

## The Life of A Billionaire's Wife chapter 191-200

### Chapter 191

Interview?

Veronica's heart tightened, and a bad feeling arose.

The reporters were always interested in her because she was Tiffany's younger sister, which was why she had always kept a low profile.

But this time, the incident happened suddenly, and she was worried about the company's employees, so she took the risk to go to the office. In the end, she was still pursued by reporters.

Veronica didn't want things to be publicized, as she was worried that her adoptive parents in the countryside would be worried when they found out about it, so she said to her employees, "If you want to resign, go to the finance department. Those who want to stay and continue working will get double pay this month and half a month off with pay. Remember, as long as I'm around, your salary will never be reduced!"

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With that, she gestured to her assistant, "Help me keep them out. I'm leaving now."

Shirley Wilson was Veronica's newly recruited assistant. After a week of contact with Veronica, she still admired her a lot, so she nodded and said, "Okay, Veronica. You can go first. Leave this to me."

"Thank you."

Veronica patted Shirley on the shoulder, then slipped away through the back door. After leaving the office, Veronica had nowhere to go. She reached out and touched the access card in her pocket, then finally chose to walk to Twilight Condominium to avoid being pursued.

Now that Matthew's affairs had been exposed by the media personnel who had sneaked into the wedding, not only had she become the target of reporters, she was also afraid that it had angered the Larsons. For all she knew, at some point, she might be assassinated by a killer sent by the Larson Family.

For half an hour, she walked the streets alone while wearing a face mask,

At this moment, the phone in her pocket suddenly rang.

Taking out her phone, she saw that it was Matthew calling

"Hello! Matt-"

"I've sent you a location. Come over right away."

"What? A location? Where are we going?" Beep, beep...

He had only said a couple of words over the phone, and he didn't even give her a chance to finish her sentence.

Veronica couldn't help but feel a little irritable listening to the beeping sounds. She opened WhatsApp and saw the location Matthew had sent. After hesitating for a while, she stopped a taxi and went to the specified location.

It was an abandoned factory on the outskirts.

"What is he doing here?"

As Veronica muttered to herself, she paid the taxi driver, then walked out of the car.

When she approached the factory warehouse, she saw several cars parked outside the entrance, one of which belonged to Matthew, and there was another car with a license plate that she was familiar with.

An inexplicable sense of tension suddenly emerged, and she was stunned for a moment. Then, she accelerated her pace and trotted into the warehouse.

“Sob, sob... Don’t hit my brother. Sob, sob... Don’t hit him...”

“Xavier, are you okay? Xavier? Sob, sob...”

As soon as she walked to the entrance of the warehouse, she heard the wailing and painful cries, but the voice was particularly familiar.

When Veronica walked in, she saw Matthew dressed in a suit, looking like a gang leader. He had one hand in the pocket of his trousers and a cigarette in the other. Smoking indifferently, he stood in front of two rows of bodyguards who were standing side by side.

On the other side was Melissa being held down by two bodyguards, who were gripping her arms and pressing her to the ground.

She lay woefully on the ground, tearfully looking across the room while sobbing incessantly.

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In the center of the warehouse, six well-trained thugs surrounded Xavier. He was hopelessly outnumbered, but he struggled like a trapped beast.

“Stop it! Matthew, what are you doing? Stop it.”

Veronica rushed up to Matthew and shoved him. “What are you doing? Are you crazy? What are you doing with Xavier and Melissa?”

It was all happening so suddenly that Veronica didn’t understand what was going on at all.

she

However, she could vaguely guess that Matthew kidnapping the two of them must be related to the events of today’s wedding.

But Xavier was by no means that kind of scumbag.

Having been shoved by her, Matthew stood as steadily as a mountain. He flicked his cigarette butt and slightly raised his eyelids, then he took in the anger and anxiousness on her face.

For a while, it was impossible to say whether he was jealous of her concern for Xavier, or if he was particularly annoyed that she was fooled by Xavier.

“Now that you’re here, why don’t you ask him yourself?” Matthew’s expression was solemn, and a chill appeared in his eyes.

“Sob... Veronica, it’s great that you’re here. Quickly beg Matthew to stop hitting my brother, please... Sob, sob...”

“Veronica, please save my brother. I can give you money. I can give you a lot of money. Sob, sob... Don’t hit my brother. Sob, sob...”

Melissa burst into tears, and tears rolled freely down her cheeks along with snot. It mixed in with the ashes on the ground, which got stuck to her face.

As the daughter of a well-known family, she had never suffered such humiliation before. But, in this case, she was more concerned about her life. How could she still care about her image?

Having been knocked to the ground by six people, Xavier lay on the ground with a bruised nose and swollen face. He curled up in pain and stretched out his hand to cover his abdomen. His head was against the ground, and his feet were propped up on the ground. He tried to get up several times, but it was a useless struggle.

At this moment, the scene of Xavier being stained with ashes and humiliated was something Veronica had never seen before.

She was used to seeing his mischievous smile, so she couldn’t help but feel her heart ache for him now.

“Xavier, are you okay?”

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Veronica ran over and helped Xavier, who was lying on the ground and couldn’t get up. Looking him up and down, she asked, “Why are you so badly injured? What did you do to make Matthew do this to you?”

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Xavier was covered in mud and ash. His face, nostrils, and the corners of his mouth were covered with blood stains, and his injuries were severe.

He staggered as he stood up, and Veronica continued to hold him up when she noticed him being unsteady. “Say something. I asked you a question.”

She waited for a long while, but still didn’t get Xavier’s answer, which made her extremely anxious.

Facing Veronica, Xavier felt a little guilty, and although the words came to his lips, he couldn’t bring himself to say it.

He smiled bitterly. “Do you feel distressed to see me like this?”

“Are you crazy? It’s gotten to this point, yet you’re still joking around? Do you think this is funny?” ;

Veronica was furious.

“Sob, sob... I’ll talk. If my brother won’t, then let me.”

Melissa, who was held down on the ground, struggled a few times, but she couldn’t break free, so she cried and said, “It’s Matthew. Sob, sob... Matthew’s wedding was ruined, and he’s saying that Xavier and I sabotaged it. Sob, sob... He’s too deceiving.

He

has no evidence, so how could he just insist that my brother and I did it? Sob, sob... We don’t have any motives at all. Sob, sob...”

Before this, Melissa was completely unaware of the seriousness of the matter. It was only at the moment when she had fled to the airport and boarded the plane but was ambushed by Matthew's men and taken away did she feel impending doom. Fortunately, she had wiped out all the evidence. Although she couldn't prove her innocence, there was no evidence that she had sent someone to poison Tiffany. Veronica pursed her lips and turned to look at Matthew. "Is Melissa telling the truth?"

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When she asked the question, Matthew's beautiful face became colder. "You should ask him."

He pointed at Xavier with his cigarette between his fingers, endless contempt in his eyes.

Veronica's mind was blank, and she was unable to determine the truth of the situation in such a short period of time.

Gripping Xavier's shoulders with both hands, she peered at his bruised face, which was no longer as handsome as it used to be. "Did what happened today have anything to do with you?"

Based on her understanding of Matthew, Veronica knew that he wasn't someone who would make arbitrary decisions.

Without the ability to analyze and make judgements, it would be impossible for him to get to his current position, with no one being able to overturn him.

On the other hand, Xavier did whatever he wanted and was prone to lying.

So, who's lying? Or did something go wrong somewhere?

She couldn't figure it out.

Xavier's eyes were swollen from the beating, but it didn't affect his expression as he studied Veronica up close.

From the confused look in her eyes, he could almost see disappointment.

He poked his cheek with the tip of his tongue, then he licked the corners of his mouth in a bloodthirsty manner before snorting softly. "No."

In the end, Xavier chose to lie.

"If it has nothing to do with you, is it related to her?" Matthew asked solemnly.

Everyone's gaze fell on Melissa, causing her to turn pale with fright as she shook her head, "No, no, It has nothing to do with me. Absolutely nothing. Sob, sob... I-it has nothing to do with me..."

Veronica glanced at Melissa, who was crying miserably, then turned to Xavier again. "Is what Matthew said true?"

She stared unblinkingly at Xavier, as if trying to penetrate his mind through his eyes.

Feeling guilty, Xavier couldn't stand her burning gaze, so he lowered his head slightly, then turned and glanced at Melissa, who shook her head with a pleading look.

Although Melissa didn't speak, Xavier knew that it was Melissa's strong desire to survive.

That was his younger sister, his only relative.

"Xavier, why aren't you talking?"

Regardless of how dim she was, Veronica could sense a trace of weirdness in Xavier's, reaction.

"Cough... It hurts..."

Xavier lifted his hand to cover his chest, then drew a painful breath before firmly shaking his head. "It has nothing to do with Melissa."

Initially, Veronica was skeptical of Melissa, but Xavier's statement greatly reassured her.

It was all good if she had nothing to do with it.

That meant that everything was just a misunderstanding.

She knew that Xavier wasn't that despicable.

"Matthew, could this be a misunderstanding?"

Veronica let go of Xavier and walked toward Matthew, hoping that he could spare Xavier and his sister and re-investigate the matter.

She took step after step toward the man, who was staring at Veronica the whole time. It wasn't until she approached him that he gave Thomas, who was standing next to him, a look,

Bang, bang

"Ah!"

Two gunshots sounded abruptly, followed by a sharp cry that cut through the silence.

"Ah, my leg! It hurts so much. Help... Oh... Xavier, help me..."

"Matthew, what the f\*ck are you doing? Stop it!"

Melissa was crying hysterically, while Xavier pounced on her like he had gone insane.

"Melissa, are you okay? How is it? Where did you get hurt?"

The sudden action shocked Veronica for a moment. She turned around abruptly, but before she could see Melissa's miserable appearance, Matthew grabbed her wrist and dragged her into her arms. His left hand went around the back of her head and covered her eyes from the side. "Don't look."

His voice was gentle as the sound of water, like the spring breeze in March, soothing, as ever.

However, Veronica wasn't moved by his actions and struggled instead. "Matthew, let me go! You b\*stard! How can you shoot Melissa?"

"Miss Murphy, you should take a look at this."

Just as Xavier was holding Melissa and talking to her, Thomas handed a copy of a document to Veronica.

Matthew let go of Veronica and withdrew his hand, his eyes suddenly lighting up.

Veronica glanced back in Melissa's direction, but several bodyguards stood in her way, so she couldn't see anything.

She could only look down at the document in her hand. As she looked through it, her eyebrows furrowed, and the hand holding the A4 paper gradually tightened its grip, squeezing the paper until it was out of shape.

There were photos on the document, and the people in the photos had appeared at the scene where Tiffany was assaulted.

The person's ID card and background information were also printed on the paper, and a bank transfer record was attached.

The person who transferred the money was... Melissa.

All of a sudden, a sense of loss arose, and it seemed to penetrate deeply into her

organs, sending pain all over her body and making her feel extremely uncomfortable. She didn't continue to look through it. Slowly closing her eyes, she handed the document to Thomas.

This information was obtained when Thomas investigated Tiffany under Matthew's orders. After accidentally discovering that Tiffany was assaulted, he continued the investigation and easily found out the instigator behind it-Melissa.

Even though Melissa had sent someone to silence them, Thomas had already gotten hold of important evidence.

Nevertheless, Melissa still innocently thought that with everybody dead, her crimes could be hidden from the world.

Meanwhile, Xavier fought desperately with several bodyguards. Perhaps because Melissa was injured, he was like an enraged lion. He was bursting with power, and he fought like a madman.

Melissa lay on the ground in pain, wailing bitterly, the severe gunshot wound in her leg bled non-stop.

Veronica slowly walked over, ignoring the fight happening beside her. She looked down at Melissa in a condescending manner and asked, "Did today's incident have anything to do with you?"

"Oh... Veronica..."

Lying on the ground, Melissa stretched out her blood-stained hand and grabbed Veronica's trousers. Her voice trembled from the pain as she said, "It really... has nothing to do with me. Save me... Please save me... I'll give you money. I'll give you 100,000. 200,000... is fine too. Sob, sob... It hurts... Sob, sob..."

In the past, Veronica was greedy for money because she was short of it.

But at this moment, Melissa's words deeply burned her heart, as if she was trampling on her dignity.

For the first time, she truly felt how shameful it was to be 'rewarded' with money.

Having been severely injured, Xavier was weak as he got up from the ground. He stretched out his hand to cover his injured abdomen, then staggered and pointed at Matthew. With a contemptuous smile on his face, he said, "Veronica, take a clear look. This is the man you fancy. He's cruel and ruthless. Human life means nothing to him... Ugh..."

God only knew how disappointed, pained, ridiculed, and sad Veronica felt listening to Xavier's remarks!

She trusted Xavier so much, so she never thought that they would use her as a stepping stone in the end!

If the truth of the matter hadn't been clarified and if Matthew didn't trust her, her only outcome today would've been death.

It was a pity that until now, the two siblings still didn't know that Veronica already knew the truth.

Veronica looked at Melissa, who was still on the ground tugging on her trousers. The , first shot had struck her left leg, and the other shot hit the ground, but the pain still made Melissa wail non-stop:

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"Let go!"

Veronica took a step back, but her movement was restrained because Melissa was clutching the hem of her trousers.

“Veronica, save me from here and I’ll give you 100,000. 100,00, alright? I-I can even write you a check.” Melissa continued to plead.

Next to them, Xavier was still in a fight and said to Veronica in between punches, “Roni, please. Please take Melissa away from here!”

“Heh!”

As a smirk tinged the edges of Veronica’s lips, a look of ruthlessness crept over her petite face. Tilting her head at a bodyguard next to her who was holding a gun in his hand, she narrowed her eyes, raised her hand, and hooked her finger at him.

Following her gaze, the bodyguard realized that she wanted the handgun, but he was afraid to pass it to her. In the end, he cast an imploring look at Matthew, who didn’t give him any instructions. :

When she didn’t receive any reaction from the bodyguard for a few seconds, Veronica snatched the handgun from him directly, pulled the bolt quickly, and fired a shot, aiming it accurately for Melissa’s right leg.

A deafening bang sounded in the air, followed by a shrilling cry of pain from Melissa.

The people who were fighting at the side stopped fighting and turned to watch this scene in disbelief.

Xavier’s eyes grew large, and he looked from Melissa to Veronica several times. At last, when he saw Melissa holding her wound and crying in pain, he was sure that Veronica had indeed fired a shot at her.

“What are you doing, Veronica?!” Shoving aside the security guard in front of him, he lunged at Veronica.

In that moment, Xavier, whose rationale was overwhelmed by his burning rage, carried his injured leg and hobbled toward Veronica. “You said that I’m your brother, but this is how you treat me... Uh!”

He had yet to finish speaking when Veronica had already raised the gun and shot his injured leg when he was about three meters away from her.

His body turned limp, and he kneeled down on one knee unwittingly. When his knee hit the ground heavily, he gasped in pain, and cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

The sweat mixed with the blood on his face and flowed down, staining his white shirt red, and he appeared as forlorn as a survivor who had just crawled out of battle.

“W-What are you... doing?” Gritting his teeth, he was close to breaking down from the pain, but his disappointment in Veronica was greater.

Ignoring his gaze, Veronica stared at the gun which was still smoking slightly and tossed it to the bodyguard behind her.

“Is money really omnipotent?” she muttered and took out her purse, from where she fished out a 500,000 check-and threw it at Melissa.

The thin check slipped and rolled around with the wind before landing on Melissa’s face, and a corner of it was drenched by the tears on her face.

“500,000 is enough for your treatment.” Chuckling in a self-deprecating manner, Veronica closed her purse with a loud snap. “Phew, so this is how amazing it feels to spend money!”

Her series of abnormal behavior shocked Xavier, and he was in stunned silence for a long time. At the same time, Melissa was not the only one who was equally stunned, but

also Thomas and Matthew, who were standing nearby. Matthew's eyes were filled with shock, but very quickly, he seemed to have understood something, and the slight depression in his eyes was replaced by distress.

She's doing this...

"Melissa Crawford, I really hate the way you're showing off in front of me with money," Veronica said sarcastically before she turned around and left.

The second she turned around, she clutched her purse tightly and concealed her trembling hands by swaying them naturally as she walked. With her head lowered, she paced to Matthew, pursed her lips, and recollected her emotions.

When she lifted her eyes at him, she shrugged and smiled bitterly, "Thank you for finding out the truth. Let's go and have a drink. Mr. Ritter, you've worked hard with your men. Let's find a place, and I'll foot the bill."

Veronica, who was usually stingy, was especially generous today. For a second, Thomas was confused, but he quickly understood her intentions. Quietly, he glanced at Matthew

With a complicated look in his deep-set eyes, Matthew gazed at Veronica, who seemed like a completely different person now. "Sure. You're paying, then," he said with a smirk. Then, he turned and started walking out, not forgetting to say, "Thomas, make arrangements for the men tonight and place it under my tab."

"Got it, boss," Thomas said and bowed lightly. After that, he waved to the twenty bodyguards. "All of you have worked hard, and the boss said that we're going to have a party tonight."

"Woohoo, great!"

"Boss is so generous! Let's get wasted tonight!"

"Damn, it has been a tiring evening today."

"That guy, Xavier, is quite a fighter."

"Damn it, he knocked out one of my teeth."

The bodyguards chatted amongst themselves while walking out of the warehouse.

Standing in the crowd, Veronica turned back to glance thoughtfully at Melissa, who was slumped on the ground and had passed out from the pain, with Xavier lying next to her. Without saying anything, she then walked away.

Staring at Veronica's back, Thomas unwittingly felt that she was an interesting and loyal person.

Even though she had fired at Melissa and Xavier, it was exactly these shots that had saved Melissa's life. Otherwise, with Matthew's style of handling matters, Thomas was afraid that there would be an extra member in hell now. If even he could tell such a simple thing, of course Matthew had seen through it as well.

After leaving the warehouse, Veronica got into the passenger seat of Matthew's car; he was the driver.

"Thanks."

The car started rolling slowly, and while looking ahead, Matthew glanced at her from the corners of his eyes; she had a grim look on her face, and there was sorrow in her eyes.

"I'm not the one who suffered a grievance. Why should you thank me?" he muttered.

Veronica knew very well that what happened at the wedding today would cause an unimaginable loss to the Kings Family after this. With the Kingses' status in Bloomstead, what happened today was enough to make Matthew take Melissa's life as

the price.

In order to cut off this thought of his, Veronica had no other choice but to shoot at the Crawford siblings, and she knew that Matthew would definitely know what she meant by doing this.

Sure enough, this man didn't disappoint her.

"You're right. I'm responsible for the wedding today, so you don't have to give me the balance payment. Take it as your compensation."

"Okay, that sounds fair. At least I recovered my losses indirectly."

"I can forget the balance payment of 150 million, but you'll have to give me the 100 million for saving your life.",

"Deal."

Finally, a smile broke out on Veronica's glum face, but when she turned to look out the window, it was gone from her face in an instant.

After that, they simply found a place to eat before returning to Twilight Condominium.

Saying that she was tired, she returned to her room, washed up, and lay in bed without leaving her room again.

Meanwhile, Thomas went upstairs to Matthew's study and stopped in front of his desk as he passed a document to him. "Some journalists still managed to sneak into the wedding today and uploaded the video on the Internet. It caused a huge commotion online, and the stocks of Spinfluence Group plummeted because of this canceled wedding, resulting in two billion evaporating into thin air."

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With a pen in his hand, Matthew signed a document on the desk and didn't even glance at the document Thomas brought him. Then, he tapped on the desk gently with his pen, gesturing to him to place it aside.

"Inform the finance department to transfer 100 million to Roni."

"Alright." Thomas nodded, and something else came into his mind. "What about the balance payment for Miss Murphy's company?"

"A problem cropped up during the wedding, so there's no need to pay out the balance according to the agreement in the contract," he answered with a straight face.

Even though it appeared as if he had made the decision according to the agreement, he was in fact trying not to give Veronica any emotional burden.

What Xavier and Melissa did during the wedding caused irreversible consequences, and Matthew had given Veronica face by not pursuing this matter further with Xavier. By accepting this huge favor from him, it had in turn become a form of burden for Veronica, so she would feel a little relieved if he didn't pay her the remaining balance of the wedding banquet.

"Okay, I'll inform the finance department tomorrow," Thomas said and turned around to leave.

"Hang on." Matthew called out to him and spoke thoughtfully. "Pass the order that if any journalist shows up in front of Encounters again in the future, the newspaper agency they belong to will be shut down immediately. Also, I don't wish to see any topic regarding Roni on the Internet."

After years of working for Matthew, Thomas had never seen him care so much about another person before.

“By the way, if I didn’t remember wrongly, a few of our men will be getting married this month, right?” Matthew asked suddenly.

Thomas nodded. “Yes. Would you like to get them a wedding gift?”

“Inform everyone that the company will reimburse all expenses for anyone who uses the services from Encounters.”

“Sure. I’ll get someone to do it so that nobody will find out.” After receiving the order, Thomas then left the study.

I knew it. Boss isn’t a stingy person, so he’ll definitely pay out Miss Murphy her 150 million balance. Isn’t he just using another way to take care of her business now?

Thomas thought.

Meanwhile, at Dragon’s Creek Villa, Tiffany returned to her home after the cancellation of her marriage and trashed everything in her room, creating a complete mess and turning the place into a dumpsite. She even cut the wedding dress she was wearing into shreds, but she still didn’t take it off.

Lying in bed lifelessly with her curled hair falling over her forehead in complete disarray, she scrolled through Twitter and checked the trending topics.

#SocialiteTiffanyLarson HadAMiscarriage, #YoungMasterMatthew

CanceledtheWedding, #Why Did Tiffany CauseTheDeath OfHerSister’sUnbornChild, and #MatthewKings&TiffanyLarson PeacefulBreakup

Casually, she clicked on one of the trending topics, and it was a video of her wedding when it was exposed that she was forced into having a miscarriage. One headline had more than a million likes and more than 200,000 comments. Reading the comments, she saw that the hottest discussions were about how unfathomable the rich and influential families were.

‘In such a farce, Young Master Matthew had shown Tiffany enough respect by saying that the breakup was peaceful.’

“The ridiculous things the Larsons did also made the Kings look cheap.’

‘Tiffany Larson is a mean thing. In the beginning of the video, it was said that she forced her sister into an abortion.

Both of them look exactly the same. Are they fighting for the same guy?’

‘Who is this Veronica Murphy, exactly?’

“The video was exposed at the wedding. Maybe it’s their enemies seeking revenge!

‘Such a shame for the No. 1 Talented Girl of Bloomstead. It won’t be easy for her to get married in the future.

Just one look at Tiffany Larson’s b\*tchy face and I can tell that she’s not a good woman, There were much lesser criticisms of her in the comments section than Tiffany had thought, so her uptight chest gradually relaxed, Still, some fierce comments from the netizens still stabbed her heart like a dagger, hurting her so much that it was hard to breathe

After an entire afternoon of throwing her temper, she had exhausted all her energy and had nothing left to get mad again. Then, she became abnormally calm.

Calmly, she clicked on the video and watched it play. Unintentionally, she caught sight of Veronica standing in the crowd, and fires of fury ignited in her eyes all of a sudden.

“Veronica Murphy, do you think you can destroy me with this?” Narrowing her eyes, she hissed, “If I can’t get something, then.. don’t even dream that you can have it in this life!”

Downstairs in the living room, Floch and his wife dismissed the servants and sat down

with a strict but quiet expression.

Picking up a cup, Floch took a sip of tea and lifted his eyes to glance at the second floor. With a sigh, he said, "After today, I'm afraid she'll hate Veronica even more." Seated on the couch, Rachel appeared as though she was brewing her tea leisurely, but she was in fact very troubled.

"What happened at the wedding banquet was so sudden. Even though it was unexpected, someone's appearance today was very strange." Picking up the teapot, she poured a cup of tea, picked up her cup, and sniffed in the fragrance of the tea.

"Who?"

"Yvonne Spencer."

"Who is this Yvonne Spencer?" Floch asked, unaware of Yvonne's background.

"The last time after Veronica encountered a fire and was kidnapped on the second day of her hospitalization, she ran into Yvonne while trying to escape and was brought abroad. Luckily, Matthew arrived in time and saved her. After that, she tried many times to get close to Veronica, and after what happened today, she came in brazenly and saved her. However, for some unknown reason, Veronica ran away by herself later. Looks like she's still suspicious of Yvonne's identity. This girl is smarter than we thought," Rachel said with a heavy heart.

On the other hand, Floch felt a chill down his spine, and the cup in his hand slipped, falling to the floor. "You said... Yvonne brought Veronica abroad? Where did she bring her? Could it be Castron?"

Shaking her head, Rachel answered, "I'm not sure."

"Investigate if you're not sure!"

"Investigate? That's casier said than done. A few months ago, Matthew tried to find out information about this woman named Yvonne Spencer. In the end, he came up with nothing. So, what can we find out?"

Lowering his head, Floch picked up the cup that fell on the carpet and rubbed his fingertips on the rim of the cup. "Looks like a storm will hit Bloomstead soon," he mumbled in a daze.

Silently, Rachel finished her tea and placed down her cup. "I'm going upstairs to check on Tiffany."

It was already late at night, but Veronica couldn't fall asleep as she tossed and turned in bed. After playing some games, she opened Twitter to check the news on what happened today. Unexpectedly, the news which was still trending today in the afternoon had evaporated and disappeared completely. The entire social platform was as calm as a pool of stagnant water with no ripples at all.

Looks like Matthew has done something, she reckoned.

In the late night, Veronica, who was not tired at all, got out of bed and changed. Sitting in front of her dressing table, she put on smokey-eyed thick makeup and an Afro wig. In an instant, she changed her appearance to the point that not even her birth mother could recognize her.

When she came out of her room, she bumped into Matthew, who was coming out of the study. Frozen in their tracks, they stared at each other motionlessly for a full second. Subconsciously, Matthew thought that a thief had sneaked into the house, but judging from that figure, who else could it be but Veronica?

"Where are you going so late at night?" he asked, concerned.

“Damn, you can still recognize me after I’ve dressed up like this?” Lowering her gaze at herself in self-doubt, she then paced to the bar on the side and checked out herself in the mirror. “Did I do something wrong? If even you can recognize me, other people would be able to do the same when I’m out.”

Matthew threw back his head and took a sip of wine. Then, he walked over to the bar, placed down the glass, and uttered again, “Answer my question.”

## **Chapter 195**

“I can’t fall asleep, so I want to go out.” Pretending to be relaxed, Veronica chatted casually with Matthew in an attempt to hide the depression in her heart.

Too many things happened recently, and it had really worn her out. After saying that, she turned around and left with her phone in her hand.

Matthew watched as she left, but didn’t follow after her because he knew that she needed some personal space.

When Veronica was out of the condominium block, she hailed a cab. “To Mudwood Street, sir.”

Slowly, the cab started to drive in the direction she mentioned. As it was late at night, there were very few cars on the street, and the driver drove fast. For a car ride which usually needed an hour, it only took thirty minutes today.

Hopping out after paying, she then went to the central square of Mudwood Street.

Under the colorful flashing lights, a group of playful youths were dancing wildly. A hit song by BIGBANG, Fantastic Baby, accompanied by the deafening sound of the DJ, was playing and pushing the atmosphere to its apex.

Boom shaka-laka, boom shaka-laka... Boom shaka-laka... Dan-dan, dan-dan, dance... Dancing to the music, Veronica swayed her head as she enjoyed this moment of relaxation.

The street was located in the suburbs and was a party location for motorbikers. Immersed in the boisterous atmosphere, Veronica tried her best to forget all her troubles.

The song finished playing, and the group of people gradually stepped back, revealing a lineup of more than a dozen motorbikes. The motorbikers were either handsome and dashing, wild and adventurous, or stylish foreign men, all of whom were looking very pleasing to the eyes.

A stunningly hot woman in a bikini walked in front of the motorbikes holding a small flag above her head as she shouted, “Five, four, three...”

While the sexy woman was counting down, the motorbikers were already on their gas pedals, revving up and roaring their engines, sending an adrenaline rush through the people with the thunderous and exciting sounds.

“Two, one!”

When the final number left her lips, she waved down the flag she was holding in her hand in an alluring position, and the motorbikes dashed off like they were arrows on overstretched bows.

“Woo! Do your best!”

“You’re the best, bro! You’ll get first place.”

“Go, we’re waiting here for you.”

“Damn, it’s so cool.”

More than a dozen motorbikes zoomed through the street and gradually got out of sight.

Veronica went to a mini-market nearby and bought a can of beer. Sitting at the side of the road, she watched the enthusiastic youths fool around happily and felt much better. While she was sitting on the curb with a hotdog in one hand and beer in another, she took a bite of her food and seemed to see a familiar figure as her eyes squinted slightly. Astonished, she muttered, “Is that... Crayson?”

That’s impossible. Why would Master appear here?

Tossing the food and drink in her hands into the bin, she then sprinted to the opposite street and followed the man in a black robe.

However, that person was walking very quickly and disappeared in a corner after turning into an alley,

“Where did he go?”

Looking around, Veronica tried to find him but couldn’t see his figure at all.

Rubbing her eyes, she muttered, “Did I see it wrongly...”

“Veronica Murphy, is that really you?”

While she was rooted to the spot and in a daze, someone suddenly tapped her shoulder from behind. Spinning her head around, she couldn’t help but feel surprised.

“C-Conrad? What a coincidence!”

It was already midnight, so it never struck Veronica that she would run into Conrad in this place.

Upon saying that, she reached out and felt her face. With knitted brows, she then felt the wig on her head. “You’re still able to recognize me after all these makeup and dressup?”

Is it because my makeup skills are too amateur or does Conrad have the eyes of an eagle?

In front of her, Conrad was wearing a white button-down shirt layered with a black leather vest. A thick chain with a skull pendant was hanging around his neck, and he wore a pair of loose-fitting ripped jeans, which made his bearded face appear even more bad-boyish and charming.

He’s handsome, cool, and attractive!

He was literally a fashionista on the forefront, and even though he was seven years older than Matthew, not a single sign of aging was visible on his face.

“I’d been watching you in the square for a long time before I was sure that it was you.”

Taking a step back, he gave her a once-over and couldn’t help but laugh. “This getup...”

Suddenly, he stopped himself.

“W-What’s up with my getup? Do I look ugly?” she asked and laughed.

“No, it has character. I like it.”

Years of living abroad had made Conrad a very straightforward man.

Pursing her lips into a smile, Veronica was a little embarrassed and changed the topic on purpose, “By the way, how’s Grandma doing?”

“She’s doing well and alright.”

“Oh, that’s good.” She nodded and sighed. “I’m sorry about what happened at the wedding. That was an accident. I—”

“Those things are unrelated to me, so you don’t have to explain it to me.” Conrad interjected and grabbed her hand. “Since you’re here in Mudwood Street, it shows that you like motorbikes. Coincidentally, I just bought a new Harley, and I can take you for a spin.”

He walked in front while Veronica tagged behind as she stared unblinking at his hand which was holding hers. Her mind went blank, and almost automatically, she blocked out Conrad’s words.

“Uh... O-okay,” she stammered, secretly drawing back her hand. “I was just thinking of going for a spin on a bike.”

“It’s fated, then.” He cast her a lopsided grin, which was evil, sexy, and charming.

A man like this was mature and reliable while exuding a dangerous, sexy charm, which made him especially attractive. At the same time, Veronica was aware that Conrad was a dangerous figure whom she had to stay away from.

“You’re pretty close with Matthew, aren’t you?”

smile, Veronica was especially careful with every question he was asking.

Shaking her head, she answered, “We’re just friends. If it wasn’t because Grandma liked me, I don’t think we’d have any interactions at all.”

At the edge of the square, Conrad pointed to a black Harley Davidson motorbike. It was a very cool model which was the latest and limited model of the year... with a very shocking price tag.

Circling around the motorbike, she stared at it and said, “This is the latest world-wide limited edition of Ha-”

Vroom!

The engine sound from a random motorbike cut Veronica off mid-sentence.

When she lifted her head, a royal blue Harley Davidson motorbike had come to a stop in front of her.

The motorbike tilted to the side and parked. Taking off his helmet, the motorbiker then ran his fingers through his hair and revealed his gorgeous face.

“You want to go for a spin, don’t you? Let’s go.” Looking at Veronica, the man nodded to her slightly as a signal for her to hop on.

“What are you doing here, Matthew?” Surprised, Veronica couldn’t figure out why he would show up here.

He was dressed in gray trousers, a white button-down shirt with a black vest, and a casual black-and-white checkered tie. Although it was the professional attire of a business elite, he looked utterly stunning next to the motorbike which was oozing with savageness.

Her question was not answered. Matthew merely got off the bike, placed the helmet on the seat, and walked to Conrad. “What a coincidence, Uncle Conrad.”

“It is a small world.” Sticking both hands into his pockets, Conrad shrugged. “Since we’re here, why don’t we have a race?” he asked, pointing at the motorbikes.

## Chapter 196

Oho! Lifting her brows, Veronica suddenly felt the hostility in the air. These two are exactly as rumored... They don't get along with each other! Barely a minute after meeting, they are starting a head-on competition. Interesting.

"I don't think so." Pointing to the attire he was wearing, Matthew explained, "These clothes aren't the most convenient. Next time, maybe." Looking away, he then turned to Veronica. "Let's go, Roni." He paced to her and held her hand very naturally. "Do you know how to ride a motorbike? I can teach you."

"Hey, don't look down on me. Shall we race?" Of course Veronica was offended because he underestimated her.

"Sure." He agreed readily.

Didn't you just say that it's not convenient in these clothing? Why is it convenient now? Veronica wondered. Could it be... this jerk is really looking down on me?

"Well, your uncle is here, so you can borrow his Harley while I take yours, and we can have a race. But... it's not fun without any stakes."

She cast him a sheepish smirk, and with just one glance, Matthew knew what she was secretly planning in her mind.

—

"That's true." Conrad agreed from the side. "How about this? I'll bet on your win with 50,000. What do you think?"

For wealthy people, money was merely a figure, but 50,000 was not a small figure for Veronica.

"Sure—"

But Matthew changed his mind.

"I just learned how to ride a motorbike." Veronica had just agreed when Matthew broke her off, giving her a helpless smile and a shrug. "My skills are really bad. Why don't you take me for a ride instead?"

"Huh? Are you really that bad?" She shot him a look of disgust, but still took the keys from his hand and hopped onto the Harley motorbike. "Get on. I'll take you for a spin."

"Okay," Matthew answered, accepting her invitation. Before getting on the bike, he turned back and said to Conrad, "We're leaving first, Uncle Conrad."

He flashed him a smile, but the smile didn't reach his eyes, and even the light in his eyes flickered.

After he got on the bike, Veronica said, "Sittight."

"Okay," the man behind her muttered and placed his hands on her waist.

Even though it seemed like a nonchalant act, it was enough to stun Veronica for a second. However, on second thoughts, riding on a motorbike was different from sitting in a car, and this act didn't seem out of place.

Hence, she throttled and sped off, but she had accelerated too much, resulting in a sudden thrust that almost threw Matthew off the bike.

Out of reflex, the man tugged, and after steadying himself, he placed his arms around her waist. "Are you sure you know how to ride a motorbike? I'm not insured."

Chuckling sheepishly, she then said, "Well, that's because I'm not used to this bike." She flashed him an embarrassed smile as a chill ran down her spine.

What happened earlier was really because she hadn't adjusted to this new motorbike. Fortunately, Matthew wasn't thrown off the bike, or else Thomas would really kill her. Riding on the road, more than a dozen motorbikes came toward them one after another together with the humming of the engines and the playful shrieks and whistles of the men, which made Veronica exhilarated as well.

Accelerating to the maximum, she was riding well until she suddenly ran over a stone, and the front of the bike swayed. "Damn it..."

At first, she was startled, but the next second, she felt the man behind herself leaning against her as he wrapped his arms around her and held the handlebars of the bike to hold the swaying bike steady.

This scene, where she was held in his arms and wrapped around by him, was incredibly ambiguous.

## **Chapter 197**

"Looks like I need to purchase two life premiums when I return," Matthew teased next to her ear.

Although he was clearly teasing her, she somehow felt that he was flirting with her. Indeed, this jerk is up to no good at all.

"Hey, can you keep some distance?"

Despite him being gorgeous and was the ideal man of thousands of girls in Bloomstead, Veronica was an exception. Like a tough woman with a built-in barrier, she instinctively blocked all of his moves on her and wouldn't fall for them.

In order to get a better view of the road ahead, Matthew tilted his body to the side a little, whereupon Veronica freed up her left hand and jabbed backward strongly, hitting him right in the chest with her elbow.

Even with the whistling sound in her ears, she could still hear his gasp.

"Don't fool around. It's dangerous."

After all, they were riding on a motorcycle and even though he was in pain, he didn't release his grip on the handlebars.

His voice was low and husky, and it sounded utterly seductive. Although his tone was a little strict, as though he was reprimanding her gently, there was also a trace of unwillingness in his voice.

Veronica's heart skipped a beat and started to pound against her chest, throbbing without a reason. Damn him and his charm!

"Stop, stop!" she cried out immediately as she wanted him to stop the motorbike.

"Sit still. I'm taking you home."

"Who says I wanted to go home? I don't want to go home."

"What? Are you planning to sleep on the streets tonight?" His face turned a little, and he glanced at the woman in his arms, whispering into her ear, "It's already 3.00AM."

"I don't want to sleep. I can't sleep," she said in a spoiled manner and snorted softly. It was true that she couldn't fall asleep.

"I'll take you somewhere, then." He accelerated, and the bike sped up, but it steered very steadily

At the intersection, he took a right turn and continued to ride eastward. Utterly helpless, Veronica leaned in his arms. From being uncomfortable in the beginning until the acceptance that came afterward, she seemed to have become less resistant.

Another half an hour later, they arrived at the foot of a mountain, and he rode up around the mountain until they finally stopped at a platform halfway up the mountain.

There was no more flat, concrete road going upward, but steps instead.

After getting off the bike, Veronica asked, "Where's this place?"

"Come with me."

He held the keys in his hand, turned around, and started walking up the stairs. Following behind, Veronica climbed more than a hundred steps and reached an observation platform, which had a wide and spacious view.

Both of them paced to the bench on the observation platform and took their seats. "Look up," Matthew said.

Leaning on the back of the bench, she lifted her legs and rested them on the fence of the observation platform. Staring up like this, she was able to see thousands of stars in the dark sky above.

"There are so many stars. It's so pretty."

Her troubled heart slowly calmed down as she stared at the sky filled with stars. "Since my arrival at Bloomstead, I've never stargazed so quietly before." Suddenly, she pointed at a star above her head. "Look, the seven brightest stars which are connected together is the Big Dipper."

"It's beautiful"

Mauhew rested his arm on the back of the bench as Veronica lifted her head and leaned back, resting her head on his arm nicely. After speaking, he lowered his head at his cell phone in his hand, wrote a text message, and then kept it away.

"Say... do you think the stars in the sky have troubles?" She sighed sadly; just a casual question from her had indirectly revealed the predicaments she had in her heart.

He turned to face her, but in the dark, she didn't know how gentle his eyes were.

"Every experience and encounter is a trial. After you've been through a lot of them, you'll become invincible and unbeatable." Pausing, he then added, "So, it's not necessarily a bad thing."

"That makes sense." Veronica nodded, but then she shook her head and clicked her tongue. "You're a businessman indeed, sounding so convincing when you speak. It's such a waste that you're not a salesman."

The muscles on Matthew's face turned stiff, and he shook his head as a helpless smile spread across his face..

Seated on the observation platform, they chatted absent-mindedly, and Veronica's irritation gradually faded away until she fell asleep in exhaustion at 4.30AM with her head on Matthew's shoulder without her realizing.

In the dark, a few beams of light flashed, accompanied by the sounds of footsteps as someone came up.

Upon seeing Matthew, the people who came up saw his hand signal and kept quiet. Then, they propped up a high-quality folding bed, then placed a soft mattress and pillows on it together with a thin blanket before leaving quietly.

Moving aside slightly, Matthew held her up in his arms gently, paced to the bed, and placed her on it.

After that, he lay next to her.

Maybe it was because of his presence that Veronica felt an unknown sense of security and slept soundly.

It was autumn, and the night was a little chilly. At 6.30AM, the sun rose and peeked out from the horizon.

For the entire night, Matthew didn't sleep a wink, and he gazed at the beautiful view in front of him. Initially, he planned to bring her here for stargazing and to watch the sunrise, but seeing how soundly she was sleeping now, he felt unbearable to wake her up.

Slowly, he got up, took out his cell phone, and turned on the camera. Then, he changed some settings in preparation to film the sunrise.

In the end, as though Veronica had felt something, her eyes popped open all of a sudden, and she saw Matthew holding his phone horizontally at her.

"What are you doing, Matthew Kings? Are you sick? Why are you making a recording of me when I'm asleep?" she exclaimed, unable to restrain her annoyance.

Abruptly, she sat up in bed and looked around, only to realize that they were on the observation platform.

"Where did this bed come from?"

"Look over there."

Without any explanation, Matthew pointed at the sky to where the mountains overlapped each other.

Turning around to look, the woman saw that the sun was peeking out from the mountains. The bright rays from it were turning the clouds red and casting an orange halo on the greenish peaks of the mountains. A thin layer of mist drifted between the valleys, moving along with the breeze, and the whole scene was like a breathtakingly stunning drawing.

"It's gorgeous." Sitting in the bed, Veronica covered herself with the thin blanket.

As it was already autumn, the morning was especially cold. Slowly, it dawned on her that Matthew had brought her here to see the stars as well as the sunrise.

Meanwhile, Matthew scooted next to her and sat down. "Are you sure you don't want a few pictures?"

"Oh, yeah. That's right!"

Reaching into her pocket, she felt for her phone. After pressing on the buttons, she realized that her cell phone was not responding. "It ran out of battery," she said and glanced at Matthew's phone. "Borrow me your phone to take a few pictures and send them to me afterward."

She set aside her own phone and snatched his phone from his hands tyrannically.

After that, she turned on the camera, switched it to professional mode, and snapped a few pictures at the horizon with a straight face.

When all that was done, she opened the album and flipped through the pictures she had taken one by one.

While she was swiping, another picture came into view; the background was a mountain in Dawnpol Village, and a rainbow was hanging high above as the both of them stood next to the mountain and took a picture with the rainbow.

In the picture, Veronica was looking into the camera with a victory sign while the man next to her had his head turned and was looking at her with affection in his eyes.

The smile on Veronica's face slowly turned stiff. As a person who was once in love, it was easy for her to tell Matthew's interest in her from the picture.

## **Chapter 198**

So, Matthew had already fallen for her when they were at Dawnpol Village?

A flash flood happened at Dawnpol Villages and she was swept away by the waters. Regardless of the danger, Matthew followed the currents and searched for her, but he only risked his life to save her because he cared about her, and not because Elizabeth had a liking for her!

While she stared at the picture in a daze, Matthew kept away his gaze and saw that she was looking at that picture on his phone from the corners of his eyes.

Just as he was about to say something, she suddenly raised her head and held the phone in front of his nose, asking, "Since when did you fall for me?"

This abrupt question caught him by surprise, and he furrowed his brows slightly. His dark eyes scanned over the picture and fixed on Veronica. After a moment of hesitation, he answered, "Maybe since that fire at Regalia Condominium, or maybe even earlier."

Instead of hiding the fact that he had feelings for her, he had admitted it honestly.

She recalled that day when she was brought back home by the assassins sent by the Larson Family, and they set her house on fire. That night, it was Matthew who had risked his life and barged into the scene to save her out of the fire.

That was the ninth day after she had a miscarriage, and less than two weeks since his engagement with Tiffany.

With a grim face, she tossed his cell phone into his chest and shouted at him angrily, "Matthew Kings, you're a shameless jerk through and through! No wonder you were willing to take me in at Twilight Condominium. Tell me: Did you do something to me while I was asleep?"

Matthew uttered, “I—”

“What do you have to say? No wonder you’re always giving me milk at night, and it always has a weird taste. You drugged it, didn’t you? Isn’t Tiffany enough to satisfy you? Why did you lay your hands on me while I was asleep? With so much energy, aren’t you worried that you’ll pass out in bed one day? You’re such a jerk! F\*ck off!” Mercilessly, she lashed out at him, raised her hand, and slapped him across the face. Then, she snorted, sprang up, and put on her shoes before leaving in a huff without turning back.

His face jerked to a side from the slap, and he brushed away the messy hair on his forehead as he watched her walk away furiously with a tight knot between his brows. This damned woman, he thought. Is she being so fearless because I love her? More importantly, did I say anything wrong?

It was probably before that fire that he fell for her, but he only realized his own feelings for her after the return from Dawnpol Village.

If it wasn’t because of that one time when he slept with Tiffany in a drunken stupor and she conceived his child, in addition to the fact that Elizabeth really wanted to have great-grandchildren, he would have annulled the engagement with Tiffany a long time ago.

Exactly because he was engaged with Tiffany, he didn’t cross the line with Veronica even though he had feelings for her due to the formalities that was bounding him. As for the milk with a weird taste, it was simply because it was added with some sleep-aid medication, and it was a prescription by a doctor. But when she described it, it had turned into a date-rape drug!

Having never suffered such humiliation before, Matthew got up and kicked the side of the bed. “F\*ck!” He couldn’t help but curse and went down the mountain.

At the parking spot halfway up the mountain, Thomas and a few men had been waiting there all night. Upon seeing Veronica coming down in a huff followed by his own boss, Thomas quickly went to greet him.

“Boss, goo—” Stopping in front of Matthew, Thomas didn’t finish his sentence and frowned. “Why is there a red mark on your face, like you’ve been slap—”

“Do you wish to die?”

Before he could finish, Matthew glared at him sharply; his eyes were filled with a cold, murderous intent, sending a chill down Thomas’ spine. Staggering backward a few steps, he smiled sheepishly and said, “Boss, I’m going up with a few men to keep away the bed. Haha... haha...”

Then, he slipped up the mountain, as though he was terrified that he wouldn’t be able to live longer if he was just a minute late.

Only when he heard the roar of the motorbike behind him did he stop running and stood on the platform as he observed Matthew going down the mountain on the motorbike.

The smile on his face disappeared, and in its place was a look of worry.

For more than a decade, he had been working for Matthew and witnessed as he became what he was today step by step. It was his initial apathetic personality and tenacity that made him what he was now.

That was how he got to his current position, where very few could rattle it. There were so many times in the past when young women threw themselves at him, but he was uninterested, and there were even some who climbed into his bed through underhanded tactics, but they all ended in tragedy. However, Veronica was the only exception. And Thomas was worried that this exception would become his boss' Achilles' heel in the future and bring about his downfall!

No matter how many times Thomas had reminded him, he was afraid to meddle further with his boss' relationship.

Meanwhile, at the foot of the mountain, Matthew caught up with Veronica in his motorbike and stopped next to her. "Hop on," he ordered in an aloof voice. She didn't even glance at him and continued walking down the mountain, and as she walked, he followed next to her slowly. When she was quick, so did he, and when she slowed down, he reduced his speed as well!

Annoyed, Veronica finally blew her top. Spinning around, she glared at him with a hand on her hip and another pointing a finger at him. "Matthew Kings, are you looking for a fight?"

A helpless look crept over his handsome face. "Hop on and let's go home."

"Home? Hmph! Are you sure that's not your play den? The first time I went there, I ran into you and a few women having an orgy. You sure have a lot of energy. Aren't you worried about contracting diseases? Wait... diseases?"

A realization dawned upon her, and she slapped her forehead as blood drained from her petite face, "It's over. I'm going to the hospital now for a checkup with the gynae. If I've contracted HIV or something, my life will be ruined in your hands." The more she spoke, the more agitated she became, and she pointed at Matthew furiously, stomping her feet. "Jerk! If I catch any diseases, I'll definitely drag you to hell with me!" In the end, the man's patience wore thin with how unbridled and arrogant she was. So, he grabbed her finger which was pointing at him and pulled her right into his arms. Caught unaware, she fell toward him, and he quickly circled his arm around her waist, hugging her tightly and seating her on the motorbike with her face facing him.

After that, he pinned her down and leaned in.

"Matthew Kings, you—"

"Shut up!"

Veronica still had something to say, but she was stopped by Matthew's stern warning. Like a startled bird, she tucked in her neck and kept quiet.

"Listen carefully to everything I'm going to say today, because I'll only say it once." With one hand on the motorbike and another holding her chin, he put on a solemn expression and enunciated clearly, "I only touched Tiffany once by accident because I was drunk. Besides her, the only other woman I've ever touched is you! Also, I'm not as inhumane as you imagined and wouldn't lunge myself desperately at any woman I see!"

Controlling his temper, he said every word with a force that carried a faint trace of coldness.

"You make it sound like it's true. Who are you trying to kid? Back then when I disguised

myself, I was so ugly that no one could stand the sight of me, but you were still interested in sleeping with me. What was that if not an act of desperation?" Veronica snapped back in anger. Frustrated, she added, "I'm beginning to suspect if you actually think with your lower body. You're purely a beast! So, you only slept with Tiffany once? Are you a sniper who hits the bullseye with just one shot? It's such a pity that you're not buying lottery tickets with that luck. Or did you build your wealth from all that bluffing?"

## Chapter 199

Of all the outrageous things Matthew had heard over the years, these were probably the most daring. If it was someone else who said it, they would have already become a member of Hell. So, she's really being fearless because she knows that I fancy her, Matthew reckoned.

Narrowing his dark eyes, he shot daggers at her with his eyes. "Veronica Murphy!" "Why are you shouting my name? Matthew Kings, I'm telling you. Even you calling my name is an insult to me. You'd better-uh!"

While she was still lashing out at him brazenly, the man sealed her lips with a kiss mid-sentence.

Her head rested on the dashboard of the motorbike, and her eyes were wide in disbelief. "Uh... Get away..."

As she was kissed against her will, a fire of fury ignited and burned brightly in her heart, and she felt that she had been taken a huge advantage of, despite the fact that a familiar scent of masculinity drifted through her nostrils when his cool lips touched hers. It was a very familiar scent, as though it was there in her dreams every day, and it inexplicably subsided the fury in her heart greatly.

But... what the hell? How is it possible that I'm so familiar with Matthew's scent? she thought. Has this jerk been taking advantage of me everyday while I was asleep? Otherwise, why is his scent so natural for me?

The fury which had subsided rushed through her again, and she struggled to reach out her hand and slap him in anger. However, the man already expected her to strike him, and he released his grip on the handlebar to grab her wrist instead. Getting up, he glanced at her with his icy eyes. "What now? You've grown a liking for slapping me?" "That's because you're shameless-ouch!"

Stopping, she hissed in pain. She had just started berating him again when he suddenly lowered his head and covered her soft lips with his sexy lips, biting her while she was unguarded.

Instantly, blood flowed from her lips and she tasted it on her tongue.

"It hurts! Matthew King, are you a dog? Why did you bite me?"

Overwhelmed with anger, she shoved him and lifted her leg to kick him in the face, but his reaction was quick. Leaning back, he dodged her attack effortlessly.

However, the kick was merely a farce because her real aim was to go around him. After hopping off the bike, she dashed off without looking back, running away in panic as though there was a vicious dog chasing her.

Straightening himself, Matthew pursed his lips and smirked as he fixed his eyes on Veronica, who had run far away.

"Ha!" From the bottom of his heart, he chuckled and shook his head helplessly before accelerating and leaving.

Since she was still mad at him, he didn't want to make the situation even more sour. But... the one who's flaunting around is her! he thought.

Previously, there was no way he could accept it when a woman was being unreasonable, but now, he felt that Veronica was different from the rest, adding some spices to his otherwise peaceful life.

After running a few feet, Veronica saw Matthew riding off on the motorbike, and she stopped running.

Beep, beep, beep!

She had only walked a little when a car stopped next to her. Seated in the passenger seat, Thomas rolled down the window and said, "Miss Murphy, get in the car. We'll take you back."

"Sure!" As long as it's not Matthew's car, anybody else's car will do. "Mr. Ritter, you're a nice guy," she said while she opened the car door and got in.

"Thanks for the compliment, Miss Murphy," he answered. It's not that I'm a nice guy, but it's a direct order from Boss. Otherwise, we can't just abandon her in this wilderness.

About an hour later, they reached the city, and Veronica returned to Twilight Condominium. In the living room, while she was standing in the corridor and changing shoes, she saw that the shoes Matthew was wearing yesterday had already been set aside,

Is he back already? she wondered and heard the sounds of pots and pans clanging from the kitchen.

"Go wash up quickly and eat."

It seemed like Matthew, who was busy in the kitchen, already knew that she was back. She dragged her feet in slippers to peek into the kitchen.

On the stove, porridge was boiling in the pot, and the steam floated into the air before it disappeared into the kitchen ventilator.

Glancing at the porridge, she then turned to Matthew, the complicated look in her eyes saying, 'Porridge again? Ha, that's all you can cook, huh? But I'm not going to eat it. Who knows if you've poisoned it?'

Ignoring his aloof and yet handsome face, she bolted straight for her room, but all of a sudden, something came into her mind, and she walked out of her room before turning into Matthew's.

At the same time, Matthew happened to come out of the kitchen and caught her going into his room. Immediately, a bad premonition loomed over his mind.

Living under the same roof with him, Veronica had a principle-she never entered his room without permission.

After he placed down the porridge on the dining table, he paced to the master bedroom, but he had barely made a few steps when a roar echoed from his room.

"Matthew Kings!"

Along with Veronica's hysterical shriek was the baleful air she carried with her as she stormed out of the room. Grabbing an antique china from a surface on the right, she then tossed it in Matthew's direction.

"You b\*stard! Didn't you say that you didn't touch me, you liar?"

The china flew in the air in a parabola, flying directly for Matthew, but he managed to catch it in his hands with his quick reflexes.

His exquisitely sculpted face turned grim. "What happened?"

"What happened? Hmph, the cheek of you to ask me that!"

Storming in front of him angrily, she grabbed the tie around his neck and pulled it sharply, tightening it and choking his neck.

I have to admit that this move by this damned woman is wild and dominant, he thought. Paired with her outfit today, which made her look like a little thug, she was really cool and attractive.

"You like to lie, don't you? Then tell me: What is this, huh?!"

She held up a prescription bottle in her hand, and on the small white bottle was the label-estazolam tablets!

His attractive eyes glanced at the bottle that her fair fingers were clutching, but there wasn't much emotion on his face, as though he had expected this.

"I was right when I said that the milk you offered me every time had a weird taste. So it turns out that you really added sleeping pills in it. What a despicable jerk! Do you trust me when I say that I'll call the police now and sue you for r\*pe?"

She was mad with rage, and her fire of fury burned brightly and brazenly, burning out the last bit of her rationale.

"You like to lie, don't you? I'm giving you a chance now to come up with an excuse.

Huh?!" Enraged, she glared at him as she pulled his tie even harder.

On the other hand, Matthew furrowed his brows and snatched his tie out of her hand.

Then, he undid it and tossed it on the couch.

"It's true that estazolam is a medication that helps with sleep, but didn't you realize that you have insomnia? I got this medication prescribed by a doctor to help you keep up with basic sleep."

For a person who wasn't good at explaining himself, Matthew tried to explain helplessly because he was forced to a corner by Veronica. However, she didn't believe a single word he said.

"You're the one with insomnia, and so is your entire family! You're a despicable jerk!"

Throwing the medication into his face, she then marched back into her room and dashed out after grabbing her cell phone and bag.

## **Chapter 200**

Seeing that she was about to leave, Matthew grabbed her hand. "If you don't believe me, I can bring you for a checkup with a doctor."

Veronica turned back and glared at him, her eyes filled with rage as she shouted angrily, "Do you think I'll believe you? Who are you? You're the executive president of Spinfluence Group with a massive influence. Forget a town like Bloomstead-your influence covers just about any place within the country. Who wouldn't listen to you? As a capitalist, have you done any less of these things?"

Her words got him dumbfounded. This was similar to the story of the boy who cried wolf; the marginal utility effect had made it difficult for her to have any trust in him anymore

After that, she struggled, but he didn't release her, and it made her even more enraged.

"Let go of me!"

In that moment, a sense of helplessness surged up in his chest because he could clearly feel her anger.

Of course she was hopping mad as she had misunderstood him, thinking that he had despicably drugged her and violated her while she was unconscious. To that, nothing he said could clear the situation.

Jerking away his hand, she snorted and left.

When she was outside of the living room, she slammed the glass door with her might, and maybe because she had used too much force, the tempered glass door broke with a loud crash as the glass shattered to pieces on the floor.

Then, without even turning back, she got into the elevator and went downstairs.

Ruffling his hair in frustration, Matthew lowered his head, glanced at the sleeping pills in his hand, and threw them straight into the bin!

Ring, ring...

Just as he was immersed in his anger, his cell phone started ringing in his pocket.

Taking it out, he saw Skylar's name flashing on the screen, and he picked up the call, saying, "Speak."

"Matt, it's been a while since we worked out. Caleb suggested we go to the taekwondo gym today. Are you free?"

Skylar and the others had also seen what happened at the wedding yesterday, but they only knew about the first half of the video. As for the case of Tiffany being assaulted, only Matthew, Veronica, and Xavier knew about it.

Matthew's good friends, Caleb, Miguel, and Skylar were worried that he would be in low spirits because of what happened yesterday, so they came up with the idea to ask him out for a workout in the taekwondo gym to vent his frustrations.

"Okay, see you guys at the usual place at 10.00AM" Matthew agreed straight away.

After leaving Twilight Condominium, Veronica found a motel at the last minute to stay.

Learning from her previous experience in house rental, she was worried about the uncertainty in the recent situation and decided not to rush into renting a place.

So, she found a cheap place for now and lay on the bed as her mind was filled with Matthew's damned face, and the more she thought about it, the angrier she became.

In the end, she went downstairs for breakfast, bought two bottles of wine, and started drinking alone in the room.

As some said, it wasn't the alcohol which was intoxicating, but the heart; she had only drank a little when she fell asleep on the bed. Maybe it was the alcohol, or perhaps she was just tired.

Meanwhile, at 10.00AM, Matthew arrived at a private taekwondo gym in Bloomstead, and the moment he went upstairs, he saw his friends in the lounge.

Skylar, in his flashy white suit, paced to him with a broad smile on his face. "Matt, you sure arrived on time. Previously, you didn't want to get married to Tiffany, so do you feel relieved now that your marriage with her is canceled?"

"Actually, what happened yesterday isn't necessarily a bad thing," Caleb said. He was wearing a sleeveless shirt with gym trousers and holding two dumbbells in his hands as he worked out his arm.

Nodding in agreement, Miguel said, "There are two sides to everything. As for that woman named Veronica, I think she-

"Ahem!"

"Ahem, ahem!"

Miguel had just started his sentence when Skylar and Caleb started coughing, hinting at

him frantically to shut his mouth.

Despite their efforts, Miguel was unaware of the things that happened between Matthew and Veronica before, so he asked, "What do you guys mean? Did she escape? Or does she love Matthew as well, so she ruined the wedding on purpose?"

As Miguel was abroad for a period of time, he had no idea what had happened here recently. In addition, he had returned rather late, and there were many things which the others didn't manage to tell him on time. Therefore, he didn't think so much before speaking and had accidentally stepped on a landmine.

Amongst the four of them, he was the oldest-a year older than Matthew-but he wasn't as mature as him. Maybe it was due to the fact that he was running a talent agency, and that made him naturally easygoing in character.

"Today, we are not talking about women." As Matthew left for the changing room, he uttered, "Miggy, we haven't exchanged skills for a long while. Let's practice together." Even though Miguel was the eldest, Matthew preferred to call him by his nickname because there was only a year difference between them.

"Sure, I'm thinking of the same thing as well." The ignorant Miguel stood up and went to change in the changing room.

This was their private gym with a dedicated changing room, and clothes were already prepared for them.

Seated in the lobby, Caleb shook his head while Skylar muttered, "Tsk, tsk. Caleb, do you think we should book a coffin in advance for your eldest bro?"

"Let's call emergency services first. Maybe he still has a chance of survival" Caleb teased as he took out a cigarette from its box and started to smoke leisurely on the couch.

A few minutes later, Matthew and Miguel stepped onto the taekwondo ring after changing into their taekwondo outfits, head protector, and taekwondo gloves. The two spectators beneath the ring, Caleb and Skylar, had a plate of watermelon and peanuts on the table in front of them as they watched in comfort.

Five minutes later, Miguel was beaten to the floor by Matthew in the ring, and he held his bleeding nose as he exclaimed, "Matthew, are you throwing real punches?"

Without a word, Matthew paced over and threw a punch at him.

Fortunately, Miguel's skills were very good, and he rolled over on the floor to dodge his punch. Then, he did a carp kick-up and sprang to his feet. "Don't blame me for being rough, then."

He swung his left arm, punching at Matthew's face, but Matthew dodged it effortlessly, and the both of them started the fight again.

Ten minutes later, Miguel was lying on the floor, holding his head as he yelped, "Damn it, Matthew! We're just having fun. You don't have to take it so seriously!"

"Stand up!"

Grabbing Miguel's shirt, Matthew pulled him up and continued hitting him.

Twenty minutes later, Miguel protected his head in the ring and wanted to jump out, but Matthew didn't give him the chance and continued to hit him violently.

Already swollen and bruised from the beating, Miguel cried out helplessly, "Caleb, Drew, are you guys blind? If you don't save me, you'll end up without an elder brother!"

Sitting outside the ring, Caleb and Skylar munched the peanuts in their palms and looked at each other, engrossed in a conversation.

"Oh, my. The weather today is not bad," Skylar said.

"Oh, yes. The autumn air is very fresh. Not bad," Caleb answered.

"That's true. It would be a shame not to hang out outside in such weather."

"Yeah, let's go out someday."

Their conversation was just filled with empty chat, and they seemed like they were full of nonsense to share, turning a deaf ear to Miguel's cry for help in the ring.

No, how was it possible that they had deaf ears? It was simply because they were so caught up in their conversation that they didn't hear him.