

The Life of A Billionaire's Wife chapter 127-130

Chapter 127

"Since the Kings Family is strict with their children, why would he be—"

"Yvonne, are you gonna stay or not?"

Get out of here if you aren't!" Veronica snapped right away without giving Yvonne the opportunity to finish her sentence. Then, she shoved Yvonne into her room, saying, "Here, the closet is full of new clothes. We're about the same height, so pick your clothes your self. The bathroom is over there. Hurry up and wash yourself before going to sleep!"

"Oh, okay, okay." Sensing that this topic was a taboo for Veronica, Yvonne dared not ask her further about it.

Veronica then went

to the living room's bathroom and furtively called the landlady of the apartment she had rented today to ask her if she could quit the lease and have her rent refunded.

"Are you crazy? How

could you quit the lease right now after moving in just today? Are you trying to make a fool of me?"

"It's okay that you're angry, but you shouldn't be yelling

at me. It's fine that I can't have my rent refunded, but what are you speaking so harshly for?"

"How could you ask such a retarded question when you know that I'm angry? You must be out of your mind! *Beep—*" The landlady

showered abuses on Veronica before hanging up right away.

Veronica's lips twitched at the sight of the ended phone call, "*Sigh, I can't have my rent refunded. It's over 20,000 lost. It really*

hurts." Whenever she thought about it, she felt a surge of exasperation. *It's all Matthew, that *sshole's fault! If it weren't for him, I wouldn't have lost over 20,000.*

As soon as she opened the bathroom door to come out, she saw Matthew standing outside. Her face darkened, and she snapped in displeasure, "Why are you standing at the bathroom door? Why have I never realized you've got such a hobby?"

Matthew raised his hand and loosened his necktie with an air of impatience. Then, he seized Veronica by the collar and pinned her against the wall, asking, "Are you close to Yvonne?"

"What does that have to do with you?!" Veronica shot back snappishly.

“How dare you be friends with her? She’s from an unknown background. Are you
ured of living?” *What a foolish woman who dares to bring anybody home!*

Her head tilted to one side, Veronica stared at Matthew as her obsidian–like
bright eyes sparkled with a smile. “Why would I? She’s only a good friend of mine.” *Go
d friend? No, Yvonne and I were only forced to live together for a week after being kidna
pped*, she thought. Of course, she had some suspicions about Yvonne’s appearance, b
ut she was certain that the latter wasn’t sent by the Larson Family. There was nothing el
se about Veronica that Yvonne could take advantage of. In that case,
the only thing that could explain this was that... Yvonne’s purpose in getting close to her
was to get close to Matthew

However, no matter whether Yvonne had her eyes on Matthew’s wealth, power, influenc
e, or Matthew himself, it was none of Veronica’s business. Therefore, Veronica wouldn’t
care about it as long as it wouldn’t keep her from “getting rich.” Moreover, Matthew was
n’t a kind person either. He was incredibly shrewd, so it would probably
be extremely difficult for Yvonne to gain something from him.

“The mercenaries who kidnapped her that day were...” Matthew wanted to tell Veronica
the identity
and background of Yvonne’s kidnapper at first, but he feared that he might frighten this f
oolish woman. In the end, he merely said with a sigh, “I had too much to drink yesterday
.”

He changed the subject so quickly that it was somewhat puzzling.

Veronica knew that Matthew was apologizing for his behavior yesterday. She had smell
ed alcohol on him yesterday as soon as he came back, but the amount
of alcohol wasn’t sufficient to make him lose self–
control. “So what?” She knitted her brows. “It’s pointless to give an absurd explanation ri
ght now after you’ve done it.” In other words, she was accusing him of
talking nonsense by blaming his behavior yesterday on alcohol after he had raped her a
nd slept with her. *Or are you saying that you’re a brainless creature who has no control
over your lower hall?*

Matthew’s face darkened slightly, and he patted Veronica lightly on the head with his lar
ge hand. “In the future, we’ll only be brother and sister. There’ll be no other relationship
between us apart from that.” The “relationship” that he said wasn’t referring to the broth
er–
sister relationship; in reality, he was telling Veronica that he would never touch her agai
n.

Since he had said so, Veronica decided to make things clear instead of being secretive.
“You better keep your words. If you dare touch me again in the future, I’ll definitely fight
you to death!”

Suddenly, Matthew said, "Two months later, Tiffany and I will be getting married."

The two seemed to be responding to each other's words with irrelevant answers as they jumped from one topic to another, but they actually understood what each other's words meant.

Veronica was slightly startled. Then, with the benefit of hindsight, she realized why Matthew would say just now that their relationship would be limited to that of brother and sister. As it turned out, it was because the two were planning to get married in two months due to Tiffany's pregnancy. Feeling suffocated at once, she instantly felt her heart ache terribly. *Why does my heart ache so terribly? That's right why wouldn't my heart ache terribly? How am I supposed to avenge my adoptive parents and undo the injustice done to me if he marries Tiffany?*

Veronica felt that her insistence on taking revenge over the past few months had suddenly become pointless at this very moment. If she were to fight against the Larson Family alone, she might find a way to make the family lose face or even bring down the family. In the beginning, when Matthew said he would marry Tiffany in half a year, she thought that half a year would be sufficient for her to go against the Larson Family and avenge her adoptive parents. However, their wedding was suddenly brought forward to two months later on surprisingly short notice. In other words, in a few days, the Kings Family would prepare for the wedding and announce publicly the date of their wedding, telling everyone that Tiffany was soon marrying into the Kings Family. At the moment, he and Tiffany could almost be considered a family; for good or ill, they would be bound together.

How can I fight against the Larsons and the Kingses on my own? I'll only be fighting a hopeless battle.

Veronica blinked her eyes before looking at the man before her with a bitter smile. "Is that so? Congratulations to you, then." *Congratulations to you on becoming a father and to Tiffany on becoming Mrs. Kings. Tiffany's defeated me completely after all.*

Shoving the man away, she went to the living room's bar counter and took a bottle of red wine from the liquor cabinet. Then, she went to the living room and started drinking on her own.

Matthew stood in place while watching the woman's every move. He knew very well that she had shoved him with her injured right arm just now, but she didn't notice it at all. The sentence she had said out of personal feelings when they lay in the tent on the mountain in Almeida that day crossed his mind. *"Will you help the Larsons if they want to kill me one day?"*

Walking up to Veronica, he felt bad in every way when he saw her pour red wine into her wine glass and drink heavily by gulping down a glass of red wine after another.

Torunia, do you wama... Oh, dear! Why are you drinking alone? Didn't you hurt your arm. You can't drink liquor when you're injured." Yvonne was suddenly dressed after taking a shower. After all, she was at Matthew's home, so she had to observe the proprieties all the while in his presence, of course. Coming to Veronica's side, she sat down and snatched the wine bottle from her. "Are you insane? You'll get drunk by drinking like this."

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Veronica shot Yvonne a glare with frosty eyes before snatching the wine bottle back from her. "What a busybody! Can't I drink when I'm in a good mood?"

"You're in a good mood?" Yvonne looked dumbfounded. *Which part of her looks like she's in a good mood?*

"Yeah, I'm in a good mood. My brother is marrying his fiancée very soon, so I'm happy. Do you wanna have a couple of drinks with me to celebrate it in advance? Oh, right, Yvonne, let me tell you this: we can ask Matthew for a huge present when he marries Tiffany! Haha..." She guffawed without restraint while holding up the wine bottle again before gulping several mouthfuls of wine, filling her stomach with liquor continuously as if she was drinking water.

Yvonne was stunned by Veronica's behavior. "A— Are you really happy?" *Why does it seem to me that she's heartbroken?*

"Yeah, I'm happy. I'm happy." Veronica nodded vigorously while plonking the emptied bottle of red wine on the table. After giving a belch, she stood up and walked over to the bar counter. "Matthew... no, my brother's rich. All the wine on his bar counter is good wine, so it'll be a shame not to drink them. I want to drink more of them."

Walking over to the bar counter, she looked at the bottles of good wine placed on the wine rack, looking specifically for some vintage wine to drink. Even though those wines were flavorful, they were very old, and it would be harmful to her health if she drank them without decanting them first. After finding two bottles of wine on the wine rack, she shot a glance at Yvonne and shook her head. "You're bad at drinking. Just go to sleep. I want to drink with him," she said while handing a bottle of red wine to Matthew. "Come on! We've got to get drunk in order to celebrate your becoming a father. But let me say this in advance: you have to give me a huge present when you get married."

Matthew stared fixedly at Veronica. The last time she recklessly got drunk like this was the time she was rescued from abroad. Only a month had passed since then.

Knowing Matthew's relationship with Veronica, Yvonne couldn't say anything else. She only said to Matthew, "I'm going to sleep. Just stop her from drinking too much."

"Uh-huh," Matthew replied.

With that, Yvonne went back to the bedroom to sleep.

Veronica held up her wine bottle and clinked it against Matthew's. "Come on; have a drink with me."

"You shouldn't be drinking. Your wound hasn't healed yet."

"It's no big deal. It's just a minor injury, after all." Veronica darted a sidelong glance at him. "Just shut up and drink. Why talk so much nonsense while drinking?" Holding the wine bottle in her hand, she continued drinking on her own. It didn't take long before she finished the bottle of wine in her hand, but her little face fell when she noticed that Matthew's wine bottle was untouched. "Never mind if you don't want to drink with me. I'll drink with Xavier instead." She put down her wine bottle and stood up to head outside.

However, as soon as she walked past Matthew, the man grabbed her wrist tightly. "I'll drink with you." Grabbing her wrist with one hand while holding the wine bottle with another, he stared at her and gulped a big mouthful of red wine. "Sit down. I'll drink with you."

"That's more like it." Veronica gave a depressingly sad grin.

Matthew drank with Veronica and watched as she drank four bottles of red wine without getting drunk. At first, he thought that drinking some wine would help her fall asleep, but the tipsy woman had no intention of going to sleep at all. If she kept on drinking, she might suffer from alcohol intoxication, which would be harmful to her health. He snatched away the wine bottle in her hand, saying, "Let's stop drinking. I'll take you out for a ride." He couldn't help but sigh from the bottom of his heart at the woman's astonishing capacity for liquor. However, no matter how well she could hold her liquor, alcohol was still harmful to her health.

Her cheeks flushed, Veronica turned to look at Matthew with narrowed eyes, asking, "Hm? A ride? Where?"

"Just come with me." Matthew took her hand, stood up, and headed outside.

Veronica felt somewhat dizzy, and she staggered a little while walking. However, she was very sober, so she held Matthew's hand tightly for fear of falling. After entering the elevator, she stood on tiptoe and wrapped her left arm around his shoulder like a buddy. "Where are we going in the middle of the night? Can I ride on the Ferris wheel? I've always wanted to take a ride on the Ferris wheel ever since I was little, but I never had the opportunity. Do you think... that I'm miserable?" Resting her head

ad on Matthew's shoulder, the woman gave a smelly belch after finishing her sentence, and her breath reeked of alcohol.

Matthew frowned in disgust, but he nonetheless put his arm around her waist for fear that she might lose her balance and fall to the ground. "Okay, I'll take you on a Ferris wheel ride."

"Really? Is it the largest Ferris wheel in Bloomstead?"

"Yeah."

"Wow, that'd be great! He he! To think that I can ride on the Ferris wheel at such a late hour! That's definitely gonna be f-fun..." Veronica grinned happily.

On the other hand, Matthew had a complicated look on his face as he looked at Veronica with his eyes full of worry and sympathy. While taking her downstairs, he texted Thomas, who was already waiting downstairs when he arrived at the second basement parking lot. For work reasons, Thomas couldn't be staying too far from Matthew, so it had been arranged for him to stay in the presidential suite downstairs of Matthew's apartment. Eventually, the presidential suite Thomas had been staying in became his little apartment.

After getting into the car, Matthew, who was sitting in the back seat, asked Thomas, "Is everything ready?"

"I've contacted the person in charge of the amusement park," Thomas said while starting the car before slowly driving out of the parking lot.

Veronica turned her head to look out of the window at the moon as she and Matthew sat in the back seat. Instead of falling into a drunken sleep, she became more and more sober. On top of having something on her mind, she suffered from severe insomnia. Moreover, she could hold her liquor much better than others, so she rarely got drunk.

Since she was especially confident of her ability to hold her liquor, she didn't know she had thrown up like mad in Matthew's apartment after getting dead drunk last time. However, she ended up getting as drunk as a lord last time because she had mistakenly drunk red wine that was very old.

Seeing that she wasn't sleeping, Matthew asked, "What are you thinking?"

Veronica shook her head slightly with a sigh of dejection. "I'm just watching the moon."

She was thinking that Matthew was going to marry Tiffany soon. She wondered whether she should continue avenging her adoptive parents or go back to her hometown to keep her

adoptive parents company as they lived out the rest of their lives. However, no matter which choice she would make, it would be a difficult

choice, and her heart was full of resentment. She resented the Larsons for abandoning her

heartlessly and injuring her adoptive parents in a staged car accident in order to save Randy. Not only that, but they even hatched multiple plots to get rid of her and her adoptive parents.

If she didn't get back at the Larsons for this, Veronica felt she would never have peace of mind for the rest of her life. However, how was she supposed to fight against two powerful families on her own?

Ring! Suddenly, someone's cell phone rang in the quiet car.

Matthew took out his cell phone and saw that it was an incoming call from Tiffany. Despite staring at the phone's screen, he glanced at Veronica out of the corner of his eye. In the end, he pressed the red button and rejected the phone call.

II

However, it didn't take long before Tiffany called him again.

Matthew clutched his cell phone in his hand. After hesitating for a moment, he answered the phone and held it up to his ear, asking, "What's the matter?"

Chapter 129

"Matthew, have you gone to sleep?"

Matthew pressed his cell phone against his left ear. When he heard the voice on the other end of the line, a flicker of impatience flashed across his eyes. "Not yet."

"... miss you." Tiffany's voice sounded especially soft like a drizzling rain in spring.

"Rest early. I've got something to deal with over here, so I'm hanging,"

"Matthew, my parents aren't home today, so I'm a little scared of being alone. Could you come over and keep me company?" Tiffany spoke her mind after hesitating for a long time..

However, Matthew didn't choose to keep Tiffany company because of the latter's plea. Instead, he replied coldly, "I've got something to deal with at the moment. Let's talk later," and hung up right away.

Sitting next to the man, Veronica couldn't make out who was talking on the other end of the line, but she vaguely figured out from Matthew's words that the person was probably Tiffany. *Why is he so indifferent to his future wife? Did he have a quarrel with her yesterday or something?* Instead of saying anything, she merely kept looking out of the window, watching as the car sped toward the biggest amusement park in Bloomstead from the downtown area.

Neither Veronica nor Matthew spoke on the way, and the atmosphere in the car was especially grave with a hint of oppression.

An hour later, the car arrived at the biggest amusement park in Bloomstead.

After Thomas stopped the car, Matthew and Veronica opened the car door and got out of the car.

Standing at the amusement park's entrance, Veronica looked up to see the soaring Ferris wheel in the amusement park, which looked especially beautiful as it spun with its neon lights flashing.

"Let's go in." Matthew watched as Veronica stood in place while looking up at the Ferris wheel. Her expression was especially clear under the light; even the hint of sadness in her eyes was clearly revealed.

Thomas went to take care of the amusement park's staff, whereas Matthew and

Veronica entered the park together. All the park's attractions were available and waiting for the two to play.

It wasn't until they entered the amusement park and saw the fun attractions that Veronica said with a sigh, "My family's poor. When I was little, my parents would only take me to the park when I ranked top of my class in the exam. All the park has are some small attractions like bumper cars, children's roller-coaster, and carousel. Even so, I still think that things were pretty nice when I was a child." Now that she had grown up, she could own everything she wanted, but she was no longer as happy as she had been during her childhood. Furthermore, she wished she could travel back in time to her childhood.

Matthew sensed clearly the sadness and disappointment in Veronica's words. Turning his head to look at the woman, he said softly, "Which attractions do you want to play? I'll play with you."

Veronica shook her head with a quiet sigh. "You don't have to." Even if she wanted to play, there was no way she would be in the mood to do that.

The two walked inside the large amusement park and watched the lights flash dazzlingly on the attractions. The music was ringing in their ears, and the atmosphere was very nice, but they couldn't arouse Veronica's interest at all.

They went all the way to the Ferris wheel, where the staff member opened the cabin door for them to go inside. When the cabin door was closed, the Ferris wheel was still spinning softly. Standing in front of the glass door, Veronica stared at the outside world, but she wasn't delighted at all. "I've always looked forward to riding the Ferris wheel since I was little. Now that I'm actually riding one, I find that... it's far less wonderful than when you look at it from a distance."

Standing next to her, Matthew replied, "Perhaps it's because we're riding it at night."

"Maybe." Veronica stood before the glass door for a while. Then, she sat down in the seat, saying, "I'm sleepy."

"Just sleep if you're sleepy," Matthew said. Then, he saw Veronica lying huddled up on the Ferris wheel and sleeping for real.

It was already autumn, and the night was slightly chilly. The man took off his suit jacket and draped it on Veronica. Shortly after that, he heard her even breathing. Fearing that she might fall from the seat while sleeping, he walked up to her and propped up her head. Then, he sat down and let her rest her head in his lap.

Veronica slept more and more soundly when she smelled the familiar scent.

The man's mood darkened as he gently stroked Veronica's hair with his fingers. After that, he took out his cell phone and sent Thomas a text message. 'Cancel the wedding and postpone it indefinitely

Shortly after the text message was sent, he received a text message from Thomas. It read, 'Please think twice about it, Young Master Matthew. Miss Larson is already pregnant. If you marry her after the baby is born, it'll harm the future Little Master's reputation, not to mention the impact it'll have on Miss Larson's reputation.'

Matthew merely darted a look at Thomas' text message before he replied, 'Just do it!

After he sent the text message, Thomas didn't reply to his text messages anymore.

With that, the man sat with his back against the chair while letting Veronica rest her head in his lap. Staying with her the entire night, he supported her head with his hand to prevent her from falling from her seat.

When Veronica woke up the next morning, she opened her eyes and found herself in a cramped space. After blinking her eyes drowsily, she darted a look at the scenery outside, only to sit up at once in fright. "Where's this place?"

"The Ferris wheel," Matthew replied.

Upon hearing his voice, Veronica looked back at once. Only then did she realize that Matthew was sitting next to her, whereas she seemed... to have slept in his lap just now. After carefully recalling what had happened last night, she slowly marshaled her thoughts and resumed her simple-minded demeanor with a smile of embarrassment. "I forgot it. I had too much to drink last night." As she spoke, she sensed the suit jacket on her, so she took it off and handed it to him. "Thanks. Let me treat you to breakfast when we go back later." Walking up to the Ferris wheel's cabin door, she couldn't help but sigh while looking at the scenery outside. "It's so tall. It really gives the feeling of looking at many mountains from a high position. The misty mountains are really beautiful."

After a good night's sleep, she felt like all the problems that were weighing on her mind had disappeared; even her tone of voice made one feel relaxed.

After riding the Ferris wheel for another while, Veronica and Matthew left the amusement park and went back. However fun the amusement park was, she wasn't in the mood to play.

After the two got into the car, Thomas slowly drove downtown.

On the way downtown, Veronica's cell phone rang. When she took out her cell phone, she saw that it was an incoming call from Elizabeth. Shooting a glance at Matthew, she pressed the 'answer' button, saying, "Hello? Grandma,"

Before she could finish her sentence, though, Elizabeth's voice rang on the other end of the line. "Veronica, did you see my Lily? I can't find Lily."

Upon hearing Elizabeth's words, Veronica knitted her brows in confusion. *Lily?* She had heard from Elizabeth about Lily before, so she knew that Elizabeth had a youngest daughter, but she died in an accident ten years ago. *Why would she ask me this question all of a sudden?* "Grandma, are you alright?" She couldn't help worrying about Elizabeth inwardly.

"Oh, I'm fine. I'm alright. I just had a slip of the tongue just now. I wanted to ask you if you know where Matthew is."

Chapter 130

Veronica turned to look at Matthew with a meaningful look in her eyes. She lied, “I don’t know about that. Why don’t you call him and ask him where he is instead?”

Elizabeth sounded amiable. “*Sigh*, alright, alright. As for you, when will you be free to keep me company, young lady? It’s been a month since you saved me last time, yet I only got to meet you the day before yesterday. What makes you so busy every day?”

“In that case, I’ll go keep you company tonight, okay?”

“Okay, okay! It’s settled then.”

“Uh-huh. See you tonight, Grandma.” When Veronica hung up, she only felt that Elizabeth was somewhat strange today.

Noticing that something was wrong with Veronica’s expression, Matthew asked, “What’s wrong?”

Veronica shook her head without speaking while quietly waiting for Elizabeth to call Matthew. However, after waiting for a while, she didn’t see Matthew getting a phone call from

Elizabeth. *Didn’t she say she was looking for Matthew? Why didn’t she contact him? She couldn’t help but ask, “Uh, is your phone’s battery still good?” Elizabeth was supposed to have called Matthew if his phone hadn’t run out of juice.*

“Yeah, it is.”

“Oh...” Veronica hung her head slightly and was deep in thought. Suddenly, she recalled something and asked, “When is Grandma’s birthday?”

“A month and six days later.”

“Which means, August 24.”

Veronica estimated the time according to the date Matthew had just given her. Then, she recalled Elizabeth telling her that she would be celebrating her birthday in two months when she saved Elizabeth last time. If the date Elizabeth had told her was

correct, it would be Elizabeth’s birthday in a few days’ time. However, Matthew said that her birthday was a month later, and the Kings Family hadn’t done anything to prepare for her birthday

either. So does it mean that Grandma said the wrong thing last time? Also, when I went to the Kings Residence the day before yesterday, Grandma said we hadn’t met for a month as soon as she saw me. But in reality, we’ve not seen each other for over 527 weeks since I saved her. Furthermore, Lily has passed away for ten years, so why did she

suddenly bring this up just now?

Sensing that something was wrong with the look on Veronica's face, Matthew asked her, "What are you thinking about?"

"I feel that..." Veronica hesitated for a moment. However, seeing how serious Matthew looked with his eyes full of worry, she said, "Never mind, it's nothing. Grandma was looking for you just now, so call her." She couldn't make wild guesses on something before there was evidence. *I'd better spend more time with Grandma these days and observe her to determine whether she's alright.*

Matthew then called Elizabeth. She seemed to be alright; after exchanging a few pleasantries with him, she hung up. When the car slowly reached the downtown area, Matthew suddenly asked, "What are you going to treat me to?"

Veronica thought for a moment. After looking at the breakfast shop on the roadside, she said to Thomas, "Mr. Ritter, could you pull over to the side of the road for a moment?"

"Oh, okay, Miss Murphy," Thomas replied, before turning the steering wheel and pulling over to the side of the road.

"Wait for me in the car while I buy it for you," Veronica said to Matthew. Then, she opened the car door and went directly to the breakfast shop on the other side of the road.

A few minutes later, the woman carefully crossed the road while carrying the breakfast bags. After getting back into the car, she closed the car door. "Here's your breakfast." She handed a serving of breakfast to Matthew before handing another to Thomas. "You must be tired too, Mr. Ritter. Have some breakfast."

Taking the breakfast bag, Matthew looked at the egg in the white transparent plastic bag. The egg was already peeled, and its surface was covered in brown marble-like patterns. Aside from the egg, there was also a cup of soy milk. He frowned slightly with a hint of disgust in his dark eyes, asking, "Is this what you call 'breakfast'?"

"Yeah. What's the problem? The tea egg costs a buck, and the soy milk costs two bucks. I even bought a tea egg for Mr. Ritter. I've bought four dollars' worth of breakfast for you both, which is good enough." Veronica shot a glance at Matthew before lowering her head to eat the tea egg in her hand. Her heart aching terribly, she muttered, "Life isn't easy, and it's difficult to make money. Even a breakfast costs seven bucks. It's so distressing."

Thomas' lips twitched as he sat in the driver's seat while looking at the tea egg in the plastic bag. When he looked up at Matthew, who was sitting in the back seat, through the rearview mirror, he saw the latter looking down at the tea egg for a long time without

laying a hand' on it. "Young Master Matthew, we'll arrive at One Piece Restaurant if we turn the corner ahead of us. Do you want to have breakfast there?" Having worked for Matthew for a dozen years, he knew very well that Matthew never ate street foods and found them unhygienic and lacking in nutritional value, so he suggested that they go to One Piece Restaurant instead.

"What? We're going to One Piece Restaurant?" Veronica's eyes lit up, and she immediately snatched away the breakfast that Matthew had stared at for a long time. "If you had said earlier that we're going to have breakfast at One Piece Restaurant, I wouldn't have had to treat you to breakfast. You don't like this breakfast, anyway, so let me keep it for breakfast tomorrow."

Born with a silver spoon in his mouth, Matthew was used to eating all kinds of exotic food and different styles of breakfasts that were rich in nutrition. However, he never ate street foods like these. Despite his inner aversion, he stretched out his hand and took back the tea egg and the soy milk. "It's good to eat something different," he said.

Then, he opened the plastic bag, took a bite of the tea egg, and chewed it slowly.

Surprisingly, the salty egg, which was flavored with spices, smelled even more appetizing and tasted even better than the tasteless boiled eggs that he usually ate.

Upon watching Matthew take a bite and savor the taste, Veronica couldn't help being curious. "How is it? Does it taste good?"

Matthew lowered his head and took another bite. After chewing it well, he slowly swallowed it and replied, "It's special."

"What do you mean by 'special? It's more delicious than boiled eggs, of course. Rich people like you prefer to have ham and cheese sandwiches for breakfast, which are boring and high in sugar. No wonder you know how to make porridge. You must've been tired of eating sandwiches for breakfast."

Even though Matthew had enjoyed a privileged life since childhood by eating French, Italian, or Japanese cuisine made by top chefs, these cuisines weren't as diverse as traditional cuisine. Street foods might not be hygienic, but people ate all kinds of foods, so he wasn't too worried about this.

"Meals will be charged from tomorrow onward," said Matthew while drinking soy milk after finishing the tea egg in his hand.

Eating the tea egg, Veronica paused, instantly feeling that the tea egg in her hand didn't smell appetizing anymore. Knitting her brows, she asked in displeasure with a

sier expression, "Why Didn't you guys agree to not charge me money? Why the vudden change of mind?"

let me correct you that I said, 'it all depends on how you perform.' There was a barely perceptible smile on the man's clearly-defined face. Matthew had indeed said to Veronica that he wouldn't charge her for the porridge if she stayed in his apartment, but the point was that it all depended on her performance. In other words, the right to interpret belonged to Matthew.

"Ain't I performing well by treating you to breakfast? What's wrong with buying you breakfast?"

"Do you think three bucks' worth of breakfast is good?"

"It's better than having nothing to eat for breakfast, anyway." Veronica was peeved. *Just look at what kind of a person he is! It's good enough that I gave him something to eat, yet he isn't grateful for that. Not only that, but he even frowned at it!* Feeling incredibly displeased, she said, "Fine if you don't wanna eat. Nobody's forcing you to eat it anyway. If you hate it so much, then throw it up!"

Thomas, who was eating the tea egg in the driver's seat, was chewing the egg yolk when Veronica's words amused him. Instantly, he swallowed the egg yolk, which got stuck in his throat and caused him to choke until he was somewhat out of breath. "Pfift! *Cough.. Mmph...*"