

The Life of A Billionaire's Wife chapter 201-206

Chapter 201 Investigating the Truth

Fortunately, Caleb and Skyler found out about the incident surrounding Veronica and Matthew from Thomas. Even though they had known about it just before they came, they still managed to dodge the bullet.

Otherwise, it would have been them needing the trip to the hospital.

Watching Miguel being badly beaten up made Skyler reach out to caress the man's cheeks, which left Miguel gasping involuntarily. "Matt seems to be really laying the beatdown on him."

Caleb playfully said, "How about I call Matt to let you stand in for Miguel instead?"

"Ha, that's unnecessary." Skyler did not share his sentiments. Sighing, he continued, "Looks like Matt really likes Veronica. Otherwise, how could he have taken that slap? In all the years that I've known him, nobody has dared to do that before."

"Just goes to show how deeply he cherishes her," Caleb commented as his smile slowly faded. "Love is a burden for Matt."

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At a private hospital.

Tiffany, who went out in the morning, cautiously came to a private hospital to visit Elizabeth. Because of what happened yesterday at the wedding, a lot of reporters had their eyes on her right now, forcing her to lay low.

It was until she entered the hospital and saw how the bodyguards were surrounding the perimeter to ensure that there were no suspicious individuals or reporters that she breathed a sigh of relief.

Veronica knew that Matthew must have made a visiting call to the news agencies; otherwise, this kind of news would have spread like wildfire now. Since Elizabeth was hospitalized, no reporter would give up on such a scoop.

After asking around, she found out where Elizabeth's ward was located, which was on the 22nd floor.

Then, Tiffany prepared herself outside the VIP ward with flowers and supplements in her hands before proceeding to knock and enter the room.

"Old Mrs. Kings?"

Yesterday's accident had happened so quickly that Elizabeth, who did not expect such a thing, could not withstand the shock and fainted.

After resting overnight in the hospital, she found herself recovering quite nicely.

Nonetheless, her utmost concern when Tiffany appeared was... "How's the child in your stomach?"

Tiffany was a bit stunned by her words. Even though she knew that Elizabeth only cared about her unborn baby, her straightforward question still made her a bit sad.

"Old Mrs. Kings, I'm... I mean, the baby's fine."

The thought of the baby made her angry, helpless, and ashamed at the same time.

Due to the importance of the child, letting those people take the child away was not an option. Hence, she chose to get humiliated by those people.

Six of them, in fact.

Tiffany felt true despair of being at the hands of those people for half an hour.

It's all fine now. I'll just treat it as being bitten by dogs. They don't affect me.

She had thought that once she endured that horrifying experience and managed to save the baby, she could continue to be with Matthew.

Of course, after that, Tiffany hired investigators to find out who those men were, but to no avail. Not daring to make a move on Veronica, Tiffany feared that the videos might surface.

In the end, she came to a conclusion.

Come what may, I'll face them all head on.

Placing the things down, she sat beside the bed in tears. "Old Mrs. Kings, I never thought that she hates me so much. Sob..."

"I know how helpless you must have felt. Don't worry, as long as the baby is around, I will continue to side with you," said Elizabeth, who was wearing a hospital gown and resting against the headboard. Holding onto Tiffany's hands, she tried to comfort her.

As the venue of the wedding was all arranged by Veronica, the timing of the video was all too strange, so nobody was sure whether it was done by her.

Even though Elizabeth had Alzheimer's, her symptoms were still considered relatively minor. She was still able to cope with her daily life just fine.

"Old Mrs. Kings, will Matthew... Will he no longer want to marry me?" Clenching her teeth, Tiffany had a face full of tears.

"Please give me, as well as him, a bit of time. Don't worry. I will never let this baby be born without a mother."

Although Elizabeth seemed to be comforting her, Tiffany understood another meaning from her words, which was that even if Matthew did not marry her, the Kingses would still take the baby away.

Even if the baby was not Matthew's nor did she ever have any consensual relationship with him, Tiffany still felt a chill down her back upon hearing the old madam's words.

"Thank you, Old Mrs. Kings... You're too kind." She did not mean a single word of what she said.

Then, she left the ward after a brief chat with Elizabeth.

Exiting the ward, she bumped into Conrad. "Hello, Mr. Conrad."

As Tiffany had met Conrad before, they were by no means strangers.

Equipped with a short beard and a gentle smile, this man seemed, at the same time, mature yet approachable. Paired with his natural charisma that radiated outward openly, one would fall for his charm at a moment's notice.

Conrad, who was in a suit and tie, looked like a business mogul with a hint of elegance about him. "Did you cry?"

Tilting his head and looking at her yet-to-dry tear stains, he then took out his pocket square and handed it to her. "Matthew really doesn't know how to cherish a beauty such as yourself, Tiffany."

His gentlemanly actions made Tiffany a bit shocked.

Even though they had met a few times, they were not closely acquainted.

So, his move today left Tiffany somewhat in a daze.

"T-Thank you, Mr. Conrad."

She accepted his pocket square before using it to wipe her tears while choking, "I'm sorry you had to see this side of me."

“Nonsense. We’re all family.”

Reaching out, he patted her shoulder in an act of comfort. “Women shouldn’t cry. Matthew is a responsible person, so I believe he will do the right thing.”

“Yup. I believe in Matthew too.” The teary-eyed Tiffany looked extremely pitiful. “I’ll be leaving now.”

“Go on.”

“Goodbye, Mr. Conrad.”

Tiffany then left.

Turning around, Conrad peered at the leaving Tiffany with an inexplicable smile on his face. He finally went into the ward after that. “Mother, are you feeling any better?”

“This old body of mine won’t get in the way of me.” Sitting on the bed, Elizabeth took a long sigh. “Conrad, Matthew, that brat, isn’t talking at all. I still think that whatever happened at yesterday’s wedding wasn’t enough of a reason to cancel it. Help me investigate this and see what’s going on.”

“A wise decision, Mother, but should we capture Veronica and question her?” Conrad tried to probe her thoughts.

Elizabeth paused for a second before frowning and replying, “Do it discreetly and don’t let Matthew find out if possible.”

Even though she trusted Veronica, she knew that when a person was old, there were still times when they might misjudge a character for who they really were.

After all, one could never be too careful.

Everyone was deemed a suspect before the truth was out.

Besides, every step of the wedding was closely related to Veronica, so Elizabeth had no choice but to make a move on her!

“Understood. I’ll get on this now.” Following her instructions, Conrad left after a few more words with his mother.

Chapter 202 The Truth Comes to Light

Tiffany, who had covered herself from head to toe with clothing, had left the hospital, not wishing to be recognized.

However, she had only arrived at the car park without getting the chance to get into her car when she saw Thomas walking toward her.

“Mr. Ritter... What a surprise...”

Tiffany greeted him with guilt.

From Thomas' original spot, it looked like he had been waiting for her for a long time.

“Miss Larson, the boss wants to see you.”

Thomas walked right up to her with a stern expression and mentioned it in a cold tone.

“M-Matthew wants to see me? What for?”

For some reason, she felt an uneasy sensation well up from within as she felt her heart skip a beat. Trembling, she was afraid that something might happen.

Thomas only motioned toward her. “Miss Larson, please get into the car!”

He no longer possessed a respectful tone.

Clutching her bag tightly, Tiffany touched her mask and sunglasses before falling into deep thought.

I had dressed myself so discreetly, yet Thomas was still able to discern my identity from a glance...

It looked like he had been waiting for me. But, what could make Thomas personally find me instead of Matthew calling me to meet up?

Even though she felt very apprehensive, Tiffany still chose to follow Thomas.

As the car drove away slowly, she felt more and more suspicious of the whole situation.

Taking out her phone, she called Matthew, but nobody picked up.

“Mr. Ritter, where are we going?”

Tiffany took off her sunglasses and tried to get a grasp of the situation.

Yet, Thomas did not answer her and only kept his silence.

“H-How did the investigation go yesterday? Matthew didn't do anything to Veronica, right?”

Since she did not get the answer she wanted, Tiffany started to change the angle of attack.

After the incident yesterday, Tiffany had sent her people to search for Veronica, but a whole day of searching yielded not even a trace of Matthew or Veronica. So, she could not determine if Matthew had made a move on her.

Maybe nothing happened.

The car kept heading east until they reached the North Ring Road.

Tiffany finally noticed that something was off by this point. "Mr. Ritter, where exactly are we going? Also, where's Matthew?"

"You'll know when you get there." Matthew only answered some questions. If there were any topics concerning Veronica, he would avoid them completely.

It was another ten minute drive when they arrived at another hospital.

This hospital was located in a more secluded and outskirts part of the city.

Sitting in the car, Tiffany looked at the hospital and clutched her bag involuntarily, terrified. "Why... W-W-Why did we come to another hospital?"

She held her stomach subconsciously, as if she had guessed what was about to happen.

Thomas, upon parking the car, looked at Tiffany through the mirror. "Miss Larson, please get out of the car."

"I won't. Not before you tell me what we're doing here."

Shaking her head profusely, she said, "I want to see Matthew. Where is he?"

At this point, Tiffany was so nervous that she was almost suffocating while she called Matthew.

Ring, ring, ring...

After a few rings, Matthew answered her call.

"Sob... Matthew, where are you? Thomas brought me to a place called Lifeline Hospital..."

"I'm waiting for you at that hospital's fifth floor." Matthew immediately hung up upon saying that.

It was already eleven in the morning by then.

Pale-faced, Tiffany tried calling him again to no avail.

Then, the back door of the car opened just as she was hesitating whether to get out or not, as she saw a few bodyguards in suits standing outside.

It looked like they were going to forcefully carry her upstairs.

Tiffany then wanted to call Elizabeth for help, but Thomas had intercepted this and snatched her phone away before shooting a look at the bodyguards.

Immediately, one bodyguard stepped forward and held her up on each side of her arms while another one stuffed her mouth and carried her upstairs, despite her futile struggles.

Since this hospital was more remote and Tiffany had lived for so long in the center of Bloomstead, she did not know what the main purpose of this hospital was.

Panicking at this point, Tiffany tried to shout out for help only to find that there was not even a staff member on the ground floor, making her sink into despair and fear.

Entering the elevator, they proceeded to the floor where Matthew was on.

Like a pig being sent to the slaughterhouse, Tiffany was brought forth to Matthew on the fifth floor.

The man had just showered and had changed into a pinstripe suit after visiting a boxing gym. He was leaning on the office desk with a cigarette in his hand, taking a drag.

Upon seeing Tiffany being brought inside, he raised his hand, motioning for them to let go of her.

The bodyguards nodded and stood at the side as Thomas closed the door.

The moment Tiffany saw Matthew, she ran toward him, gripping his sleeves tightly and crying. "Sob, sob... Matthew, why did you bring me here? What is this place? Sob... I'm so scared..."

Looking down, Matthew frowned upon noticing that she had wrinkled his suit. "Answer me. Was it really you that saved me from the accident that happened a few months ago?"

Even though he already had irrefutable evidence, Matthew still chose to give Tiffany a final chance.

Nevertheless, she had no way out by now, so she nodded without a single shred of hesitation. "Yes. Yes, it was me. I saved you. At that time, my father sent me to work as a delivery driver under the pretense of training me and experiencing how society worked. It's true. I'm speaking the truth."

Gazing at the woman in front of him, Matthew was doubting whether a single word from her was even true or not.

In the end, he only picked up a folder beside him and threw it at Tiffany's face.

The thick folder slapped her face squarely, making the bystanders feel the pain even though they only heard the sound.

Naturally, Tiffany felt the pain too, but her focus was on the folder in front of her as she ignored the sensation in her face.

Then, she squatted down and picked up the folder, asking tremblingly, "W-W-What is this..."

Matthew, who silently took a drag, did not answer her, as he only blew the cigarette smoke on her face.

Even though he did not utter a single word, he believed he had made it very clear.

With trembling hands, Tiffany opened the folder, revealing a few photos inside. The images themselves were not very clear, but there was the date indicated on the bottom right corner.

They looked to be screenshots from a video.

"These are... Matthew, why... are you showing me these screenshots?"

She then laughed. This was a short laugh, though, as tears began pouring out of her eyes.

This was because she knew best what the date signified.

"What? You've forgotten this quickly?" With a frown, Matthew's bloodlust seeped out of his gaze, and this powerful gaze scared the wits out of Tiffany.

Stumbling backward, she shook her head. "I don't know. I really don't know what this is."

Did she really not know?

Matthew then sneered and stopped talking.

Instead, it was Thomas, who was standing by the side, who stated, "Miss Larson, you really are something. Deleting the footage where Miss Veronica saved the boss and even took the gift meant for her. Did you think that you would be able to trick everybody in this way? You're still careless, though. Even though you remembered to delete the traffic surveillance footage, you forgot to delete the footage where you were partying with your friends at the bar that very same night."

Chapter 203 She Could Not Keep It in the End

Up to this point, Tiffany knew that the cat was out of the bag.

The folder dropped from her hands as her legs wobbled, making her stumble and fall to the ground.

She looked like a soulless marionette that sat on the ground silently.

"The baby inside you. Whose is it?" asked Matthew with one hand in his pocket while the other was holding the cigarette, as he flicked it against the ashtray nonchalantly.

Petrified with fear, Tiffany raised her head. "What... The child? Of course, it's yours. Matthew, you... you can't break your promise so easily."

How did it come to this?

Wasn't he acting just fine yesterday? Why is he suddenly suspecting where the baby came from?

This sudden development caught Tiffany entirely off guard.

She had never thought Matthew would react so quickly.

"Do you know why I didn't contact you yesterday?"

Matthew raised his eyebrow, looking like a god about to descend his punishment onto the mortals who defied him.

"W-Why?"

Tiffany asked cautiously, with a voice so small that only a mosquito could hear it.

"The boss had me contact Castron to investigate every detail of when you were there. Otherwise, why would he not call you on the day of the incident?" Thomas explained.

Matthew only suspected her of having a child in her belly because she pretended to save him and tried multiple times to harm Veronica.

She really is a cruel woman who would do anything to achieve her goal.

In order to marry me, she tried every trick in the book. This made him wonder whether 'that one time' abroad with her was enough to make her pregnant.

As expected, the results of the investigation surprised everyone.

Thomas' words made Tiffany ghastly pale, making her look a bit terrifying.

"I-It's... not like that. This is impossible."

Shaking her head maddeningly, Tiffany clutched her belly. "The baby is yours. It really is yours... Ugh..."

Nonetheless, she only managed to explain halfway when Matthew leaned down and choked her. "Have you thought about how you're going to die?"

"Ugh... It hurts..."

He tightened his grip, making his joints pop, while Tiffany felt like her windpipe was being crushed to the point her face started to go all red.

Raised by the man like a chick, she tried her hardest to hit both of Matthew's hands. "Ugh... Let... Let go..."

These few words took all she had.

Matthew peered at her with a flash in his gaze before he tossed her away like a piece of trash.

With a bang, Tiffany's head hit the bed, and her forehead began bleeding.

Huff... Huff...

The moment she fell down, her neck was released with air rushing into her body, making her cough chokingly, completely ignoring the wound on her forehead.

Matthew only took a couple of tissue papers from the desk and wiped his hands before throwing them away in the trash can with a disdainful expression. "Proceed with the operation."

"Yes, boss."

Thomas nodded.

Scared out of her wits, Tiffany crawled to Matthew and tugged on his pants. "Sob, sob... Matthew, the child really is yours. You can't be so cruel. If Old Mrs. Kings knew about this, she would be really sad. Her biggest wish is to have a great-grandchild. If she knew... Ah!"

In this world, there would always be some that kept crossing his line.

And in front of him right now was Tiffany, who had not only lied to him but his grandmother as well. She had let an old woman who had well crossed fifty years of age wait so long for nothing.

This d*mned woman!

Raising his leg, Matthew cruelly kicked Tiffany's chest as she stumbled backward and rolled on the floor. Laying on the ground, she spewed blood.

She had never seen such a livid and violent side of Matthew.

In her eyes, the man she loved was silent yet proud and capable. He was the goal of many young women.

Even though he had a cold attitude, at least he treated her somewhat gently.

It was only that she did not know such a vicious man lay beneath that cold mask.

Holding onto her chest, Tiffany was in such pain that she could not utter a word.

She looked spitefully at him while clenching her free hand so tightly that it started to bleed, yet she did not take notice of that.

Excluding Tiffany, even Thomas and the other bodyguards did not dare to even breathe loudly due to what they had just witnessed.

In over ten years of service, they had never seen their employer so furious before. Even more so, they had never seen him harm a woman.

They were all completely baffled!

Soon, Thomas and the others brought Tiffany, who was still lying on the floor, away.

After ten minutes, Thomas returned with a B-mode ultrasonogram. "Boss, the doctor said that Tiffany's uterine walls are relatively thin. Once she miscarriages, she will never get pregnant again."

To this, Matthew, who was standing in front of the window with a cup of tea in his hand, turned around and stared at him deathly.

It was only to this one stare that Thomas immediately replied fearfully, "I'm sorry for spouting nonsense. We'll go ahead with the operation."

He then left the office with the report in hand.

If it was by accident, one could be forgiven. If it was on purpose, one should face their own music.

This time, Tiffany can only blame herself. Even if she does end up being unable to conceive from now on, it's all because of her own doing.

As he walked out, he heard Matthew state, "Skip the anesthetic."

Stunned, Thomas felt a slight migraine.

After five minutes, a banshee-like scream emanated from the operation room. It was very haunting and sent chills behind their backs.

Tiffany, bound to the operation table, struggled with all her might only to achieve nothing, as she felt the forceps rummaging inside her body, accompanied by a pain like she was being whipped to death. It was an unimaginable pain.

After all, she had only experienced the high life and being pampered at all times. She had never had to go through such suffering.

The sensation was one that traveled throughout her body, as every cell in her body screamed in pain. It hurt so much that while she cried profusely, the veins in her forehead popped out.

Her hands were bound to the operation table, leaving her to cry and scream like a specter from hell.

At this moment, her pain only amplified her hatred toward Matthew and Veronica.

Time slowly ticked away, leaving Tiffany pale and sweaty, as she did not even have the strength to scream in pain anymore.

There was a moment where it hurt so much that she felt as if she had gone deaf with her brain buzzing.

After an unknown amount of suffering, the operation was finally over.

She was then mercilessly dragged from the operation table as the bodyguards carried her downstairs before throwing her in the car and driving toward the city center.

It was approximately forty minutes of driving when they reached Dragon's Creek Villa, where she was thrown out of the car like trash and lay there no different from a corpse.

Thomas threw the report in front of Tiffany and said, "Your uterine walls are thinner than normal ones. The doctor had said that after this, you'll never get pregnant again."

Upon finishing his statement, he got in the car and left.

Chapter 204 Conrad's Ploy

As both mental and physical pain enveloped Tiffany, she could only repeat Thomas' words in her head.

'Your uterine walls are thinner than normal ones. The doctor had said that after this, you'll never get pregnant again!'

She had ascended to the peak in one day and fell into the darkest abyss the next.

This rise and fall made Tiffany feel as if her whole life was just a joke.

Even though the pain was ripping at her inside out, she had trained herself painstakingly all these years only to live a more lavish life and to become the center of everyone's attention.

Alas, all it took was but a moment for her to fall from grace, as she did not have any room to even resist.

Matthew Kings. That man... That man is just a devil in disguise.

The pain had left her weak all over. Even though Tiffany felt that she was losing blood all over the place, she still climbed up strugglingly and walked one step at a time toward the villa.

I cannot die here!

I need to live on. I must live on!

I will return the pain that I received today a hundredfold to those two snakes, Matthew and Veronica!

She had decided that since Matthew had refused her right to be a mother, she would also never let Veronica have another child in this life!

I will never allow that to happen!

Taking a few steps forward, Tiffany felt her vision go dark as she fell backward...

However, before she felt the sensation of crashing to the ground, she fell into a person's embrace.

At the last moment, she caught a glimpse of the person and was shocked to find out that it was none other than Conrad.

"M-Mr. Conrad. It's you?"

She fainted right after uttering that.

...

Waking up, Tiffany found herself lying in a ward upon opening her eyes.

"You're finally awake."

Conrad saw Tiffany regain her consciousness and stated that.

Tilting her head, Tiffany looked at Conrad, who was sitting beside her. "Thank you for saving me, Mr. Conrad."

"I was investigating the incident at yesterday's wedding. After discovering that your call wouldn't connect, I went to your house in hopes of finding you. Then, I found you fainting."

Up to that point, Conrad then frowned hesitatingly. "Why did you..."

"I'm ashamed to have let you see that."

The conversation made Tiffany suddenly cry uncontrollably.

She looked very pitiful.

This made Conrad reach out and touch her face, wiping her tears away with his thumbs gently. "Women should learn how to cherish themselves. Matthew wasn't meant for you. You should give up on this foolish thought."

When one was in total despair, the smallest act of kindness given by others would seem like a saving grace.

Tiffany felt this gentleness from Conrad, as a thought came to her, when she looked at him with teary eyes.

If I can't be Matthew's woman, I can be his aunt!

“Thank you, Mr. Conrad. Sob...” She cried even sadder in an attempt to gain more pity from Conrad.

Yet, she did not know that Conrad had gone to the villa to search for Tiffany, only to observe the situation for a while. He had seen Thomas dragging her out of the car.

It was not until she entered the villa that Conrad got out of the car and went ahead to hold her.

As for why he would appear at such an opportune moment in front of the villa’s entrance, it was naturally because he had gotten a tip and had been waiting for Tiffany’s appearance.

I might be able to use this woman!

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After sleeping through the entire morning, Veronica woke up feeling refreshed.

She was very calm and collected, as she did not know the chaos that happened without her.

The afternoon came when she received a call from her secretary. “Miss Murphy, two customers came by just now and asked about our wedding package. They also wanted to know if we could give them any promotions. Since I thought that we were in need of customers, I went ahead and gave them the biggest discount possible.”

“Really? Have they paid the deposit?”

“Yup. They paid us ten thousand upfront. The customers had estimated their budget to be around two hundred thousand. This is no small deal by any means.”

“That’s great!”

Veronica felt her mood lifting.

Nonetheless, she noticed this sudden influx of business might be due to someone helping her in the dark.

Chapter 205

This thought made Veronica’s joy disappear, as she hesitated for a *second* before saying, “Investigate if they are Matthew’s people. If they are, return the deposit and reject them.”

Even though the incident at Matthew's wedding caused the reputation of Encounters, her bridal shop, to tank, she still did not want to receive any help from him.

That disgusting man. He must be planning something else. I should just stay well away from him.

Shirley only felt that this was a wasted opportunity as she replied, "Are we really going to reject this deal? Miss Murphy, our shop had sacked over ten staff members at this point. If no business comes our way, the employees might grow doubtful. I'm afraid..."

"We just need to keep to our principles. I know what to do."

Not saying much to Shirley, Veronica then hung up.

After that, she sat in the room by herself, remembering all of a sudden that it was Elizabeth's birthday the day after tomorrow. However, under these kinds of conditions, she was thinking that Elizabeth might not hold a banquet anymore.

Yet, she still knew she needed to choose an appropriate gift for her.

At the Spinfluence Group.

Matthew, who had dealt with all matters at hand, returned to the company to continue working

Reaching his office, Thomas stated, "Boss, our stocks have dropped by a whole three points since the exchange opened in the afternoon. The higher ups have been voicing their complaints over this and said that they wish to arrange for a board meeting to discuss this tomorrow."

Matthew listened to him as he sipped on his tea and focused on reading through the documents on his table.

It was only after a while that he slowly uttered, "Just let everything take its course."

"Mr. Conrad is back. I think he wants to make use of this chaos and reap some benefits."

Thomas knew these kinds of people's little ploys the most.

Nevertheless, whatever he could think of, Matthew could naturally think of too.

Instead, Matthew still kept his calm, as he would never waste his thoughts on such little things, nor did he think that such little things were worth his attention.

“We’ll handle any changes by not changing.”

After signing the document, Matthew handed it to Thomas and asked, “How is the progress on the thing I asked you to handle?”

“What?”

At first, Thomas was a bit bewildered, but he then instantly knew what his employer was talking about as he sighed defeatly. “The subordinates were not too bright and messed up the whole thing. Miss Murphy had returned the deposit and refused to accept their deal.”

“Useless fools!”

Matthew exclaimed coldly.

Knock, knock, knock.

Suddenly, someone knocked on his office door.

Looking up, Matthew landed his gaze on the person who came in, Conrad.

Standing up slowly, he said, “Uncle Conrad?”

Thomas turned around to see Conrad before he nodded and bowed. “Hello, Uncle Conrad. You guys catch up first. I’ll be going back to work now.”

he also followed Matthew and

Because of Matthew and Thomas’ close relation greeted Conrad the same way.

Nodding, Conrad did not say a word as Thomas exited the office before closing the door.

Inside the office, one was standing while the other remained seated, with both of them exchanging gazes of indiscernible depth.

“Unde, what is it?”

Matthew knew Conrad too well to know that he would not come visit him without a specific aim

He knew that Conrad, who came to him personally, did not just want to tour the company,

Today, Conrad had on a full suit and tie, looking like a mature gentleman.

Standing sideways, he then walked to the resting area by the side and sat on the sofa before speaking, "About the incident at the wedding, what's your opinion on it?"

"Did Grandma want you to investigate?"

Matthew crossed his legs as he leaned against his office chair and crossed his fingers. Hitting the back of his hands with his fingers rhythmically, he displayed a nonchalance that a dominating individual possessed.

"Yesterday's incident concerned the family's dignity. As the madam of the family, Old Mrs. Kings would definitely conduct a deep investigation."

Conrad was of a mixed race descent.

In actuality, he was Howard's illegitimate child. However, after being picked up to live in Bloomstead, he shared the same roof with Elizabeth for a long time. So, he naturally called her 'mother' all this while.

Though in front of others, he was still used to referring to her as 'Old Mrs. Kings'.

"I can handle this by myself. You don't have to worry about it, Uncle." Stating this, Matthew took out a cigarette before holding it in his mouth and lighting it, slowly taking a drag in the process.

He was making it very clear that he did not wish for Conrad to interfere in this matter.

Who knew that Conrad only shrugged his shoulders helplessly and opened up his arms while smiling. "Sadly, it's an order from Mother, so I can only follow it."

He had suddenly changed to referring to Elizabeth as 'mother'.

As soon as he said that, Conrad's phone rang. He took it and had a look before smiling

"Mother wants me to 'invite Miss Murphy to comply with the investigation. What do you think about that, Matthew?" Looking at Matthew, Conrad asked smugly.

Matthew, who was still smoking, stopped at this point as a cold gaze flashed across his eyes.

Glancing coldly at Conrad for a split second, Matthew said, "Uncle, I think of you as an intelligent individual. So, on the subject of who you can or can't touch..."

He deliberately stopped for a few seconds before continuing, "I think you should know best!"

He had thoroughly warned Conrad of this.

"Since you like Miss Murphy so much, why didn't you marry her in the first place, instead of causing this fiasco? Matthew, it's not that I'm scrutinizing you, but I do have to say that you haven't dealt with this matter properly."

Leaning against the back

of the sofa, Conrad had placed a hand on the knee of his crossed leg while the other was on the sofa. His proud demeanor was as if it was signifying a silent match between the two.

"Since you know it's my matter, you shouldn't be poking your finger in this pie, Uncle!"

Matthew displayed a cold attitude that did not leave any shame for his uncle.

"Hahaha."

Laughing instead of bursting into anger, Conrad stated, "I'm never a busybody. But, as you've seen from yesterday, you have been letting the PR team handle everything in regard to the wedding. Even though this incident did not cause too much damage to the company, the losses yesterday already amounted to 2 billion in value vanishing in stocks. I think that you need to give some explanation to the board members, no? Since you don't want me to go to look for Miss Murphy, I'll just have to find the Larsons then. If I don't show them something to see, the Larson Family might think that we are just harmless ants."

In this final sentence, Conrad seemed to be stating that the Larsons were digging their own graves by offending the Kingses, but in reality, he was talking about Matthew's incompetence.

rv peano

Even though he knew the mastermind to be a member of the Larsons, Matthew actually didn't make a move. Not only did this damage the pride of our family, it even made the public ridicule us.

"I know how to deal with my own matters." Matthew flicked the cigarette ashes against the ashtray and did not talk anymore.

Upon seeing this, Conrad lifted his arm and looked at his wristwatch. "It's getting late now, so I suppose I'll take my leave."

He then stood up and left.

Exiting Spinfluence Group, Conrad got into his car before ordering his subordinate, "Bloomstead seems at peace nowadays, and that is boring. We should inject some fun into our lives. How about... We start from the Larsons?"

The driver instantly understood Conrad's thoughts as he replied, "Understood, Sir. I'll call the men now"

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At the same time, Hendric, who was on a business trip, took a flight back to the country and made a dash to the hospital as soon as the plane landed.

When he saw that Xavier and Melissa were fine in the VIP patient room, a wave of relief washed over him.

"D-Dad, you're finally here." When she saw her father, Melissa burst into tears as her fragile heart was crushed after having her leg injured.

At the sight of her tear-stained face, his heart throbbed in pain. The family had always treated her as the apple of their eyes, yet she was now injured.

Placing his briefcase aside, he strode over and lifted the quilt to take a look at her condition. "How do you feel? What did the doctor say?"

"Sobs. I-I have to rest for at least three months. It hurts, Dad," whined the pale-faced girl whose voice was choked up. The sheer sight of her forlorn state would have caused anyone to feel sorry for her.

Attempting to comfort her, Hendric patted her shoulder. "As long as you're alright. Don't worry about it. You'll recover soon. Speaking about it, the Kings Family have gone over board this time!"

Having said that, he glanced at Xavier with an icy gaze before making his way toward his bed. Ever since Hendric had entered the room, Xavier had been phubbing with his head low in a languid manner. In truth, he actually listened attentively to the conversation just now.

They were all Hendric's children, yet he only had his eyes on a few of them and there would never be room for Xavier.

Such thoughts fled across Xavier's mind before a slap landed on his face at the very next second. Feeling the stinging pain on his cheek, he looked sideways.

Because of last night's incident, not a part of his body was free of blemishes. He was badly bruised; even his face was beaten black and blue.

Despite that, neither did Hendric comfort him nor did he ask for the cause. Instead, he straight up landed a slap on Xavier's face.

"Dad, what are you doing? He had nothing to do with this." Even Melissa was taken aback by the sudden hit that she voiced over her brother's *innocence*

"Hmph! He is your incompetent brother who can't take good care of you!" Hendric's chest heaved heavily in wrath.

Hearing that, Xavier snorted in ridicule. Though his cheek hurt, he did not lift a finger to massage it; he poked it with his tongue instead. As he flashed a contemptuous smile, his face was glaring with disgust.

What a 'good' father I have here.

"Dad, it's not Xavier's fault. It's all because of that b*tch, Veronica Murphy!"

She and Veronica got along well at the beginning, but the relationship took a turn after she had witnessed Veronica's ruthless side with her own eyes. The seedling of hostility sprouted in her overnight.

"It's her! It's all because of her! She took the gun and hurt us! Dad—Dad, Xavier is innocent!" Melissa explained while tears were wetting her cheeks.

"Innocent, my foot. It's not like you don't know that your silly brother likes Veronica. Now look at himself. What did he get in the end? Veronica is still wagging her tail at Matthew, that motherf*cker. F*ck! How dare they touch my daughter! They're not getting away from this!" Hendric slammed the table in a fit of rage.

The silent Xavier finally piped up, "Why don't you ask your filial daughter what she has done?"

Even if he cared for his sister, he knew well that he shouldn't lose his sense of right and wrong. This time, Melissa was the one in the wrong.

"I don't give a fig about the truth! Anyone who dares to lay a finger on my daughter deserves to die!" As the seething ire got the best of him, Hendric pointed at Xavier. "Stay away from that b*tch. I will make sure to tear her into pieces!"

At that moment, Xavier could feel the murderous resentment bearing in Hendric to his bones. He didn't stop the man, though. Whether it was the

disappointment directed at Melissa or Hendric—or it could've been both—he remained silent until the end.

Beneath its deceptive tranquility, there was an insidious storm raging in Bloomstead.

Though

Veronica had the liberty to wander anywhere she fancied without bumping into the reporters, she had a strong feeling that something was going to happen.

Her biggest worry would be her adoptive parents, who were currently residing in the countryside. Someone might hurt them. She promised herself that she would leave Matthew and stay out of the struggle between the rich and powerful. However, she

couldn't sever the complicated ties with the Kings Family, though she seemed to have had nothing to do with them. She was now worried about her own safety. Still, there was someone else caring for her in the shrouds.

After knowing that the abortion was forced upon Tiffany, Floch and his wife reprimanded the Kings Family in ire in front of Tiffany.

*That Matthew is such trash. Even if it isn't his baby, he shouldn't have done that to you! Besides, what if you can't be pregnant in the future?" With hands on his waist, Floch roved back and forth in the patient room with a haggard expression.

Rachel, who was sitting on the chair, calmed her daughter patiently with a soothing voice, "Don't worry too much about it. Once you've recovered, we'll seek a remedy overseas."

"That's right. Cheer up, Tiffany."

"You're still young. As long as you take good care of your body, you can bear a baby again. And I can introduce you to someone better than Matthew."

The distressed couple tried to provide solace to Tiffany, yet those words were like a thrusting knife that pierced into her heart so deeply that it hurt.

Finally, she couldn't stand it anymore as she said, "Please, leave. I need a moment to myself."

Her parents were left speechless. After a moment of silence, they decided to ask a maid to look after her before returning home. Along the way home, Floch was driving while Rachel seated herself in the passenger seat.

“Judging from how things have transpired until now, I fret that Veronica will cause more trouble than this.”

Letting out a sigh, Floch shook his head helplessly. His tapping fingers on the steering wheel had given his apprehension away. “We can’t just stand still and do nothing. People will be suspicious. I think we should call them. We should do everything that’s necessary to not blow our cover.”

Feeling equally agitated, Rachel kneaded her forehead. “We’ve been covering for Veronica this whole year, but I’m sure that she resents us a lot.”

“*Regardless, this is our mission.*” Floch held her hand. “But if something happens to you, I’ll *blame myself forever*. From now onward, the Kings Family will pressure us *from all sides*, so we’ve got to be prepared.”

After hearing his words, she smiled bitterly as her eyes started to tear up. Due to the silence, a heavy atmosphere lingered around them.