

The Life of A Billionaire's Wife chapter 81-90

Chapter 81

Standing in front of Veronica, Xavier couldn't help pausing for a moment as he studied her pale, delicate face. "So, this is the real you."

No doubt, the phrase 'natural beauty' referred to women like her.

Veronica's natural appearance, without her freckles and dark complexion, was so pure and beautiful that it made his heart race even to the point of swooning.

"*Mmhmm*. There's no need for me to pretend to be ugly in the future." She chuckled at that.

In response, Xavier inclined his head. "Good. You look better like this anyway. Women should be prettier and more delicate."

"Is that so? *Ha!*"

"You look too thin, though. Come on. Let me take you for a meal." With that, he grabbed her hand and led her in the direction of the One Piece Restaurant.

Although it was a chain restaurant, the One Piece Restaurant was costly and not open to non-members. Even if an ordinary person were to enter the restaurant, they would not be able to secure a table.

After entering the establishment, the duo went to sit down at a table next by the window on the second floor, whereupon they began ordering.

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As Veronica scanned the price list, she couldn't help gripping the card in her pocket and thinking to herself,

My goodness! A cabbage stew costs 252? Isn't that just stew made using the heart of a cabbage? What ridiculous pricing!

Yet, it was the cheapest dish.

The starting price for other dishes like the pigeon stew or pork shoulder was upwards of 600 apiece.

After they ordered, a waiter printed them a copy of their order and left it on the table. Glancing with faux carelessness at it, Veronica noticed that the meal cost them 3560.

“Do you know who on earth kidnapped you, Roni?” Xavier finally asked her after the waiter had left.

She shook her head in response. “I don’t know, but it seemed like an accident. What’s past should be left in the past. I have to thank you for the fiasco with my parents, though.”

At this moment, Veronica felt like she owed him so much she could never pay him back

“There’s no need for such courtesy between us ‘ Xavier replied.

He didn’t like it when she was courteous toward him because it felt like she was distancing herself from him.

Following that, they chatted about recent events. After Veronica gave him a simple summary of everything concerning the Larsons, Xavier was extremely angry on her behalf. However, he also blamed himself somewhat for not handling a lot of things very well.

“Veronica?” A voice suddenly interrupted them as they were chatting. “What a coincidence. Why are you both here as well?”

As they glanced over, they saw Matthew and Tiffany standing nearby, with the latter’s hands wrapped around the former’s arm. The pair was handsome and beautiful, and they looked well-matched. Yet, the duo was inexplicably hard on the eye.

Meanwhile, the moment Veronica glanced over, she happened to meet Matthew’s eyes. He was staring profoundly at her and wearing an expression of him catching her in the act, as if she was doing something shameful behind his back.

“Matthew and I are here to eat as well, Veronica. Since we’ve bumped into each other, why don’t we... eat together?” Tilting her head to look at Matthew next to her, Tiffany thought of something and she asked Xavier, “May we, Mr. Crawford?”

Of course, she was acting of her own volition and completely not seeking Matthew’s opinion.

“You,”

Right as Veronica was about to say something, Xavier interrupted, “Sure, but we’re not paying for this meal.”

“Well, Veronica is my sister and Matthew’s god-sister, and you’ve helped her quite a bit lately. Naturally, Matthew and I will pay for this meal.” Tiffany seemed to be hinting at something with every sentence, but it wasn’t clear who she was directing her insinuations at apart from herself. After that, she looked at Matthew again.

“You’re fine with that, aren’t you?”

Calmly, he answered, “Sure.”

With that, he sat down next to Xavier, and Tiffany sat down next to Veronica. A waiter was hailed to add more items to their order and more places at the table.

Just like that, the original group of two now became a group of four.

Though restrained in front of Veronica on a regular day, Tiffany was extremely lively at this moment. “Mr. Crawford, after your argument with your dad about Veronica at my engagement party, how are you and your dad now?”

Talk about hitting below the belt!

Sweeping her a cold glance, Xavier answered impolitely, “Would a father and his son hold any grudges between them? Please think before you speak, Miss Larson.”

The verbal slap embarrassed Tiffany, and she pursed her lips pitifully before continuing, “I-I simply think you like Veronica and worry that your father won’t accept her.”

With the twins seated next to each other, Tiffany and Veronica looked incredibly

alike. They both had similarly fair skin and delicate faces-it was only that, with her shortened hair and slapdash attire of a white shirt, pale blue jeans, and canvas shoes, Veronica had all the comeliness of a girl-next-door.

On the other hand, with her waist-length chestnut hair, dusty pink nail polish, latest high-end luxury necklace and earrings, and one-shoulder corset dress, Tiffany had the air of a socialite.

As Xavier studied the sisters, so did Matthew. The more the men looked, the more they discovered that the mole on Veronica’s nose added to her attractiveness, and her eyes were larger and more energetic than Tiffany’s. Her lips were fuller too. Naturally, she was the slightest bit more attractive than Tiffany.

That was especially the case when considering the light red, fingernail-sized birthmark behind Veronica’s ear, whereas Tiffany’s skin was blank.

Xavier leisurely took a sip of his beverage before replying, “It doesn’t matter whether my father approves of the women I like. It changes nothing.”

“Well, you still need to see if I approve,” Matthew suddenly interrupted after having kept silent for a while.

Instantly, the atmosphere became tense and heavy, and a sense of hostility permeated the air.

At this moment, Veronica grimaced slightly. After all, she wasn't attracted to Xavier, and he only said those things at the engagement party to protect her. How had they reached the misunderstanding they had now?

Yet, Xavier's expression grew darker the moment he absorbed Matthew's words. "What right do you have to interfere with my and Veronica's business?"

Since he was aware of what Matthew did to Veronica not so long ago, Xavier loathed Matthew somewhat.

Thus, he was incredibly resistant to hearing from Matthew now.

Annoyed by the downward turn of the situation, Veronica slapped the table. "Are you here to eat or to argue?"

Her reprimand was loud and shrill, startling enough to cause the people at the tables surrounding them to glare at her. Upon seeing that, Veronica blushed in embarrassment.

Sheepishly, she offered the onlookers an apologetic smile and said in a lower voice, "Sorry for disturbing you." And then, she glared at Tiffany. "No one thinks you're mute just because you aren't speaking."

Single-handedly chastised by her, her three companions fell silent.

Since Xavier was afraid that Veronica was angry, he didn't dare speak. Though Matthew's gaze darkened at her irritation, he said nothing, and while Tiffany was endlessly jealous and resentful of the other woman, she no longer dared to stir the pot.

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As time went on, the atmosphere became increasingly awkward. Thankfully, the waiter happened to deliver the food at this moment.

Only after serving everyone and pouring them each a glass of wine did the waiter finally leave.

Feeling more inclined to ignore her tablemates, Veronica took a huge gulp of her wine and prepared to begin eating, only to realize that Xavier had placed a large chunk of pork shoulder on her plate.

“You’re too thin. Put some meat on your bones.” Like a good man, he was gentle, attentive, and incomparably delicate.

“Thank you.” Without further pomp and ceremony, Veronica picked up the hunk of meat and began to eat. The meat was tender, juicy, and fragrant, melting on her

tongue the moment it entered her mouth. In short, it was exquisite.

While it was expensive, she had to admit it was truly very delicious.

Instantly, she was in a better mood. “It’s fantastic, Xavier. You should try some yourself.” So eager to share the tastiness of the meat with him was she that she reached out with her own cutlery to fetch him some from the common platter. “Try it!” With that, she looked expectantly at him, waiting for his evaluation.

Veronica was clearly coming from the perspective of a foodie eager to share something delicious with a friend, but her actions caused Xavier to pause before nodding with a happy smile. “Alright, I’ll try it.”

The problem was that he had completely overthought her actions and assumed she liked him.

Meanwhile, Matthew watched on and his eyes flashed coldly. In the end, he picked up his glass of red wine to down it in one go.

After chewing the pork and tasting it carefully, Xavier nodded once again. “You’re right; it’s very good. Have some more too.”

As he reached out to get some for her, Veronica interrupted, “I can do it myself.”

With that, she served herself some pork and began to eat heartily.

To a foodie like her, such tasty meat was too good to pass off.

Since the reviews of the meat seemed good, Tiffany got Matthew a piece. “You should try it as well, Matthew.”

Unexpectedly, he pushed it aside. “It’s greasy and high in fat.”

With that, he put a piece of vegetable into his mouth.

Although he wasn’t vegetarian, the pork was inexplicably turning his stomach at this moment.

Somewhat embarrassed by his actions, Tiffany pursed her lips before lowering her head and beginning to eat slowly.

Even though he hadn't humored her, she had achieved her goals.

After all, the reason she came over to have lunch with Xavier and Veronica was for the 'couple' to showcase their 'love' so that Matthew would know Veronica's heart belonged to another.

"You don't want it? That's great!" Standing up, Veronica prepared to move the meat over to her and Xavier's side of the table. "They don't want it, Xavier. Let's share it, then."

Unfortunately, the moment she picked up the platter, Matthew shot her a sharp look. "I might not want it, but Tiffany does."

And then, he rested his fork against the edge of the platter and eyed Veronica, his gaze vaguely threatening.

Pouting, Veronica glanced at Tiffany and said immediately, "Tiffany is a *princess*. Having something so greasy will make her fat and once she's fat, she'll be ugly. It's best if she doesn't have it."

Such precious food will only be wasted on a woman the likes of Tiffany!

That was the reason Veronica had been unwilling to sit down to lunch with them and yet, she had suppressed the loathing in her heart and tolerated their presence at her table because of how expensive the meal was and how much money she could save by eating with them.

"I-I do want it, Veronica," Tiffany said demurely now, her soft voice tinkling like a bell.

The pretentiousness nearly made Veronica throw up last night's dinner.

Long having gotten used to Tiffany's actual colors, Veronica was repulsed by Tiffany's ladylike behavior now.

All of a sudden, Veronica felt pity for Matthew.

After all, if one day, he saw Tiffany's true face after they married, would he...

Tsk! How pitiful. Wait a minute... How gratifying!

"Are you sure?" Veronica asked.

"Yes, I do like the pork shoulder," Tiffany replied.

"Very well." Veronica put down the platter before serving Tiffany an extremely large piece of pork. In all honesty, the former wished she could shove an entire half of the

platter onto Tiffany's plate. "Eat it, then-don't waste it. It's good practice to clean our plates."

She'd better choke to death on it!

Fanning the flames, Xavier added, "Yes, yes. Veronica's right. After all, the Larson Family is well-known for its charity. Since you know how hard it is to earn money, you should know the importance of practicing thriftiness and putting an end to extravagant waste."

Tiffany looked down at the huge hunk of meat on her plate and her expression turned dark. Thereafter, she glanced up at Matthew with unconcealed indignation in her eyes.

Unfortunately, he only said, "If you like it, you should have it."

At that, she stared at him, feeling rather speechless.

The distress buoyed Veronica's spirits a lot.

Quietly, the four of them ate.

Since Veronica liked the One Piece Restaurant's delicacies a lot, she helped herself to multiple servings of food before she finally had to set her cutlery down when she could no longer fit anything else into her stomach. "Help yourselves to the rest of the food. I'm going to use the restroom."

Even after Veronica's multiple servings, Tiffany had only finished half of the pork Veronica gave her. Standing up, she intended to go to the restroom as well and she chimed in, "I'll go with you."

By now, Tiffany had eaten a lot and drunk a lot of red wine, and she felt quite uncomfortable indeed.

After the sisters left, Matthew picked up his wine glass and took a sip leisurely before saying lightly, "Stay away from her in the future."

Of course, his sentence was directed at Xavier.

"You should be saying that to yourself." Xavier turned sideways to glare coldly at Matthew. "Don't think I don't know about the beastly things you did in the past!"

"So what if you know? Or do not for that matter?" Matthew scoffed, shooting Xavier a contemptuous look.

With a laugh, the former lifted his wine glass with slender fingers and tipped it back to empty it in one go. So elegant and refined was his posture that, if every moment of the scene had been captured, he could have been turned into a tableau that was the envy of gods and men alike.

Angrily, Xavier clenched his fists. "If you touch her again, Matthew Kings, you and I will become sworn enemies."

"Is that so?" Matthew laughed lightly in response.

Meanwhile in the restroom, as Veronica exited the cubicle after using it, she heard the sound of retching from the other stall. "*Ugh... ugh... ugh...*"

It was the sound of Tiffany throwing up.

Resting against a wall, she waited calmly for Tiffany to flush and emerge from the stall. "*Tsk!* What a waste for you to throw up after eating."

As Veronica looked at Tiffany, whose eyes were red due to the regurgitation, the former couldn't help laughing scornfully,

On the other hand, Tiffany clenched her fists in anger. Since Matthew wasn't there, she found no need to act. "Don't get too complacent, Veronica."

"Go back and tell Floch and Rachel that I won't let them live a day without suffering as long as I'm still alive!" Veronica shot back.

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At this point, Veronica walked up to Tiffany. Lifting her hands, the former wrapped them around Tiffany's neck and pinned her to the wall. "Also, if any of you touch my parents a gain, I'll make sure to bring you to the grave with me when I die!" Veronica hissed.

Recently, for reasons beyond her control, Veronica had been forced to play nice with Floch and Rachel in front of the Kings Family, but that didn't mean she got along with her enemy now.

"*Ugh!*" Caught off-guard by Veronica's sudden actions, Tiffany could only feel the pain in her neck and the lack of airflow through her lungs. "L-Let go of me... Let go..."

She struggled and tried to resist to the best of her ability, but found that her strength was no match for Veronica's.

Suddenly, Tiffany was terrified, as she was realizing only now that she had underestimated Veronica's abilities.

“Let go of you? Of course I’ll let you go. But—”
Veronica patted Tiffany’s cheek warningly with her free hand as she murmured, “—you’d best deliver my message. And by the way, I am now Elizabeth Kings’ god—granddaughter. So, step out of line again, and I’ll make sure that you *never* marry into the Kings Family.” With that, she suddenly let go.

Instantly, air rushed back into Tiffany’s lungs and she took deep breaths as she held onto her neck. At that moment, she felt hurt, pained and furious as she thought to herself, *How is it that I can never outmatch Veronica?!*

Weakly, Tiffany leaned against the wall and glared at Veronica with red-rimmed eyes. “Don’t get too complacent. I’ll get my payback.”

“Let’s see who wins, then!” Veronica sneered before turning to leave.

Instantly, the smile on her face vanished, only to be replaced with a cold, sinister expression.

While she was, in fact, no actual threat to the Larsons, she would never admit defeat.

Even if she didn’t succeed this time, there would always be a next time.

As long as she was still alive, she would make life hell for them.

Once Veronica returned to the table, she found Matthew to be aloof, so she sat down and began chatting with Xavier, completely ignoring the other man.

What she didn’t notice was Matthew’s expression darkening.

At that moment, Tiffany returned, sitting down opposite Matthew and keeping silent, all the while acting as if nothing had happened.

After they were done eating, they paid, with Matthew footing the bill.

Upon bidding the other two goodbye, Xavier and Veronica left.

Outside the restaurant, Xavier drove up to Veronica in his car. He then left the driver’s seat to open the door for her.

At that, Veronica couldn’t help laughing. “Oh—Xavier. Surely you’re too chivalrous,” she teased as she got into the car.

After shutting the door, Xavier looked back at Matthew with a raise of the eyebrows, as if showing off, before getting back into the car and driving off.

Although Tiffany was extremely jealous to discover that Matthew was watching the car leave, she didn't dare say as much. "Let's leave as well, Matthew."

In the afternoon, Veronica went back to work with Xavier, whereupon she took until 6 P M to familiarize herself with the workflow of the company.

Upon leaving the restaurant after they ate dinner together, he told her that he wanted to send her home.

However, Veronica hailed a cab instead and waved goodbye to Xavier. "It's okay; I'll go back by myself and see you at work tomorrow. You've been working very hard lately, so make sure to go home and get some rest!"

"Alright, then. Goodnight." He waved back.

After she shut the car door, the cab slowly pulled away and headed off into the distance.

Half an hour later, it stopped outside the Twilight Club, whereupon Veronica took the dedicated elevator up to Matthew's penthouse on the top floor.

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However, when she entered the penthouse, it was inky dark inside and nothing was visible.

Thinking nothing of it, she moved to turn on the lights, but before she could touch the light switch, someone pulled her into their arms and pressed her against the wall before leaning over her to kiss her.

"Mmf— who are you?" she shouted, but the words came out mumbled as her mouth was blocked.

The kiss was crazed and heated, and the person made use of the opportunity where she parted her lips to speak. Her kisser pried open her mouth to suck on her tongue and savor the taste of her mouth.

Even through the heavy scent of alcohol, Veronica could smell a familiar musk that immediately let her know it was Matthew..

So, she shoved him away and shouted, "Are you crazy?" —

After being shoved away, she heard him stagger for a bit before a loud thud echoed around the penthouse, much to her bewilderment.

Immediately, Veronica turned on the lights, only to see him flat on the ground.

Startled, she paused. *What on earth happened?*

Walking up to him and looking at him lying unmoving on the ground, she lifted a foot to kick him. "Hey. Wake up, Matthew. Wake up!"

There was no response, even after the shout.

Only then did she squat down and gently pat his cheek. "Are you okay? Wake up!"

Yet, Matthew would not wake up. If anything, there was only the audible sound of his breathing

Upon hearing that, Veronica pouted. "What the hell? Is he drunk? Why would he drink so much?" she asked herself in exasperation.

Having no other choice, she leaned down and threw his arm around her neck. Using all her strength, she helped him up before dragging him into the master bedroom and depositing him on the bed.

However, because Matthew was too heavy, Veronica tumbled headfirst into the mattress as she was throwing him down onto the bed. She sighed at that. "He's heavy. I'm so tired!"

Lying on the mattress, she exhaled deeply before sitting up and helping him remove his shoes. After that, she left him to his own devices.

However, before Veronica left the room, she grumbled to herself, "Why the f*ck would he drink so much if his alcohol tolerance is so bad? What was he thinking!"

She assumed Matthew must have mistaken her for Tiffany because of how much he drank.

After all, he didn't dare touch her now that Elizabeth had explicitly ordered him not

10:

Upon leaving the master bedroom, Veronica went into the second bedroom to wash up and change her clothes before lying down in bed with her phone. However, because she wasn't the least bit sleepy, she could only retreat to the study to play a video game.

A few hours later, Matthew woke up from his sleep and went into the bathroom to wash up before changing into a pair of black silk pajamas. After sitting in the bedroom for a while, he went into the study.

The moment he opened the door, he found Veronica frantically clicking on the computer mouse, shouting, "Are you stupid? Why would you come all the way over here just to get killed? Do you even know what you're doing? Take the tower down, quick!"

Currently, she was engrossed in gaming, but because the desk was right in the middle of the room, she only had to turn her gaze slightly to see the doorway to the study.

Only then did she realize Matthew had entered. Quickly, she pulled off her headphones before asking, "You're finally awake, *huh?*"

As she spoke, she continued to play the game.

Lifting his head to look at the clock on the wall, he asked in a low voice, "Why are you still awake?"

It was already 2 AM, yet Veronica was still gaming.

"Destroy it! Quick, now build it up. Yes! We won!"

Only after she finished the combat round and looked through the records did she end the session and stand up. "I've finished now. Did you come to the study to... work?"

Matthew's eyes glittered and he nodded. "*Mmhmm.*"

"Don't let me keep you, then." She logged out of her gaming account before giving him her seat. "Do your thing. But how did you manage to wake up so soon when you were so drunk?"

Once again, his eyes flashed and he pinched the bridge of his nose. "My head hurts."

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"Well, that's what happens when you drink too much. You don't have a good alcohol tolerance, so don't drink so much in the future, okay?"

Since Veronica was staying at Matthew's place, she was somewhat nicer to him now.

Inclining his head, he answered, "Okay." After going to sit down behind the desk, he asked, "Did I do anything after I got drunk?"

“Do anything?” she echoed. Recalling the kiss he had forced upon her the moment she entered the door, she said, “Don’t tell me you forgot who helped you to your room.”

In response, he lifted a hand to rub his nose while thinking about it in apparent seriousness. “Vaguely... I remember it was... Tiffany.”

“Oh” Veronica drawled before nodding. “That’s fine, then.”

From the look of things, Matthew had mistaken her for Tiffany.

If that was the case, he was still someone she could rely on.

For as long as Veronica could rely on him, she would, since she would be able to save up her money while guaranteeing that she slept safely every night. After all, in the coming days, the Larsons would no doubt try their best to get rid of her.

As long as she was alive, her foster parents would be just fine.

Veronica was certain that, now that she was Elizabeth’s god–granddaughter, the Larsons would not dare to lay a hand on her foster parents.

Of course, if she died, she would not be able to guarantee her foster parents’ safety.

That was why she fully intended to stay alive—just to spite the Larsons!

Back in the present, after closing the door of the study after her, Veronica retreated to her bedroom and played with her phone for a while before finally falling asleep at 4 AM

The next day at 7 AM, Veronica woke up.

As she left the bedroom after washing up, she smelled something delicious in the air.

It was the aroma of tasty food.

Instantly, her stomach betrayed her by grumbling.

Since she could see Matthew in the dining room, she stretched and walked over to him. “What tasty food are you eating and why didn’t you invite me to have it with

you?”

There was only a glass of milk and sandwiches for one on the table.

Incredulous, she stared at him. “Where’s mine?”

How dare he make food only for himself?

“Kitchen,” he answered before picking up the sandwich and elegantly eating.

Somewhat doubtfully, Veronica headed into the kitchen, whereupon she saw two hard-boiled eggs and a serving of nutty banana oatmeal.

Carrying the things out into the dining room, she sat down opposite him and asked, “Where did you get the food from? I didn’t know anyone delivered so early.”

To her knowledge, only mom—and—pop restaurants would open so early in the morning, but the oatmeal she was eating didn’t seem to be from such a place.

Moreover, there was no way someone like Matthew would stoop to buying such cheap food.

Shooting her a sharp, unhappy glare, he said, “If you don’t want it, you can put it away.”

Of course, she understood his meaning, *Keep your mouth shut while you’re eating!*

“I want it. Of course I want it. I’ll shut up now.” With that, Veronica lowered her head to eat. However, she didn’t get too far before she couldn’t help sighing, “Ah—it’s fantastic. It’s so delicious. Would you like to try some?” She scooped up a spoonful and held it up to Matthew’s mouth. “It’s the best oatmeal I’ve ever tasted.”

Since the table in the penthouse wasn’t particularly large, she only had to lean forward slightly to hold out the spoon to him.

For a moment, Matthew paused in the middle of chewing his sandwich to look at her with a complicated gaze. As their eyes met, each could see that the other had something on their mind.

His pause made her exclaim as she came to her senses, “Oh—you’re fastidious about cleanliness. You definitely won’t use a spoon I’ve used before.”

With that, she withdrew the spoon, preparing to put the oatmeal into her mouth.

Right at that moment, Matthew caught hold of Veronica’s wrist and leaned forward to eat the oatmeal.

His actions were cultured and refined. Even his chewing motions were enviably elegant and sophisticated.

And then, he let go of her hand.

This time, Veronica was the one to pause for a long moment. “Aren’t... Aren’t you a clean freak? Did you really put something with my saliva on it into your mouth?”

She was so surprised that her jaw nearly fell open.

“I’m simply getting used to the idea,” Matthew answered carelessly.

Somewhat stupidly, she repeated, “Getting used to... the idea?”

At

this point, he cut her a disdainful glance. “Once Grandma announces your identity to the outside world on her birthday, you’ll be moving into the Kings Residence. When that happens, we’ll have to share a dinner table every day. Don’t you think I’ll need to get used to the idea?”

“That’s true,” she said after some consideration.

After all, sharing a table meant there would undoubtedly come a point when they would be helping themselves from the same platter. Once that happened, Matthew would likely be eating the same food Veronica’s cutlery touched, anyway, which would be no different from him eating something with her saliva on it.

That was why his explanation seemed reasonable.

Without overthinking everything that just happened, she tilted her head at him and asked expectantly, “Well? What do you think?”

Swallowing the oatmeal, he answered calmly, “It’s okay.”

His words made Veronica’s face fall, and she frowned unhappily before sneering. “Rich people really have too much good food. I can’t believe you’d call such delicious oatmeal okay. Doesn’t your conscience hurt to say that?”

Deep down, she complained, *Finicky, arrogant son of a b*tch!*

Quietly, Matthew raised his eyebrows at her oatmeal.

Since it was quite a large bowlful—about half the portion of a packet of instant noodles—she groaned upon finishing it, “*Ugh!* I’m so full.”

Stuffed to the brim, she pulled out a paper napkin to wipe her mouth.

“Drink this,” Matthew instructed, placing the glass of milk in front of her while she was cleaning her mouth.

Upon seeing that, Veronica paused. "Why are you being so nice to me? Are you making a move on me?"

"It'd be wasted if I threw it away," he answered lightly, getting up to leave the dining room and not forgetting to remind her, "Clear the table."

"*Pff!*" Veronica scoffed with a slight grimace, rubbing her slightly warm cheek in embarrassment.

To think she had assumed Matthew was being nice to her because he was interested in her. Apparently, he was only treating her as a recycling bin because he couldn't finish his food!

Rolling her eyes, she lifted the glass of milk and downed it in one go before taking the dishes into the kitchen to wash them.

By the time she was done, it was already 8 AM, so she packed up her things and prepared to leave the penthouse.

Coincidentally, Matthew was also leaving.

Glancing at each other, the pair did not utter a word as they entered the elevator.

Ding!

After the doors shut, he glanced out of the corner of his eye at her. "Where are you going?"

"To work."

"Where do you work?"

"Of course it's—"

Having been about to say 'Xavier's company, Veronica corrected herself upon recalling Matthew's distaste toward Xavier the previous evening. "A job interview. I recently submitted my resume."

"Take whatever you can get. Once Grandma's birthday is over, I'll arrange for you to join the Spinfluence Group."

"What?"

Chapter 85

Never did Veronica think that Matthew would arrange for her to work at the Spinfluence Group

“There’s no need to be so surprised. It’s what Grandña wants,” Matthew told Veronica, looking at her with disdain as if afraid she would overthink his decision.

“Can I choose not to go?” Truly, she didn’t wish to enter the Spinfluence Group.

After all, it meant she would have to see him at work during the day and at home in the evenings. She couldn’t possibly imagine how awful it would be to have to face this dour man every day.

Moreover, she truly hated him..

Spending too much time with him would likely affect her mood.

Ding!

Right at this moment, the elevator doors opened and Matthew strode out on long legs, answering once he was far away from her, “No.”

It was in an absolute tone of voice, leaving Veronica with no space to argue.

Staring after him, she rubbed her head. “What the f*ck?”

As she exited the elevator, she saw him getting into his car. Thomas was in the driver’s seat, but the backseat door was left open.

Thinking Matthew was so used to having Thomas wait on him that he couldn’t even remember to shut his own door, Veronica walked over and kindly reminded him, “Your door’s still open.” And then, she slammed it shut before waving goodbye to them. “See you!”

Keep the peace at all costs, Veronica told herself.

Now that she was living under Matthew’s roof, she had to at least appear cordial so that she wouldn’t anger him and be forced to rent her own place.

Food, water, electricity, and property costs were all quite expensive.

However she could save, she would.

That way, she could mail the money she saved up to her foster parents to improve their quality of life. It was her best course of action.

Inside the car, however, Matthew was glowering at the shut door.

Seeing how embarrassed his boss looked through the rearview mirror and coming to an understanding, Thomas rolled down the car window to say to Veronica, "Where do you wish to go, Miss Murphy? Do get in the car; I can send you there."

"Ha! Thank you, Mr. Ritter, but I can walk."

Veronica would be screwed if Matthew found out she was working at Xavier's company

"Uh... .." Not knowing how to reply, Thomas glanced beseechingly through the rearview mirror at Matthew.

Unexpectedly, Matthew only told him coldly, "Let's go."

"Of course, Young Master Matthew." With that, Thomas rolled up the window, started the car, and drove off.

Meanwhile, Veronica walked out of the garage.

Although the dedicated elevator for the penthouse did reach the Twilight Club lobby, the club was still locked up at this moment as it had not yet opened for the day. With no way of exiting through the front doors, Veronica could only leave the building through the basement floors.

Since Matthew had his own parking space and a driver to wait for him, he only ever exited from the second-floor basement.

On the other hand, Veronica was in a much more dire straits.

After leaving the underground parking garage, she scanned a barcode on her phone and rented a bicycle to take to work.

In the president's office at Xavier's company, she met up with Xavier.

After chatting with him for a bit, she went to the secretariat to learn the skills she needed from the executive secretary.

First, Veronica familiarized herself with the company rules and regulations before reading up on the company background and revenue.

Since she was busy for the entire morning, it turned to noon in the blink of an eye.

While she was still engrossed with her work, a whistle caught her attention. Upon looking up and glancing over, Veronica saw Xavier standing at the door with a crooked smile. "It's time for lunch. Let's go," he said.

"Alright, hold on." Looking up at the clock, she confirmed that it was indeed lunchtime.

And so, she packed up her things and walked with him to the elevator.

Today, Xavier was dressed in a white suit. When he wasn't smiling, he gave off the impression of a distant CEO. Once he smiled, however, he had the handsomeness of a young professional and the roguish air of a particularly likable ruffian.

"What do you wish to eat?" he asked her as they stood in the elevator.

Thinking that Xavier's company was very close to Matthew's Spinfluence Group and wanting to avoid being caught by said person, Veronica decided to drag Xavier along for some fast food. Only at a fast-food restaurant could she avoid bumping into Matthew. "Let's go to Wakey Bakey."

"Sure. That sounds like a good idea."

As they chatted, they walked in the direction of Wakey Bakey.

Meanwhile, at this moment, Matthew and Tiffany were seated in the car as Thomas drove them to a restaurant.

On the busy road, the car kept moving and stopping at intervals. At this moment, Tiffany caught sight of two people by the roadside, and so she said to Matthew, "Isn't that Veronica?" As Tiffany's eyes flashed, she sighed deliberately, "They have such a good relationship. Look at them talking and laughing together. Veronica must like Xavier a lot."

Following Tiffany's pointed finger, Matthew looked over to see Xavier and Veronica looking at each other and shaking with laughter.

Coincidentally, Xavier happened to lift his arm and put it around Veronica's shoulders, pulling her into his embrace. As for Veronica, she did not protest either.

Immediately, Matthew's expression became noticeably grimmer and he narrowed his eyes, hiding the terrifying coldness in them.

Having achieved what she set out to do and seeing that Matthew was not replying, Tiffany changed the subject. "Will you go with me to the hospital this afternoon, Matthew?"

"Whatever for?" he asked carelessly before leaning back in his seat and closing his eyes, pretending to rest.

Pursing her lips, she played with the hem of her skirt restlessly. "My... period is half a month late. I wish to do a checkup."

*I have something to do in the afternoon. Let Thomas send you."

Tiffany's eyes flashed when she heard that and with a curl of her lip, she answered; "Okay."

Just then, the red light at the intersection changed, and the sedan passed through the intersection with the rest of the traffic. Thus, the entire incident went unnoticed by Veronica.

At this moment, she was still happily chatting with Xavier.

After lunch, she returned to work with him.

That afternoon, as Xavier was spacing out in his office chair, Veronica happened to walk in and see him looking lost in thought. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"Well, the organizations in Bloomstead are holding public welfare activities and my dad would like us to send some one to Almeida. I'm trying to think of whom to send." With that, he rested his gaze thoughtfully on her.

"To Almeida? That's pretty far." Veronica thought about it for a moment before saying, "If there's no one else, I can go."

"Are you sure?" Xavier lit up and looked hopefully at her.

"I'm the newbie of the company. There's a lot I don't know how to do and can't help with yet. On the other hand, I can contribute at Almeida. It seems like a pretty good solution."

From the very beginning, Veronica was a kind-hearted person who often went to nursing or welfare homes to help out when she was free.

"You must know Almeida is very far, though. I have no way of accompanying you."

"So what? Aren't you aware of my capabilities? Don't worry about me." Confidently, she thumped her chest, as if to reassure him that she could handle anything he threw at her.

Chapter 86

As Xavier leaned back against the executive chair, he stared at her with an unfathomable gaze. "You can arrange it that way too since I've been quite busy lately. However, don't worry about your parents. Leave them to me; I'll ensure their safety."

The charity event this time was organized by the local government of Bloomstead, so all the major companies had to send representatives to the event.

This time, Xavier's father, Hendric, would be joining the event as well.

As Hendric had always disliked Veronica, Xavier intentionally sent her to Almeida to allow Hendric to get to know her better.

Xavier's intention was to let Hendric know that Veronica was not a simple, naïve girl, as he really wanted Hendric to accept her. Hence, Xavier had been cracking his head over this issue.

Xavier was fully aware that if he were to tell Hendric that he would be going to Almeida together with Veronica, his father would only think that they were merely putting on a show.

"Okay, I believe you. How long do I need to be there, though? When am I departing?"

"You will be departing on the day after tomorrow, but you will be there for two weeks this time."

As Xavier spoke, he stared unblinkingly at her and added, "I can find someone else if you don't want to go."

Two weeks would be sufficient for Hendric to take a proper measure of Veronica's personality

Based on Xavier's understanding about Hendric, the latter would definitely keep an eye on Veronica if he knew that she would show up.

After observing her for two weeks, Hendric would certainly accept Veronica due to her kind and hardworking character.

When the time came, Xavier would confess his feelings to her when she returned.

"I can do it. No worries." Veronica agreed without hesitation because Xavier had helped her on many occasions, so she wished to at least return his favor by giving

him a hand in the charity event this time, not to mention the fact that she loved charity events.

After the discussion, Veronica returned to the secretary department to continue with her work.

After work, the two of them had dinner together yet again. In the end, Xavier offered to send Veronica home after dinner, but she rejected his offer as she was afraid that he would find out that she was currently staying with Matthew. "I'll take the bicycle home. I want to work out a bit to lose weight."

As she insisted on it, he didn't press on, and the two of them went separate ways.

It was 8.30 PM when Veronica returned to the Twilight Condominium. There was nobody in the apartment and it was pitch black. –

Feeling exhausted, she plopped herself on the couch, feeling a little drowsy. However, she couldn't fall asleep.

And so, she went to the study. Matthew wasn't inside either, so she played computer games in the room.

It was 11 PM when Matthew finally returned.

He entered the study and saw Veronica playing computer games as she sat there. Then, he heard her mumbling, "What's so impressive to win ten times in a row in the Grand Tournament?"

At that exact moment, Veronica happened to finish a game. She removed her headphones and saw Matthew standing at the door of the study.

His sudden appearance startled her.

"Matthew, you gave me a fright! Why do you walk so quietly?" She patted her chest to calm her racing heart. "You nearly made me jump out of my skin!"

"You won't be afraid if you didn't do anything wrong." The man undid the buttons of his blue suit with his sculptured fingers. Taking it off, he hung it on the rack. "How's your job hunting going?" he asked, glancing at her.

"Uh... I'm still searching," she replied, avoiding his gaze. She immediately logged out from the game and rose up. "Are you going to work now? I shouldn't disturb you. Goodbye."

Veronica quickly left the study to avoid conversing any more with Matthew and returned to the living room. As she lay on the couch, feeling wide awake, she played with her phone and watched a drama.

At 2.00 AM, Matthew exited the study, only to find an energetic Veronica watching a drama. "Why are you not in bed?" he asked.

"I couldn't sleep," she replied, shaking her head with a pillow in her arms while lying on the couch.

The man slightly frowned. "Did you sleep during the day?"

"No." At that, she sighed. "Maybe I'm just used to sleeping in my own bed. I can't sleep when I change beds."

Matthew didn't comment on that. Instead, he said, "Rest early." With that, he returned to his own room and shut the door.

When Veronica heard the sound of the door being closed, she darted a glance at his door. "This man..." The way he had treated her felt cold, as though he was mad at her. Coupled with his dark expression, the whole fiasco puzzled her.

Without giving it much thought, Veronica continued watching the variety show and intermittently chuckling at the funny moments.

In the bedroom, Matthew felt his gaze deepen when he heard Veronica's laughter from the living room.

Even when it was 4.00 AM, he could still hear her loudly cackling and mumbling something

Thirty minutes later, everything fell silent.

Matthew exited his bedroom, only to find Veronica sleeping on the couch. She was sound asleep with a pillow in her arms.

The man stood before her with his brows slightly furrowed. Then, he bent over to carry her up and took her to her room. He laid her on the bed, and she turned to her side and continued sleeping.

Currently, she was wearing blue halter pajamas over her undergarments. When she lifted her leg and placed it on top of her blanket, she revealed her fair and smooth skin, vaguely exposing her undergarments as well.

Matthew's expression was still cold when he took another thin blanket to cover her before he left

Veronica slept throughout the night until she woke up naturally the next morning. When she opened her eyes, she found that she was in her room.

After her morning routine, she exited the room, only to find a few paper bags in the living room.

She walked up to the bags and cast a glance at them out of curiosity. Looking at Matthew, who was sitting at the dining table, she asked, "What are these?"

"Pajamas."

"We have them, no?" As Veronica spoke, she took out the new pajamas from the bag. The pajamas were sets of comfy short-sleeved shirts and short pants. Truth was, they were relatively modest clothing.

"Oh— these are nice. I thought about buying some. Since there are some new ones here, I don't have to buy them now."

In fact, Veronica had thought about purchasing some new pajamas. After all, halter pajamas were a little inappropriate when she was staying with a man, especially when she had been sleeping on the couch these two nights and Matthew had had to carry her to the room.

If she accidentally triggered something and aroused him, she would be the one to pay for the consequences in the end.

And so, Veronica put down the pajamas. She then walked up to him and smiled. "Thank you, bro."

This woman and her glib tongue, Matthew grumbled to himself. She would address him as 'bro' when she stood to gain any benefits; at other times, she would call his name directly.

Yet, Matthew seemed to have gotten used to it.

However, the next instant, the man shoved a receipt at her. "Remember to pay me back."

Veronica's expression abruptly fell. "Matthew, you are my godbrother. Why are you collecting money from me for the clothes?"

"You may consider paying me back with yourself," he said, scooping up a spoonful of oatmeal and putting it into his mouth.

Veronica held the receipt and glanced at the two sets of pajamas that cost more than 300. The clothes were probably the cheapest clothes that Matthew had ever bought.

As the price was still acceptable, she agreed. "Okay, it's just 300 plus. I can still afford to pay for these." Then, she asked, "Is my breakfast in the kitchen?"

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Veronica entered the kitchen and served herself a bowl of oatmeal before taking a seat opposite of Matthew at the dining table.

The two of them had their breakfast quietly, fully practicing the decent habit of not talking when eating. After they had finished their breakfast and Veronica had put down her spoon, Mathew said, "The breakfast cost 300 per set, so it will be 600 in total for today and yesterday's breakfast. Consider the milk as a free gift. Remember to pay them to me together with the clothes."

His words made Veronica choke on her food. "Six hundred? Is the food embedded with gold? Why is it so expensive?"

"I've spared you the delivery fee considering the fact that you are my godsister," Matthew added with a straight face.

She disdained his actions inwardly. "You did this on purpose because I collected money from you after buying you breakfast."

"It's a fair trade. You may vomit all the food if you don't want to pay."

Matthew sat up straight, holding a napkin in his hands as he elegantly wiped his well defined lips. Even an action as simple as wiping his mouth inadvertently revealed his elegance that had been deeply instilled into him.

"Vomit?" *F*ck!*

They have all turned into poop, so how am I going to vomit them out? Veronica was extremely pissed by his words.

After glaring at Matthew in rage for a moment, she immediately rose up and jogged into her room, exiting with a piece of paper in her hand shortly after that. "Here you go. This is the receipt of the breakfast that I have bought for you."

The next second, she tore the paper into two, folded them into halves and tore them again. She tore the receipt until it became tiny pieces of paper before placing the pile of papers on the table. With a loud voice, Veronica announced, "Look, I've torn the receipt that day. Since we are family, we shouldn't be so calculative. It's not right to do so. *Ha!* Since you have seen me tearing the receipt into pieces, will you forget about collecting money from me?"

The man wore his usual impassiveness on his handsome face as he replied, "TIL consider it."

With that, he rose to his full height and returned to his room. He grabbed his things. changed his shoes at the foyer and left.

Truth was, Matthew's cold treatment frustrated Veronica. "Such a petty man. I don't understand what the heck is going on in his head."

After cleaning up the living room and dining room, she hopped on a bicycle and headed off to her workplace.

It was another busy day in the office. She diligently learnt about her tasks from the other secretaries.

At 12 PM, Veronica had lunch with Xavier as usual, but in the evening after work, she said to him, "I won't be having dinner with you tonight. I have to go and meet a friend. I'll come to the office on time tomorrow at 8.00 AM" :

"Alright, see you tomorrow," Xavier replied unhesitatingly, seemingly in a good mood.

After Veronica had left the office, she bought some fruits and dietary supplements from a nearby mall before she took a cab to the Kings Residence.

As it was during the evening rush hour, it took Veronica an hour to get to her destination from the city center.

However, upon arriving at the Kings Residence, she spotted Matthew's car parked at one side as soon as she alighted from the cab.

She stood in place holding the things she had bought. She thought to enter the house together with him to visit Elizabeth since he was already here, but unexpectedly, Tiffany exited the car the same time as him.

Veronica's expression instantly fell. Her good mood vanished, so she turned on her heel to leave.

"Veronica, this is such a coincidence! You are here as well." Tiffany exited the car and greeted her.

Just then, Matthew alighted from the car as well. Tiffany walked up to him and held his arm, and they went up to Veronica together.

Veronica stared at Tiffany, silently warning her with a cold gaze. *Have you forgotten about the lesson you learnt, as well as the warning I gave in the bathroom the other day?*

In truth, the incident that had happened in the bathroom the other day had pissed Tiffany off. She had complained about it to her parents but after some discussion, they had decided that she had to put up with it.

Her mother had repeatedly lectured her, "A moment of patience will save you future troubles!"

Although Tiffany was reluctant to swallow her anger, Veronica was able to have her own way by relying on the fact that Elizabeth was her godmother. There was nothing

Tiffany could do no matter how enraged she was.

Holding the things in her hands, Veronica looked behind at the couple that looked great together. Although their looks matched each other well, she still found them an eyesore.

She darted a glare at Tiffany and a glance at Matthew, thinking about how the man had treated her that morning.

In the end, Veronica let out a cold snort arrogantly before she entered the house.

"Matthew, is she... in a bad mood?" Tiffany whispered a question, to which Matthew coldly responded as he stood firmly next to her, "Don't mind her."

Therefore, the three of them stepped into the living room one after another.

Elizabeth was seen in the living room. Veronica handed the things to the servants and walked up to her before she held her hands affectionately. "Grandma, how do you feel these days?"

"The news that you are coming over puts me in a great mood. It makes me feel light and happy." Elizabeth grinned from ear to ear as she held Veronica's hands, reluctant to let go

"How did you come over?"

"I took a cab," Veronica responded with a smile.

"Grandma, I'm here to visit you."

At that moment, Matthew and Tiffany came in through the door.

Upon seeing the duo walking into the room, Elizabeth pointed at the couch without getting up. "Have a seat."

She seemed much colder than earlier, forming a stark contrast with how she had treated Veronica.

As Elizabeth spoke, she stared at Matthew with a cold gaze, her eyes that were cloudy from old age full of displeasure. "Since the two of you were coming, why didn't you bring Veronica along so that she wouldn't have to take a cab?" She started to reprimand Matthew without any proper reason.

Veronica glanced at Matthew through the corner of her eye, but she just sat at one side and watched on without saying anything.

However, Tiffany, who saw the gloom on Matthew's face as well as Veronica's smug look, was upset, so she responded, "Grandma, don't be mad at Matthew. We didn't know that Veronica was coming as well."

"You are Veronica's elder brother and she is your younger sister," Elizabeth said to the two of them. "Look at yourself—do you act like an elder brother to her?" The second sentence was directed at Matthew, but considering Tiffany's relationship with Veronica, it sounded as though Elizabeth was admonishing Tiffany at the same time.

Tiffany clenched her fists, unable to refute Elizabeth.

"Grandma, you are right." Matthew, on the other hand, gave a cursory reply and sat on one side.

Thereafter, Elizabeth instructed a servant, who was standing on the sideline, "Mrs. Coleman, give me the keys of the pink car in the garage."

"Yes, Old Mrs. Kings," the servant replied, then went to get the car keys, while Veronica made small talk with Elizabeth. After a couple of minutes, the servant returned with the car keys and handed it to Elizabeth. She then took the keys and shoved it into Veronica's hands. "Veronica, take the car. It will be easier for you to come and visit me as well."

Although Veronica didn't know much about jewelry, she had a fair share of knowledge in car brands.

The three upward-pointing arrows on the car keys suggested that it was a Maserati, and the fact that it was a car that sat in the garage of the Kings Residence showed that it must be an expensive and luxurious one.

Although Veronica was a thrifty spender and sometimes a miser, it didn't mean that she had a habit of taking advantage of others.

"No, Grandma. I appreciate your kindness, but I can't accept the car!"

Elizabeth had accepted Veronica as her god-daughter because she liked Veronica. However, Veronica refused to take advantage of Elizabeth's fondness of her by being arrogant and complacent.

Hence, she returned the car key to Elizabeth.

Meanwhile, Tiffany, who took in the scene, was burning in jealousy.

She was aware that Elizabeth was fond of Veronica, but never expected that it would be up to this extent.

Just because Veronica had taken a cab to the Kings Residence, Elizabeth had not only reprimanded Matthew but even gifted her a sports car that had an exorbitant price tag.

At the mention of this, the Kings Family's status and influence then came to mind. As one of the largest families in their country, they had both the wealth and power, so a car that they purchased would never be one that cost less than 5 million! Although Tiffany didn't know what type of car Elizabeth had gifted Veronica, Tiffany reckoned that it must have cost at least 5 million!

Yet, such generosity was exclusively for Veronica, which made it impossible for Tiffany not to be jealous of her.

Nonetheless, no matter how envious or jealous Tiffany was, she had to feign a kind and gentle attitude while smiling tenderly. "Grandma, you sure treat Veronica well."

"Of course she is *my god-daughter*. When I become older and unable to walk, I'll depend on *her* to take care of me."

Elizabeth tucked a loose strand of grey hair behind her ear before she held Veronica's hands and amicably asked, "Girl, you won't just leave me here alone when I become so old that I can't move around freely, will you?"

"Grandma, that's nonsense. You are still as healthy as a horse. *Pfft!* Don't spew nonsense." Veronica pretended to spit on the floor to ward off the ominous words that Elizabeth had just mentioned.

"Take the car keys. It will make it easier for you to come and visit me more in the future." Elizabeth handed the car keys to Veronica again, but Veronica rejected her offer. "Grandma, please keep it. It's no use giving them to me since I can't drive. I'll

inform Matthew when I come and visit you in the future and have him take me here."

"I see, you can't drive." Elizabeth nodded. "Alright, then. Let that brat drive you here after this." As she spoke, she tapped Veronica's head. "Why are you still calling him by his name, though?"

"Huh? What?" Veronica was stunned at Elizabeth's sudden question, unable to make sense of her words.

However, the next instant, Elizabeth replied, "You are now my god-daughter, so that makes him your elder brother. I'll be upset if I hear you calling him by his name

again."

Veronica let out a mischievous smile and playfully stuck out her tongue, looking adorable. "Okay, got it, got it."

"You too." Elizabeth glared at Matthew. "Do you hear me?"

The man, who was sitting on the couch with his legs crossed, held a magazine in his hands when he heard her words. His attention seemed to be focused on the book, but the truth was that he had been paying attention to what the ladies said.

Upon hearing Elizabeth's question, he hummed in agreement, but a subtle curve appeared at the corner of his lips.

However, in Tiffany's eyes, Veronica, Matthew and Elizabeth seemed like a family whereas she herself was an outsider who seemed out of place.

"Grandma, it's rather cool outside today. Let's go and enjoy the breeze, shall we?" Veronica suggested.

"Sure." Elizabeth rose to her full height before holding Veronica by her hand and heading out together with her.

Tiffany had been treated as though she was invisible the whole time.

She had initially wanted to tag along, but she was worried that she might read the air wrong, so she thought that she might as well remain with Matthew to improve their relationship.

She watched as Veronica and Elizabeth left the room before she turned to him with a pitiful look that resembled a kid who had done something wrong. "Matthew, am I lacking in any way? Grandma seems to dislike me," she muttered in a dejected manner.

Looking at Tiffany's face that bore almost the exact resemblance to Veronica, Mathew felt that her voice sounded unpleasant to the ear and even her scent seemed to have offended him in some way.

He coldly replied, "You are being too sensitive."

"I—I am just worried that I'm not good enough in Grandma's eyes."

"You are good enough." Matthew focused his gaze on the magazine in his hands while ignoring Tiffany's expression.

Tiffany tried hard to strike a conversation with Matthew, but his indifferent response made it difficult for her.

Soon, the dinner was served and the few of them sat around the table to have the meal together.

Veronica, who was well-aware of Elizabeth's love for shrimp, noticed the plate of greasyback shrimp on the table. Then, she said, "Grandma, give me a minute. I'll make you the sauce." —

"Sure, I'll wait for you," Elizabeth replied as Veronica rose up to head into the kitchen.

As Elizabeth had placed her utensils down, Tiffany and Matthew had to wait for Veronica as well.

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"Grandma..." Tiffany hesitated for a moment before she mustered the courage and asked, "Do you dislike me?"

"That's insignificant as long as Matthew likes you." Elizabeth waved her hand, "My feelings don't matter if you youngsters enjoy each other's company."

As a matter of fact, she had indeed spoken out against their marriage. However, Matthew had owed his life to Tiffany and he had always been someone who would repay other people's kindness. Hence, although she disliked Tiffany, she wouldn't stop him from treating Tiffany kindly nor say anything rude to Tiffany as long as the woman didn't do anything outrageous.

"Grandma, I want you to like me too, so that we will be closer and more intimate as a family." Tiffany openly poured her heart out without hiding anything from Elizabeth.

Her honesty had managed to change Elizabeth's mind and attitude toward her a little. "Yeah, you are right."

Elizabeth's attitude toward Tiffany has drastically changed these days. Ever since Elizabeth had found out that the reason why the Larson Family was willing to recognize Veronica as their daughter was to make sure that Veronica would always be available to donate her bone marrow again to Tiffany, who had leukemia, Elizabeth had been feeling distressed for Veronica's sake. At the same time, the incident had prompted her to resent the Larson Family.

"Just be yourself. That's good enough," Matthew, who had been quiet, suddenly chimed in, but the simple response was enough to move Tiffany's heart.

"Grandma, the sauce is ready. Try it out."

At this moment, Veronica brought the sauce that she had made in the kitchen to Elizabeth. Then, she skillfully deshelled the shrimps and dipped it in the sauce before feeding it to Elizabeth. "Grandma, try it out. Tell me how it tastes."

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She fed Elizabeth a shrimp with her gloved hand and waited eagerly for the comment.

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The shrimp was tender, smooth and coated with rich and flavorful sauce. Elizabeth nodded repeatedly and praised, "*Hmmm*, not bad. The shrimp is tender and juicy without any odor. Veronica, you are quite a skillful chef,"

"I'm happy that you find it nice. Grandma, eat more if you like it."

Veronica knew that Elizabeth loved shrimps, so she deshelled a few greasyback shrimps and dipped them in the sauce that she had made."

Tiffany, who was sitting beside Matthew, suddenly realized that although she was skillful in music, chess, literature and art, she couldn't cook.

At that moment, as she watched Veronica having a great time with Elizabeth, she couldn't help but feel envious and jealous.

Matthew sipped his wine and quietly enjoyed his meal while he intermittently glanced at the two people opposite him. His gaze was deep and a subtle smile appeared by his moderately thick and sexy lips.

Chapter 89

"Grandma, I know that the prawns are delicious, but you should have some vegetables to have a balance of nutrition. It'll be better for your health" Tiffany rose to grab some ve

getables for Elizabeth's plate and took some for Veronica as well. "Veronica, you should eat some too."

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

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

She was deliberately annoying Matthew.

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

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

During the dinner, Veronica and Elizabeth chatted happily whereas Matthew and Tiffany were seated across from them and remained quiet, as if there was an invisible line between them.

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

After the meal, Tiffany stood up to retrieve the utensils. "Grandma, since I don't know how to cook, why don't I help to wash the dishes?"

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

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

Listening to her, Elizabeth nodded. "Okay, that's alright."

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

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

"Grandma, are you full? Why don't we have a walk in the yard?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She vigorously nodded her head. "No problem."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Don't worry, Grandma. I'll be fine."

After that, they continued walking around the garden.

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

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

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

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

Then, the three of them finally left.

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

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

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

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

Tiffany wasn't sure at all.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 90

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Matt—

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Um...”

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

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

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

He could no longer control his emotions.

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

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

It felt as though he was playing with fire

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

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

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

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

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

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

At the moment, he was sitting in the dining room to have his breakfast. However, after glancing at the delicious food on the t

able and smelling the fragrance permeating the living room, she only got herself a glass of water.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes."

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

"Nutty banana oatmeal."

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

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

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

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

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

"Okay," he replied.

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

"I'm glad that you understand."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Although he really wanted to accompany Veronica to Almeida, he had something to

wasn’t a bad idea to send her there alone so that he could get to know her all over again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Alright. I understand." Veronica nodded.

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

Xavier didn't forget to repeatedly remind her.

"Alright. I understand. I'll be fine. Trust me." She raised her brow again and smiled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A few hours later, the plane arrived at Lothen.

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

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

"Alright. Let's hurry up and get going. It's getting late."

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

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

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

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

"What kind of weather is this?"

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

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

"Ahhh!"

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

"Thank you, Quincy. What a scare. Sigh.."

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

He pointed at the man behind Veronica.

Therefore, she instinctively looked back. When she had a clear view of the man

standing behind her, her eyes lit up as she exclaimed, "Matthew! Why are you here?"

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

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

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

"Are you surprised?" Matthew asked flatly.

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

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

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

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

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

"Whew, it's so comfortable not having to carry the luggage."

Veronica shook her hand as her mood had suddenly improved.

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

A nervous Quincy smiled. "Hello, bro."

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

He scratched his head and answered, "Since he is your brother, I feel that I should call him 'bro' too."

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

Veronica ungratefully patted Quincy's shoulder before walking forward.

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

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

Not long after, the rain stopped.

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

—”

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