

HBH

Chapter 89

“Grandma, I know that the prawns are delicious, but you should have some vegetables to have a balance of nutrition. It’ll be better for your health” Tiffany rose to grab some vegetables for Elizabeth’s plate and took some for Veronica as well. “Veronica, you should eat some too.”

Tiffany had never thought that she would one day have to please Veronica too. Even though she was forced to do so since Matthew and Elizabeth were present, she still felt that her actions were demeaning.

“I’m sorry, but I prefer to eat meat since I don’t like vegetables.” While wearing her gloves, Veronica took the vegetables on her plate and thought about it before dumping them into Matthew’s bowl. “It would be a shame if I were to throw away your fiancée’s vegetables. You should have it.”

She was deliberately annoying Matthew.

However, the man glanced at her with his cold eyes as his handsome face darkened a little. He then lowered his eyes to have a look at the vegetables in his bowl without saying a word.

As for Tiffany, she continued

to stab the rice in her bowl while feeling that Veronica was being ungrateful, but since it wasn’t wise for her to be exasperated in front of Elizabeth, she smiled in response. “Meat is quite tasty too.”

During the dinner, Veronica and Elizabeth chatted happily whereas Matthew and

Tiffany were seated across from them and remained quiet, as if there was an invisible line between them.

The vegetables in his bowl were still left untouched even after the dinner had ended.

After

the meal, Tiffany stood up to retrieve the utensils. “Grandma, since I don’t know how to cook, why don’t I help to wash the dishes?”

She had never washed the dishes when she was previously at the Larson Residence.

However, to please Elizabeth, she had to do her best—even if it meant dirtying her delicate hands.

Listening to her, Elizabeth nodded. “Okay, that’s alright.”

Therefore, Tiffany and the servants gathered all the dishes together before heading to the kitchen to wash the utensils.

In the

meantime, Veronica felt that Tiffany had really gone out of her way this time. but didn’t bother to pay much attention to her.

“Grandma, are you full? Why don’t we have a walk in the yard?”

“Yes, I have the same idea too.” Elizabeth stood up and winked at Matthew, telling him to come. Even though he felt a little resigned, he rose to his feet and followed them.

While they walked in the yard, Veronica held Elizabeth's hand and pointed to the west where the sunset was. "The evening sun is so beautiful. Grandma, look at that."

Elizabeth stopped moving and stood to watch the sunset as she couldn't help but feel emotional. "You're right. The sunset is gorgeous."

Suddenly, she remembered her time with Tony, who loved to take her to watch the sunrise and sunset in which all were happy memories.

Sadly, after he passed away, she was left to support everything on her own, so she lost the mood to enjoy both the sunset and sunrise.

As Elizabeth fell into a deep thought, Veronica noticed the older woman's expression and furrowed her brows in confusion. After glancing at Matthew, she said, "Grandma, if you like to watch the sunset, I can bring you to the Woodland Mountain or a beach in the future. We can enjoy the view together. What do you think?"

"That's great. *Sigh...*" Elizabeth nodded while breathing a long sigh of regret. While walking forward with Veronica, she emotionally uttered, "When my husband was still with me, he always loved to watch the sunset and sunrise with me. Now that he's gone for more than a decade, I've no longer been to those places again."

"It's alright, Grandma. I'll keep you company from now on," Veronica cajoled with a sweet smile while she patted her chest.

"Haha, alright. I'll wait for you then."

She vigorously nodded her head. "No problem."

While they held hands, the two of them walked ahead in a casual manner.

Meanwhile, Matthew's eyes darkened when he heard their laughter in front of him. The moment he saw a long-lost smile on Elizabeth's face, he suddenly felt delighted.

He didn't know how long it had been since he last felt this kind of warmth and harmony before, never mind Elizabeth.

When his eyes momentarily landed on Veronica's back, Matthew suddenly felt that she was like a bright light shining on his black-and-white world while peppering everything with color and light. *This feeling... is quite nice.*

"Grandma, I may not come to visit you for a while," Veronica said to Elizabeth while walking "I'm going to Almeida to do some charity work. It'll take about half a month."

"Almeida?" Elizabeth suddenly paused and looked at her. "Almeida is so far away from Bloomstead and I heard that they have terrible living conditions there. Can a girl like you handle it?"

Veronica smiled as she held Elizabeth's shoulders and answered lovingly, "Grandma, you've underestimated me. I was raised in the countryside, so of course I'll be fine."

“Good girl. I’ll support you since doing charity work is something good, but you need to be careful there,
” Elizabeth reminded her continuously.

“Don’t worry, Grandma. I’ll be fine.”

After that, they continued walking around the garden.

Meanwhile, Tiffany came out of the kitchen after washing the dishes. She initially wanted to show off in front of Elizabeth, but the moment she came out, she realized that the living room was completely empty.

After quickly asking, Tiffany was informed that the three of them went on a walk in the backyard garden.

Her delicate face instantly darkened as she felt both angry and aggrieved, but was unable to express her rage at that moment.

In the end, she could only leave the living room for the garden and chat with Elizabeth while having a walk.

Then, the three of them finally left.

Since Veronica had taken a cab over, Elizabeth allowed her to take Matthew’s car home, to which she gladly accepted the offer.

Matthew first sent Tiffany seated in the passenger seat back home.

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After getting out of the car, she waved her hand at him. “Thank you, Matthew.” Then, she looked at Veronica in the back seat. “Veronica, where do you live?”

Now that she was out of the car, Veronica and Matthew were the only two left alone in the vehicle. *Will she seduce him while I’m gone?*

Tiffany wasn’t sure at all.

However, after hearing Tiffany’s question, Veronica ignored her as if she didn’t hear those words at all,

Then, Matthew told Tiffany, “You should go back now and rest early.”

“Alright, Matthew. Then... This is goodbye.” She reluctantly waved her hand while glaring at Veronica in the back seat with jealousy, but she couldn’t say anything about

After humming in response, the man started the car engine and left.

Half an hour later, they returned to the Twilight Condominium. After casually removing her shoes, a barefoot Veronica walked over to the couch and lay down without moving a muscle afterward.

She only slept for three hours a day in the past two days, so she was on the brink of collapsing. After lying on the couch for a short while, she fell asleep.

Seeing her lying on the couch, Matthew didn't say anything as he returned to his room to take a shower. When he came out of his bathroom, he heard his phone ringing

He picked up his phone and saw Elizabeth's number vibrating on the screen, after which he answered the call. "Grandma."

"Matthew, I have something for you to do..."

After listening to her orders on the other end of the call, Matthew furrowed his brows deeply and had no choice but to nod his head in agreement.

When he hung up the phone and came out of his bedroom, he was surprised to see Veronica asleep on the couch.

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Then, Matthew remembered that Veronica hadn't had a proper sleep in the last two days, so he couldn't bear to wake her up. After throwing a blanket on her, he proceeded to his study.

Even though the blanket had gently landed on her, it still managed to wake her up.

As soon as she opened her eyes, she instantly felt much better.

After resting for a little while more, she went to the bathroom to change her clothes. Then, she borrowed a book from the study and lay down on the couch to read it.

The whole process didn't feel like it took much time for her, but when Matthew came out of his study and saw that Veronica was still reading the book, he immediately snatched it and said, "It's 2:00AM. Time for you to go to bed." —

He ordered her as if he was an older brother being stern with his little sister.

"Give it back to me!" Just as Veronica was getting to the good part, her hands suddenly became empty as the book was snatched away from her. As a result of that, she glared at Matthew angrily.

"Aren't you going to Almeida tomorrow?" The man reminded her while hiding the book behind his back.

"It won't affect me. I can still wake up."

"Go to sleep." He wore a cold expression and took the book back to his room without saying anything else.

"Matt—

"Before she could finish calling his name, he immediately slammed his door shut, so she couldn't help but yell, "You brute! You are just a selfish and arrogant b*stard!"

Without the book, she suddenly felt bored, but she suddenly remembered the book's name and used her phone to search for it on a reading app. After locating the part where she had stopped, she continued to read from where she left off.

And just like that, she read the book all the way until 5:00AM. When she began to feel sleepy and her eyelids could no longer move, she lay on the couch and fell asleep.

At the same time, Matthew went over to the side of the couch and stood there for a while. Watching Veronica sleeping on the couch, he couldn't help but feel a little confused. *Does she... always sleep so late every night?*

However, he didn't think much about it as he carried her back to her bedroom.

When he gently placed her on the bed and looked at her sleeping, he felt as though she was a quiet and lovely cat that was pleasing to the eye. *Only her quiet looks will make others feel cute unlike her usual fierce self.*

"Um..."

Matthew reached out to push the strands of hair on her face aside, but the moment his fingertips touched her face, Veronica brushed his hand away and groaned.

Then, he hugged her tightly like an octopus. While she was being hugged, she found a comfortable posture to return to sleep.

Lying next to her, Matthew carefully and quietly stared at her face—from her eyes all the way to her red lips. In the end, he couldn't help but lean over to kiss her lips.

He could no longer control his emotions.

Not only was her lips soft and slightly cold, there was also a hint of fragrance, causing him to lose himself involuntarily.

When he felt a change in his body, he immediately moved back by several inches and stopped kissing her.

It felt as though he was playing with fire

Her face is clearly the same as Tiffany's, but why don't I have any interest in Tiffany at all?

Matthew lusted for Veronica's unique body scent a little. The scent was so familiar that it made him feel relaxed, comfortable and enjoyable.

And just like that, he allowed her to sleep in his arms for a while before releasing her when her breathing calmed and she was in a deep sleep. Then, he left her bedroom in a hurry.

It seems like I still need to keep my distance away from her. Otherwise, it is hard for me to believe that I repeatedly have trouble controlling myself whenever I face her.

The feeling of powerlessness over his own body made him feel extremely uncomfortable.

The next day came and went just like the previous few days. When Veronica woke up at 7:00AM, Matthew had already gotten out of bed.

At the moment, he was sitting in the dining room to have his breakfast. However, after glancing at the delicious food on the table and smelling the fragrance permeating the living room, she only got herself a glass of water.

In the dining room, Matthew glanced at her and invited, "Come and eat."

Veronica stood next to him and drank the water while shaking her head. "Nope. I don't think I want to eat."

I can't believe the oatmeal I ate cost 300 per bowl. If I eat another bowl today, it'll cost me another 300! It's too expensive for me. Growl.

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Then, her stomach began to rumble uncontrollably, so she awkwardly touched her belly and immediately returned to the living room to sit on the couch.

Seeing how hard-pressed she was, he couldn't help but feel sorry for her. "I won't charge you for the meal."

"You won't charge me?" After hearing that he wouldn't charge her any money, her eyes immediately brightened as she put down the glass of water and went to his front. "Are you really not going to charge me for the meal?"

To be fair, she actually didn't have any money to pay Matthew back, especially when she couldn't afford such an outrageously expensive meal.

"Yes."

"Hehe, you're the best, bro." After taking advantage of him, Veronica smiled sarcastically as if her lips were filled with honey and called her 'bro'. Then, she sat across from him and lowered her head to look at the oatmeal in her bowl. "What oatmeal are we having today?"

"Nutty banana oatmeal."

"That's exactly what I want." She happily scooped a spoonful of oatmeal and brought it to her mouth to have a taste. "It's so delicious." As she chewed carefully to taste the fragrance of the oatmeal, she sighed from the bottom of her heart. "Which brand is it? The taste is amazing. Is it expensive? Can I afford it?"

"It's expensive," Matthew replied flatly while eating his oatmeal and sitting across from her.

His few words were enough to express how pricey this bowl of oatmeal was.

Since Matthew was the one who uttered the word 'expensive, it could only mean that there was no chance Veronica could afford it.

“By the way, I won’t be back for the next two weeks, so you can live your quiet life,” she said while scooping the oatmeal with her spoon. *He doesn’t like me anyway. I reckon that he will be having a good time once I’m gone for two weeks.*

“Okay,” he replied.

“Hmph, I knew it. If Grandma didn’t like me, you wouldn’t have allowed me to stay here in the first place.”

“I’m glad that you understand.”

Veronica was immediately rendered speechless. *You b*stard! I would rather that you do not speak! If I wasn’t under immense pressure at the moment to avoid the Larson Family, I wouldn’t have needed to rely on you. Although I’m cutting down on cost, it doesn’t mean that I can’t afford the rent!*

After the meal, she cleaned her dishes and went back to her room to pack her stuff in the luggage that she borrowed from Matthew. Once everything was completed, she stood in the living room and waved her hand at him. “Matthew, I’m leaving now. Don’t miss me too much.”

The man, who was sitting on the couch with his legs crossed, immediately cast a cold gaze when he heard her words. “What did you say?”

“Um... Hehe, I said that I’m leaving, so don’t miss me too much.” Veronica smiled sarcastically while carrying her luggage.

“Get out.” The two simple words he uttered were filled with intent.

After rolling her eyes at him, Veronica carried her shoulder bag and walked into the elevator while mumbling, “What the hell? At least we’ve lived together for so long, which practically makes us housemates. I can’t believe that he does not care for me at all!”

She took the elevator down to the underground second floor. The moment the door was opened, she found Thomas standing outside with a suitcase in his hand too.

“Mr. Riler, are you going out too? Why are you also carrying a suitcase?” she asked iuriously with a faint smile.

“Um...” With a quick glance, he recognized the suitcase in her hand as his own boss’ suitcase, so he instantly understood what was going on. “Yes, I’m going out.”

“Oh, I wish you a safe journey then.” Veronica waved her hand at him and left.

Behind her, Thomas replied, “Safe travels to you too, Miss Murphy.”

She waved again without looking back. “Thank you.”

Look at that. It seems like only Thomas knows how to treat me well. He even wished me well on my journey. What a sweet guy.

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Xavier was now waiting for her at the company's entrance. Seeing her coming over in a light gray sports wear, he immediately went up to her and said, "Roni, I'm sorry I couldn't help."

Feeling a bit guilty, he felt that what he did wasn't appropriate.

Although he really wanted to accompany Veronica to Almeida, he had something to wasn't a bad idea to send her there alone so that he could get to know her all over again.

Xavier believed that after two weeks of mingling with her, Hendric would definitely accept her.

After all, he had previously ridiculed Veronica about her ugly looks, but now that her true identity was revealed and she had the same gorgeous face as Tiffany, it would definitely work to her favor. =

"It's fine. I'm now one of your staff members, so it's my duty to serve the company." Veronica raised her brow and smiled, looking relaxed.

Standing in front of her, Xavier gave her a huge embrace.

While holding her tightly in his arms, he whispered, "I'll wait for you to return. When you come back, I'll give you a big surprise."

"What is the surprise?" She pushed him away while her eyes brightened. "Are you going to give me my bonus?"

The moment she heard the word 'surprise, all she had in mind was money, which was why she looked so excited.

Looking at her expression, Xavier didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Yes, you're so smart."

If I'm going to propose to her, I must prepare a huge gift that she will definitely like.

"You should have told me earlier. I would have been gone by now. Haha..." Veronica said cheerfully.

"The mountain roads there are bumpy. Be careful." He reminded her while pointing at a minivan next to them, "Everything that we have prepared for the children in Almeida is all loaded in that van. They will drive the vehicle to the place. As for you, I've prepared a plane ticket for you to fly over there. After you have alighted from the plane, there will be someone to pick you up."

Since Almeida was located far away from Bloomstead, they could only take the plane to the nearest destination before traveling to Almeida by car.

"Alright. I understand." Veronica nodded.

"When you arrive at Almeida, there won't be any roads for the car to drive through, so you will have to walk up the mountain by foot. It'll be arduous, so you must take care of yourself."

Xavier didn't forget to repeatedly remind her.

“Alright. I understand. I’ll be fine. Trust me.” She raised her brow again and smiled.

Then, Xavier and Veronica took a picture together with the other colleagues who were also assigned to Almeida.

After the picture, the van drove the other colleagues off while Xavier drove her to the airport.

“Safe travels.” He gave Veronica a hug. “If anything happens, you must remember to contact me immediately.”

He looked at her with an obvious hint of reluctance in his eyes.

Veronica combed her hair with her fingers and smiled. “I’m only leaving for two weeks. Why do you have to make such a big deal out of it? Alright, I’m leaving. Goodbye.”

While dragging her luggage, she turned around to leave before waving her hand at him without looking back.

After having

her ticket checked in the boarding area, she boarded the plane and found her seat to take a seat.

Since her seat was next to a window, she was able to see the beautiful scenery outside.

A few hours later, the plane arrived at Lothen.

As soon as Veronica got off the plane, she met the person who was assigned to pick her up. She entered the waiting car and it drove all the way to the bottom of Almeida’s mountain before she alighted from it.

The driver said to her, “We can’t drive any further from here. We still need to walk for about 4 to 5 hours to reach Almeida. We should be able to arrive there before dark.”

“Alright. Let’s hurry up and get going. It’s getting late.”

Veronica carried her luggage and followed the driver up the mountain.

The driver’s name was Quincy Nelson, who was an extremely enthusiastic dark-skinned and slightly chubby boy.

The two of them were talking and laughing as they made their way up the mountain.

However, after walking for an hour, rain began to pour from the sky. It came so quickly and suddenly that it caught both Veronica and Quincy off guard.

“What kind of weather is this?”

She took out an umbrella from her luggage while he had an umbrella of his own. While carrying their stuff, the two of them stepped on the muddy mountain road and stumbled forward.

The rain was extremely heavy and when the bean-size raindrops fell on their umbrellas, it made a crackling sound. At the same time, a layer of mist had risen from the mountainside, making the place look cloudy and exquisitely charming.

“Ahhh!”

When Veronica lifted her head to look at the beautiful scenery on the mountain, she slipped and almost fell to the ground. Luckily, someone had suddenly reached out to grab her collar to prevent any tragedies.

“Thank you, Quincy. What a scare. Sigh..”

She used the luggage to stand on her feet, but then, Quincy responded, “It wasn’t me. It’s him.”

He pointed at the man behind Veronica.

Therefore, she instinctively looked back. When she had a clear view of the man standing behind her, her eyes lit up as she exclaimed, “Matthew! Why are you here?”

She was surprised and excited to meet him in such a deserted place.

The man was wearing a black sportswear with sports shoes of the same color while holding a gray-striped umbrella. His face was bland while standing in front of her.

Seeing the bright smile on her face, he couldn’t help but give a slight smile with his lips.

“Are you surprised?” Matthew asked flatly.

“You should have told me earlier that you are coming so that I don’t have to carry my luggage. Here you go, bro. Help me to carry my luggage. It’s too heavy.”

Whenever she was in need, she would always call him ‘bro’ instead of his name.

Veronica then handed her luggage over to Matthew. “Bro, please help me carry it. It’s really heavy.”

The road up the mountain was muddy especially in this kind of rainy weather and the slippery ground made it difficult for anyone to carry anything.

Therefore, Matthew gestured to the two men accompanying him with his eyes before one of them immediately went up to help her carry her luggage.

“Whew, it’s so comfortable not having to carry the luggage.”

Veronica shook her hand as her mood had suddenly improved.

Then, she tugged on Matthew’s arm and said to Quincy, “Quincy, let me introduce him to you. He is Matthew Kings.”

A nervous Quincy smiled. “Hello, bro.”

“Hey, why are you calling him bro? You can just call him Matthew.” She waved her hand with a look of total disgust.

He scratched his head and answered, “Since he is your brother, I feel that I should call him ‘bro’ too.”

“We don’t even share the same last name and are not related to each other at all. Come on, let’s go.”

Veronica ungratefully patted Quincy’s shoulder before walking forward.

tighly after being ignored. *Damn this woman. She is so ungrateful.*

Although it was early autumn, the weather was still hot, so the rain came and went quickly.

Not long after, the rain stopped.

Veronica went up the mountain and stood on the mountainside. Looking down, she could not help but feel emotional "This view is so beautiful. Matthew, what do you

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She was talking to Matthew, but when she turned to look, she realized that her luggage was missing from the hands of the two men following them.

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"Matthew, wasn't it your man who carried my luggage? Where is it?" Veronica furrowed her brows and questioned Matthew.

The man closed his umbrella and carefully buckled its belt before coldly glancing at her as he opened his thin lips. "I'm not related to you at all, so why should I help you carry your luggage?"

This guy is so petty. Her expression darkened as she rolled her eyes at him. *He must have gotten angry when I introduced him to Quincy, but I didn't expect him to be so petty.*

"Fine, our friendship is now over." She grunted coldly and said to Quincy, "Please wait here for me. I need to take my luggage and will be back shortly."

After that, she turned around to retrieve her luggage. While walking past Matthew, she fiercely nudged his arm before dashing off.

As the road down the mountain was muddy, it was still too slippery and caused her to be extremely slow.

It was originally a ten-minute journey, but Veronica took more than twenty minutes to arrive there. When she had spent another twenty minutes to return, Matthew was the only one left as the others were gone.

She angrily placed her luggage on the ground before glaring at him to ask, "Where's Quincy?"

"He said that you are too slow, so he left first," he uttered coldly as he held his umbrella with one hand and rested the other hand in his pocket.

"Can't you be nice to me?!" An exasperated Veronica rolled her eyes at him. *This b*stard! Because of a few words that I said earlier, he left my luggage a few miles away and made me walk for almost an hour for nothing.*

"I'm not related to you at all, so why should I be nice to you?" Matthew took out a cigarette from his pocket and lit it up before silently smoking it.

After that, Veronica walked past him to move forward while carrying her luggage.

The road up the mountain was just as treacherous and their journey along the muddy road was made even more difficult by the earlier rainstorm.

Therefore, it was extremely exhausting for her to carry the luggage up the mountain.

After climbing up the mountain and standing at the peak, she lifted her head and realized that Quincy and the other two men were already on top of another mountain in front of her and Matthew.

She could faintly see their figures.

At the moment, since Veronica was bearing a grudge against Matthew, she angrily walked in front of him without saying a word.

Meanwhile, Matthew, who was following closely behind her, saw that she looked a bit tired and asked, "Do you need me to help you carry it?"

"I'm not related to you, so I don't want your help!" the woman roared.

"Okay, you're right," he replied without saying anything else. Then, he continued to silently follow her from behind. –

After they went up the mountain, they now began their descent. Even though Veronica was wearing a pair of non-slip shoes, the footwear couldn't withstand the steep and slippery mountain road, so she was close to falling a few times. In the end, she was able to prop her luggage on the ground to prevent such mishaps.

However, she didn't notice that every time she was about to fall, Matthew would reach out and try to support her, but he would silently withdraw his hand since she was able to stabilize herself each time.

The panting Veronica now stood on the edge of the mountain and looked at the steep road down the mountain as she was afraid of slipping later on. She was standing on a rock with arms akimbo while glaring at Matthew.

At that moment, their eyes met.

One of them was calm and relaxed while the other was panting crazily.

Veronica was exhausted because the luggage had been too heavy. It was already a miracle that she could carry it this far.

Even though she was raging, she decided to 'surrender' in the end.

After all, one should look after their interests at all times, so she chose to throw in the towel.

"Matthew, since you are my godbrother, why didn't you help me all the way here? Do you really think I won't tell Grandma about this when I'm back?"

*This b*stard! Why can't you just be nice to me?*

Serves you right for being single even when you are almost 30. I hope that you'll be lonely for the rest of his life!

The man raised his brows. "Oh, is that so? Who was the one who told me earlier that I'm not related to her at all?"

"I-I was just joking. You don't have to take it so seriously. Are you really that petty?" she growled.

Unexpectedly, Matthew nodded his head in a serious manner. "I am."

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"You..."

*Damn this b*stard! How dare you! Veronica took a deep breath and closed her eyes to slowly calm herself down. I can't be angry!*

"I-I'm sorry. I hereby apologize for what I said just now."

She stood in front of him and gave him a ninety-degree bow three times.

When she made her third bow, Matthew grabbed hold of her chin and probed, "Do you really think I would help you to carry your luggage after seeing you praying for my early death?"

We would only bow three times to the dead. This woman is explicitly and implicitly praying for me to have an early death. Does she really think I can't see it?

"Hehe, there's no such thing. I'm just bowing three times to you to show my sincerity."

Now that she was willing to submit to him for the time being, Veronica revealed a flattering smile, but it wasn't

sincere. That's right. I'm bowing three times to show my sincerity to God so that a vile, nasty and shameless scumbag like him can have an early death. It'll be better for the people in the world.

"Then, what kind of relationship do we have?" the man asked.

She rolled her eyes at him and answered, "I'm sorry, bro. It's my fault, alright? You're my real brother, and a good one too. Are you satisfied?"

"Fine. I guess I'll have to stop finding fault with you."

Matthew threw his umbrella to Veronica and went over to help carry her luggage. Then, he reached out to her.

Seeing his hand, she was startled. "What is this? What are you doing?" She instinctively reached for her pocket. "Are you really going to charge me for carrying my luggage?"

I beg you. Can you please be nice to me?

"Nonsense!"

Matthew approached her to hold her hand while slowly carrying her luggage down the mountain with his other hand.

Veronica felt warmth surrounding her palm as he engulfed her tiny hand with his huge paw. Suddenly, she felt that her heart was filled with a sense of security.

However, a moment later, she regained her composure. "Hey, Matthew, can you please let go of your hand? I'm seriously suspecting that you are taking advantage of me."

The moment her words came out, he instantly released her hand. Coincidentally, they were climbing down a steep slope, so she slipped and fell on the ground. "Ouch, my bottom hurts."

As she had fallen hard on the ground, she felt the pain shooting from her bottom to her waist.

Veronica took a deep breath to ease the pain. Looking at the sneakers she was wearing, she couldn't help but mutter, "What kind of shitty shoes are these? They're not slip-resistant at all."

The man, who was a few feet away from her, turned around and looked at her emotionlessly.

While holding her waist, Veronica wanted to rise to her feet, but the surrounding

slopes were extremely steep and there was no place for support. She was afraid that she would tumble down the mountain before she even had the chance to stand up..

Therefore, she looked at Matthew and asked, "Can you come and help me, bro?"

She reluctantly addressed him as 'brother.

However, the man answered lightly, "I don't think I want to. I don't want to be

accused of taking advantage of someone." His arrogant tone sounded as though what was happening in front of him was none of his business.

Although Veronica was enraged, she had no choice but to forcefully resist her grievance and anger. "Bro, I was just joking with you. Since I'm your little sister, you should protect me. Otherwise, I will tell Grandma about this when I get back."

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Seeing that Veronica had finally 'surrendered', Matthew headed over to stand in front of the nearly vertical half-meter steep slope before reaching out to her.

After glaring at him, she held his hand and rose to his feet.

However, when she stepped on the slope with both feet, she immediately slipped. She let out a scream, but she found herself in Matthew's arms a second later as she now had a firm footing.

"*Sigh...* What kind of road is this? It's impossible to walk on it. Matthew, since you are so wealthy, you should do some charity and build a proper road here," she couldn't help but mutter while sympathizing with the people of Almeida.

"Alright," Matthew simply replied, but no one knew whether it was a perfunctory response. The next second, he swept his hand across her cheek to wipe some mud all over her face. "You have some mud on your face. Let me help you to wipe it off."

"Really? Then, help me wipe it off." Veronica believed his words.

Then, Matthew stretched out three fingers before sliding them across the left and right side of her face.

With that, he left whiskers that resembled Hello Kitty on her face with his muddy hand, making her look particularly adorable. "It's clean now."

He nodded his head seriously and looked at her with 'admiration. With a hint of joy in his eyes, he held her hand as they walked down the mountain.

Since the road was slippery and Veronica was afraid of slipping again, she tightly held his hand all the way forward.

It was originally a 4-to-5-hour journey, but because of the slippery road and the one hour delay from her, they only finished half of the journey that had now become treacherous due to the sudden rainstorm.

Seeing that the sky was becoming dark and Almeida was still far ahead, Matthew suggested, "Let's rest here and continue our journey tomorrow."

"Sigh, alright. After the rain, the road has become much harder to walk on and the slopes are also much steeper. If we fall down the mountain, the consequences will be devastating." Veronica agreed with Matthew's words.

The two of them then set up camp on the mountain, but there was only one tent that she bought at the alley.

"How are you going to sleep without a tent?" she asked while looking at him.

Then, he pointed at her tent, "This tent is for two people."

"I'm a woman and you're a man. Don't you know it's inappropriate for us to sleep together?"

"I'm your brother and you're my sister. We are both family, so it's not inappropriate."

"You're not my biological brother, though." Veronica covered her chest with both hands and scowled at him with vigilance. *Why do I feel that this bastard is trying to take advantage of me?*

"What's the problem? This isn't the first day that we have slept under the same roof." The man raised his brow.

"How is that the same? Your house is over 2000 square feet while this tent is only 20 or 30 square feet at most!"

She didn't believe Matthew's nonsense.

However, the next second, he held her chin and murmured, "Your body is nowhere as good as Tiffany's, anyway. I'm not..." At the same time, he swept his eyes across her body. "I'm not interested in you at all."

After that, he released his grip on Veronica and went into the tent.

While pouting her lips, Veronica replied, "Shameless."

Then, she lowered her head to look at her upright chest and mumbled, "Is he blind? How is my body not better than Tiffany's?" .2

Just like Tiffany, she had a slim body. However, Tiffany's chest was a size smaller than hers, so they simply couldn't be compared to each other.

After rolling her eyes angrily, she also headed inside the tent.

Matthew was already resting in the tent, so Veronica proceeded to lay next to him. Somehow, she always felt a strange and ambiguous atmosphere whenever they were together.

However, there was only one tent with mosquitoes outside, so she felt bad to kick him out.

After pulling the tent's zip, Veronica lay down before sitting up again to unzip the top of the tent.

The moment she unzipped it, there was a transparent mesh that allowed them to see everything outside clearly.

She then patted Matthew's shoulder and pointed upward while saying, "Matthew, look at that. The stars in the sky are so beautiful. I've rarely seen such a beautiful starry sky after coming to Bloomstead."

Lifting his eyes, Matthew saw the night sky outside through the waterproof mesh. Sure enough, the group of stars in the sky were dazzling and gorgeous.

Veronica lay down and placed both her hands on her belly while gazing at the sky outside. "This feels great."

It had been a long, long time since she enjoyed a moment of leisure amidst the hustle and bustle.

After admiring the starry sky, she took out her phone and saw that there wasn't any signal. It felt as useless as holding a brick.

"There are no signals on the mountain," Matthew explained.

"Yes, there are no signals at all. I'm bored."

Since Veronica couldn't use her phone, she kept it aside and stared blankly at the sky to rest.

Not long after, her belly began to rumble, so she finally realized something. "Matthew, I don't think we ate anything for dinner yet."

She was hungry.

Then, she saw Matthew pulling out something from the shoulder bag he carried as he handed it to Veronica. "There are many wild animals on the mountain. We should try to avoid starting a fire that would attract them."

Looking at the pile of snacks and cookies that he took out, she pouted her lips and mumbled, "Sigh, there's nothing else to eat anyway."

If it weren't for the sudden rain today, they wouldn't have needed to camp on the mountain.

PsssssssSSSSSSsssssch!

Suddenly, a sound was heard.

Veronica looked over and saw Matthew holding a beer as he tried to drink it for himself.

“Matthew, you’re so selfish. Why didn’t you bring a beer for me?”

She snatched his beer and took a huge gulp.

When he saw her drinking; Matthew couldn’t help but ask, “Do you like to drink beer?”

Veronica wiped the beer stains from the corner of her mouth with her sleeves and sighed. “My master loves to drink beer, so I would keep him company whenever I’m free. After a lot of drinking, I suddenly became good at it, so basically, I have never gotten drunk.”

She has never gotten

drunk before? The man raised his brow as he remembered that night when she was completely drunk. When the image of her vomiting into the toilet bowl surfaced in his mind, he couldn’t help but reveal a faint smile with his lips.

“Yup, you’re quite good at it.” There was a hint of falsity to his perfunctory compliment.

Even though she wasn’t as good as him, she still drank something that was high in alcohol that day, so it was hard to avoid being drunk no matter how sober she was.

Also, she drank a lot at one go, so her tolerance was actually... passable.

After eating something, Veronica switched off her flashlight and lay in the tent to sleep.

Not long after, Matthew also followed suit and the two of them stared at the starry night together with different thoughts in each of their minds.

Suddenly, Veronica asked, “Matthew, if the Larsons decide to kill me one day, will you... help them?”

He was dumbfounded by her sudden question as he didn’t expect her to ask something straight from the bottom of her heart.

Instead of answering, he asked, “Why would they want to kill you?”

“Because...” She knew that her existence would threaten the Larson Family, but even if she explained all of that to Matthew, he still wouldn’t understand. Therefore, she simply chose not to explain everything and let out a sigh instead. “Forget it. Since Tiffany is your fiancée, you’ll definitely side with her, but no matter what, I only hope that if I die someday, you won’t lay your hands on my adoptive parents.”

In the dark, Matthew fell into silence and inclined his head to look at the woman next to him without saying a word.

that you can promise me this. You can count this as a gentleman’s agreement between us, okay?”

Chapter 94

In this world, there were some things that did not have a rewind button once initiated.

It did not matter whether it was the Larsons who had provoked them first or if it was her own overestimation of herself that led her to retaliate, for it was already too late

for her to back out.

Her only worry now was her foster parents.

Failing to understand Veronica's thoughts, Matthew only figured from his own point of view that Veronica's only use for the Larsons now was as a bone marrow donor for Randy.

"I won't let you die."

The words came out of the man's mouth after a long period of silence.

Hearing his words, she was dazed for a short while before smiling. "You really treat Grandma well."

What a filial grandson he was, she thought. Just because she knew how to humor and keep Old Mrs. King's company, he would ensure that she would stay alive.

Even though Old Mrs. King was already at a ripe age, it would still be a long time before she could celebrate her centennial birthday, but she could still accomplish a lot during this period.

Both of them continued to remain inside the tent.

Although they were in an area with slight shelter from the wind, the billowing wind could still be clearly heard as it slammed into the tent mercilessly, making it shake since they were on the mountain top.

Since there was nothing to act as a distraction to pass the time, Veronica felt extremely bored as she kept tossing and turning. However, she just could not fall asleep

The space inside the tent was not gigantic, so Matthew could detect her every movement.

"Can't sleep?"

The man's gentle yet hoarse voice emerged from the dark.

"Yup."

Veronica had really struggled to fall asleep..

Ever since from eight o'clock to ten o'clock and ten o'clock to twelve o'clock, she had spent every agonizing second of it tossing and turning around.

"Did you also head to sleep at around four or five in the morning?"

Seeing as both of them were having trouble sleeping, Matthew then struck up a conversation with her instead..

At such a close distance in this cramped space, he could almost smell her body scent.

It was especially so when they shared the same sleeping bag because her hair would sometimes smack his face while emanating the fragrant smell of shampoo.

“No, I used to sleep at around twelve everyday. Then, I would wake up at seven or eight.” Recounting the previous situation, she then made a simple deduction, “Maybe it was because I used to deliver goods all day long and it was too exhausting for me.”

Even she herself had no idea why she was not having enough sleep nowadays.

Veronica tried to rest while facing the sky before turning to her side to sleep. However, her habit of pressing her legs against something made her curl her legs and it accidentally whacked Matthew.

At that moment, the corners of her mouth twitched before she immediately retracted her legs. “Haha... That was an accident.”

reti

She was really going to be driven mad by all this.

It was uncomfortable for two people to sleep in this small tent.

“Go ahead and get some rest. I’m going outside for a smoke.”

As he stood up, Matthew yanked the zipper open before he left the tent.

Veronica instantly stretched her limbs and rolled in the tent to relax her muscles, which made her feel much better.

Yet, after all the tossing and turning, she was still not drowsy, so she went out of the tent in defiance.

Although it was a bit cold, the windy weather outside was still relatively refreshing

In a weather like this, mosquitoes would not be around as the wind would blow them away.

When she came out, Veronica saw Matthew on top of a stone with a lit cigarette in his hand.

As she walked over, she took a seat beside him and looked at the stars above. “Whenever that was a power outage when I was a little girl during summer, my mom would fan me as I counted the stars. At that time, the stars were really bright and beautiful. It would be like looking at the Milky Way.”

Suddenly, a thought came to Veronica as she spoke. “Hey, Matthew, did you ever climb trees when you were young?”

“No.”

With a cigarette in his mouth, the man shook his head.

“Hahaha, you would’ve missed out on a lot then.”

Raising her head as she smiled, Veronica subconsciously tapped on his shoulders. "Did you know? I used to climb trees, catch fishes and lobsters, and even stole my neighbor's watermelon once. In the end, Mom gave me a good beating when she found out. We even had to pay our neighbor a considerable sum of money, hahaha.."

Since there was nothing better to do, she shared with Matthew all the interesting things about her childhood. He had quietly listened while enjoying her stories since he could feel her happy memories.

As Veronica spoke endlessly, time had flown past at lightning speed until she finally grew tired and dozed off on her bent knees, whereupon she plopped on his shoulder.

Matthew merely allowed her to lean in his embrace as he hugged her while gently playing with her hair.

His heart fluttered when the cold wind blew on her hair and teased his cheeks.

Caressing her face with his fingers, the man raised his head to look at the stars. The numerous stars paired with the big, bright moon made for a quiet and stunning scenery as he immersed himself within it.

Stretching his legs slightly, he had only wanted for her to be a bit more comfortable, but he felt something damp on his legs.

As he reached out to touch it, he discovered that the woman was actually drooling on him.

Anyone would have felt disgusted by this, but even though Matthew slightly frowned and had a solemn face, he couldn't resist from laughing.

While carrying her, he entered the tent.

Since the interior of the tent was small, Veronica behaved like an octopus that tightly latched onto him and wouldn't relax her grip throughout the entire night.

Matthew felt that he had been through a torture session as he endured this feeling all the way until morning. –

The next day, Veronica woke up after a sound sleep.

When she opened her eyes, he was already nowhere to be seen inside the tent.

Coming out of the tent, she happened to chance upon Matthew returning from the mountain base.

Walking up to him, she asked, "Matthew, where did you... Wow, that smells nice. What's that?"

Veronica asked as she pointed at the small portable pot, which looked like those that people used to cook instant noodles.

"Porridge."

"Porridge? Where did you even get that from? There's nobody living near here, no?"

"I could not make a fire here, so I went down to cook it."

The windy peak meant that a fire would easily break out if he actually cooked the porridge here. That was the reason why he descended the mountain earlier in the morning to cook the porridge before thoroughly extinguishing the fire with water. After all of that was done, he finally ascended the mountain.

The drooling Veronica looked with envy as she asked while greedily eyeing the porridge, "About that... Can I have some, my brother?"

Her actions matched her usual antics.

If there was something she needed, it was only then that she would call him 'brother

"If you behave well enough, I might just consider sharing some with you."

Looking at her, Matthew said softly.

Nodding profusely, Veronica replied, "Of course, of course. This can be arranged. Come, brother, you must be tired after all that. I'll massage your back for you."

After she led him to the rock where they both sat on while stargazing yesterday, she went behind him to massage his shoulders and back while flattering, "Matt— I mean, brother, you're so impressive. Your bag is like Doraemon's pouch; there's everything inside there."

Matthew had been rapidly ascending the mountain yesterday even though he had carried a black backpack. So, naturally, Veronica thought that it didn't contain much.

Who knew that it actually contained everything?

Although she was only doing this for food, Matthew nonetheless enjoyed her services.

He took out a spoon from his short black pants before giving it to her. "Time to eat."

"Oh, okay."

After taking the spoon, Veronica sat beside him and was going to scoop some porridge for herself.

However, before her hand could reach the pot of seafood porridge, Matthew slapped the back of her hand. "Have you brushed your teeth?"

"What? How could I do that when

I don't have any access to water up here? Don't tell me you want me to brush my teeth at the base and then come back to eat?"

If it really was going to be such a hassle, then she would rather not eat.

"I have water and a disposable toothbrush in my bag."

Chapter 95

"Oh, you have them? Okay, wait for me here then. I'll go and brush my teeth now, so *do not* eat before I'm done, you hear me?"

Entering the tent, Veronica found a tube of toothpaste, a toothbrush and a bottle of water.

She had all of these things too, but the water in her box was only for one day, which she had already finished drinking yesterday.

Who could have predicted that they would be trapped on top of the mountain due to the torrential rain?

After rapidly brushing her teeth, she returned to her seat beside Matthew. She had only discovered the fact that there were two spoons but only one pot when she was about to dig in. "How about you eat it first? You have mysophobia, so you might not want to eat after I'm done."

Veronica, who had some semblance of self-awareness, knew that Matthew had worked hard to cook the porridge at the mountain base before bringing it up.

If she ate the dish first, it would be unfair to him.

"Seems like you still have some conscience left in you."

Matthew's handsome face had a slight smile as the wind blew on his bangs, which only served to accentuate his charm and handsomeness.

Holding his spoon, he only ate a few mouthfuls before saying, "It doesn't taste that good, so you should have all of it."

Then, he handed the pot to Veronica.

Looking at the pot that was half filled with porridge, she frowned. "Is it really that bad?"

Scooping a mouthful, she gave it a taste and commented, "It tastes quite okay, actually. It tastes just like the one that I have been eating at home these few days. I think..." A dazed Veronica suddenly looked at Matthew. "Does this mean that all the porridge was cooked by you?"

Although she also knew how to cook, even she had to admit that the porridge she had been eating these few days tasted delicious.

Even today's morning bowl of porridge was extremely flavorful.

Veronica knew that Matthew had brought some ingredients, but she did not expect that he actually could cook since all the breakfast at home was not prepared by him.

She remembered that he would sometimes have an American Breakfast, but there would still be a bowl of porridge for her.

"Why are you treating me so nicely?" Tilting her head, she observed Matthew from head to toe with judgmental eyes. "Is it because you have impure thoughts about me?"

The word 'ungrateful' wicked and ruthless truly suited Veronica.

However, in her eyes, no one in this would help others out of sheer kindness since they always wanted something in return.

Glancing at her coldly, the man entered the tent without saying anything more.

Seeing him keep his silence made Veronica feel a bit guilty. *Is he mad at me?*

She obediently used the remaining water while brushing her teeth to wash the pot after she had finished the breakfast made from blood and sweat. Only did she the tent to pack the pot into a plastic bag before placing it into Matthew's bag.

Seeing the man silently asleep on his side, she closed in on him as she lay behind his back while tapping on his shoulders. "Hey, don't be so petty. I was just joking with you."

"You can continue ahead. I'm going to sleep for a while."

Matthew lazily replied with closed eyes.

"How could I do that? We're war buddies now. That means that we advance and retreat together."

Shaking her head, Veronica rejected his suggestion. "Hey, Matthew, I'm talking to you. Can you hear me?"

"You're not even asleep, so why are you ignoring me?"

"Let's go. Stop sleeping. We're here for public welfare and not to sleep, so quickly get up."

"Hey, Matthew Kings, if you don't wake up at this instant, I'll bite you!"

After persuading him for a long while, Matthew did not respond to her.

A frustrated Veronica, who thought that he was really asleep, summoned the courage to press his nostrils together.

She thought, *I'll see whether you still can pretend to sleep after suffocating to death.*

Since she was on his nose, Matthew simply used his mouth to breathe.

In retaliation, she reached out with her right hand to block his mouth, wondering how long he could maintain this for.

As the seconds ticked away, there was still no response from him when suddenly, he turned around and bumped his shoulders into Veronica, who was not supporting her own body weight, making her fall onto his body and hugging him subconsciously.

They had ended up in a very suggestive position.

She looked at him, while he looked back at her.

The mood inside the cramped space was a bit awkward yet ambiguous as they gazed at each other.

Matthew, who had both his nose and mouth covered by the woman's slightly cold hands, was in a mysteriously good mood as she pranked him.

This made all the women who surrounded him seem hypocritical as they behaved like princesses and all felt fake to him.

However, Veronica, who was not only playful and adorable, had a genuine character, which made him enjoy the time that he spent with her very much.

It is... relaxing

Holding her by the waist, he raised his black eyebrow. "What are you doing by serving yourself with such eagerness, hmm?"

That 'hmm' at the end made him sound just that more charming.

How could he be so charismatic?

"How about I serve you a course of a*s-kicking? I was talking to you the whole time. Were you deaf or what?"

After speaking to him for almost half a day, Veronica's patience was already at its limits since it was replaced with a stomach full of rage. So, why would she be in the mood to 'do the deed' with him?

She even contemplated choking him right there and then.

Slapping Matthew's shoulders, she said angrily, "Get up. Get up. I *do not* want to camp out on the mountain again tonight."

After saying that, she started to pack the stuff.

Now that he felt better, Matthew also proceeded to pack everything before continuing up the mountain.

Finally, they arrived at Almeida Country before noon.

Although it was considered a county, it was nowhere near as bustling as a normal county,

With only a few residents, their homes were built using either wood, stones or concrete while their rooftops were shingled with old-looking tiles. Their residences all looked extremely shabby and lacking.

The place where they stood was Essen Village.

There were no shops or markets to speak of in the village, as they all lived with a self-sustaining manner.

The villagers all had shabby and simple clothes with a lot of signs that indicated holes had been patched up.

The appearance of those people made the kids surround and circle them.

As she did not understand the local dialect, Veronica only knew that the kids who had mud all over their faces wore a naive smile as they ran over while cheering the arrival of the two.

"Matthew, didn't you bring a lot of goodies in your bags? Give it to them to eat.

Even though the children had messy hair and muddy faces, their adorable looks and bright gazes made her like them very much.

Placing Mauhew's bag down, she took out the snacks and gave it out to them. "Hey, little cuties, these are all for you guys. Everyone has one, so don't rush."

The moment Veronica took out the snacks, the children immediately surrounded her with sparkling eyes with their chirping noises resembling a happy sparrow.

Standing at the side, Matthew looked at Veronica happily giving out the snacks and had an indescribable emotion tugging at his heart.

Chapter 96

"Hello, I'm Titus Peel, the Dawnpol Village's chief's son. My father is a bit busy at the moment, so I'm here to greet you on his behalf."

When Matthew was still absent-mindedly looking at Veronica, a dark-skinned, lanky and radiant man walked toward them to introduce himself.

Titus, who looked to be just a bit over his twenties, spoke standard English as he goes off an honest and kind aura.

Reaching for a friendly handshake, Matthew also responded in kind. "I'm Matthew. Matthew Kings."

11

After

Veronica had finished distributing the snacks, the children all skipped away happily as they were replaced by the villagers starting to gather around them.

"Hello, I'm Veronica Murphy."

She walked to Titus and shook his hand.

"Welcome to Dawnpol Village."

The honest Titus smiled while greeting her.

"I'm here as a representative of the Konig Company. There's more stuff for the kids that will soon arrive," she explained.

"Thank you, thank you. I sincerely thank you on behalf of my village. Come, I've prepared lunch at home. You two should come over and we'll have lunch together," he stated to the both of them.

As the onlooking villagers did not possess much fluency in the language, they all silently stood by the side. Although they did not converse with Veronica and Matthew, each villager still had a warm smile on their faces.

After that, Veronica and Matthew followed Titus to where his home was.

On

the way there, Titus passionately introduced the ongoings of the village so that the two of them could better understand the situation of the village.

When she arrived at Titus' home, Veronica saw Quincy and Matthew's two... bodyguards?

Veronica wasn't fully sure about the two men's identity, yet judging from their fit and muscular bodies, she knew that they weren't ordinary people.

Titus' home and the village were both located at the base of the mountain. Even though his family was the richest in Dawnpol Village, they only had five mud brick houses with all of their roofs lined with green tiles. Behind their house was a huge bamboo forest while a pond was situated at the front of the entrance.

As one stood at the entrance and heard the sounds from the rooster, dogs and the water flowing beside, they would feel like they had traveled to an unknown piece of paradise as the stunning scenery and gentle weather greeted them.

If it were not for the fact that a few great mountains had blocked the way from here to the outside world, it was possible for the place to be developed into a tourist attraction.

As they entered Titus' home, they all sat and started to chat. It wasn't before long that the village chief returned.

He was also a dark-skinned man and had a forehead full of wrinkles. Although he wasn't a very tall person, he was also slightly hunched. His attire consisted of a thin sleeveless white vest, baggy black pants and a pair of flip-flops made from grass while a dark blue towel was wrapped around his head as he held a smoking pipe in his hand.

"Welcome to my house. I'm sorry for the delay as I had something to deal with earlier."

Although the chief's English wasn't extremely fluent since it was mixed with the local dialect, one could still guess what he was trying to get across.

After greeting the chief, they all sat down and began to eat.

The lunch was very extravagant as the chief had prepared a goose and chicken for them.

After lunch, he said, "Veronica, you can stay in my home as you are a girl. I have a spacious room with a door, so I hope it'll be much more convenient for you. As for the men, they can make do with the houses of my neighbors, Mrs. Ritz and Mr. Dune."

"Okay, thank you chief. We'll follow with your arrangements."

Veronica felt extremely grateful.

Taking her luggage with her, she entered her allocated room.

The room came with only a small window, which meant that it was dimly lit. However, she had to admit that the room was indeed tidy and clean.

After placing her belongings on the floor, she saw Matthew standing by the door as soon as she turned a round. It looked like he was mysteriously looking at her.

“What, are you jealous? Don’t tell me you’re even going to fight over a room with me?”

Glancing at him, she smirked. “Let’s go and see your room then.”

After saying that, she dragged Matthew out with her.

Together with Titus, they all went over to Mrs. Ritz’s home, which had three rooms one being a bedroom, another the main hall, and the final one, a kitchen.

The passionate Mrs. Ritz welcomed them. “Hahaha, quickly come in. I’ve already tidied all the rooms for you. So, you just need to stay here.”

Often in a village, the main hall was often the living room while the house itself was the bedroom.

LIE

A perplexed Quincy asked, “If we’re staying in the house, where will you be staying?”

“It’s fine. We’ve already set up a bed in the cow shed. We’ll be sleeping there tonight,” Mrs. Ritz replied.

Her answer caused them to become speechless.

They had originally wanted to reject this proposal, but due to the villagers’ sheer insistence, they had no choice to go along with it.

After they had a short siesta, another group of people came in the afternoon.

It was only after asking around that Veronica discovered that it was the Crawfords who had arrived—namely Xavier’s father and sister, Hendric and Melissa.

“Hey, I heard from Titus that nobody has ever visited Dawnpol Village before. So, why are there so many people here all of a sudden?” Veronica asked while tugging on Melissa’s arm.

Matthew stared at her coldly before replying, “I don’t know.”

After saying that, he turned and was preparing to walk away.

His sudden mood swing confounded Veronica to no end, so she chased after him and blocked his way. “Are you mental? Why are you angry for no reason again? When did I exactly offend you?”

Stopping in his stride, the man had a cold look on his handsome face. “I told you to stay away from Xavier Crawford. Are you treating my words as water off a duck’s back?”

This answer made Veronica realize why he was angry at her.

It was all because her current workplace, Konig Company, was owned by Xavier, which was the reason why Matthew was exasperated.

She instantly grew livid. "You're only my godbrother, not my mom! First off, you didn't birth me. Secondly, you didn't raise me. Thirdly, we're not even romantically involved, so why should I follow everything you say?"

Veronica snorted before shooting a cold gaze at him and stomping angrily. "What a control freak!"

Then, she swerved past him and left.

In the afternoon, the number of people swarming into Dawnpol Village grew as a few reporters even showed up.

Although there was no signal here, the news could still be broadcasted after they left the village.

The donation items that were in the cars stationed out to the mountain had been transported bit by bit to the village. Not to mention, the enthusiastic villagers had also joined the team to help to transport the items over to the village.

Veronica finally found out that the charity event this time was apparently organized by the government, who requested every corporation in Bloomstead to come to Almeida and contribute something.

It just so happened that the Crawfords were arranged to visit Dawnpol Village, which was why Xavier's company had dispatched some of their workers over.

The afternoon was filled with people busying themselves transporting the goods and Veronica was in the midst of it too.

This continued until late at night.

The exhausted Veronica had returned to the village chief's home only to discover someone sleeping on her bed after she had switched on the lights in her room.

"I just switched off the lights. Who in the name... Veronica?"

The woman in pajamas sat up and stared angrily at Veronica.

Then, Veronica discovered that the person in question was actually Xavier's sister, Melissa.

"Why are you sleeping here?" Veronica asked.

"With no place left in the village to sleep, the chief said that I can crash in the room with you, saying that I am a VIP." After that, Melissa just lay back down to continue to sleep.

Chapter 97

Since the chief had already said so, Veronica could only accept the fact calmly.

After all, this was not the city where they had plenty of choices to choose from.

She took out her towel and body wash from her luggage and proceeded to head out to the pond by the entrance with a flashlight. Sitting on the stone used for washing clothes, Veronica dipped her foot in the cool water before swinging her legs, making the water splash about.

Ribbit, ribbit, ribbit.

The sound of the frogs croaking paired with the grasshoppers chirping made for a relaxing scene.

Suddenly, small balls of green light appeared in the dark, to which Veronica looked at dazily.

When she was young, fireflies were a common sight. However, now that she was an adult, she rarely saw them again, so she didn't expect such a large number of them here.

Splash.

Veronica jumped into the pond and took a satisfying bath since there was nobody around in the dead of night. –

The pond at the entrance was deep with cobblestones underneath while its water all came from the mountain.

After swimming for a while, she took a bath as she sat on the washing stone with soaked clothes before washing her hair. Basking in the night wind, she felt a tad bit cold yet she wasn't drowsy at all and didn't want to sleep either.

Crack.

The sound caused Veronica to turn her head behind as she saw a man lighting a cigarette. From the dim light illuminated by the lighter, she recognized at once that the man was Matthew.

"When did you arrive?"

Was he actually peeping on her when she was taking a bath?

Although she was wearing activewear that consisted of a pair of shorts and a T-shirt, she didn't accidentally reveal anything. Rather, it was because he already knew that she was there and still chose to linger around.

What a shameless man.

Matthew leaned against a tree as he silently took a puff from his cigarette; the sight of his cigarette becoming dark before lighting up again made it seem like there was a glowing red firefly there.

Matthew's silence merely notified Veronica that he was annoyed about her scolding him earlier in the day.

However, she didn't care enough to coax him; she merely stood up to return to her

room,

After shutting the door, she changed into another set of clothes and lay on the bed.

An insomniac Melissa saw her lying down and closed in to ask, "So, you're my brother's girlfriend. I heard from Dad that you intentionally made yourself look ugly. What was that all about? Was it because you looked like Tiffany's doppelganger?"

The Larsons, who had exposed Veronica's identity, repeatedly claimed multiple times in front of the media that they were going to bring her back to the Larson Residence as one of them.

So, it wasn't strange that the Crawfords knew about her identity.

Acting like a gossipy middle-aged woman, Melissa continued to ask enigmatically, "Why did the Larson Family abandon you back then? Was there something wrong with you?"

"I don't know whether my body is ill or not, but what I do know is that something's wrong with your brain!" Veronica retorted angrily as she raised her head.

"Wow, Roni. You're so fierce."

Now that she was resting face down on the bed, Melissa swung her legs and propped her face up with her hands to look at Veronica. "No wonder my brother likes you so much. I fancy your personality too, but I prefer Matthew. Hey, I also heard that you have saved Old Mrs. Kings before. She wants to recognize you as her god granddaughter, is that right?"

The seldom happenings in the upper echelon would often spread like wildfire.

"Why are you asking something that you know the answer to?"

Veronica wasn't really in the mood to humor Melissa.

"So, it's real?"

The moment she heard

Veronica's words, Melissa tugged on her elbows and probed, "That's great news! Can you tell me more about Matthew?"

A blunt Veronica replied, "You're not paying, so why should I?"

"Oh, money. That I have. Hehe, I don't have much in life except money." Then, Melissa pulled her mobile out and continued, "I'll add you on Whatsapp then and transfer the money to you. Oh right, there's no signal here. Wait for a short while, please."

As if she was mumbling to herself, she took a bag by the corner of the bedside and handed a wad of cash to Veronica after digging through it. "Here, this is for you. So, can you now tell me the things that I want to know about Matthew?"

The cash in question all came in new notes and wrapped with a white paper strip.

Staring at the character printed on the note, a baffled Veronica asked, "Why did you bring so much cash to Almeida County?"

"I heard that there would be no signal here and we can only use cash here. So, I brought a hundred thousand in cash with me." Melissa breathed in deeply in the midst of her explanation. "If I had known that t

his god-forsaken place would not even have a supermarket, I would not have brought it along. It nearly killed me, carrying all that money.”

All the words that she mumbled were heard by Veronica, whose eyes sparkled upon realizing that a deal could be made.

Melissa suddenly looked extra pleasant in Veronica’s eyes. “Everything’s up for negotiation, actually. This includes me telling you all about him. Heck, I could even arrange a date with him for you, if you so wish. The only problem is...”

Veronica trailed off as she reached out to rub her thumb and index finger together.

The gesture was basically self-explanatory.

“Really? Can you really set up a date for me and Matthew?”

Melissa’s eyes glimmered brightly upon hearing this.

“Of course I can.”

Thumping her chest, Veronica looked extremely confident.

Apart from other matters, it was a piece of cake for her to ask Matthew out.

Thinking of this, Veronica was suddenly reminded of something, “Didn’t you know that Matthew is already engaged to Tiffany?”

“Hmph, so what? Even married couples can divorce, so them being engaged is not an obstacle for me.” As Melissa waved her hand, she looked like a spoiled brat who had no idea of how the world worked.

Veronica, who raised her right eyebrow; had the glimmer of stars in her eyes. “Deal. So, what do you want to know?”

She then picks up the note of ten thousand before folding it in a ninety degree angle before her fingernails brushed against it. The sound of the notes was music to her ears. *This ten thousand has made me realize that this trip was not a waste.*

Reality was hinting at her that there was more to be profited from this encounter.

“Tell me about Matthew and Tiffany then,” Melissa requested as she lay beside Veronica.

“There’s nothing to talk about her. How about you increase the price and I’ll help to arrange a meeting between you and Matthew. Isn’t that more worthwhile?”

Veronica was thinking about how best she could profit from this.

“Hmm, that’s a good plan too. If you can help me arrange a date with Matthew, I’ll give you...”

Melissa then proceeded to produce twenty thousand from the wads of cash she had in her hand. “Here’s another twenty thousand, so help me arrange a meeting with him.”

“Are you giving me thirty thousand in one shot?”

“Is that not enough? I can add on another twenty thousand.”

“I’m... Hahaha, it’s enough.”

A wealthy friend was always a good friend, so Veronica had decided to befriend the naive and innocent Melissa. “It’s our first time doing business, so as an act of sincerity on my part, I’ll help to arrange for a second date for free.”

“Oh my God, Veronica, you’re too nice!” An excited Melissa hugged her with twinkling eyes. “I love you so much. Tell you what, I’m going to tell my dad all about you tomorrow. I’ll say that you’re kind, stunningly beautiful, wise, capable, intelligent, calm, honest and—”

“Stop. Stop. Stop!”

Veronica was someone who never felt guilty about the barrage of compliments, but she now had a migraine from dealing with Melissa sounded like a gatling gun. “I’ll help you set up a meeting now, so just—wait here.”

Chapter 98

As she had only fancied Melissa’s ability to give money, she instantly surrendered to Melissa.

“Haha, Veronica, you really are too kind.”

Melissa tilted her head and made a heart shape with her fingers at Veronica’s direction.

Such a gesture had caused Veronica to feel queasy as it only gave her goosebumps.

After wearing her shoes, she then took a flashlight with her before heading to the house next door. She immediately went to Matthew’s bedroom after opening the front door. Knocking on the door, she asked, “Matthew?”

Because the villagers had mingled with each other well, they didn’t close the front door on account of the swarm of outsiders who arrived for the sake of convenience. As such, Veronica merely allowed herself in.

No reply came from the other end.

After waiting for a while, Veronica was going to call for Matthew again when the bedroom door opened.

Matthew stood in front of her in the dark and asked coldly, “What?”

His cold tone had a hint of distance to it.

It was like he still held a grudge about what happened earlier that day.

Veronica thought that he must have been a super petty person in his past life, which explained why he easily became angry.

“About that... Um... I’ve something urgent to talk to you about. Could you come with me?”

Lowering her voice, she had said it in such a tone that only both of them could hear

1. it.

After a short period of silence, the man agreed and followed her outside.

After walking to the courtyard outside, Matthew stopped and turned around to look at Veronica. "So, what is it?"

Although it was at the dead of night, the moon cast its bright light to the ground and illuminated everything in a thin veil, barely allowing them to make out each other's silhouette.

Suddenly, Veronica held onto her stomach. "Ahhh, my tummy. Ouch, it hurts..."

She subconsciously grabbed onto Matthew's arms while whining softly.

Matthew, who had a cold and distant look earlier, immediately asked in worry after seeing her in discomfort, "What's wrong? Did you get food poisoning?"

"N-NO..."

Pretending to be in pain, she even squeezed out the words in agony.

"Then... What is it?" a caring Matthew asked.

Veronica whined, "I just..."

"You just what?"

"I just need to poop, so wait right here for a bit."

After saying that, Veronica hastily ran off.

At that moment, her words were still swimming in Matthew's mind as he thought that the woman was too brash to say those kinds of things..

If I'm being honest... She should change this habit of hers. Otherwise, how can she be accepted into the Kings Family? Be accepted into the Kings Family?

As he frowned, he suddenly had an image of her wearing a bridal gown on their wedding night while she smiled sweetly at him.

"What are you thinking of?"

As he pinched his eyebrows, Matthew then rubbed his temples, feeling as if he had been possessed earlier.

It was obvious that she would only be accepted into the Kings Residence as his grandmother's god-granddaughter—nothing more, nothing less.

He waited for a while at the pond under the moonlight as he took out a cigarette to take a puff

It was not until the tip of a cigarette had been fully lit that the sound of footsteps was heard.

As he turned back, Matthew looked at the shadow standing from a few meters away since he could not make out who it was. "So, how are you feeling now?"

Thinking of how Veronica was in so much hurry when she said those words, he thought that she must have been in a great deal of pain, which was why he had asked with concern.

The woman didn't reply and merely stopped when she arrived in front of him.

Although it was only for an instant, the breeze carried with it a strange scent along with the scent of the flora and fauna with it

Peering coldly, Matthew asked, "Who are you?"

"I-It's me, Melissa."

After a thorough preparation, Melissa had intentionally sprayed perfume before coming over, hoping that Matthew would be charmed into looking directly at her.

Only God knew how exciting she felt to see her dream guy standing in front of her at that moment. She had butterflies in her stomach and it took her a long while before she calmed down.

"What are you doing here? Where's Veronica?" ||

If it hadn't been for Veronica, Matthew would have already left as soon as this woman appeared.

"Veronica, she... wanted me to tell you to wait a bit longer as her tummy is still aching."

When Veronica returned to the room, she had reminded Melissa multiple times to say those exact words to Matthew, so that he would stay there for a little longer.

It was only through this method that Melissa could be alone with him for some time.

Veronica had to painstakingly come up with such a plan just to earn Melissa's money.

The premise was that Matthew could not suspect anything strange about all this. Otherwise, their deal and his time would only end in failure.

"Okay then, you can leave now."

Taking out another cigarette, Matthew lit it before taking yet another puff.

Melissa, who had walked to his left side, coincidentally smelled the light tobacco scent that blew past her face.

Smelling the hint of tobacco, she found it harder to suppress the ecstasy inside her.

In her memory, this was her first time being so close to Matthew after all these years.

Just standing beside him was enough to make her woozy as she could feel his pheromones in the air.

"M-Matthew, you love Tiffany very much, right?":

Not wanting to leave, Melissa tried to start a conversation.

After she spoke, it felt like her question had been blown away by the wind as Matthew did not show any intention to answer it.

Not giving up, she lamented, "Veronica looks exactly like Tiffany, but you chose to be engaged to the latter. Is it because Tiffany is the popular girl in Bloomstead?"

This was something that she really wanted to know.

Holding the cigarette in his hand, Matthew stopped to look at the stars.

Although Melissa was Xavier's sister, for someone who never once contacted him, she was suddenly asking such weird questions.

Turning his gaze to the direction of the chief's house, Matthew reflected on how Veronica said that she had something to say to him before mysteriously having a stomach ache. *Don't tell me that...*

Thinking of this, the man had a slight smirk on his face. "It's just an engagement," he said bluntly.

Hearing this made Melissa's eyes light up. "It's just an engagement? Does that mean that things can change at any moment?"

Things can often change."

It was only four words that were emotionlessly said, but Melissa still treated it as if it were the gospel from God.

This kind of confidently arrogant and godlike man made Melissa love him from her core.

Melissa's ecstasy came from the fact that she had successfully met her idol.

"Does that mean that you might not be marrying Tiffany in the future?"

Her question made Matthew fall into silence again.

From his standpoint, he had clearly given the answer just now.

However, Matthew had failed to notice that barring the answer, his words contained a lot of information within as well as his true feelings.

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In that split second, he knew that he was expecting something, yet he did not know exactly what it was that he expected.

"Oh, I understand."