you aren't speaking."

Single-handedly chastised by her, her three companions fell silent.

Since Xavier was afraid that Veronica was angry, he didn't dare speak. Though Matthew's gaze darkened at her irritation, he said nothing, and while Tiffany was endlessly jealous and resentful of the other woman, she no longer dared to stir the pot.

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As time went on, the atmosphere became increasingly awkward. Thankfully, the waiter happened to deliver the food at this moment.

Only after serving everyone and pouring them each a glass of wine did the waiter finally leave.

Feeling more inclined to ignore her tablemates, Veronica took a huge gulp of her wine and prepared to begin eating, only to realize that Xavier had placed a large chunk of pork shoulder on her plate.

“You’re too thin. Put some meat on your bones.” Like a good man, he was gentle, attentive, and incomparably delicate.

“Thank you.” Without further pomp and ceremony, Veronica picked up the hunk of meat and began to eat. The meat was tender, juicy, and fragrant, melting on her

tongue the moment it entered her mouth. In short, it was exquisite.

While it was expensive, she had to admit it was truly very delicious.

Instantly, she was in a better mood. “It’s fantastic, Xavier. You should try some yourself.” So eager to share the tastiness of the meat with him was she that she reached out with her own cutlery to fetch him some from the common platter. “Try it!” With that, she looked expectantly at him, waiting for his evaluation.

Veronica was clearly coming from the perspective of a foodie eager to share something delicious with a friend, but her actions caused Xavier to pause before nodding with a happy smile. “Alright, I’ll try it.”

The problem was that he had completely overthought her actions and assumed she liked him.

Meanwhile, Matthew watched on and his eyes flashed coldly. In the end, he picked up his glass of red wine to down it in one go.

After chewing the pork and tasting it carefully, Xavier nodded once again. “You’re right; it’s very good. Have some more too.”

As he reached out to get some for her, Veronica interrupted, “I can do it myself.”

With that, she served herself some pork and began to eat heartily.

To a foodie like her, such tasty meat was too good to pass off.

Since the reviews of the meat seemed good, Tiffany got Matthew a piece. “You should try it as well, Matthew.”

Unexpectedly, he pushed it aside. “It’s greasy and high in fat.”

With that, he put a piece of vegetable into his mouth.

Although he wasn’t vegetarian, the pork was inexplicably turning his stomach at this moment.

Somewhat embarrassed by his actions, Tiffany pursed her lips before lowering her head and beginning to eat slowly.

Even though he hadn't humored her, she had achieved her goals.

After all, the reason she came over to have lunch with Xavier and Veronica was for the 'couple' to showcase their 'love' so that Matthew would know Veronica's heart belonged to another.

"You don't want it? That's great!" Standing up, Veronica prepared to move the meat over to her and Xavier's side of the table. "They don't want it, Xavier. Let's share it, then."

Unfortunately, the moment she picked up the platter, Matthew shot her a sharp look. "I might not want it, but Tiffany does."

And then, he rested his fork against the edge of the platter and eyed Veronica, his gaze vaguely threatening.

Pouting, Veronica glanced at Tiffany and said immediately, "Tiffany is a *princess*. Having something so greasy will make her fat and once she's fat, she'll be ugly. It's best if she doesn't have it."

Such precious food will only be wasted on a woman the likes of Tiffany!

That was the reason Veronica had been unwilling to sit down to lunch with them and yet, she had suppressed the loathing in her heart and tolerated their presence at her table because of how expensive the meal was and how much money she could save by eating with them.

"I-I do want it, Veronica," Tiffany said demurely now, her soft voice tinkling like a bell.

The pretentiousness nearly made Veronica throw up last night's dinner.

Long having gotten used to Tiffany's actual colors, Veronica was repulsed by Tiffany's ladylike behavior now.

All of a sudden, Veronica felt pity for Matthew.

After all, if one day, he saw Tiffany's true face after they married, would he...

Tsk! How pitiful. Wait a minute... How gratifying!

"Are you sure?" Veronica asked.

"Yes, I do like the pork shoulder," Tiffany replied.

"Very well." Veronica put down the platter before serving Tiffany an extremely large piece of pork. In all honesty, the former wished she could shove an entire half of the platter onto Tiffany's plate. "Eat it, then-don't waste it. It's good practice to clean our plates."

She'd better choke to death on it!

Fanning the flames, Xavier added, "Yes, yes. Veronica's right. After all, the Larson Family is well-known for its charity. Since you know how hard it is to earn money, you should know the importance of practicing thriftiness and putting an end to extravagant waste."

Tiffany looked down at the huge hunk of meat on her plate and her expression turned dark. Thereafter, she glanced up at Matthew with unconcealed indignation in her eyes.

Unfortunately, he only said, "If you like it, you should have it."

At that, she stared at him, feeling rather speechless.

The distress buoyed Veronica's spirits a lot.

Quietly, the four of them ate.

Since Veronica liked the One Piece Restaurant's delicacies a lot, she helped herself to multiple servings of food before she finally had to set her cutlery down when she could no longer fit anything else into her stomach. "Help yourselves to the rest of the food. I'm going to use the restroom."

Even after Veronica's multiple servings, Tiffany had only finished half of the pork Veronica gave her. Standing up, she intended to go to the restroom as well and she chimed in, "I'll go with you."

By now, Tiffany had eaten a lot and drunk a lot of red wine, and she felt quite uncomfortable indeed.

After the sisters left, Matthew picked up his wine glass and took a sip leisurely before saying lightly, "Stay away from her in the future."

Of course, his sentence was directed at Xavier.

"You should be saying that to yourself." Xavier turned sideways to glare coldly at Matthew. "Don't think I don't know about the beastly things you did in the past!"

"So what if you know? Or do not for that matter?" Matthew scoffed, shooting Xavier a contemptuous look.

With a laugh, the former lifted his wine glass with slender fingers and tipped it back to empty it in one go. So elegant and refined was his posture that, if every moment of the scene had been captured, he could have been turned into a tableau that was the envy of gods and men alike.

Angrily, Xavier clenched his fists. "If you touch her again, Matthew Kings, you and I will become sworn enemies."

"Is that so?" Matthew laughed lightly in response.

Meanwhile in the restroom, as Veronica exited the cubicle after using it, she heard the sound of retching from the other stall. "Ugh... ugh... ugh..."

It was the sound of Tiffany throwing up.

Resting against a wall, she waited calmly for Tiffany to flush and emerge from the stall. "Tsk! What a waste for you to throw up after eating."

As Veronica looked at Tiffany, whose eyes were red due to the regurgitation, the former couldn't help laughing scornfully,

On the other hand, Tiffany clenched her fists in anger. Since Matthew wasn't there, she found no need to act. "Don't get too complacent, Veronica."

“Go back and tell Floch and Rachel that I won’t let them live a day without suffering as long as I’m still alive!” Veronica shot back.

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At this point, Veronica walked up to Tiffany. Lifting her hands, the former wrapped them around Tiffany’s neck and pinned her to the wall. “Also, if any of you touch my parents again, I’ll make sure to bring you to the grave with me when I die!” Veronica hissed.

Recently, for reasons beyond her control, Veronica had been forced to play nice with Floch and Rachel in front of the Kings Family, but that didn’t mean she got along with her enemy now.

“Ugh!” Caught off-

guard by Veronica’s sudden actions, Tiffany could only feel the pain in her neck and the lack of airflow through her lungs. “L-Let go of me... Let go...”

She struggled and tried to resist to the best of her ability, but found that her strength was no match for Veronica’s.

Suddenly, Tiffany was terrified, as she was realizing only now that she had underestimated Veronica’s abilities.

“Let go of you? Of course I’ll let you go. But—

” Veronica patted Tiffany’s cheek warningly with her free hand as she murmured, “—you’d best deliver my message. And by the way, I am now Elizabeth Kings’ god-granddaughter. So, step out of line again, and I’ll make sure that you *never* marry into the Kings Family.” With that, she suddenly let go.

Instantly, air rushed back into Tiffany’s lungs and she took deep breaths as she held onto her neck. At that moment, she felt hurt, pained and furious as she thought to herself, *How is it that I can never outmatch Veronica?!*

Weakly, Tiffany leaned against the wall and glared at Veronica with red-rimmed eyes. “Don’t get too complacent. I’ll get my payback.”

“Let’s see who wins, then!” Veronica sneered before turning to leave.

Instantly, the smile on her face vanished, only to be replaced with a cold, sinister expression.

While she was, in fact, no actual threat to the Larsons, she would never admit defeat.

Even if she didn’t succeed this time, there would always be a next time.

As long as she was still alive, she would make life hell for them.

Once Veronica returned to the table, she found Matthew to be aloof, so she sat down and began chatting with Xavier, completely ignoring the other man.

What she didn’t notice was Matthew’s expression darkening.

At that moment, Tiffany returned, sitting down opposite Matthew and keeping silent, all the while acting as if nothing had happened.

After they were done eating, they paid, with Matthew footing the bill.

Upon bidding the other two goodbye, Xavier and Veronica left.

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Outside the restaurant, Xavier drove up to Veronica in his car. He then left the driver's seat to open the door for her.

At that, Veronica couldn't help laughing. "Oh—Xavier. Surely you're too chivalrous," she teased as she got into the car.

After shutting the door, Xavier looked back at Matthew with a raise of the eyebrows, as if showing off, before getting back into the car and driving off.

Although Tiffany was extremely jealous to discover that Matthew was watching the car leave, she didn't dare say as much. "Let's leave as well, Matthew."

In the afternoon, Veronica went back to work with Xavier, whereupon she took until 6 PM to familiarize herself with the workflow of the company.

Upon leaving the restaurant after they ate dinner together, he told her that he wanted to send her home.

However, Veronica hailed a cab instead and waved goodbye to Xavier. "It's okay; I'll go back by myself and see you at work tomorrow. You've been working very hard lately, so make sure to go home and get some rest!"

"Alright, then. Goodnight." He waved back.

After she shut the car door, the cab slowly pulled away and headed off into the distance.

Half an hour later, it stopped outside the Twilight Club, whereupon Veronica took the dedicated elevator up to Matthew's penthouse on the top floor.

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However, when she entered the penthouse, it was inky dark inside and nothing was visible.

Thinking nothing of it, she moved to turn on the lights, but before she could touch the light switch, someone pulled her into their arms and pressed her against the wall before leaning over her to kiss her.

"Mmf—who are you?" she shouted, but the words came out mumbled as her mouth was blocked.

The kiss was crazed and heated, and the person made use of the opportunity where she parted her lips to speak. Her kisser pried open her mouth to suck on her tongue and savor the taste of her mouth.

Even through the heavy scent of alcohol, Veronica could smell a familiar musk that immediately let her know it was Matthew..

So, she shoved him away and shouted, "Are you crazy?" –

After being shoved away, she heard him stagger for a bit before a loud thud echoed around the penthouse, much to her bewilderment.

Immediately, Veronica turned on the lights, only to see him flat on the ground.

Startled, she paused. *What on earth happened?*

Walking up to him and looking at him lying unmoving on the ground, she lifted a foot to kick him. "Hey. Wake up, Matthew. Wake up!"

There was no response, even after the shout.

Only then did she squat down and gently pat his cheek. "Are you okay? Wake up!"

Yet, Matthew would not wake up. If anything, there was only the audible sound of his breathing

Upon hearing that, Veronica pouted. "What the hell? Is he drunk? Why would he drink so much?" she asked herself in exasperation.

Having no other choice, she leaned down and threw his arm around her neck. Using all her strength, she helped him up before dragging him into the master bedroom and depositing him on the bed.

However, because Matthew was too heavy, Veronica tumbled headfirst into the mattress as she was throwing him down onto the bed. She sighed at that. "He's heavy. I'm so tired!"

Lying on the mattress, she exhaled deeply before sitting up and helping him remove his shoes. After that, she left him to his own devices.

However, before Veronica left the room, she grumbled to herself, "Why the f*ck would he drink so much if his alcohol tolerance is so bad? What was he thinking!"

She assumed Matthew must have mistaken her for Tiffany because of how much he drank.

After all, he didn't dare touch her now that Elizabeth had explicitly ordered him not

10:

Upon leaving the master bedroom, Veronica went into the second bedroom to wash up and change her clothes before lying down in bed with her phone. However, because she wasn't the least bit sleepy, she could only retreat to the study to play a video game.

A few hours later, Matthew woke up from his sleep and went into the bathroom to wash up before changing into a pair of black silk pajamas. After sitting in the bedroom for a while, he went into the study.

The moment he opened the door, he found Veronica frantically clicking on the computer mouse, shouting, "Are you stupid? Why would you come all the way over here just to get killed? Do you even know what you're doing? Take the tower down, quick!"

Currently, she was engrossed in gaming, but because the desk was right in the middle of the room, she only had to turn her gaze slightly to see the doorway to the study.

Only then did she realize Matthew had entered. Quickly, she pulled off her headphones before asking. "You're finally awake, huh?"

As she spoke, she continued to play the game.

Lifting his head to look at the clock on the wall, he asked in a low voice, "Why are you still awake?"

It was already 2 AM, yet Veronica was still gaming.

"Destroy it! Quick, now build it up. Yes! We won!"

Only after she

finished the combat round and looked through the records did she end the session and stand up. "I've finished now. Did you come to the study to... work?"

Matthew's eyes glittered and he nodded. "Mmhm."

"Don't let me keep you, then." She logged out of her gaming account before giving him her seat. "Do your thing. But how did you manage to wake up so soon when you were so drunk?"

Once again, his eyes flashed and he pinched the bridge of his nose. "My head hurts."

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"Well, that's what happens when you drink too much. You don't have a good alcohol tolerance, so don't drink so much in the future, okay?"

Since Veronica was staying at Matthew's place, she was somewhat nicer to him now.

Inclining his head, he answered, "Okay." After going to sit down behind the desk, he asked, "Did I do anything after I got drunk?"

"Do anything?" she echoed. Recalling the kiss he had forced upon her the moment she entered the door, she said, "Don't tell me you forgot who helped you to your room."

In response, he lifted a hand

to rub his nose while thinking about it in apparent seriousness. "Vaguely... I remember it was... Tiffany."

"Oh" Veronica drawled before nodding. "That's fine, then."

From the look of things, Matthew had mistaken her for Tiffany.

If that was the case, he was still someone she could rely on.

For as long as Veronica could rely on him, she would, since she would be able to save up her money while

guaranteeing that she slept safely every night. After all, in the coming days, the Larsons would no doubt try their best to get rid of her.

As long as she was alive, her foster parents would be just fine.

Veronica was certain that, now that she was Elizabeth's god-granddaughter, the Larsons would not dare to lay a hand on her foster parents.

Of course, if she died, she would not be able to guarantee her foster parents' safety.

That was why she fully intended to stay alive—just to spite the Larsons!

Back in the present, after closing the door of the study after her, Veronica retreated to her bedroom and played with her phone for a while before finally falling asleep at 4 AM

The next day at 7 AM, Veronica woke up.

As she left the bedroom after washing up, she smelled something delicious in the air.

It was the aroma of tasty food.

Instantly, her stomach betrayed her by grumbling.

Since she could see Matthew in the dining room, she stretched and walked over to him. "What tasty food are you eating and why didn't you invite me to have it with

you?"

There was only a glass of milk and sandwiches for one on the table.

Incredulous, she stared at him. "Where's mine?"

How dare he make food only for himself?

"Kitchen," he answered before picking up the sandwich and elegantly eating.

Somewhat doubtfully, Veronica headed into the kitchen, whereupon she saw two hard-boiled eggs and a serving of nutty banana oatmeal.

Carrying the things out into the dining room, she sat down opposite him and asked, "Where did you get the food from? I didn't know anyone delivered so early."

To her knowledge, only mom-and-

pop restaurants would open so early in the morning, but the oatmeal she was eating didn't seem to be from such a place.

Moreover, there was no way someone like Matthew would stoop to buying such cheap food.

Shooting her a sharp, unhappy glare, he said, "If you don't want it, you can put it away."

Of course, she understood his meaning, *Keep your mouth shut while you're eating!*

"I want it. Of course I want it. I'll shut up now." With that, Veronica lowered her head to

eat. However, she didn't get too far before she couldn't help sighing, "Ah-

it's fantastic. It's so delicious. Would you like to try some?" She scooped up a spoonful and held it up to Matthew's mouth. "It's the best oatmeal I've ever tasted."

Since the table in the penthouse wasn't particularly large, she only had to lean forward slightly to hold out the spoon to him.

For a moment, Matthew paused in the middle of chewing his sandwich to look at her with a complicated gaze. As their eyes met, each could see that the other had something on their mind.

His pause made her exclaim as she came to her senses, "Oh-

you're fastidious about cleanliness. You definitely won't use a spoon I've used before."

With that, she withdrew the spoon, preparing to put the oatmeal into her mouth.

Right at that moment, Matthew caught hold of Veronica's wrist and leaned forward to eat the oatmeal.

His actions were cultured and refined. Even his chewing motions were enviably elegant and sophisticated.

And then, he let go of her hand.

This time, Veronica was the one to pause for a long moment. "Aren't... Aren't you a clean freak? Did you really put something with my saliva on it into your mouth?"

She was so surprised that her jaw nearly fell open.

"I'm simply getting used to the idea," Matthew answered carelessly.

Somewhat stupidly, she repeated, "Getting used to... the idea?"

At

this point, he cut her a disdainful glance. "Once Grandma announces your identity to the outside world on her birthday, you'll be moving into the Kings Residence. When that happens, we'll have to share a dinner table every day. Don't you think I'll need to get used to the idea?"

"That's true," she said after some consideration.

After all, sharing a table meant there would undoubtedly come a point when they would be helping themselves from the same platter. Once that happened, Matthew would likely be eating the same food Veronica's cutlery touched, anyway, which would be no different from him eating something with her saliva on it.

That was why his explanation seemed reasonable.

Without overthinking everything that just happened, she tilted her head at him and asked expectantly, "Well? What do you think?"

Swallowing the oatmeal, he answered calmly, "It's okay."

His words made Veronica's face fall, and she frowned unhappily before sneering. "Rich people really have too much good food. I can't believe you'd call such delicious oatmeal okay. Doesn't your conscience hurt to say that?"

Deep down, she complained, *Finicky, arrogant son of a b*tch!*

Quietly, Matthew raised his eyebrows at her oatmeal.

Since it was quite a large bowlful—about half the portion of a packet of instant noodles—she groaned upon finishing it, "Ugh! I'm so full."

Stuffed to the brim, she pulled out a paper napkin to wipe her mouth.

"Drink this," Matthew instructed, placing the glass of milk in front of her while she was cleaning her mouth.

Upon seeing that, Veronica paused. "Why are you being so nice to me? Are you making a move on me?"

"It'd be wasted if I threw it away," he answered lightly, getting up to leave the dining room and not forgetting to remind her, "Clear the table."

"Pft!" Veronica scoffed with a slight grimace, rubbing her slightly warm cheek in embarrassment.

To think she had assumed Matthew was being nice to her because he was interested in her. Apparently, he was only treating her as a recycling bin because he couldn't finish his food!

Rolling her eyes, she lifted the glass of milk and downed it in one go before taking the dishes into the kitchen to wash them.

By the time she was done, it was already 8 AM, so she packed up her things and prepared to leave the penthouse.

Coincidentally, Matthew was also leaving.

Glancing at each other, the pair did not utter a word as they entered the elevator.

Ding!

After the doors shut, he glanced out of the corner of his eye at her. "Where are you going?"

"To work."

"Where do you work?"

"Of course it's—

"Having been about to say 'Xavier's company, Veronica corrected herself upon recalling Matthew's distaste toward Xavier the previous evening. "A job interview. I recently submitted my resume."

"Take whatever you can get. Once Grandma's birthday is over, I'll arrange for you to join the Spinfluence Group."

"What?"

Chapter 85

Never did Veronica think that Matthew would arrange for her to work at the Spinfluence Group

"There's no need to be so surprised. It's what Grandña wants," Matthew told Veronica, looking at her with disdain as if afraid she would overthink his decision.

"Can I choose not to go?" Truly, she didn't wish to enter the Spinfluence Group.

After all, it meant she would have to see him at work during the day and at home in the evenings. She couldn't possibly imagine how awful it would be to have to face this dour man every day.

Moreover, she truly hated him..

Spending too much time with him would likely affect her mood.

Ding!

Right at this moment, the elevator doors opened and Matthew strode out on long legs, answering once he was far away from her, "No."

It was in an absolute tone of voice, leaving Veronica with no space to argue.

Staring after him, she rubbed her head. "What the f*ck?"

As she exited the elevator, she saw him getting into his car. Thomas was in the driver's seat, but the back seat door was left open.

Thinking Matthew was so used to having Thomas wait on him that he couldn't even remember to shut his own door, Veronica walked over and kindly reminded him, "Your door's still open." And then, she slammed it shut before waving goodbye to them. "See you!"

Keep the peace at all costs, Veronica told herself.

Now that she was living under Matthew's roof, she had to at least appear cordial so that she wouldn't anger him and be forced to rent her own place.

Food, water, electricity, and property costs were all quite expensive.

However she could save, she would.

That way, she could mail the money she saved up to her foster parents to improve their quality of life. It was her best course of action.

Inside the car, however, Matthew was glowering at the shut door.

Seeing how embarrassed his boss looked through the rearview mirror and coming to an understanding, Thomas rolled down the car window to say to Veronica, "Where do you wish to go, Miss Murphy? Do get in the car; I can send you there."

"Ha! Thank you, Mr. Ritter, but I can walk."

Veronica would be screwed if Matthew found out she was working at Xavier's company

"Uh... ..." Not knowing how to reply, Thomas glanced beseechingly through the rearview mirror at Matthew.

Unexpectedly, Matthew only told him coldly, "Let's go."

"Of course, Young Master Matthew." With that, Thomas rolled up the window, started the car, and drove off.

Meanwhile, Veronica walked out of the garage.

Although the dedicated elevator for the penthouse did reach the Twilight Club lobby, the club was still locked up at this moment as it had not yet opened for the day. With no way of exiting through the front doors, Veronica could only leave the building through the basement floors.

Since Matthew had his own parking space and a driver to wait for him, he only ever exited from the second-floor basement.

On the other hand, Veronica was in a much more dire straits.

After leaving the underground parking garage, she scanned a barcode on her phone and rented a bicycle to take to work.

In the president's office at Xavier's company, she met up with Xavier.

After chatting with him for a bit, she went to the secretariat to learn the skills she needed from the executive secretary.

First, Veronica familiarized herself with the company rules and regulations before reading up on the company background and revenue.

Since she was busy for the entire morning, it turned to noon in the blink of an eye.

While she was still engrossed with her work, a whistle caught her attention. Upon looking up and glancing over, Veronica saw Xavier standing at the door with a crooked smile. "It's time for lunch. Let's go," he said.

"Alright, hold on." Looking up at the clock, she confirmed that it was indeed lunchtime.

And so, she packed up her things and walked with him to the elevator.

Today, Xavier was dressed in a white suit. When he wasn't smiling, he gave off the impression of a distant CEO. Once he smiled, however, he had the handsomeness of a young professional and the roguish air of a particularly likable ruffian.

"What do you wish to eat?" he asked her as they stood in the elevator.

Thinking that Xavier's company was very close to Matthew's Spinfluence Group and wanting to avoid being caught by said person, Veronica decided to drag Xavier along for some fast food. Only at a fast-food restaurant could she avoid bumping into Matthew. "Let's go to Wakey Bakey."

"Sure. That sounds like a good idea."

As they chatted, they walked in the direction of Wakey Bakey.

Meanwhile, at this moment, Matthew and Tiffany were seated in the car as Thomas drove them to a restaurant.

On the busy road, the car kept moving and stopping at intervals. At this moment, Tiffany caught sight of two people by the roadside, and so she said to Matthew, "Isn't that Veronica?" As Tiffany's eyes flashed, she sighed deliberately, "They have such a good relationship. Look at them talking and laughing together. Veronica must like Xavier a lot."

Following Tiffany's pointed finger, Matthew looked over to see Xavier and Veronica looking at each other and shaking with laughter.

Coincidentally, Xavier happened to lift his arm and put it around Veronica's shoulders, pulling her into his embrace. As for Veronica, she did not protest either.

Immediately, Matthew's expression became noticeably grimmer and he narrowed his eyes, hiding the terrifying coldness in them.

Having achieved what she set out to do and seeing that Matthew was not replying, Tiffany changed the subject. "Will you go with me to the hospital this afternoon, Matthew?"

"Whatever for?" he asked carelessly before leaning back in his seat and closing his eyes, pretending to rest.

Pursing her lips, she played with the hem of her skirt restlessly. "My... period is half a month late. I wish to do a checkup."

"I have something to do in the afternoon. Let Thomas send you."

Tiffany's eyes flashed when she heard that and with a curl of her lip, she answered; "Okay."

Just then, the red light at the intersection changed, and the sedan passed through the intersection with the rest of the traffic. Thus, the entire incident went unnoticed by Veronica.

At this moment, she was still happily chatting with Xavier.

After lunch, she returned to work with him.

That afternoon, as Xavier was spacing out in his office chair, Veronica happened to walk in and see him looking lost in thought. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"Well, the organizations in Bloomstead are holding public welfare activities and my dad would like us to send someone to Almeida. I'm trying to think of whom to send." With that, he rested his gaze thoughtfully on her.

"To Almeida? That's pretty far." Veronica thought about it for a moment before saying, "If there's no one else, I can go."

"Are you sure?" Xavier lit up and looked hopefully at her.

"I'm the newbie of the company. There's a lot I don't know how to do and can't help with yet. On the other hand, I can contribute at Almeida. It seems like a pretty good solution."

From the very beginning, Veronica was a kind-hearted person who often went to nursing or welfare homes to help out when she was free.

"You must know Almeida is very far, though. I have no way of accompanying you."

"So what? Aren't you aware of my capabilities? Don't worry about me." Confidently, she thumped her chest, as if to reassure him that she could handle anything he threw at her.

Chapter 86

As Xavier leaned back against the executive chair, he stared at her with an unfathomable gaze. "You can arrange it that way too since I've been quite busy lately. However, don't worry about your parents. Leave them to me; I'll ensure their safety."

The charity event this time was organized by the local government of Bloomstead, so all the major companies had to send representatives to the event.

This time, Xavier's father, Hendric, would be joining the event as well.

As Hendric had always disliked Veronica, Xavier intentionally sent her to Almeida to allow Hendric to get to know her better.

Xavier's intention was to let Hendric know that Veronica was not a simple, naïve girl, as he really wanted Hendric to accept her. Hence, Xavier had been cracking his head over this issue.

Xavier was fully aware that if he were to tell Hendric that he would be going to Almeida together with Veronica, his father would only think that they were merely putting on a show.

"Okay, I believe you. How long do I need to be there, though? When am I departing?"

"You will be departing on the day after tomorrow, but you will be there for two weeks this time."

As Xavier spoke, he stared unblinkingly at her and added, "I can find someone else if you don't want to go."

Two weeks would be sufficient for Hendric to take a proper measure of Veronica's personality

Based on Xavier's understanding about Hendric, the latter would definitely keep an eye on Veronica if he knew that she would show up.

After observing her for two weeks, Hendric would certainly accept Veronica due to her kind and hardworking character.

When the time came, Xavier would confess his feelings to her when she returned.

"I can do it. No worries." Veronica agreed without hesitation because Xavier had helped her on many occasions, so she wished to at least return his favor by giving him a hand in the charity event this time, not to mention the fact that she loved charity events.

After the discussion, Veronica returned to the secretary department to continue with her work.

After work, the two of them had dinner together yet again. In the end, Xavier offered to send Veronica home after dinner, but she rejected his offer as she was afraid that he would find out that she was currently staying with Matthew. "I'll take the bicycle home. I want to work out a bit to lose weight."

As she insisted on it, he didn't press on, and the two of them went separate ways.

It was 8.30 PM when Veronica returned to the Twilight Condominium. There was nobody in the apartment and it was pitch black. –

Feeling exhausted, she plopped herself on the couch, feeling a little drowsy. However, she couldn't fall a sleep.

And so, she went to the study. Matthew wasn't inside either, so she played computer games in the room.

It was 11 PM when Matthew finally returned.

He entered the study and saw Veronica playing computer games as she sat there. Then, he heard her mumbling, "What's so impressive to win ten times in a row in the Grand Tournament?"

At that exact moment, Veronica happened to finish a game. She removed her headphones and saw Matthew standing at the door of the study.

His sudden appearance startled her.

"Matthew, you gave me a fright! Why do you walk so quietly?" She patted her chest to calm her racing heart. "You nearly made me jump out of my skin!"

"You won't be afraid if you didn't do anything wrong." The man undid the buttons of his blue suit with his sculptured fingers. Taking it off, he hung it on the rack. "How's your job hunting going?" he asked, glancing at her.

"Uh... I'm still searching," she replied, avoiding his gaze. She immediately logged out from the game and rose up. "Are you going to work now? I shouldn't disturb you. Goodbye."

Veronica quickly left the study to avoid conversing any more with Matthew and returned to the living room. As she lay on the couch, feeling wide awake, she played with her phone and watched a drama.

At 2.00 AM, Matthew exited the study, only to find an energetic Veronica watching a drama. "Why are you not in bed?" he asked.

"I couldn't sleep," she replied, shaking her head with a pillow in her arms while lying on the couch.

The man slightly frowned. "Did you sleep during the day?"

"No." At that, she sighed. "Maybe I'm just used to sleeping in my own bed. I can't sleep when I change beds."

Matthew didn't comment on that. Instead, he said, "Rest early." With that, he returned to his own room and shut the door.

When Veronica heard the sound of the door being closed, she darted a glance at his door. "This man..." The way he had treated her felt cold, as though he was mad at her. Coupled with his dark expression, the whole fiasco puzzled her.

Without giving it much thought, Veronica continued watching the variety show and intermittently chuckling at the funny moments.

In the bedroom, Matthew felt his gaze deepen when he heard Veronica's laughter from the living room.

Even when it was 4.00 AM, he could still hear her loudly cackling and mumbling something

Thirty minutes later, everything fell silent.

Matthew exited his bedroom, only to find Veronica sleeping on the couch. She was sound asleep with a pillow in her arms.

The man stood before her with his brows slightly furrowed. Then, he bent over to carry her up and took her to her room. He laid her on the bed, and she turned to her side and continued sleeping.

Currently, she was wearing blue halter pajamas over her undergarments. When she lifted her leg and placed it on top of her blanket, she revealed her fair and smooth skin, vaguely exposing her undergarments as well.

Matthew's expression was still cold when he took another thin blanket to cover her before he left

Veronica slept throughout the night until she woke up naturally the next morning. When she opened her eyes, she found that she was in her room.

After her morning routine, she exited the room, only to find a few paper bags in the living room.

She walked up to the bags and cast a glance at them out of curiosity. Looking at Matthew, who was sitting at the dining table, she asked, "What are these?"

"Pajamas."

"We have them, no?" As Veronica spoke, she took out the new pajamas from the bag. The pajamas were sets of comfy short-sleeved shirts and short pants. Truth was, they were relatively modest clothing.

"Oh—these are nice. I thought about buying some. Since there are some new ones here, I don't have to buy them now."

In fact, Veronica had thought about purchasing some new pajamas. After all, halter pajamas were a little inappropriate when she was staying with a man, especially when she had been sleeping on the couch these two nights and Matthew had had to carry her to the room.

If she accidentally triggered something and aroused him, she would be the one to pay for the consequences in the end.

And so, Veronica put down the pajamas. She then walked up to him and smiled. "Thank you, bro."

This woman and her glib tongue, Matthew grumbled to himself. She would address him as 'bro' when she stood to gain any benefits; at other times, she would call his name directly.

Yet, Matthew seemed to have gotten used to it.

However, the next instant, the man shoved a receipt at her. "Remember to pay me back."

Veronica's expression abruptly fell. "Matthew, you are my godbrother. Why are you collecting money from me for the clothes?"

"You may consider paying me back with yourself," he said, scooping up a spoonful of oatmeal and putting it into his mouth.

Veronica held the receipt and glanced at the two sets of pajamas that cost more than 300. The clothes were probably the cheapest clothes that Matthew had ever bought.

As the price was still acceptable, she agreed. "Okay, it's just 300 plus. I can still afford to pay for these." Then, she asked, "Is my breakfast in the kitchen?"

Chapter 87

Veronica entered the kitchen and served herself a bowl of oatmeal before taking a seat opposite of Matthew at the dining table.

The two of them had their breakfast quietly, fully practicing the decent habit of not talking when eating. After they had finished their breakfast and Veronica had put down her spoon, Matthew said, "The breakfast cost 300 per set, so it will be 600 in total for today and yesterday's breakfast. Consider the milk as a free gift. Remember to pay them to me together with the clothes."

His words made Veronica choke on her food. "Six hundred? Is the food embedded with gold? Why is it so expensive?"

"I've spared you the delivery fee considering the fact that you are my godsister," Matthew added with a straight face.

She disdained his actions inwardly. "You did this on purpose because I collected money from you after buying you breakfast."

"It's a fair trade. You may vomit all the food if you don't want to pay."

Matthew sat up straight, holding a napkin in his hands as he elegantly wiped his well defined lips. Even an action as simple as wiping his mouth inadvertently revealed his elegance that had been deeply instilled into him.

"Vomit?" *F*ck!*

They have all turned into poop, so how am I going to vomit them out? Veronica was extremely pissed by his words.

After glaring at Matthew in rage for a moment, she immediately rose up and jogged into her room, exiting with a piece of paper in her hand shortly after that. "Here you go. This is the receipt of the breakfast that I have bought for you."

The next second, she tore the paper into two, folded them into halves and tore them again. She tore the receipt until it became tiny pieces of paper before placing the pile of papers on the table. With a loud voice, Veronica announced, "Look, I've torn the receipt that day. Since we are family, we shouldn't be so calculative. It's not right to do so. *Ha!* Since you have seen me tearing the receipt into pieces, will you forget about collecting money from me?"

The man wore his usual impassiveness on his handsome face as he replied, "I'll consider it."

With that, he rose to his full height and returned to his room. He grabbed his things, changed his shoes at the foyer and left.

Truth was, Matthew's cold treatment frustrated Veronica. "Such a petty man. I don't understand what the heck is going on in his head."

After cleaning up the living room and dining room, she hopped on a bicycle and headed off to her workplace.

It was another busy day in the office. She diligently learnt about her tasks from the other secretaries.

At 12 PM, Veronica had lunch with Xavier as usual, but in the evening after work, she said to him, "I won't be having dinner with you tonight. I have to go and meet a friend. I'll come to the office on time tomorrow at 8.00 AM" :

"Alright, see you tomorrow," Xavier replied unhesitatingly, seemingly in a good mood.

After Veronica had left the office, she bought some fruits and dietary supplements from a nearby mall before she took a cab to the Kings Residence.

As it was during the evening rush hour, it took Veronica an hour to get to her destination from the city center.

However, upon arriving at the Kings

Residence, she spotted Matthew's car parked at one side as soon as she alighted from the cab.

She stood in place holding the things she had bought. She thought to enter the house together with him to visit Elizabeth since he was already here, but unexpectedly, Tiffany exited the car the same time as him.

Veronica's expression instantly fell. Her good mood vanished, so she turned on her heel to leave.

"Veronica, this is such a coincidence! You are here as well." Tiffany exited the car and greeted her.

Just then, Matthew alighted from the car as well. Tiffany walked up to him and held his arm, and they went up to Veronica together.

Veronica stared at Tiffany, silently warning her with a cold gaze. *Have you forgotten about the lesson you learnt, as well as the warning I gave in the bathroom the other day?*

In truth, the incident that had happened in the bathroom the other day had pissed Tiffany off. She had complained about it to her parents but after some discussion, they had decided that she had to put up with it.

Her mother had repeatedly lectured her, "A moment of patience will save you future troubles!"

Although Tiffany was reluctant to swallow her anger, Veronica was able to have her own way by relying on the fact that Elizabeth was her godmother. There was nothing

Tiffany could do no matter how enraged she was.

Holding the things in her hands, Veronica looked behind at the couple that looked great together. Although their looks matched each other well, she still found them an eyesore.

She darted a glare at Tiffany and a glance at Matthew, thinking about how the man had treated her that morning.

In the end, Veronica let out a cold snort arrogantly before she entered the house.

“Matthew, is she... in a bad mood?” Tiffany whispered a question, to which Matthew coldly responded as he stood firmly next to her, “Don’t mind her.”

Therefore, the three of them stepped into the living room one after another.

Elizabeth was seen in the living room. Veronica handed the things to the servants and walked up to her before she held her hands affectionately. “Grandma, how do you feel these days?”

“The news that you are coming over puts me in a great mood. It makes me feel light and happy.” Elizabeth grinned from ear to ear as she held Veronica’s hands, reluctant to let go

“How did you come over?”

“I took a cab,” Veronica responded with a smile.

“Grandma, I’m here to visit you.”

At that moment, Matthew and Tiffany came in through the door.

Upon seeing the duo walking into the room, Elizabeth pointed at the couch without getting up. “Have a seat.”

She seemed much colder than earlier, forming a stark contrast with how she had treated Veronica.

As Elizabeth spoke, she stared at Matthew with a cold gaze, her eyes that were cloudy from old age full of displeasure. “Since the two of you were coming, why didn’t you bring Veronica along so that she wouldn’t have to take a cab?” She started to reprimand Matthew without any proper reason.

Veronica glanced at Matthew through the corner of her eye, but she just sat at one side and watched on without saying anything.

However, Tiffany, who saw the gloom on Matthew’s face as well as Veronica’s smug look, was upset, so she responded, “Grandma, don’t be mad at Matthew. We didn’t know that Veronica was coming as well.”

“You are Veronica’s elder brother and she is your younger sister,” Elizabeth said to the two of them. “Look at yourself—do you act

like an elder brother to her?” The second sentence was directed at Matthew, but considering Tiffany’s relationship with Veronica, it sounded as though Elizabeth was admonishing Tiffany at the same time.

Tiffany clenched her fists, unable to refute Elizabeth.

“Grandma, you are right.” Matthew, on the other hand, gave a cursory reply and sat on one side.

Thereafter, Elizabeth instructed a servant, who was standing on the sideline, “Mrs. Coleman, give me the keys of the pink car in the garage.”

“Yes, Old Mrs. Kings,” the servant replied, then went to get the car keys, while Veronica made small talk with Elizabeth. After a couple of minutes, the servant returned with the car keys and handed it to Elizabeth. She then took the keys and shoved it into Veronica’s hands. “Veronica, take the car. It will be easier for you to come and visit me as well.”

Although Veronica didn’t know much about jewelry, she had a fair share of knowledge in car brands.

The three upward-pointing arrows on the car keys suggested that it was a Maserati, and the fact that it was a car that sat in the garage of the Kings Residence showed that it must be an expensive and luxurious one.

Although Veronica was a thrifty spender and sometimes a miser, it didn’t mean that she had a habit of taking advantage of others.

“No, Grandma. I appreciate your kindness, but I can’t accept the car!”

Chapter 88

Elizabeth had accepted Veronica as her god-daughter because she liked Veronica. However, Veronica refused to take advantage of Elizabeth’s fondness of her by being arrogant and complacent.

Hence, she returned the car key to Elizabeth.

Meanwhile, Tiffany, who took in the scene, was burning in jealousy.

She was aware that Elizabeth was fond of Veronica, but never expected that it would be up to this extent.

Just because Veronica had taken a cab to the Kings Residence, Elizabeth had not only reprimanded Matthew but even gifted her a sports car that had an exorbitant price tag.

At the mention of this, the Kings Family’s status and influence then came to mind. As one of the largest families in their country, they had both the wealth and power, so a car that they purchased would never be one that cost less than 5 million! Although Tiffany didn’t know what type of car Elizabeth had gifted Veronica, Tiffany reckoned that it must have cost at least 5 million!

Yet, such generosity was exclusively for Veronica, which made it impossible for Tiffany not to be jealous of her.

Nonetheless, no matter how envious or jealous Tiffany was, she had to feign a kind and gentle attitude while smiling tenderly. “Grandma, you sure treat Veronica well.”

“Of course she is *my god-daughter*. When I become older and unable to walk, I’ll depend on *her* to take care of me.”

Elizabeth tucked a loose strand of grey hair behind her ear before she held Veronica’s hands and amicably asked, “Girl, you won’t just leave me here alone when I become so old that I can’t move around freely, will you?”

“Grandma, that’s nonsense. You are still as healthy as a horse. *Pfft!* Don’t spew nonsense.” Veronica pretended to spit on the floor to ward off the ominous words that Elizabeth had just mentioned.

“Take the car keys. It will make it easier for you to come and visit me more in the future.” Elizabeth handed the car keys to Veronica again, but Veronica rejected her offer. “Grandma, please keep it. It’s no use giving them to me since I can’t drive. I’ll

inform Matthew when I come and visit you in the future and have him take me here.”

“I see, you can’t drive.” Elizabeth nodded. “Alright, then. Let that brat drive you here after this.” As she spoke, she tapped Veronica’s head. “Why are you still calling him by his name, though?”

“Huh? What?” Veronica was stunned at Elizabeth’s sudden question, unable to make sense of her words

However, the next instant, Elizabeth replied, “You are now my god–daughter, so that makes him your elder brother. I’ll be upset if I hear you calling him by his name again.”

Veronica let out a mischievous smile and playfully stuck out her tongue, looking adorable. “Okay, got it, got it.”

“You too.” Elizabeth glared at Matthew. “Do you hear me?”

The man, who was sitting on the couch with his legs crossed, held a magazine in his hands when he heard her words. His attention seemed to be focused on the book, but the truth was that he had been paying attention to what the ladies said.

Upon hearing Elizabeth’s question, he hummed in agreement, but a subtle curve appeared at the corner of his lips.

However, in Tiffany’s eyes, Veronica, Matthew and Elizabeth seemed like a family whereas she herself was as an outsider who seemed out of place.

“Grandma, it’s rather cool outside today. Let’s go and enjoy the breeze, shall we?” Veronica suggested.

“Sure.” Elizabeth rose to her full height before holding Veronica by her hand and heading out together with her.

Tiffany had been treated as though she was invisible the whole time.

She had initially wanted to tag along, but she was worried that she might read the air wrong, so she thought that she might as well remain with Matthew to improve their relationship.

She watched as Veronica and Elizabeth left the room before she turned to him with a pitiful look that resembled a kid who had done something wrong. “Matthew, am I lacking in any way? G–Grandma seems to dislike me,” she muttered in a dejected manner.

Looking at Tiffany's face that bore almost the exact resemblance to Veronica, Mathew felt that her voice sounded unpleasant to the ear and even her scent seemed to have offended him in some way.

He coldly replied, "You are being too sensitive."

"I—I am just worried that I'm not good enough in Grandma's eyes."

"You are good enough." Matthew focused his gaze on the magazine in his hands while ignoring Tiffany's expression.

Tiffany tried hard to strike a conversation with Matthew, but his indifferent response made it difficult for her.

Soon, the dinner was served and the few of them sat around the table to have the meal together.

Veronica, who was well-aware of Elizabeth's love for shrimp, noticed the plate of greasyback shrimp on the table. Then, she said, "Grandma, give me a minute. I'll make you the sauce." —

"Sure, I'll wait for you," Elizabeth replied as Veronica rose up to head into the kitchen.

As Elizabeth had placed her utensils down, Tiffany and Matthew had to wait for Veronica as well.

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"Grandma..." Tiffany hesitated for a moment before she mustered the courage and asked, "Do you dislike me?"

"That's insignificant as long as Matthew likes you." Elizabeth waved her hand, "My feelings don't matter if you youngsters enjoy each other's company."

As a matter of fact, she had indeed spoken out against their marriage. However, Matthew had owed his life to Tiffany and he had always been someone who would repay other people's kindness. Hence, although she disliked Tiffany, she wouldn't stop him from treating Tiffany kindly nor say anything rude to Tiffany as long as the woman didn't do anything outrageous.

"Grandma, I want you to like me too, so that we will be closer and more intimate as a family." Tiffany openly poured her heart out without hiding anything from Elizabeth.

Her honesty had managed to change Elizabeth's mind and attitude toward her a little. "Yeah, you are right."

Elizabeth's attitude toward Tiffany has drastically changed these days. Ever since Elizabeth had found out that the reason why the Larson Family was willing to recognize Veronica as their daughter was to make sure that Veronica would always be available to donate her bone marrow again to Tiffany, who had leukemia, Elizabeth had been feeling distressed for Veronica's sake. At the same time, the incident had prompted her to resent the Larson Family.

"Just be yourself. That's good enough," Matthew, who had been quiet, suddenly chimed in, but the simple response was enough to move Tiffany's heart.

"Grandma, the sauce is ready. Try it out."

At this moment, Veronica brought the sauce that she had made in the kitchen to Elizabeth. Then, she skillfully deshelled the shrimps and dipped it in the sauce before feeding it to Elizabeth. "Grandma, try it out. Tell me how it tastes."

GLC

She fed Elizabeth a shrimp with her gloved hand and waited eagerly for the comment.

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The shrimp was tender, smooth and coated with rich and flavorful sauce. Elizabeth nodded repeatedly and praised, "*Hmmm*, not bad. The shrimp is tender and juicy without any odor. Veronica, you are quite a skillful chef,"

"I'm happy that you find it nice. Grandma, eat more if you like it."

Veronica knew that Elizabeth loved shrimps, so she deshelled a few greasyback shrimps and dipped them in the sauce that she had made."

Tiffany, who was sitting beside Matthew, suddenly realized that although she was skillful in music, chess, literature and art, she couldn't cook.

At that moment, as she watched Veronica having a great time with Elizabeth, she couldn't help but feel envious and jealous.

Matthew sipped his wine and quietly enjoyed his meal while he intermittently glanced at the two people opposite him. His gaze was deep and a subtle smile appeared by his moderately thick and sexy lips.