

The Life of A Billionaire's Wife chapter 61-64

Chapter 61 Matthew's Arrival

However, Veronica had received a punch when she was in the car. It had been a heavy punch that had felt so painful that she couldn't return to her senses even after a long time.

As Saint Hospital was located in a remote area, there weren't many cars around. Hence, Veronica had had no choice but to get into Yvonne's car when she happened to bump into her, to avoid being caught up by those people.

Truth was, Veronica had been afraid that the Larson Family would send people with guns to chase after her.

She probably would be lucky enough to avoid one or two gunshots but no matter how fast she was, she couldn't possibly guarantee that she could avoid every single shot when she was surrounded by bullets.

Besides, during the night when the fire had happened, although she had hidden in the bathroom, she had deliberately let the fire burn her arm, the back of her foot and something she held rather dear—her long hair.

The bathroom was connected to the underground sewers. She could have escaped, but she had purposely waited for rescue so that she could escalate the issue.

Only when the matter was escalated would she get the chance to push the Larson Family into the limelight.

Nonetheless, Veronica had never expected Yvonne to be another 'troublesome person' as well; it was a pure miscalculation on her part.

When they exited the room, Veronica glanced around and thought that they might be at the storage area located at the bottom of the ship.

The two of them dashed to the end of the hallway and took a look at the floor plan posted on the staircase wall before Veronica brought Yvonne upstairs.

They managed to find their way into the employees' changing room, and Veronica dragged Yvonne in and they changed into servants' attire.

After that, Veronica went to the washroom and found some shampoo and soap. She washed her face repeatedly to remove the layer of dark-colored makeup that she had applied on her face, restoring her original fair complexion.

She exited the bathroom after a while and called out to Yvonne. "Let's go."

“Uh... W-Who are you?” Startled, Yvonne poked her head into the bathroom to take a glance inside before she asked, “Where’s Veronica?”

“Cut the crap. I’m Veronica. Let’s go,” Veronica impatiently explained.

“Oh, God. How can you be Veronica?! Veronica is so ugly but you are gorgeous.”

“It was all makeup.”

“Can makeup last for ten days?”

“I used special cosmetics products.”

“Oh, my! That’s amazing! Why did you purposely make yourself look so ugly? Who exactly are you?”

Yvonne turned to stare at Veronica, appraising her from all angles with an expectant look in her eyes.

Meanwhile, Veronica’s expression fell. She glared at Yvonne with her clear eyes. “Are you a child? Why do you have so many questions?”

“I-I was just too astonished.”

In the end, Yvonne couldn’t stifle the urge to touch Veronica’s face. It felt soft and tender, and her complexion was smooth and delicate. “Goodness, how did you maintain your complexion even after wearing makeup for ten days? You are actually more beautiful than me. That’s unbelievable.”

“Dig your eyes out if you don’t believe it!” Veronica snapped, which frightened Yvonne and shut her up.

And so, Veronica grabbed Yvonne by her collar and together they exited the room while pushing a dining cart.

As there weren’t any security cameras at that level, the duo managed to leave the room easily and threw away their own clothes in different trash cans.

Veronica’s sudden change in her looks had given them the courage to even show up before the mercenaries. Just like that, Veronica managed to shield Yvonne and successfully avoid a few rounds of searches.

An hour later, the ship arrived at the port and came to a stop.

Veronica and Yvonne had already changed into another set of clothing and the former even applied a simple makeup on the latter. Then, they followed the crowd and alighted from the ship.

Meanwhile, Matthew and Thomas were standing at the dock where the cruise ship named Selvy was, to observe every single person that alighted from the ship. The cruise ship had just arrived at Castron from Destor.

“Young Master Matthew, there are 1,200 passengers on the Selvy and there are countless rooms in it. It will be difficult to find Miss Murphy,” Thomas said with a heavy heart.

Meanwhile, Matthew, who was dressed in a suit, stood off at one side with a cigarette between his lips. “If we can’t find her, we will board the ship and search for her room by room.”

“Yes, sir.” Thomas nodded, then instructed the men dressed in suits, who were standing in a line beside him, “Keep a close eye on all of them. There cannot be any mistakes.”

The men nodded and spread out to carefully observe every single passenger that alighted from the cruise ship.

At the same moment, Veronica and Yvonne alighted from the ship, and the former held an anxious Yvonne by the hand. “Stay calm. Be careful not to expose ourselves.”

When they successfully got down from the ship, they were greeted by a few men in suits at the dock.

No matter how calm Veronica was, Yvonne was still flustered. She was so scared that she started running.

The moment she started running, she attracted the attention of the mercenaries, who were carefully checking the passengers. They immediately went after her.

“What an idiot!” Veronica cursed. She wanted to ignore the other woman, but she couldn’t bring herself to do so, so she went after her as well.

As her gaze was focused on Yvonne, she overlooked Matthew, who happened to brush past her.”

“Young Master Matthew, isn’t that Miss Larson? Why is she here?”

Veronica was barely two meters away when she ran past them, but not only Thomas took notice of her, even Matthew caught sight of her.

“She’s not Tiffany.” Matthew’s expression turned dark, a slight frown between his straight brows on his dashing face. He observed the woman from her back and the way she ran—it was way different from Tiffany’s.

On the other hand, before Veronica managed to catch up with Yvonne, the latter was apprehended by a few mercenaries.

Due to time constraints, the simple makeup wasn’t able to transform Yvonne’s face completely. After all, extensive makeup that could transform one’s face into someone else’s would take a few hours, at the very least.

Therefore, Yvonne’s identity was easily exposed.

Two mercenaries grabbed Yvonne, one of them then pointing a gun at her waist. Although the mercenary had a piece of clothing draped over his wrist so that nobody could see what was underneath it, Veronica knew very well what he was holding under that clothing.

Otherwise, Yvonne wouldn’t just stand quietly without struggling and wait for them to apprehend her.

And so, the few men escorted Yvonne toward the ship. When they walked past Veronica, Yvonne bit her lip and cast her a glance. However, she chose not to drag her into the situation, so they brushed past Veronica just like that.

Standing off to one side, Veronica, who took in the entire scene, felt conflicted.

In the end, she still couldn’t bear to just stand there.

“Stop right there!” she shouted.

The few mercenaries paused in their tracks. They exchanged glances with one another before the four men turned to look back at her.

Veronica was aware that the fact that they were able to enter and exit the ship freely must be due to their special relationship with those on the ship. However, there were many passengers who were still disembarking so if she enraged these men, they would definitely harm the innocents.

Hence, Veronica dared not call for external help—not until she had used up her last resort.

“Let go of Yvonne!” she yelled.

“Who the heck are you?” The mercenaries couldn’t recognize her.

“That’s not important, but you have to let go of her!” She glared at the two men coldly. Without wasting any more time, she charged at them, then she lifted her foot and kicked at the man’s face.

Chapter 62 Matthew Was Her Brother

Since they were at the port, Veronica knew that these men wouldn’t dare to easily fire shots no matter how bold they were.

Hence, she chose to fight them despite having to deal with two men alone.

With a couple of moves, she defeated the two men. Then, she strode forward to go after the other two. After she landed a kick on the man standing on Yvonne’s right side, the other man wrapped his arm around Yvonne’s waist and pressed the cloth on his wrist against her waist. “I’ll kill her if you make another move,” he threatened.

Underneath the cloth was a gun that could take her life.

“Go on, then! I dare you to.” Veronica shrugged, looking as though she was unfazed by it.

She was aware of the fact that Yvonne was very important to these people. Otherwise, they wouldn’t have gone through all the trouble of bringing Yvonne all the way to Castron.

If they wanted to kill her, they would have done so long ago instead of waiting until this moment.

“Ha! If that’s the case, I will kill you first!” As he yelled, he aimed the gun at Veronica’s face. Due to the cloth that was draped over the gun, nobody took notice of the commotion over there.

“Is that so? Let’s see if your marksmanship can beat—”

As she spoke, she reached behind her back for the pistol tucked there. Just then, she heard some footsteps behind her. In a split second, she threw a back kick at the person who seemed to be trying to sneak an attack from behind.

Nonetheless, the man easily avoided her kick.

Before Veronica managed to aim the pistol that she had pulled out at that man, she was shocked to see who it actually was. “Matthew? W-Why are you here?”

She glanced at Thomas, who was standing next to Matthew, and gaped at them.

At that moment, a dozen men dressed in suits charged in their direction and surrounded the few mercenaries.

“Veronica, just leave me alone and go now. They won’t do anything to me.”

Yvonne, who had been held hostage, was touched by Veronica’s sense of justice, so the former refused to drag her into her own mess again.

Meanwhile, Matthew raised his left hand and beckoned with his fingers, and the dozens of bodyguards immediately attacked the mercenaries.

It was only when Veronica saw Matthew’s cold expression did she remember that she had removed her makeup, which revealed her real face—a face that looked exactly the same as Tiffany’s.

Matthew stepped forward and lifted her chin. Coldly staring down into her eyes, he tilted her face to the left and right to appraise it.

His eyes were deep and unfathomable when he murmured, “Is there anything else that I don’t know about?”

Earlier, when a woman who looked exactly like Tiffany ran past Matthew, he stared at her silhouette and it suddenly dawned upon him—the woman wasn’t Tiffany. It was Veronica.

If Veronica was Tiffany’s biological sister, it would explain everything that had happened.

At that moment, Matthew stood before Veronica. Looking at her tender complexion and stunning face, as well as her natural beauty that was utterly breathtaking, he continued to be flabbergasted.

It turned out that hidden under the dark complexion and freckled cheeks was an incomparably beautiful face.

The reason Veronica had disguised herself in the first place was because of the Larson Family’s threat. Since it was never her intention to hide her real face from Matthew, she was unfazed by his shock. With a brow raised, she commented, “Whether you know it or not has nothing to do with me.”

As she spoke, she pulled out the other gun that was hidden behind her back and skillfully unloaded it before placing them into the hands of the two mercenaries who had been taken down by Matthew’s subordinates.

Meanwhile, Yvonne, who was finally free, rushed up to Veronica and hugged her. “I was so scared! Veronica, you are such a righteous person.”

Yvonne hugged her tightly. It was only when she glanced to the side did she realize Matthew's presence.

Dressed in a fitted suit, the muscular man was seen standing straight. His attire was immaculate and did not have a single crease. Coupled with his well-defined features, he looked utterly dashing, as though he had just walked out of a painting.

With one glance, anyone could tell from his unconcealable noble temperament that he was someone with an extraordinary identity.

Yvonne let go of Veronica and exclaimed, "Your boyfriend loves you so much! He's even able to find you and come to your rescue despite the long distance."

"Boyfriend?" Veronica turned around to look at Matthew, who was standing behind her. She noted his freezing gaze, which caused her to feel the coldness that he emanated.

"You have misunderstood." As she spoke, she walked up to Matthew's side. Standing on her toes, she raised her arm and draped it around his shoulders. "He's my brother," she announced.

As a person who knew her place, Veronica definitely wouldn't think that Matthew had taken a liking to her. She reckoned that the reason he had shown up here must have been due to Elizabeth's insistence that made him investigate her whereabouts. Therefore, he was able to come to her rescue.

This was similar to the day when the fire had occurred. He had rushed into the fire because Elizabeth had accepted Veronica as her god-daughter. He had been worried that Elizabeth would be heartbroken if Veronica had died, which was why he had come to her rescue that day.

When Matthew heard her introducing him as her brother, he became thunderous. He darted a cold glance at the complacent woman beside him.

Although Veronica's face currently looked totally different from how it had used to be, Matthew didn't find it awkward at all.

Perhaps it was because he had long been suspicious of Veronica's relationship with the Larson Family.

"Miss Murphy, Young Master Matthew is—"

Upon hearing Veronica's words, Thomas naturally understood where she was coming from—she thought that Matthew had come to look for her under Elizabeth's order.

Just as he was about to clarify the situation, Matthew shot him a freezing look. The warning in his gaze frightened Thomas and caused him to fall silent.

Veronica looked at Thomas and asked, "What's wrong with Matthew?"

"He—" Thomas glanced at Matthew, thinking about what the latter had done when Veronica had been missing in the past few days. Matthew had been on a business trip to Castron when they first found out about her disappearance. He had finished all his tasks within a short period of five days and rushed back to Destor. Then, he had been sending people to investigate Veronica's whereabouts. When they had finally found out about the docking location of the cruise ship, they immediately rushed over and managed to rescue her on time.

However, never in a million years would Thomas have thought that underneath Veronica's hideous face was a stunning beauty.

"I-It's nothing," he muttered in the end, not daring to say any more.

Thereafter, Yvonne walked up to Matthew and bowed to him. "Although you are here to rescue your sister, I have to thank you for saving me as well."

Matthew still wore an impassive look on his handsome face. "There's no need to thank me. I just happened to save you." With that, he turned on his heel to leave.

However, as Veronica still had an arm draped over his shoulder, he took down her arm and held her hand before he moved forward with large strides. "Come with me."

He wrapped his large, warm palm around her small, cool hand. The intimate skin-to-skin contact allowed Veronica to feel the sweat on his palm, but what she could feel more was...

"Let go of me, Matthew. I'm merely your godsister. You will make others misunderstand our relationship."

Veronica then flung her hand around, attempting to free it.

However, no matter how hard she struggled and resisted, she couldn't break free from Matthew's grip.

The man paused in his tracks, darting a cold glance at her as he questioned, "What's wrong? You were able to shoot someone with a gun, yet you are afraid of something like this?"

Chapter 63 Did Veronica Drown in the Bathtub?

What surprised Matthew most was not Veronica's beautiful and delicate face, but her skill and familiarity with guns.

Once again, he was suspicious of her identity and even more curious about how mysterious she was.

“Pfft! Who’s scared?” As Veronica lowered her head to glance at their tightly entwined hands, she scoffed. “If you’re not afraid of being embarrassed, what would I have to be afraid of?”

With that, they fell silent for the rest of the trip.

As Matthew passed through security with her and Yvonne, he wondered how Thomas had negotiated with the other party. At any rate, Thomas only had to pass the mercenaries to them before Veronica was allowed to leave with him.

On the other hand, Yvonne went with Thomas.

After departing, Matthew took Veronica onto the helicopter before flying off.

As the noise was loud in the helicopter, the two of them remained silent.

A few hours later, it reached Bloomstead and landed on the rooftop of Twilight Club.

After descending the stairs, Matthew and Veronica both entered the penthouse one after the other.

The moment they were in the penthouse, he pressed her against the wall next to the door and narrowed his eyes as he looked imperiously down at her. “Why didn’t you come to me for help?”

After all, it was through Thomas’ investigation that Matthew found out she went to Xavier, and not him, for help before she was kidnapped.

The sudden action shocked Veronica, and she scowled unhappily. “I couldn’t remember your number, so how could I call you for help?”

Truly, he is being so unreasonable.

“You couldn’t remember my number, but you could remember Xavier’s?” Matthew demanded.

“I—” As she met his dark eyes, something deep in his gaze startled her. Unable to stop a chuckle from leaving her mouth, she tilted her head and lifted her eyebrows. “Are... Are you jealous? Tell me honestly, Matthew Kings—do you have feelings for me?”

Of course, it was just a shot in the dark.

Nonetheless, Matthew's expression grew even more conflicted when he heard that, and he zeroed in on her face that looked so much like Tiffany's.

The thing was, he felt extremely repulsed by Tiffany every time he saw her.

Yet, why was it that every time he saw Veronica's face—which looked exactly like Tiffany's—he gladly accepted it and even felt like looking at it for a few moments more?

Does that mean I truly have feelings for her?

"Feelings for you? You think I'd have feelings for you just because you look like Tiffany? You're a fool if you think so!" Matthew's eyes flashed as if he had been provoked, and he turned to walk away. However, he threw over his shoulder, "There's only one bed here. You can sleep on the couch or in the same bed as me. I won't kick you out by virtue of you being a future member of the Kingses."

Feeling incredulous, Veronica stuttered, "Y-You should be glad I'm not kicking you out!"

However, as she lowered her head to glance down at the clothes on her body that smelled of another woman's rouge, she couldn't help feeling uncomfortable.

Thus, she asked, "Do you have any clothes for me to wear? I wish to take a shower."

Sullenly, Matthew walked over to the cloakroom and pulled out a set of women's clothing. He then walked up to her and threw it in her face.

After catching the clothing, Veronica glanced down at it. It was a simple, stylish dress.

As her lips pursed, she couldn't help remembering the scene from her previous visit to the penthouse when she had seen two women leave the place. It was likely these clothes were prepared for those women.

So, she smacked her lips. "Tsk! No wonder you like staying at the Twilight Club."

The comment was full of insinuation.

At this moment, Matthew, who was unbuttoning his suit jacket, paused in his actions and looked up to shoot her a lazy but somewhat cold look.

Retracing his steps, he walked up to her and asked, "What did you say?"

His gaze was so cold that it bore through her like a glacier.

Even though Veronica could sense his rage, she scoffed in response. "I'm only speaking the truth." As she spoke, she walked around him. "I'm going to shower. I stink."

During this period, she hadn't taken a single proper shower. It wasn't surprising how uncomfortable she felt especially now that she was wearing someone else's clothing.

Meanwhile, Matthew stood rooted to the spot.

Suddenly, his lips lifted into a barely perceptible smile.

Does that mean she's jealous?

Walking over to the bar, he pulled a bottle of red wine from the cooler and poured himself a drink, which he then carried over to the floor-to-ceiling windows. With one hand in his pants pocket, he glanced out at the Bloomstead city center, like a king overlooking his masses.

In the night, Bloomstead looked prosperous and splendid with its glittering, multicolored neon lights.

Whereas he couldn't relax the slightest bit on a usual day, he suddenly felt an inexplicable, unprecedented sense of ease at this moment.

It was as if his heart was finally leaving his throat and settling back in his chest, giving him a peace of mind and affording him the opportunity to admire Bloomstead's beautiful nightscape.

For a long time, Matthew stood in front of the window, pouring himself another glass of wine after finishing the first.

Without his realization, he had finished two glasses.

At that point, he lowered his head to look at his watch. An hour had passed.

D*mn that woman! Has she drowned in the bathtub?

Setting down his glass, he walked into the bedroom. The scene that met his eyes as he opened the door was one of Veronica sprawled untidily in his bed and sleeping soundly.

Flat on her back and with her limbs outstretched, she didn't look the slightest bit as demure as a woman.

Vaguely, he could hear her even breathing. It was clear that she was sound asleep.

So, he walked into the bathroom, took a shower, and went to lie down on the other side of the bed.

Yet, the moment he did so, Veronica clung to him like a limpet, throwing a leg over him and rubbing her cheek against his, much like he was a plush toy.

Since they were so close together, his breath tickled her face and seemed to make her feel uncomfortable, so she wriggled downward before resting her head on his arm and settling into sleep once more.

Quietly, Matthew studied her features, the ridges of her eyebrows, her fluttering eyelashes, and her ruby red lips underneath her small nose. Up close, her skin was creamy.

Somehow, the mole on the left side of her nose made her look even more seductive and appealing, causing him to fall even further for her.

Quietly, he lifted a hand to tousle her hair. In the past, her hair reached her waist, but she had lost quite a bit to the fire, and now it only skated across her collarbone.

“Ugh—stop that...”

His motions caused her face to itch as her hair brushed her cheek. Somewhat unhappily, she smacked his hand before snuggling further into him.

It seemed that, deep in her sleep, she assumed a mosquito had bitten her.

Yet, Veronica wriggled against Matthew like a misbehaved kitten, unintentionally stoking the fire in his body and causing him to feel somewhat aroused.

These unwitting bodily reactions were something he had never experienced before.

Once again, Thomas’ words floated through Matthew’s mind. “Do you have feelings for Miss Murphy, Young Master Matthew?”

Chapter 64 A Crazy Matthew

Feelings for her?

Impossible!

These ‘unwitting bodily reactions’ were nothing more than a grown man’s physiological reactions. They didn’t mean anything.

The reason he rescued her, apart from not wanting his grandmother to worry about her, was because he had a singular, selfish desire.

The simple reason was that apart from her, no other woman could make him feel so much wanting. In fact, in the face of other women’s advances, he didn’t have the least bit of reaction.

Even though Matthew was aware of what he meant to her, he felt so heated at this moment that it was as if he was on fire. The heat was nearly driving him crazy.

On a normal day, he would set aside his cares to ravage her and extinguish the fire.

However, it had been only 25 days since her miscarriage, so he could not touch her.

Finally, he got up and went into the bathroom to take a cold shower.

However, once he lay down next to her, it didn't take more than a few minutes for his body to burn up once again. Once again, he got up to take another cold shower.

As Matthew exited the bathroom in a towel and looked at Veronica lying in bed, he noticed that her dress had ridden up to her waist due to her sleeping position, effectively exposing her tight, shapely backside.

Frowning, he glanced down at the tent in his towel. Frustratedly, he lifted a hand to pinch the bridge of his nose. "Godd*mnit!" he swore before pulling the blanket over her and covering her entirely with it.

Once more, he returned to the bathroom and took another cold shower before directly heading to the bedroom next to the study to sleep.

Early the next morning, it stormed. Lightning split the skies and thunder rattled the windows.

Even though it was already 7 or 8 AM, the skies outside were dark and oppressive.

Large droplets of rain came pattering down, gathering into rivulets and streaming down the glass.

With the penthouse phone in hand, Veronica went around trying to call Cody and the private detective. Yet, no one picked up.

Has something unexpected happened to them or have they changed their minds?

Veronica had no way of knowing.

Finally, she could only give up and call her foster mother to check in.

Beep beep beep—

After ringing several times, someone picked up the phone.

"Hello?"

It was the familiar voice of Daniella, Veronica's foster mother.

"It's Veronica, Mom." She was gratified to hear her foster mother's voice.

Before she was kidnapped, she had made arrangements to ensure that her foster parents would be safe and sound.

However, because it was so late in the night when she returned the previous evening, she hadn't wanted to disturb them.

"Roni! Have you finished training?" Daniella asked after her warmly.

Long ago, Veronica had told Xavier that if anything happened to her, he was to tell her foster parents she was attending a closed training class after transferring to Xavier's company.

It was precisely because she was going up against the Larson Family and deeply afraid that her foster parents would worry if something happened to her that she gave Xavier such instructions.

Sure enough, he hadn't let her down.

"Yes, Mom, I'm back. How are you and Dad?"

All along, Veronica had been one to report the good news and not the bad, and this time was no exception.

"I'm well; I'm very well. Your dad is, too. We worked hard all day yesterday. Ha!" Daniella chuckled happily.

The older woman's cheerful mood buoyed Veronica's spirits. "That's good to hear."

"Uh—have... have you seen the n-news, Roni?"

"Hmm? What news?"

The sudden stuttering made Veronica tense and her heart thumped uneasily.

"Your parents, they... they..." Daniella sighed. "I think you'd better read the news yourself." With that, she hung up.

"Mom? Hello? Mom!"

Upon realizing that the call had been hung up, Veronica immediately put down the cell phone and rushed into Matthew's study.

Right then, he was exiting the small bedroom, and she didn't bother bidding him a good morning as she blurted, "I need your computer."

Without waiting for his reply, she threw herself into his chair and turned it on. Once it booted up, she pulled up a search engine and typed in 'Floch Group.'

The moment the search results popped up, she saw headlines such as, 'Floch Group's Missing Daughter Found', 'Larsons' Missing Daughter Grew Up in the Countryside' and the like.

Headline after headline entered her gaze. There was even a video from a press conference.

As she pulled up the video, she saw Rachel sobbing into her hands at the press conference, " I let my daughter down! If I hadn't lost my child all those years ago, s-she wouldn't have needed to lead such a hard life in the countryside. I-I only hope Veronica accepts me so that I can use the rest of my life to make up for what I owe her as her mother!"

Next to Rachel, Floch had his arms around her and was comforting her, "Don't cry. Please don't cry. It's a blessed thing to be able to find our child again. Besides, it's not solely on you that we lost her all those years ago. Don't put all of this on yourself..."

As she watched the video, Veronica clenched her fists before shutting it. And then, she began to search for news of the fire, only to find that there was no related news at all.

After that, she searched for articles concerning the Larsons, only to find that there were no results apart from the news that they had found their missing daughter.

Angrily, she slammed her fist on the table.

Next to her, Matthew took in her stance and put everything together. To him, everything was clear now.

With a stomp, Veronica stood up and stalked out to the bar in the living room. Pulling out a bottle of red wine and a high-stemmed wine glass, she walked over to the couch, sat down, and threw back glass after glass of red wine.

In a few short minutes, she polished off the entire bottle.

And then, she stood up and fetched another bottle before resuming her actions.

As she drank, she turned to give the silently smoking Matthew a slight smile, seemingly finding it unsatisfying to drink by herself. "Come and drink with me."

Expressionlessly, he leaned against the wall behind him and stared at her without saying anything.

“You said I was a future member of your family but now, you won’t even drink with me. Pfft!” She then scoffed before gulping down yet another glass of wine.

With his cigarette in between his fingers, Matthew walked over to sit down opposite her, his eyes on her the whole while. He saw that her eyes were bloodshot and it was clear that she was incensed, yet she was still smiling.

However, it was a self-deprecating smile.

Finally, she glanced at him. “Good on you to grow a conscience and drink with me.”

With that, Veronica got up and walked over to the bar once again. She came back with two more bottles and an empty glass. Popping the cork, she poured him a glass and handed it to him.

“A toast to you for saving me!” She raised her glass and clinked it against the one set in front of him before throwing it back.

Through the deep, complicated gaze that he shot her, there was a faintest hint of heartache for her.

